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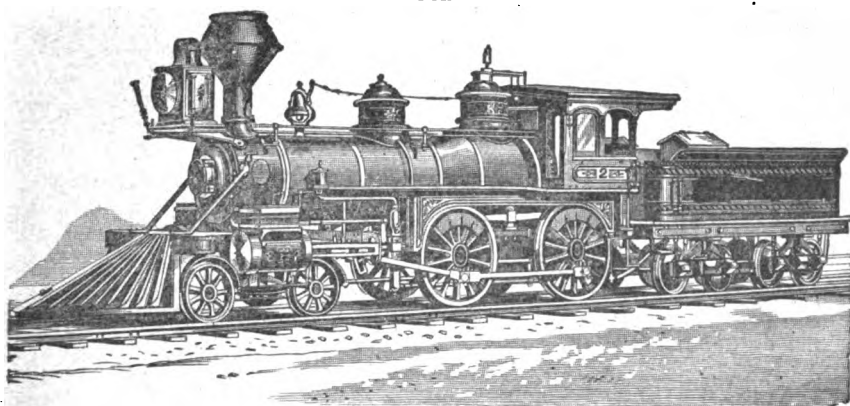
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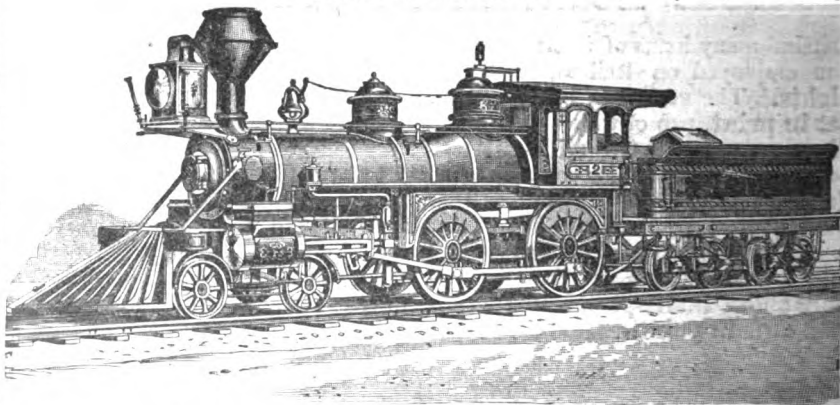
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ICHABOD TURNER'S MISSION.

Kate W. Hamilton.

"Crooked! crooked! crooked! rang out the sharp, peculiar, dissonant voice, and the tall, thin figure in seedy garments and flapping hat swayed to and fro on the stump that had been selected for a rostrum. "All things have gone crooked in this world, and I've come to set 'em straight—to undo the snarls, give the power where it belongs, and put men in their places. Oh—h—h, my friends! The world is topsy turvy; the top's at the bottom and the bottom's at the top, and I've come to turn things right end up."

The 6 o'clock whistle had sounded the close of another day's work at the shops, and the men, pouring out from the various smoked stained archways, paused to listen. It was a motley group—some bedaubed with many colors from the paint rooms, some with grimy hands and faces from foundry or machine shop, while farther back on the long platform that extended along the track were gathered that inextinguishable adjunct of any crowd, the boys, and a sprinkling of women—some of the latter with children in their arms. The speaker's excitement seemed to deepen as his audience increased. The keen eyes under the old hat darted lightning-like glances here and there; he gesticulated wildly and his voice rose to a still higher pitch.

"Oh—h—h yes! Look at me! I'm Ichabod Turner, and the mission. I'm sent on is to mend all crookedness and turn things right end up!"

The men seemed to find a grim pleasure in the harangue. They laughed as they exchanged comments.

"Chosen a good point to begin at, eh, Jack?" questioned one.

"I should say so! He'll have a tough contract, even if he doesn't extend his territory."

"Goin' to set all things straight? It'll take a mightier man than you to do that job. I wish to massy he'd begin it soon!" murmured an old woman on the platform, as she picked up her bundle and trudged on again.

The two men looked after her, and the elder shook his grizzled head.

"Poor soul! no doubt things seemed crooked enough to her—her boy was crushed between the cars last year. Does seem as if somebody might invent a way to get along with killing fewer brakemen."

Jim Barclay, sauntering down the long walk, stopped beside a bright young girl who had paused for a moment on the other edge of the crowd.

"If that fellow would begin his work by altering the days and nights a little, or by means of enjoying them, I'd be obliged to him," he laughed.

The girl turned with a little start of surprise and pleasure.

"Why, Jim," then a glance at his lunch-basket brought the swift question, "you're not going out to-night. 'It's not your run.'"

"I must make it, though, they say, It's an extra train, and they are short of men, somehow—off or disabled. I feel considerably disabled myself."

"You were out last night?"

"And all the night before, and nearly all yesterday. I didn't get in to-day until afternoon, and I was scarcely settled into a comfortable sleep before I was called. I'm not fit to go, that's a fact. Don't worry, Dell."

He broke off his sentences abruptly, as he saw the shadow of anxiety on his companion's fair face. "It doesn't happen so often. They're short, you see."

"It oughtn't to happen at all," insisted Dell, indignantly. "I wouldn't go."

"Then my head would come off at short notice," laughed Jim. "We can't afford that."

Pretty Dell flushed rosily. She knew so well what that meant. There was a little house talked over and arranged to every detail of its simple furnishing, for which the two were planning when Jim should obtain his hoped for promotion.

"No, I won't insure any necks to-night, but I'll take the risk of crushing a few other people's heads rather than the certainty of losing my own," laughed Jim. "It's a pity that fellow, who is so sure of his mission, couldn't turn my brains right side up; they feel crooked enough. But don't worry, Dell," he repeated, hurriedly.

The crowd began to thin. Hungry man, swinging their empty dinner pails, presently found the prospect of supper more alluring than the stranger's promised millennium. Jim looked at his watch and found he had not even five minutes to spare for a part of the homeward walk with Dell. He parted from her with a reluctant good-by, and she walked away alone. She had gone but a few steps, however, when she turned and looked back.

"You'll be careful, Jim? Don't let anything happen."

"Why, Dell!" He laughed, half touched, half wondering. "I oughtn't to have talked such nonsense. Don't be uneasy."

She smiled in answer, and the cloud slowly faded from her face as she walked on. A call for extra service was no cause for serious trouble—all these exigencies were so familiar to her. Bell and whistle messenger and dispatch, with their always imperative and often unwelcome orders were a part of the daily life. Jim would be tired and worn out, of course. That had happened often, and would doubtless happen again, but her thoughts turned to pleasanter pictures of the future to an arranging once more that tiny house with its dainty rooms, which should be a very haven of rest to one who came home weary. She paused on the long iron bridge and looked down on the network of tracks below, crossing the interlacing in a seemingly inextricable tangle.

The gray twilight of the short autumn afternoon was already deepening toward night, and the headlights of the engines, passing and repassing as they changed from one track to another shone out brilliantly. Men were running here and there, waiving their signal lanterns and shouting hoarse orders that to one uninitiated only mingled confusedly with the heavy breathing of the locomotives and the clangor of bells. Further back, looming in rugged outlines against the faint rose of the western sky were the great shops, grim and silent. The brown eyes watching from the bridge presently discovered the figure they sought winding its way in and out among the trains. He did not look up, and the girl smiled at the thought of watching him, herself unobserved. Then her face grew grave and sweet, with a passing fancy that so, from their height above the din and turmoil, the unseen angels looked down upon our mortal life.

"Only, I suppose, all the tangles and bewilderments grow clear to them, as I am sure they do not to me," she added with a little sigh. "And their watching is of some use, while mine cannot help poor Jim."

He had some need of help as the evening worn on, though he but dimly realized it. Getting everything in readiness for starting was harder work than usual. There was a dull pain in his eyes and a throbbing in his temples.

"This trip's rather rough on you, Jim?" remarked a fireman, half questioningly, half commiseratingly.

"Rather!" Jim laughed faintly. "I'm stiff and used up, but I'll get over it when we're fairly off, I expect."

When the station, with its dim and dancing lights, was left behind, however, and the long stretched away straight before him, his occupation became but a mere routine, so treacherously familiar that it would scarcely hold his eyes or thoughts. Mechanically he attended to his engine, with his mind straying far away from it to Dell, and then running oddly into a confused memory of the speaker at the depot, until the swift movement of the polished rods before him seemed the motion of gesticulating arms and the sound in his ears resolved itself into a measured repetition of meaningless words, "Crooked and straight; right side up!"

"Hello! Caught myself napping, I do believe! Jim Barclay, what are you about? See here, Bill—to his fireman—" "Just keep an eye on me, will you?"

The young engineer shook himself, looked about him and stood stiffly erect. He whistled a tune vigorously to assure himself that he was wide awake. What a drowsy rockaby motion the train had? Even the jar and rattle seemed to lull and stupify, though he stood erect at his post. He was glad this sort of work was nearly over. At least he hoped it was nearly over, for he did not see how the desired promotion could be much longer delayed, and then such calls as this would be fewer. He was looking anxiously forward to the day when he could carry the longed for tidings to Dell. Dear little girl, how her face would brighten! What a cosy, happy home she would make! and she said the curtains wouldn't cost anything, and the hammock on the porch to rest in. Lights? Queer where the

lights came from, unless—why, yes, almost to a station, of course. Dell must have put a bright light in the window.

Alas! Bill had climbed back over the tender to look after a suspected hot box on the after truck.

Shriek after shriek of warning from a steam whistle aided the flashing signal lights, and at last forced their meaning upon the benumbed brain. With a low cry of horror the engine was reversed, but too late to avoid the crash that followed as the two freight trains were piled upon each other in common wreck.

"What possessed you to run in that fashion, man? Were you drunk or crazy?" demanded more than one rough voice, as Jim stood by the track. But he only gazed with blanched face at the scene before him and answered them nothing.

"Fortunately—almost miraculously, it seemed—no one was seriously injured," all the morning papers said, in chronicling the occurrence. Under the same glaring headlines they also commended the promptness of the company in dismissing the engineer whose criminal carelessness caused the disaster, and who, as nearly as can be learned, was comfortably sleeping at his post, and so neglectful of all signals!"

These were the tidings that reached Dell, instead of the glad word for which she had waited.

"What they say is true, after a fashion," said Jim, simply and sadly. "I was to blame for it—and yet I wasn't, for I was not fit to make the run, and I told them so."

There was no one to chronicle his years of faithful service, or the "criminal carelessness," if not cruelty, which had placed him in such a position; but these things were well understood among many workers in that railroad town, and they acknowledged to each other, with ready but helpless sympathy, that it was "rough on poor Jim."

Rough it surely grew as the long days came and went, and the hope of reinstatement grew dimmer. "All those missing men, who couldn't be found when I needed a single night's rest, seems

to have turned up once more, and they can spare me indefinitely," he explained to Dell, with a pretense of jocularly that scarcely covered the bitterness. The brave little woman tried to comfort and encourage him, though the dancing light had gone out of her brown eyes, and new grave lines were deepening about the young lips. The little house they had planned seemed so like the shadowy ghost of a dead hope that neither cared to talk of it any more, and, indeed, Dell's ingenuity found full occupation now in combatting the various wild schemes which Jim, in his desperation, was constantly forming. He had been away to look for employment, but business was dull everywhere at this season; and, moreover, grown up in that railroad town, where all interest and industry centered in the shops and tracks, he had belonged to the line from boyhood; he could do but the one thing, and there was little chance for a situation elsewhere while the shadow of the great corporation's disapproval seemed to follow him in all his efforts like a blighting frost.

So the bright autumn leaves dropped from the trees, leaving only brown and barren branches; the soft haze faded from the hills, and the narrow iron track, stretching away over the frozen earth toward the cold gray sky, looked to Dell's sorrowful eyes a fitting emblem of the dreary liferoad that lay before her.

"I'm going away to-morrow," Jim was saying, as they passed slowly over the bridge and down toward the town. "I've shown idiocy enough in waiting here for any chance or justice. I mean to go as far West as I can make my way, and I'll come back when I've some good word to bring—if that time ever comes."

It was useless to combat his purpose; there was nothing better to offer. The girl's wistful gaze strayed with a dreary persistency to the track again. What a hard, narrow road it was, stretching on to its cheerless goal—the faraway wintry horizon!

Down on the walk by the round house a knot of loungers had gathered. Ichabod Turner's wandering had brought

him thither again—the place seemed to hold some peculiar fascination for him—and he was discoursing on his favorite theme. Suddenly a movement and murmur of excitement ran through the crowd, and its numbers were speedily augmented from various quarters of the building. Swiftly and unexpectedly the speaker had turned, and with a single bound placed himself in the cab of a locomotive that had for a moment been left untenanted.

"It's steamed up!" "Off, off!" "Come out of that!" shouted several voices.

But Ichabod laughed hoarsely and waved his arms triumphantly above his head.

"I'm the only man on this continent that can run an engine! I'm ordered to take this one and go and turn the world right side up! Hurrah!"

Two or three persons rushed forward, but he caught up an iron bar and wielded it so vigorously that they were obliged to fall back. Then, like a flash, his hand seized the throttle lever, and the dangerous steed he had chosen began to show signs of life.

"Pull him off!" "Lock the wheels!" rang out in conflicting orders. But the madman laughed again, his wild eyes gleaming like fire, and shook his bar in threatening and defiance.

"Touch me if you dare! I'm sent to set the crooked straight. Here comes the millenium! Clear the track for the millenium! And he was off.

Swiftly as an arrow some one darted through the crowd, ran along the track, and leaped on the engine, clinging, no one knew quite how, as it moved away. Dell found herself suddenly deserted, and could only move forward with the others, who were following with eyes of mingled admiration and horror at the athletic figure, clinging and swinging as the speed increased until it finally forced its way into the cab.

"What a terror to be let loose on the road! Who can tell what he may run into before he can be stopped!" exclaimed one with a white face.

"Jim Barclay'll manage him!"

"Jim'll be killed!" answered dissenting voices.

Jim's unexpected appearance in the cab, meanwhile, had momentarily confused its occupant, who until then had not been aware of his presence.

"Where did you come from?" he demanded, in surprise.

"Flew down," panted Jim; "sent to help you. But what on earth do you mean by trying to start the millenium in broad daylight?"

"Daylight?" repeated Ichabod, bewildered by an earnestness and assurance as fierce as his own.

"Don't you know we must wait until the stars begin to fall? Besides, we must go back and telegraph to all the world to clear the track for us.

He was improving his companion's momentary confusion by gently edging into his place and crowding him back, while he urged the superior advantages of his own plan of proceeding. All the details of that brief, horrible ride Jim could never clearly recall; but while the engine once in his own hands he held possession, and as soon as it was possible reversed it, endeavoring the while to distract the other's attention by a stream of explanation concerning their joint mission. The suggestion of clearing the track seemed to suit Ichabod's crazed brain, and seizing the cord near him he clung to it so persistently that the shrieking, deafening steam-whistle drowned out all further efforts at conversation, and never ceased its terrific din until they rolled back into the great yard. Officers, police, and train dispatchers had been hastily notified, only to find themselves helpless in the matter, and a line of anxious spectators watched the engine's return. Then, discovering for the first time that his project was foiled, or bent upon some new scheme—no one could ever tell which—Ichabod suddenly dropped the cord, and, before his companion could surmise his intention, leaped to the track. A moment later he was drawn from under the cruel wheels and tenderly lifted.

"So endeth—the first lesson," he murmured, and then all earthly tangles for

him were over, and life's rough places grew smooth and plain.

Jim was greeted with congratulations, praises, and questions on every side.

"That was a brave deed of yours, sir—a dangerous undertaking, very skillfully planned and executed," declared an officer of the road, with a congratulatory shake of the hand. "It far more than cancels that little misfortune of yours last fall. There is no telling where this thing might have ended but for you. Call around at the office in the morning, will you? We shall have something to say to you."

"What does that mean?" questioned eager Dell, as Jim made his way to her side.

"It means that everything is all right again," answered Jim, with an odd smile playing about his lips. "Queer how soon a bit of success can change a great crime into merely a little misfortune."

The excitement was over, and the yard slowly settled back to its ordinary routine, but the young engineer and pretty Dell lingered for a last pitying, tender glance at the still form, reverently covered now.

"For whatever he may have been to the rest of the world, dear Jim, for us he fulfilled his mission," said the girl softly.

ALL IN A FASHION.

Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.

Nelly Smith was a sweet-tempered, hopeful girl, who bore a good half of her mother's burdens as the housekeeper and the nurse of seven younger children.

Her father was not rich, and Nelly could not dress like the judge's and the doctor's girls; but she never envied them their pretty things.

But her day came. A smart, enterprising young man came down from Boston to buy lumber of her father, and was charmed by her pretty face and her sweet manners; and it was surprising how soon he used that lumber up and came for more! On his third visit there was a wedding, and everybody was "glad the dear girl had done so well;" and the

next younger one of the family had to fill her place as "mother's helper."

Is it any wonder that Nelly tried, on her first visit home, to look as well-dressed as any of the girls? Her husband was both prosperous and kind, and she wanted folks at home to know it.

Among other things, she bought a real milliner's bonnet, a marvel of skill, such as had never been seen in Whitebridge, and which would baffle the skill of Almira Cropsey, the village milliner, to imitate.

It was of light grey silk, a tint known at the time by the sentimental name of "moonshine," and was made by running scores and scores of "shirrs"—fine tucks—in the silk and drawing into them tiny strips of whalebone or rattan; and in this way forming the bonnet. It was trimmed with blue ribbon and flowers, and was most becoming to its owner.

Of course, Nelly's younger sisters were very proud of her fine things; and girl-like, they could not wait for Sunday to exhibit them. Not a few callers were taken slyly up stairs and treated to a peep into the closet and into the hat-box.

Among these favored ones was the doctor's new wife, a lady scarcely older than his daughters, and quite as fond of finery as they. She was at once fired with ambition for just such a bonnet. She flew to the village milliner's on her way home to order one. But she failed to give Miss Cropsey any correct idea of the article, or the way of making it. The milliner, bolder than she, suggested borrowing it as a pattern, and was so eloquent on the subject, that she finally convinced the little lady that the Smiths would all look on it as a compliment to lend it to her. So she wrote a pretty little note asking this favor, and politely adding, "we country folks, two hundred miles from Boston, rarely saw such a tasteful and beautiful thing."

Nellie was indignant at receiving the note, and exclaimed, "How in the world did she find out that I had a shirred bonnet?"

Then followed the confession of the sisters, and the merry remark from herself, in allusion to old charges, "I won-

der who tries to copy folks' dress now?" The bonnet was sent off with an inward hope that "nothing would happen to it."

Nothing did happen to it, although Nellie suspected, from the various odors of hair-oil it brought with it, that more than "Mrs. Doctor" had tried it on!

Sunday came in with hurricane and rain. Nobody went to church, and the new bonnet lay peacefully all day in a bandbox decked with blue roses on a pink ground-work.

But its fame had spread without the help of the meeting-house. On Monday, a gawky cousin called, who had caught a glimpse of it as the milliner hid it with the whisper, "No lady wants everybody copying their things." She had asked to see it and been refused. Miss Cropsey chose to keep her secret for richer customers than she.

Mary Matilda was evidently a little wounded to think that "other folks could see her cousin's nice things and she couldn't."

The kind little owner wanted to make everybody as happy as she was herself, so she said, soothingly, "You shall see it just as soon as we can get up stairs."

"La, what a beauty!" cried Mary Matilda. "I don't believe but grandma'am could make one if she just only saw it. She was a milliner in Passaduncy when it was a new settlement, and used to make 'calashes'—they were run on rattans."

"They make them of cambric, this same color; and when I get home I'll send you one," said Nelly, kindly.

"Oh land, you aint goin' home for a month! Everybody in Whitebridge will have one by that time, and they'll be as common as dirt, and I won't care for it then. Lend it to me for half a day—I'm more to you than Mrs. Doctor is."

Nelly could not refuse her, and in half an hour the quondam milliner of Passaduncy was slipping the dainty silk along the shirrs in the vain effort at measuring the fulness, and the whole family—the old man excepted—were trying it on.

"Grandma'am"—she was not Nelly's grandmother—had a genius for economy, and now she saw gold in the very dust.

"You git that lawn dress of yourn that faded white, and I'll color it with sugar-paper, and it'll make bunnits for us all. You can trim yours with blue, just like this. I'll put brown on your mother's, black on mine, and yellow on the twineses, and you'll all look as smart as Nelly Smith if you didn't marry a Boston dandy."

Mary Matilda was true to her promise; and when she carried home the bonnet she found the minister's pale little daughter, who never had anything pretty to wear, waiting for it, and saying with a happy smile, "Mother is going to make me one just like it out of a breadth of her wedding dress—ashes-of-rose silk."

"You shall have it, dear little Helen," said Nelly; "but you are the last one! If the Governor's wife sends up to borrow it, I shall deny her—or send her to borrow Mary Matilda's instead."

"The milliner won't sell any of her canes—she says there'll be such a demand she'll need all she's got. But father says he can get out basket-stuff for me, out of ash, that'll do just as well," said Mary Matilda.

Nelly groaned, looked at her poor bonnet, and passed it over to the minister's little girl, saying sweetly, "I'd like to see you, Helen, before you wear it." She had resolved to give her a pretty blue flower and a pair of fresh ribbon strings she had brought for a common straw bonnet—to save the shirred one—what object was there now, in saving that?

The smart woman of a Yankee town can work wonders in a week, if they once set themselves at it!

The village church was very full the next Sunday, and the women and girls all looked as if they had attempted to uniform themselves, and had not succeeded.

There was gray, gray, gray everywhere; and in all hues from the delicate silvery moonshine on Nelly's head, through every conceivable shade down to the dark, dull lead-color of Grandma'am Huchins and her descendants, who all wore the old cambric dyed with sugar-paper and alum.

So as poor Nelly glanced about before service began, she hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry.

Miss Cropsey's bonnets looked as strong and solid as if they had been built of wood by a first-class carpenter. The others were too big or too small, while not one but those made by the milliner was straight.

Let any lady—no matter how deft her fingers may be at other work—try to make a shirred bonnet without rule or measurement, and she will see what a figure this bevy of country dames and girls made that day!

They all looked as if they were tipsy; and Nelly grew dizzy from looking at them.

But the side-pew where Grandma'am Huchins sat with her daughter and three granddaughters was the centre of all eyes. The old lady's "drawed bunnit" sat flat on her forehead in front, hiding the last vestige of her hair, and standing out like horns—very uneven horns—at eitherside, making her look like a wild woman.

Her daughter's, which was trimmed with washed-and-ironed ribbon of a mahogany hue, flared out in much the fashion of an immense, animated pancake, and this when large, close "cottages" were the style.

The truth was, the basket stuff just wouldn't stay where grandma'am put it, the girls said. And you could have believed them; for the bonnets were one-sided, making them look as if their necks were twisted, so that they were forced to look into the bonnet, instead of out of it.

These bonnets were full of humps and bumps, and looked about as much like chip-baskets as anything else. The washed bows looked as if made by the blacksmith and welded on.

But the worst of it all was that beside having her pretty bonnet twisted and bent, and greased and perfumed with unholy oil, and the strings wrinkled and crushed by some forty tyings, poor Nelly was accused of coming down to White-bridge and copying the fashions there; for, in the wide travels of that unhappy bonnet, its origin had been wholly lost before its style reached the "Mills" and the "Upper Corner."

Nelly went home loathing the bonnet,

as if it was an old thing from a pawn-broker's shop. She shed a few tears over its departed beauty, trimmed up her plain straw for herself, and gave that to Mary Matilda, to save her from being the laughing-stock of the village,—for terrific as all the imitations were, Grandma'am Hutchins' handiwork, in twisting and screwing and in variety of shapes, excelled them.

Nelly resolved that the next time she came home she would leave her best bonnet in Boston.

HANDWRITING OF NOTED MEN.

The Duke of Wellington's writing was large and forcible, without any attempt at decoration. During the last ten years of his life, however, his writing was indifferent, and often illegible. None but a compositor in a newspaper office, accustomed to all sorts of hieroglyphics, could possibly decipher the characters. A letter of his to a minister in Lord Derby's cabinet has not to this day been unraveled. Nine out of every ten of the duke's letters treasured by autograph hunters were written by his secretary, Mr. Grenville, who wrote a hand very much like that of the duke in his best days. Lord Brougham's hand betrayed much unconquerable restlessness of impulse. His manuscript was a mass of hieroglyphics, and, according to Dr. Blenkinsop, in all Mr. Clowe's extensive printing establishments in London, there was only one man competent to grapple with it, and he often gave it up in despair. The bold and careless freedom of Byron's handwriting compared to the elegant little prettiness of Tom Moore's, reveals very clearly the peculiar qualities of the two poets. The elegant precision of Mrs. Heman's penmanship, and the free but clear and intelligent abandon of L. E. Landon's were equally characteristic of their mental peculiarities. The royal family of England have generally written good, clear and free hands. William IV. wrote a remarkably plain and legible hand, and that of his brother George was showy and fluent. Queen Victoria has an elegant signature. Locke says the faster a man writes the slower others read what he has

written. Napoleon could write fourteen pages a minutes; unfortunately, however, each page consisted of a eight blots and a splutter. Some of his lines to Maria Louise appear as if scattered over the paper by the explosion of a bomb-shell. The manuscript of Horace Greeley, the American journalist, was very illegible. A wag once observed that the sentence "Virtue is its own reward," written by Mr. Greeley, was rendered by the compositor into "Washing with soap is wholly absurd." Another story runs that Mr. Greeley was once applied to for the character of a servant whom he had dismissed for dishonest practices. Some time afterward the man met Mr. Greeley and thanked him for the character he had given him. "Why," said he, "I candidly said you were a thief." "Well, sir, as it was impossible to read your letter, it was construed into a good recommendation, and I secured the situation."

PATRICK HENRY'S ORATION,

Which Secured the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The following speech is published by the San Francisco Truth, and was procured from a gentleman in whose family it had been preserved for many years, and was delivered in answer to the cringing cry from a corner of the room that the axe, scaffold or gibbet awaited those who signed the Declaration:

"Gibbet! They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land; they may turn every rock into a scaffold, every tree into a gallows, every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment can never die!

They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe, or drops on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr to freedom will spring into birth!

The British King may blot out the stars of God from His sky, but he cannot blot out His words written on the parchment there. The work of God may perish; His word never!

These words will go forth to the world when our homes are dust. To the slave

in bondage, they will speak hope; to the mechanic in his workshop, freedom; to the coward kings these words will speak, but not in tones of flattery. They will speak like the flaming words of Belshazzar's wall: "The days of your pride and glory are numbered! The days of judgment draw near!"

Yes, that parchment will speak to kings in language sad and terrible as the trumpet of the Archangel: You have trampled on the rights of mankind long enough. At last the voice of human woe has pierced the ear of God, and called His judgment down. You have waded unto thrones through seas of blood; you have trampled unto power over the necks of millions; you have turned the poor man's sweat and blood into robes for your delicate forms; into crowns for your annointed brows. Now, kings! Now, purpled hangman of the world! For you comes the day of axes, and gibbets, and scaffolds; for you the wrath of man; for you the lightnings of God.

Look! How the light of your palaces on fire flashes up into the midnight sky! Now, purpled hangmen of the world, turn and beg for mercy! Where will you find it? Not from God, for you have blasphemed his laws! Not from the people, for you stand baptized in their blood! Here you turn, and lo! a gibbet! There, and a scaffold stares you in the face! All around you—death—but nowhere pity! Now, executioners of the human race, kneel down; yes, kneel down on the sawdust of the scaffold; lay your perfumed heads upon the block; bless the axe as it falls—the axe sharpened for the poor man's neck.

Such is the message of the Declaration of man to the kings of the world. And shall we falter now? And shall we stand back appalled, when our feet press the very threshold of freedom? Do you see quailing faces around you, when our wives have been butchered; when the hearthstones of our land are red with the blood of little children? What! Are there shrinking hearts or faltering voices *HERE*, when the very dead of our battlefields

arise and call upon us to sign that parchment, or be accursed.

Sign! If the next moment the gibbet's rope is around your neck. Sign! If the next moment this hall rings with the echo of the falling axe. Sign! By all your hopes in life or death, as husbands, fathers—as *MEN* sign, your names to the parchment, or be accursed forever!

Sign, not only for yourselves, but for all ages; for that parchment will be the text-book of freedom—the bible of the rights of men forever.

Sign, for the declaration will go forth to American hearts forever, and speak to those hearts like the voice of God. And its work will not be done until throughout this wide continent not a single inch of ground owns the sway of privilege of power.

Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise. It is a truth. Your own hearts witness it. God proclaims it. This continent is the property of a free people, and their property alone. God, I say, proclaims it. Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts suddenly transformed into a people. Look at this wonderful exodus of the Old World into the New, where they came, weak in arm, but mighty in Godlike faith. Nay, look at the history of your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, where a band of plain farmers mocked and trampled down the panoply of British arms, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given America to the free.

It is not given to our poor human intellect to climb the skies, to pierce the counsels of the Almighty One. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne. Methinks I see the Recording Angel—pale as an angel is pale, weeping as an angel can weep—come trembling up to the throne, and speaking his dread message:

Father! The Old World is baptized in blood. Father! It is drenched with the blood of millions, butchered in war, in persecution, in slow and grinding oppression. Father, look! With one glance of thine eternal eye, look over Europe, Asia,

Africa, and behold evermore a terrible sight—man trodden down beneath the oppressor's feet, nation's lost in blood, murder and superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a single voice to whisper hope to man.

He stands there, his hand trembling with the black record of human guilt. But, hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud: Let there be light again. Let there be a New World. Tell them to go out from wrong, oppression and blood. Tell them to go out from the Old World to build up my altar in the new.

As God lives, my friends, I believe that to be his voice. Yes, were my soul trembling on the wing of eternity, were this land freezing in death, were my voice choking with the last struggle, I would still, with the last wave of that hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember the truth, God has given America to be free. Yes, as I sank down into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last gasp, I would beg you to sign that parchment in the name of the One who made the Savior, who redeemed you in the name of the millions whose very breath is now hushed, in intense expectation, as they look to you for the awful words, "YOU ARE FREE!"

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

Exchange.

Somebody, in some speech, alludes to locomotives engineers as the silent, modest workers, without whose sobriety, industry and ability modern civilization would stand still; without whose aid the value of money invested in railroads would be impaired, and without whose skill and watchfulness human life and property would be imperiled. Over the mountain, around the curve and across the river, a broken rail, an open switch, a defective truss; sacred lives and millions of property in your charge, and the trust never violated; you should be crowned the civic heroes of modern times. Your Brotherhood is for self-protection against injustice and the encroachments of capital; you could paralyze the arteries of

commerce and suspend the postal relations of fifty million people; yet so fair, so just and discreet your conduct that the world does not see the beauty of your acts. The experiences you have acquired in handling so delicate a piece of machinery as a steam engine enables you to readily handle and control these other and more deliberate pieces of mechanism—your wives and sweethearts. You have some faults. You do not attend church as regularly as lawyers, nor talk as much. But really, gentlemen, railroads have overspread the continent; almost every county has one running through it. They are necessary in war and in peace. They bring foreign nations close together in amity and friendship; they spread intelligence wherever they go; they carry the products of the soil to market and bring us other articles and products. Judging of the past, I know of no other profession which has deserved so well of the American people; and among the monuments yet to be erected, worthy to stand above our dead heroes, let one rear its head to heaven, in sun and storm, typical of America's pride—the locomotive engineer.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

Another spot for pilgrimage will shortly be added to the shores of the Potomac. The government having just secured the title to Wakefield, Westmoreland county, Va., about eighty-six miles from Washington and the site of the birthplace of the father of his country. The estate, comprising twenty acres, is near the mouth of Pope's creek and is a portion of the landed property owned by the grandfather of Washington, whose remains, with those of Washington's father and several uncles, lie in a dilapidated tomb on the ground recently purchased. Congress has appropriated \$33,000 toward the site of the house in which Washington was born. The design adopted by the Secretary of State calls for a monument building twenty feet square and about thirty feet high. Within the foundation, at least partially constructed of the old brick of Washington's early home, will

be interred the remains of his ancestors and relatives. A recent examination of the premises discovered at a depth of two feet eight inches the solid wall of the old house in a remarkable state of preservation, the old-fashioned brick being as good as the day they were landed there from England, now nearly two centuries since.

PETER COOPER AND THE BISHOP.

Chicago Tribune.

In a talk with Peter Cooper a short time before his death he told me the following incident: "I have just had a curious caller—an Episcopal Bishop, who came to see if I would not join 'some evangelical church,' so that when I came to die nobody should say that the Cooper Union was established by an atheist or infidel. I told him I was not an atheist or infidel; I was a Unitarian in belief; I knew no object of worship except the one living and true God, and I considered religion nothing more nor less than a science by which the movements of the material and moral world could be regulated, and that I knew no better teacher than the opinions of mankind. He politely said that he perceived that I was a scholar. This compliment I was obliged to decline, and I told him I had never been to school more than three or four months in all my life. If I had my way I told him, the worst of the human race, the most depraved wretches, should wake up in another life, not in torment, but in the midst of loving friends and beautiful things. The good Bishop did not even try to convert me to any better theology, but he went away with every expression of kindness—kindness which I am sure he felt."

LOVE.

Let us take time for love and its delight;
It is the one sweet thing that pays for all
The bitterness of life, for Sorrow's blight,
For pains despair and Death's funeral pall.

In that lost era when the world was new,
Love was man's first pursuit and life's excuse.

Now has that time come back to me and you—
Why should we seek for more? What is
the use?

—Ella Wheeler.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

How General Manager Towne Escaped Death and Held His Position.

Arizona Star.

"Is it a fact that locomotive engineers are superstitious?" inquired the Star reporter of "Dad" Briggs, the oldest engineer on the Pacific coast, at the round house yesterday.

"W-a-a-l no," said the silvery-haired knight of the throttle, as he threw his mouth to an angle of about 45 degrees and began scratching the upper part of his left cheek, "engineers aren't superstitious, but I tell you what's the fact, they have presentiments, or whatever you call it; at least I do."

"You can always tell, then, beforehand that some accident is going to happen," said the reporter, handing the old man a paper of fine-cut tobacco.

"Every time, and no mistake," said he; and he became so interested in the subject that he put the reporter's tobacco in his own pocket.

"You can then avoid a good many accidents if that is the case?" said the reporter.

"Oh, no; not always. You see an engineer has got to stay with his engine, at least a good engineer will; and there are mighty few who wouldn't—we wouldn't have 'em in the brotherhood if they were too cowardly to stay at their post at a time when they are most needed."

"I presume," asked the reporter, with a view of drawing him out, "that you have met with many serious accidents during the thirty-odd years you handled the throttle?"

"Indeed I have," said he; and his eyes sought the floor while a solemn, thoughtful look overspread his age-withered countenance. "I have seen many a sight that you reporters would call 'horrible,' and you may believe it or not, but I have escaped many a disaster just on account of having what-do-you-call-'em—presentiments."

"Ever been saved by a presentiment since you came to this coast?"

"Well, I should say so," and his kindly countenance brightened up. "Why, not

long before I quit running a locomotive for this company, I came near having the gol darnedest smash-up you ever heard tell on; would have had it if 't hadn't been for a presentiment and my spunk in not allowin' others to tell me how to run the engine."

"Where was that?"

"Oh, that was up in California. You see I was pullin' a special. The special contained A. N. Towne, General Manager, and a lot of other big guns. We were goin' from Wadsworth to Truckee, and those fellows were in the gol darnedest hurry you ever saw a set of men. I had the engine wide open and was cuttin' space at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Presently su'thin' told me that everything wasn't all right and I slowed up. Then those big guns begin' a-kickin' and Towne he came out an' said, 'what are you pokin' along like this for? Turn her loose; we must git to Truckee as quick as possible. I paid no attention, but kept a lookin' ahead, for I knew su'thin' was goin' to happen. Towne he came out again and yelled, 'what are ye doin'; why don't you pull out as I told ye?' I told him if he wanted that engine run faster he could come out and take her. I wasn't goin' to do it and the whole gol-darned lot on 'em swore like sinners, but I didn't care for all their swearin'; I knowed there was su'thin' wrong ahead an' I jest kept this old right eye a watchin' close. Presently we turned a sharp curve in a deep cut and ye jest ought to a seen the sight! The snow sheds had blown into the cut, and the snow and rain had caused fifty thousand tons of rock an' dirt to cover the track, and we were so clus onto it before we could see it that the pilot almost touched the darn debris. 'Sposin I'd a run like they wanted; where'd we all be now, eh?"

The reporter gave it up.

"Wal, I tell ye, A. N. Towne wouldn't be General Manager of this road neow, I'll bet," and getting off the black, oil-covered bench, the old man turned a little wheel that started up the big pump which supplies all the engines with water.

WHO HATH WOE!

Who hath sorrows, who hath woes?
He who to the ale-house goes.
Who hath fightings and contentions,
Grief and fearful apprehensions,
Causeless wounds, a guilty soul?
He who thirsts for alcohol—
Follows it to ruin's brink
In his cravings after drink.

Who hath babblings! Who but they
Led by alcohol astray—
Idiotic in their talking,
Lame and crippled in their walking.
Who are these with eyes so red,
Vile, besotted, reason fled?
Those are they who tarry long
Drinking wine and liquor strong.

Look not on the ruby wine
When its color seems divine;
Death is in that sparkling cup,
Never dare to take it up,
For at least the serpent's trail
And the adder's sting prevail.
Therefore on the goblet frown—
Spurn the liquor, dash it down.

—Texas Siftings,

NEW STANDARD OF TIME.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The new standard of time went into effect Sunday. The new time of Chicago will be nine minutes slower than that heretofore in use. In other words, all the watches and clocks that mark the time governing the sections of the railroads centering here, the Board of Trade, the Western Union Telegraph Company, the street-car companies, as well as the official clocks of the city of Chicago, were at 12:09 o'clock Sunday afternoon set back to 12 o'clock. The change is not one that will necessarily incur any mistakes or inconveniences, for if every person who has a watch or clock will set it back to-day the change is effected.

The new system is so simple that any one can understand it. Heretofore nearly every city of 5,000 inhabitants has had its local time. The railway companies have been governed by a variety of standards, namely, that of each prominent point on their respective routes. A traveler going from Eastport, Me., to San Francisco, if anxious to have correct time while on the route, was obliged to make some twenty changes. Hereafter but three changes will be necessary. There will be four

standards, namely, Eastern time, Central time, Mountain time, and Pacific time, or the time of the seventy-fifth, ninetieth, one hundred and fifth, and one hundred and twentieth meridians. The country will, in other words, be governed by the time of New York, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco. The credit of this change is due principally to Mr. W. F. Allen, of the Travelers' Official Guide, who advocated the system which has been in use successfully in England for thirty years.

The few who criticise the adoption of the new standard because the time governing most cities is not actual time, may be easily answered with the statement that the old time, which was considered astronomically correct, was actually correct but four times in the course of a year. The benefits that the railroad companies will derive from the change are too great to be estimated. All Chicago jewelers have promised to adopt the new time to-day, which will be 40 minutes slower than Pittsburg time, 39 minutes slower than Erie time, 37 minutes slower than Ashtabula time, 33 minutes slower than Cleveland time, 28 minutes slower than Columbus time, 26 minutes slower than Toledo time, 18 minutes slower than Louisville time, 16 minutes slower than Indianapolis time, 9 minutes slower than Vincennes time, 9 minutes slower than State line time, 9 minutes slower than Chicago time, 1 minute faster than St. Louis time.

SLEEP.

There is no danger of wearing this subject threadbare, for people are beginning to wake up to the fact that plenty of sleep is requisite to health, particularly in the case of brain workers. The more sleep the brain gets the better does the brain work. All great brain-workers have been great sleepers. Sir Walter Scott never could do with less than ten hours sleep. A fool may want eight hours, as George III. said, but a philosopher wants nine. The men who have been the greatest Generals are the men who could sleep at will. It was thus with Wellington and Napo-

leon. The greatest speakers in the House of Commons have been the men who could go to sleep as much as they liked. This explained the juvenility of the aged Palmerston. Sleep is in many cases the best of medicine. A friend says that he treated himself for a fever. He went to bed with a pitcher of lemonade. He drank and slept, drank and slept until he was well again. When you take to your bed take all the sleep you can out of your bedstead, even although, to quote Dick Swiveler's saying, you may have to pay for a double bedded room, confessing that you have taken a most unreasonable amount of sleep out of a single bed; you will be banking a whole store of recuperative energy. It will be safe to say of any man, that if he sleeps well he will do well.

A WELL REGULATED PASS SYSTEM.

At one of the little stations out on the plains, the conductor noticed a man riding on one of the trucks of a passenger car. When the man was pulled out, he was covered with dust and dirt, but a little brushing showed that his clothing, though badly torn and soiled, had once been stylish and of the best material.

"What're you doing there?" demanded the conductor. "Don't you know you were liable to be killed?"

"Never you mind," growled the man, appearing to be rather crestfallen to think he had been discovered in such a situation.

"But I do mind. It's my business to mind, and if I catch you there again, I'll hand you over to the police."

"Do!" retorted the man, violently. "I'd pay for that! Just hand me over, and I'll put up cash and raise your salary!"

"Who are you, anyway?" asked the mystified conductor, rather appalled by the roll the man developed.

"I'm the President of this road, and the pass system has been worked to such an extent that there wasn't room for even a paying passenger on this train, and I had to crawl underneath to get home! Hand me over to the police and they will see that I get a seat as vagrant, which I'm

cursed if I can do as an officer of the company! Turn me over, will you? Don't wait. Just turn me over, and I'll resign in your favor and take the position of brakeman! Then I could get a seat alongside a woman going to market, if I didn't roust out a boy and hog a whole bench to myself!"

But the conductor took compassion on him and let him sit in the baggage car with a corpse and a dog, and the poor old President was as happy as if he had just paid off the eighteenth mortgage on the road, and made an arrangement to extend the bonds on which the tenth mortgage was security.

BIG ENGINEERING SCHEMES.

Demorest's Monthly.

In their anxiety to profit by the commerce between Asia and Europe, the English are talking of realizing Captain Eads' novel scheme of a railway to convey ships overland from one harbor to another. The author of the successful jetty system at the mouth of the Mississippi proposed this scheme as a substitute for the canal which De Lesseps engaged to construct through the isthmus of Panama. Engineers say that Captain Eads' proposition is entirely practicable. Steamers and ships could be hoisted to the cars on one side of the isthmus and conveyed by steam power to be launched again on the other side. This would be even more practicable on the low-lying sands of the isthmus of Suez than in the more mountainous regions of Central America. But other schemes are also projected involving still greater engineering difficulties.

Scientific men are now investigating a project for building a great Palestine canal, or rather two connecting canals, one commencing in the bay of Acre, to connect the Mediterranean with the northern end of the valley of the Jordan; the other making use of the depressed gorge of that river and the Dead sea, ending in the Red sea. This is said to be entirely feasible, and the youth is probably living who will take ship in an American steamer to carry him across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean and

then over an artificial waterway, where from the deck of a vessel he can look out upon scenery associated with the marvelous sacred records of the Jewish theocracy and the Christian church.

WHERE IT IS FELT.

An ingenious individual has discovered that when a train strikes a bridge, the shock is first felt in the cab of the engine. It is pretty much the same thing when it strikes a loaded freight train, or a pile of ties set up by accommodating road agents. About the only thing that can happen without being felt in the cab is when the stock of the road strikes a rising market, or the lobby gets it in fat for a land grant. It takes a long time for such things to get around to the rolling stock, and when it does, it is generally to take off a train or two, in order to cut down expenses.

TO-MORROW.

Dr. J. G. Holland.

"To-morrow' ah! golden to-morrow! Thank God for the hope of its coming, with all its duty and care and work and ministry, and all its appeals to manliness and manly endeavor! Thank God, too, for the long dissipation of the dreams of selfish ease and luxury! Life has no significance to me, save as the theater in which my powers are developed and disciplined by use, and made fruitful in securing my own independence and of those around me, or as the scene in which I am fitted for the work and worship of the world beyond. The little ones and the larger ones of my own flock are crowding me along. Soon they will have my place. I do not pity, I almost envy them. Life is so grand, so beautiful, so full of meaning, so splendid in its opportunities for action, so hopeful in its high results, that despite all its sorrows, I would willingly live it over again."

It is no small fault to be bad, and seem so; it is a greater fault to seem good, and not be so.—*Warwick.*

RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

Pittsburgh Telegraph.

If one were asked to pick out a class of men who, all things considered, most invariably deport themselves, as gentlemen, he might very safely mention the railroad conductors in this country. There is occasionally amongst them a boor or one who seems unduly imbued with an idea of his own official importance, but a man may travel over many roads and thousands of miles ere he finds such a conductor. As a rule railway conductors are polite, intelligent, attentive and considerate. So far as it is possible within the limits of their duty, they are also sympathetic, and women, children and poor ignorant people are treated by them with especial courtesy. A cringing and time-serving and person-respecting conductor is rare. These men are customarily brave, firm and independent in manner and action, but to those who behave rightly they display all the well-bred attention that could possibly be exacted, and the patience they exercise under the strain to which it is so often but is admirable beyond all praise. Men who travel the same routes often contract a strong personal esteem for the conductors, instigated solely by regard for their deportment and free from all consideration of any favors which they do not expect. It is high praise to say that these officials, who have abundant opportunities to make themselves disagreeable, do not, like so many other men with equal authority, abuse these opportunities. On several of the Southern roads the conductors are invested by express statute with police authority; and yet no one ever heard of this power being wrongfully exercised. The women without an escort, and the traveling invalid have good reason to remember the sympathetic kindness of the men who have charge of the trains, and a great majority of all persons accustomed to travel will cordially bear witness to the uniform affability and patience of the conductors. It is veritable school of real fine manners. There is no sycophancy about it and no exaggeration. It resembles the firm but true-souled demeanor of

the sea captain on passenger vessels, and is sterling and praiseworthy. There is so much adulation nowadays bestowed in sensational quarters and on all sorts of people who manage to get into print, that the Telegraph proposes as it goes along to say a passing word of genuine commendation for men who seek no notoriety, but deserve well of the vast traveling public of this country.

THE YOUNGEST DRUMMER BOY.

St. Nicholas.

But the Twelfth Indiana Regiment possessed a pet of whom it may be said that he enjoyed a renown scarcely second to that of the wide-famed Wisconsin eagle. This was "Little Tommy," as he was familiarly called in those days—the youngest drummer-boy and, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, the youngest enlisted man in the Union Army. The writer well remembers having seen him on several occasions. His diminutive size and child-like appearance, as well as his remarkable skill and grace in handling the drum-sticks, never failed to make an impression not soon to fade from the memory. Some brief and honorable mention of "Little Tommy" should not be omitted in these "Recollections of a Drummer-boy." Thomas Hubler was born in Fort Wayne, Allen county, Indiana, October 9, 1851. When two years of age, the family removed to Warsaw, Indiana. On the outbreak of the war, his father, who had been a German soldier of the truest type, raised a company of men in response to President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 troops. "Little Tommy" was among the first to enlist in his father's company, the date of enrollment being April 19, 1861. He was then nine years and six months old. The regiment to which the company was assigned was with the Army of the Potomac throughout all its campaigns in Maryland and Virginia. At the expiration of its term of service, in August, 1862, "Little Tommy" re-enlisted and served to the end of the war, having been present in some twenty-six battles. He was greatly beloved by all the men of his regiment, with whom he was a constant favorite.

It is thought that he beat the first "long roll" of the great civil war. He is still living in Warsaw, Indiana, and bids fair to be the latest survivor of the great army of which he was the youngest member. With the swift advancing years, the ranks of the soldiers of the late war are rapidly being thinned out, and those who yet remain are fast showing signs of age. "The boys in blue" are thus, as the years go by, almost imperceptibly turning into "the boys in gray;" and as "Little Tommy," the youngest of them all, sounded their first reveille, so may he yet live to beat their last tattoo.

ENTITLED TO CONSIDERATION.

"I presume the stockholders in this road are entitled to some consideration," observed an arrogant man, as the President invited him to take a chair and state the nature of his business.

"Do you own any stock?" asked the President, wearily.

"A hundred shares," was the reply of the visitor.

"And what do you want?"

"I want a pass. I hold a hundred shares of your stock, bought it this morning on a margin, and now I think I'd like to take a trip over the line and see what I have been buying into."

"Can't do it," remonstrated the President with a shake of the head. "Can't encourage anything of the kind. By tomorrow your margin will have run out, and your broker will be at a loss. Search will be made for you, and your wife will blow among the neighbors that we gave you a pass, and the story will get around that we are helping people who buy our stock to get out of the State with intent to defraud their creditors. That will put our stock down, and we haven't a dollar of ready money in the treasury to put up as a margin on short sales. No, sir; it can't be done. If you will sell a few hundred shares short and give us a half interest in the deal, we will smash up a passenger train and do anything that is inexpensive to bear the stock, but we must have a show, and that is the best we can do, even for that."

And the speculator said he would think the matter over after he had sold out his long, if there should happen to be anything to sell by the time he got to where it was.

TWO CHANCES AT IT.

Every man who has traveled knows the trouble there is in getting some women to divide a car seat. The other day an elderly gentleman, riding on the Central, struggled hard to induce a good-looking young widow to move her skirts so he could sit down. She pretended not to see him, but when he finally crowded her over toward the window and scrouged in beside her, she turned on him with a glance of wrath, and demanded what he was doing there.

"I am entitled to a seat," he pleaded helplessly.

"But what right have you to come and sit here alongside of me?" she asked in a rage.

"I hardly know, ma'am," he replied timidly. "It is rather difficult to tell by which of two rights I am here, whether it is because I am old enough to be your father, or, because I may be your long long lost son!"

A SCHOLAR in a public school who had been over the map of Asia, was reviewed by the teacher, with the following result: "What is geography?" "A big book." "What is the earth composed of?" "Mud." "No; land and water." "Well, that makes mud, don't it?" "What is the shape of the earth?" "Flat." "You know better, if I should dig a hole through the earth where would I come out?" "Out of the hole."

A SUCCESSFUL strike occurred when the Richmond night express train struck a negro walking on the track, who got a glimpse of the locomotive's headlight just before being landed in the woods a dozen or two yards from the road line. His first conscious words were, "For de Lord's sake, boss, who frow dat lantern at me?"
—*Boston Commercial Advertiser.*

THE GRADUATE.

Chicago Tribune.

"Can I come in?"

A young man whose clothes were suspiciously new, and upon whose face there was a complacent, self-satisfied expression, stood in the doorway of the editorial rooms and propounded the above interrogatory in a very loud and declamatory tone of voice.

"I suppose you can," said the horse reporter, "unless you are afflicted with some constitutional malady which prevents your putting one foot in front of the other, or have got a pair of hobbles on. There have some daisy fellows come up here lately, but you are the first one that wanted to know whether he could go through the open door."

"I didn't mean exactly that," continued the young man. "What I wanted to know was if I could come into the room for a few minutes."

"Certainly you can; only don't say anything to the effect that we ought to have a pleasant summer after such a rainy spring, or you may find yourself a pallid corpse in the donjon keep beneath the moated turrets of the castle. If you are looking for The Hawkinsville Clarion or The Grundy County Palladium, you will find them in that pile of papers over in the corner. If you are weary, and fain would woo the drowsy god, ask the man in the next room for The Boston Advertiser. A Boston paper will make insomnia flee away as the black wraths of despair and desolation vanish before the golden rays of hope. Don't mistake yon haggard paste-pot for a cup-custard, because in its contents there is a generous admixture of deceased cockroaches that but a few short days ago were members of happy family circles—now, alas, sundered by the cruel hand of a darksome and unrelenting fate."

"I didn't want to read any exchanges," said the young man. "The object of my visit was to see the principal editor—the one who makes engagements with journalists."

"The what?"

"The editor who makes engagements with journalists."

"Oh, you mean the man that hires the hands. He's in the other room. Do you want a job?"

"Well," said the young man in a rather haughty manner, "I have some thought of entering the journalistic profession."

"You mean that you want to hire out as a deckhand on a newspaper, don't you?"

"Perhaps that is your way of expressing it, sir," said the young man, "but our professor of rhetoric always told us that——"

"Oh, you're a college graduate, are you?" said the horse reporter. "I thought you had a kind of I-shall-now-go-forth-and-take-charge-of-affairs air about you. I suppose you graduated last week."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and I may say that my oration——"

"I know all about it," interrupted the horse reporter. "You spoke a piece about 'Life's Mission,' or 'Our Country's Future,' or something like that, and when you had finished it the young lady in the percale dress whom you have been taking to the weekly meetings of the Platonian Literary Society for the last two years, sent a big bouquet up to the platform for you with a little piece of rose-tinted note paper in the center of it, with 'from one who admires genius' written on it. And then a lot of Teutonic musicians blew themselves black in the face playing the Star Spangled Banner. And in the evening you went to the president's reception with the female admirer of genius, and on the way home you told her that now you were about to enter upon a new sphere of action, to go forth and do battle with the world, and carve for yourself a niche high in the temple of fame, you felt that you must tell her how your whole existence was wrapped up in a pure, holy love for her—a love that would never falter or fade as long as life remained. And then she laid her head trustfully on your manly breast and said that she would not try to conceal from you the fact, ever present in her heart, that you were the one man in all the

wide, wide world upon whom she could freely bestow that most precious of all gifts—the tender, true and all-absorbing love of a pure woman. But in about five years things will look different. There are now more young men who started out to carve a niche high in the temple of fame chasing large red steers over the arid plains of Texas or delivering mackerel to the first families that you can shake a stick at."

"But surely, sir, you do not mean to insinuate that a college education is in any way a hindrance to the accomplishment of those ends which it should ever be the aim of all who have the welfare of their country at heart to bring about?"

"That's just the trouble," said the horse reporter. "You college graduates always start out with the idea that it is your mission to manipulate the universe, when as a matter of fact the most of you wouldn't do to leave in charge of one small back yard. Because a young man knows all about the square of the hypothesis, and can reel off chunks of Roman history, it does not necessarily follow that there is a wild competition among business men for his valuable services. If the employers of America never go lame until their legs give out from running after college graduates, there will be the soundest lot of underpinning on record in this country. Erudition is a fine thing, but you can't get much board on it in this town."

"But, sir," said the graduate, "the annals of every country in which the highest civilization has obtained show that it is the men of letters who shape the destinies——"

"There you go again," said the horse reporter, "talking about shaping destinies and all such gruel as that. Don't you worry destiny. The chances are that even if you were to fall over what you don't know and break your neck to-morrow somebody would look after the destiny-shaping business all right. Your best hold for the next year or two will be checking off barrels of A 1 sugar for some wholesale grocery house over on River

street. Destiny won't get left in the meantime."

"Then you do not think I will be able to make my mark in the journalistic profession?"

"You might," replied the horse reporter, "if you were to go up stairs and fall over some type, but not otherwise at present."

"But I might do some preliminary work, suggested the young man—"write some sketches and things of that kind."

"Yes, you could do that."

"What would you suggest for a non de plume?"

"Well," replied the horse reporter, "I should say that 'Affable Imbecile' would about fill the bill for you."

"Good day, sir. I will keep my eye on journalism and await an opportunity to join its ranks."

"All right," said the horse reporter; "but in case the street-car conductors get up another strike you had better remove your optic from journalism and head for the car-barns."

SUCCESS.

Longfellow's Hyperion.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of battle—there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the street of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly.

You feel the gushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of your life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say, "Come!" But the voices of the Past say, "Wait!" With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. Therefore should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness,—not in useless pastime,—

nor in querulous dejection,—but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes what matters it? What matters it to the world whether I, or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed or book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices.

A GEORGIA MAN'S WAY.

It was a bleak, raw, April day as we ran down into South Carolina. There was no fire in the coach, nor would there have been need for any if the windows could have been kept down. A chap from Quitman, Ga., who had lately peeled off his flannels and who felt as cold as a sheared lamb, succeeded after awhile in getting all the windows down but one. That was on the right-hand side, third seat from the front, and the seat was occupied by a fat man with a red face.

"Sir, won't you please lower that window?" asked the Georgian.

"What for?"

"To keep out the cold."

"I'm none too cold."

"But it let's dust in."

"I have no objection to dust."

Nothing further was said, but the Georgian presently opened the stove door and took out about a pint of ashes and wrapped them up, and at the next station he dropped off the car and took the one ahead. Ten minutes after starting up the train entered a deep cut, and the fat man was observed to bob off his seat and dig his eyes and jump up and down as if he had hornets in his boot-legs. Indeed, he swore—swore black and blue and green. He swore he'd sue the company, and he swore he'd kill the engineer, and it was a good two hours before he could open one eye wide enough to swear that in his

first moment of surprise his gold spectacles had fallen off and he had trampled them under foot.

"I wonder what got into his eyes?" I asked of the Georgian.

"Jime, I reckon, as we were running through a limestone cut just then," he calmly replied as he looked up from his paper.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Arkansaw Traveler.

A pusson what ain't got no mussy for a animal ain't got none fur a man an' is only kep' from beatin' a man 'case he's a coward.

De puttiest wimmen is sometimes de wurst when dagets roused up. De honey bee lives a mighty sweet life, but oh, Lawd, what a stinger he's got.

I'se sorter s'picious ob de preacher what pretends ter despise riches an' den tries ter tempt people into heaben by tellin' 'em dat de streets is paved wid gold.

I have heard folks say dat da could tell a smart man by lookin' in his eye, but dis is a mistake. De mole ain't got no eye to speak ob, but dinged ef he ain't got more sense den de toad what ken look at yer ten minutes widout winkin'.

I doan know of nothin' what tries ter sing dat makes so po' a out of it as de owl. My ole gran' fadder what come from Africa tole me de reason ob dis. Once de owl was a putty good singer, an' was invited ter all de parties in de neighborhood. One night at a big ball given by de parrot, de owl she cum an' sung till everybody praised her. Dis made her mighty proud, an' when she was gwine along home through de woods she 'gratulated herse'f an' laughed mightily. After a while the hawk coteh up wid de owl, an' sez he, "Yer thinks that yer a mighty singer, doan' yer?" "Git outen my way," says de owl, "'cáse I doan' 'sociate wid common fokes." "Dat's jes' what I wanted ter hear you say," said de hawk, an' when he had put his claw in his mouf' an' gin a loud whistle, two jay birds an' a whipporwill came down outen de tree. Da grabbed old Mizzes Owl an'

took 'er ter de branch an' hill her head
un'er de water, takin' it up once in a
while ter let her git her bref. Da kep' on
at dis till they got tired, an' den da let ole
Mizzes Owl go home, but bless yer life, de
naixt mawnin' she had sich a bad cold
dat she could'nt sing, an' she's been
hoarse eber since.

LITTLE FOLKS.

"Mamma," said Harry, "what's the
difference been goose and geese?"
"Why, don't you know?" said four-year-
old Annie, "geese is a goose, and a whole
lot of geeses is geese."

A little girl said to her mother one day,
"Mother, I feel nervous." "Nervous,"
said the mother. "What is nervous?"
"Why its being in a hurry all over," an-
swered her daughter.

Rector's wife (severely) — "Tommy
Jackson, how is it you don't take off your
hat when you meet me?" Tommy—
"Well, marm, if I take off my hat to you

what be I to do when I meet the parson
himself.

"Pap, kin a feller have a gun for a
father?" "No, son. Why do you ask
such a foolish question?" "Cause I
heard you tellin' mother a while ago that
some feller you was talkin' about was a
son of a gun."

Two little girls were watching the
clouds near the horizon on a summer
evening, when one exclaimed, "Oh, see
the sheet lightning!" Shortly after-
wards there was a smaller flash from the
same cloud, and the other little girl cried
out, "See, there! Look at the pillow-
case lightning."

Little Willie began to exhibit a domi-
neering spirit at a tender age. He ac-
companied his mamma on a shopping
expedition. "Oh, mamma, please buy
me a little sister." "And why do you
want a little sister, Willie?" "So I kin
whip 'er." Willie will want a wife some
day."

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

At home or away, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in the wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "'Tis some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly, "Ah, some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she had strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor had made;
No matter what elements cankered the pearl;
Though tarnished and sullied, she's somebody's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he has sunken in sin;
No matter how low is his standard of joy—
Though guilty and loathsome, he's somebody's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed.
That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet and mild;
For her sake deal gently with some mother's child."

—Francis S. Keeler.



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EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

JANUARY, 1884.

TIME.

"We live in deeds not years; in thoughts not breaths;
In feelings not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He
most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the
best;
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the
longest."

To the fifty thousand readers of the Firemen's Magazine, we send Brotherhood greetings to-day, the good words of comradeship. Our feet are on the threshold of 1884. A new year has dawned. We wave our adieus to the old year. We welcome the new with a faith that "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The past is an open book. We have heard the teachings of 1883, studied its lessons and chronicled its events. We may judge the future by the past. We know suns will rise and set. Moons wax and wane. We know days will follow nights, and nights the dying days; we know the tides will ebb and flow and the seasons come in regular order, but such knowledge is of little value as compared with that which is derived from human experience in the

world's broad field of battle, in which every hour records a victory or a defeat.

It is said that "order is heaven's first law." There is a time to sow and a time to reap. As certainly, there is a time to think and a time to act. By common consent, January 1st,—New Year's day,—is set apart for reflection and retrospection. It is not an idle idea. It is something more and better than a whim. Misers have times for counting their treasures. Merchants have times for balancing their books.* Mariners have times for taking observations, and men should have times for self-communion, for arranging their experiences, for determining their plans, for the future. The saying, "God made the country—man the city," has become proverbial, but man builds some things far more important than cities. It may be true, as was claimed by the Roman Augustus, that he found the imperial city only brick, and left it marble. We do not underestimate the achievements of men in rearing temples in which architecture becomes a poem, to excite the admiration of the world. We do not look upon the creations of genius in any of the departments of art with cynical eyes, and still there are works of men more to be prized than cathedral or coliseum, Grecian statue or any painting of the masters. The man who, hour by hour and day by day, builds a good character, lays its foundations of virtue, integrity, fidelity, humanity and charity, broad and deep, so that it shall stand secure in all of its symmetrical beauty and grandeur, when the storms of adversity beat upon it, when temptation assail it, and the tides of corruption ebb and flow around it, has builded better than the man who rounded Peter's dome or fashioned a Venus from a block of Parian marble. The humble toiler, or

the more fortunate actor in the world's activities, who builds a home where holy affections nestle like doves, where there is joy and peace, confidence and comfort, where children are born and reared to bless the world, has done more for humanity than Augustus, who gave Rome marble for bricks.

If character is of inestimable value, and none will gainsay the proposition, if it is something to be created as time rolls on, if it is an individual matter, rather than a community undertaking, there may be, indeed, there should be special times set apart for self-examinations, and, fortunately, the first day of the New Year has been designated as eminently appropriate for that work. If it is well for individuals, it cannot be otherwise than prudent for Brotherhoods—and it is our supreme purpose, in writing this article, to commune with our Firemen friends and associates.

We confess to no small degree of pride, as we contemplate the continental sweep of the BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN. Its one hundred and ninety-five LODGES are so many citadels, strong towers, fortresses, manned and equipped for work in a cause as just and as generous as ever engaged the humanizing forces of mankind. Our mission is not accomplished—our hopes are not realized. We have worked wonders, we have been true to our opportunities, we have overcome obstacles, we have advanced to sublime highlands of visions, we have marched across the continent, we are now an army of more than NINE THOUSAND strong, we have buried our dead, we have met every obligation to widow and orphan, we have assuaged grief, we have hushed lamentations, we have entered dark habitations and made them light, we have made com-

fort possible when misfortune had decreed misery. This is no idle boasting. Our record is luminous with deeds of benevolence, and yet 1884 opens up to us opportunities for grander achievements. The triumphs of the past are full of promise of more illustrious victories in the future. Ours is a Brotherhood of boundless possibilities. It is established not only in the hearts of its members, but the best thought of the country is proud to do it homage.

It is a Brotherhood which showers benedictions upon all who come within the range of its influences. It says to the railroad magnate we are your friends. You want skill, integrity, fidelity, sobriety, courage. These virtues we exalt, dignify, cultivate for our own good and for your profit. To the travelling public, we say that in so far as high appreciation of trusts are concerned, you shall be transported on all the railroads of the continent with safety, and to ourselves we say, with ever increasing emphasis, we will be true to each other in the highest sense of fidelity to obligations. If in your hazardous calling you are killed the fragments of your poor mortality shall be gathered up and a Christian burial shall be given them, and the grief stricken widow and the helpless orphans shall not be forgotten nor neglected. It has been so in the past, and by the grace of God, it shall be so more abundantly in the future.

The past has its experiences, the future its possibilities. This Magazine, the organ of the Order, will labor to make the possibilities of 1884 accomplishments of blessed satisfactions. We remember Denver with divine devotion—1883 is illustrious in our annals for advancement, harmony, noble purposes and princely

benefactions. Comrades have gone to come no more. We do not anticipate exemption from calamities in 1884. We know that death rides with us on the rail, lurks in curve, and cut, and chasm, and we know, thank God, that the genius of Brotherhood is forever hovering over and around, and that when death has done its work, love, sympathy and benevolence come with Heaven's choicest benedictions, and that around every Fireman's bier more than nine thousand mourners, while bowing to the inevitable, stand pledged to do what men can do to dispel despondency and enthrone hope. All hail 1884. The dead past must bury its dead. The living present is ours. We are watchful for coming events, we listen for their harbinger notes. We are in line and ready for the fray. We have outlived discouragements and have solved the problems of success. We are estimating our power and mapping out new enterprises. To-day our Brotherhood includes the United States and Canada—on the first day of January, 1885, Mexico will be within our charmed circle. Brotherhoods know no boundaries, and ours is to extend until its blessings are realized in all lands where the locomotive proclaims the triumphs of civilization. Be this our New Year greeting, with the invocation—

"Touch us gently, Time,
Let us glide down thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a pleasant dream."

DESERVED PROMOTION.

We notice with great pleasure the following announcement of the promotion of Mr. O. S. Lyford:

"The President and Directors of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, who have been in Chicago several days for the purpose of examining the condition of the road and taking some action regarding the appointment of a general manager of the company in place of D. J. Mackey,

resigned, have at last come to the conclusion not to appoint any general manager. Mr. O. S. Lyford, for some years Superintendent of the road, was appointed General Superintendent and will have general supervision of the affairs of the road. Mr. Lyford is an able and efficient railroad official, and he well deserves the promotion for his years of faithful work in the service of this Company."

Mr. Lyford has been Superintendent of the C. & E. I. R. R. for the past six years. In that capacity he has well earned the reputation of being a first-class railroad official, and his promotion is a matter of great pleasure to his many friends. He is the right kind of a man to have charge of a railroad. Besides understanding the duties of his office he knows how to treat his men, and one and all, they entertain the friendliest feeling for him and rejoice in his prosperity and success.

CONDUCTORS' MONTHLY.

The Order of Railway Conductors, at their last convention, decided to publish a monthly journal and the first issue is to appear this month. It is to be conducted under the able management of Mr. C. S. Wheaton, Grand Chief of the Order, who is to take charge as Editor, and Mr. Wm. P. Daniels, the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, who will be the business manager. This enterprising Order has made wonderful progress during the past year, and ranks high among the best organizations of this country. We hope the "Conductors' Monthly" may meet with the success it deserves.

THE AMERICAN MACHINIST.

We observe that our enterprising contemporary, the American Machinist, has recently been reduced in price to \$2.50 a year, or 5 cents per weekly number. This is a very attractive and interesting mechanical paper. It devotes considerable space to railroad mechanical matters. Articles on locomotive running and locomotive constructions are prepared for the paper by many of the best authorities in these departments of railroad work. Those of our readers wishing to keep posted on the progress of railroad locomotive engineering cannot do better than become readers of the American Machinist.

UNION MEETING.

A union meeting of the Brotherhood was held at Fort Worth, Texas, under the auspices of Trinity Lodge No. 83, on the 18th of December. The meeting was well attended and the members manifested the liveliest concern in the welfare of the Order. A vast change has taken place in the condition of our Texas Lodges. They are now well up in the work of the Order and the members are striving earnestly to make a good record for themselves in the Lone Star State. It is true they have a bad element to battle against, for it is a fact that a large proportion of men who prove themselves unfit to follow the calling in other States drift into Texas to make a "stake" and then be off again. But the Brotherhoods are at work and with the moral improvement of the men comes that stability of character and purpose that prompts them to cease their roaming, to settle down and to become respected members of their calling and of society. The progress is necessarily slow, but their work is being felt, and Texas will soon outstrip all the other States in the contest for Brotherhood honors. We were much pleased with our visit to Texas and with the treatment we received at the hands of the members. The brothers of No. 83 showered their hospitalities upon us and made us feel that we were among friends.

We take the following report of the meeting from the Fort Worth Gazette:

"The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada held a union meeting of their Lodges in this city yesterday, under the auspices of Trinity Lodge No. 83. The meeting was well attended and the result satisfactory in every respect. The following Lodges were represented, viz.: Red River No. 8, Denison, by J. C. Hogg; Great Western No. 24, by W. H. Barney; Lone Star No. 70, Longview, by T. Cordell and J. H. Allen; Midland No. 47, Temple, by J. Easley and S. McCarey; Sunny South No. 148, Tyler, by A. J. McCool; Texas Belle No. 155, Greenville, by J. H. Selby and J. Haley. A large number of the members of the home Lodge was in attendance and altogether the meeting was one of interest and profit to the Brotherhood in this locality. E. V. Debs, of Terre Haute, Ind., Secretary of the Grand Lodge, was present and addressed the meeting. He spoke at length upon the good work in which

the Order was engaged, and particularly of the success that had been achieved by the Lodges in this locality. The motto of the Order is, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," and it was the duty of every member to be consistent with the teachings thus sought to be inculcated. The Order was reported in a splendid condition, now numbering 132 Lodges, representing every line of railway and every State in the Union and the Dominion of Canada. The membership is now 8,300, composed exclusively of engineers and firemen, and the Firemen's Magazine, a monthly periodical published in the interest of the Order, has a circulation upward of 15,000 copies.

The Order is growing rapidly, having nearly doubled its membership during the past year, and it is expected that it will soon embrace every honorable man in the calling. The Lodges in Texas are in a very gratifying condition, and develop in proportion to the rapid growth of the railway systems of the Lone Star State.

J. H. Selby, of Greenville, delivered an exhaustive address on the duties of membership. He urged the necessity of working together in harmony and good will in order to accomplish the best results.

Mr. Selby is one of the oldest members in the Order, and his plea in behalf of the cause was listened to with interest by all of the members.

The members of Trinity Lodge No. 83 of this city are alive to the importance of the work in which they are engaged, and lose no opportunity to elevate the character and standing of the Brotherhood in this locality. They entertained the visiting delegates with true Texas hospitality. The meeting was enjoyed by all who were present, and is sure to have its good results."

BURGESS-MARTIN.

On the 14th of December, Bro. Geo. C. Burgess, of Eureka Lodge No. 14, now located at Louisville, Ky., was married to Miss Annie Martin, of Danville, Ill. Bro. Wm. Hugo, of Indianapolis, assisted as bridegroom. Bro. Burgess is well-known to many of our members and is exceedingly popular everywhere. He is now running an engine on the L. & N. R. R. between Louisville and Bowling Green, and has the respect and confidence of his employers and the highest esteem of his co-workers. He is an ornament to our Order and we take pleasure in extending to himself and bride our hearty congratulations. Like his old friend Pettibone, we will miss him, but what has been our loss

will be another's gain. We clip the following account of the affair from the Danville Commercial:

"Quite a large number of our society people gathered within the walls of the beautiful Catholic church yesterday, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. Geo. C. Burgess, of Louisville, Ky., to Miss Annie Martin, of this city.

At a few minutes after 8 o'clock, the bride and groom, accompanied by Mr. John Morrissey and Mr. Wm. Hugo and Miss Lizzie T. Burns and Miss Fannie Norton, bridegrooms and bridesmaids, entered the church and passed up the main aisle to the chancel, where the ceremony of marriage was performed by Father O'Reilly according to the Catholic church, which was very beautiful and impressive.

After signing the marriage contract the married couple, accompanied by a few chosen friends, repaired to the residence of Mr. Thos. Cavanaugh, corner of Hayes and Van Buren streets, where congratulations were offered to the newly-married pair by the many warm friends of the bride, after which the invited guests sat down to an elegant supper, where for an hour or more mirth and good cheer held full sway. At a seasonable hour the guests bid Mr. and Mrs. Burgess good night, wishing them much happiness and God-speed on their journey to their future home.

The bride received many useful and handsome presents, and among them we noticed the following:

Silver revolving water service, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson.

Silver fruit dish, John G. Morrissey.

Gold-lined cake dish, Lizzie T. Burns.

Silver butter dish, knife and spoon, Pat. Martin.

Comb case, comb and brush, Johnnie Cavanaugh.

Silver pickle caster, Miss Mary Cavanaugh.

Silver pickle caster, Miss Fannie Norton.

Glass cake stand, Mrs. Ballou.

Point lace tie and handkerchief, Mrs. Wall, Terre Haute, Ind.

Bedsread, Mr. Thos. Cavanaugh.

Prayer book, Father O'Reilly.

Six-bottle table caster, Mr. and Frank Schario.

Bouquet and wax flowers, Katie Cavanaugh.

Mr. Burgess is an engineer and runs on the Louisville & Nashville road, and Mr. and Mrs. Burgess will make Louisville their future home. The bride is well known in this city, having lived here the better part of her life, was quite a favorite in society has scores of warm friends, all of whom will miss her from their midst. Mr. and Mrs. Burgess left on the I., B. & W. at 1:10 last night for Louisville."

TRIBUTE TO OUR ORDER.

In speaking of our Order, Col. Danforth, the able editor of the Rock Islander, says:

"This Brotherhood is a most excellent institution and is prospering finely. Every fireman of good habits and character is greatly benefitted by being a member of the Brotherhood, and every fireman should endeavor to establish for himself such a reputation for temperance, industry, careful and intelligent attention to his duties, and reputable life as will give him a passport to a better position by and by."

For Firemen's Magazine.

A WELCOME TO BABY.

A welcome to baby I now extend
Not mine alone, but of many a friend;
Love and joy may the baby find here—
To Tim Fagan's boy, we send good cheer.

A mother's pride and a father's joy;
May heaven bless the darling boy—
And may he rise to honest fame
To glorify Tim Fagan's name.

From this desert land a kiss I send
On wings of love—from baby's friend;
And once again I give good cheer
To Tim Fagan's home—to baby dear.

—Tim Fagan's Friend.



For Firemen's Magazine.

CHEMISM OF LIFE.

BY ELMON J. NOYES.

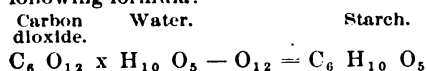
Life is a certain relation and combination of matter and force in which peculiar phenomena take place, essentially the capability of appropriating nourishing materials for its continuance in the species, the capability of multiplication or reproduction, motion from inherit power, sensibility, and in the highest form, intellection and will.

There is an opposition constantly going on between vegetable and animal life, by which they stand complimentary to each other.

Vegetable life arises from the process of deoxidization.

Carbon dioxide and water are absorbed from the air, and by a series of deoxidations carbon and hydrogen are partially released from the grasp of oxygen to form organic materials, such as starch, cellulose, fat, etc., which serve for the nutrition of the plant.

The production of starch in vegetation is of special interest, from the fact that it is an organic compound, produced from two inorganic compounds. Its production may be readily understood by the following formula:



The molecule thus produced, compounded with nitrogen in some way not well understood, constitutes the basic molecule of protoplasm.

The process is carried on in green plants only under the influence of solar light, thus showing that night is the time for rest in vegetable as well as in animal life.

Animal life arises from the activity of protoplasm, which is a highly complex organic compound of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen, resulting from the deoxidation of such oxides as are rendered susceptible to this change by the physical conditions in which they are placed.

Thus protoplasm (first form) forms the intermediate phase of two chemical changes, beginning with simple oxides, and ending with the same simple oxides.

All animal structures are composed of tissues of various kinds, and all tissues

are produced from cells, while a cell is a nucleated mass of protoplasm.

From the preceding we may derive the following formula to show the opposition and relation to animal life:

LIVING.	CONSUME.	PRODUCE.
Vegetables .	$C_6 O_{12}$	$C_6 H_{10} O_5$
Animals . .	$C_6 H_{10} O_5$	$C_6 O_{12}$

KEEP pushing! 'Tis wiser than sitting aside,
And sighing and watching and waiting the tide;

In life's earnest battle they only prevail,
Who daily march onward and never say fail.

"Mary Jane," said Dickey, "isn't this too cold for potatoes?" "Dickey," said Mary Jane, "it isn't cold that takes off the potatoes; it's consumption." "Oh," said Dickey, "I never lived on a farm."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

An Austin colored preacher gave out as his text: "What dost thou?" and announced that he would take up a collection, whereupon a respectable portion of the congregation got up and dusted. His question was answered.—*Texas Siftings*.

JOSH BILLINGS thinks the charity of this world a conundrum, and he gives it up, One cold, snowy afternoon this winter, he saw a thinly clad man trying to sell a couple of lead pencils at the foot of the stairs of an elevated railway station, imploring each passer-by to purchase, as he was starving. Seven passed without buying; "Josh" was eight, and he bought them and passed on to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Soon, having an errand at the Gilsey House, he thought he would try his luck selling pencils on his way. He took the two he had bought, pulled his coat-collar up and his hat-brim down, and set out in the dark. Twenty-fourth-street he stopped a benevolent-looking pedestrian with: "Please buy my two pencils for ten cents apiece; I am starving; I have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours," etc. The man pushed him aside saying gruffly: "I can buy three for a quarter down the street," and went on. Three others being appealed to, did about the same. At last he slouched into the Gilsey House and tried the dodge on a man at the bar, who tossed him a quarter, saying: "Take that, old man, I don't want any pencils." Then "Josh" revealed himself and told the story of his experience as an amateur pencil-seller, to the great amusement of the assembled company.

Ladies' Department

FROM A BUSINESS VIEW.

Going up to the plumber's one day this week, very much out of patience because some promised work had not been done, he met me with this question, "What would you do if you had a drunken gas-fitter who took a spree and laid off just when you were rushed to death with work?" "Discharge him on the spot," I replied emphatically. "But he is a good workman and I do not know where I can get another," said he, "and if I did, he would probably do the same thing."

Yesterday the grocer excused himself for not delivering some goods the night before, by saying, "The driver was drunk and the horse ran off upsetting everything." Several times the butcher has shut up his shop and taken a spree and we were obliged to go elsewhere for meat.

For a long time I had a man working in the yard, an American, a most excellent workman, but it was not unusual for him to drop shovel and rake on an unslightly pile of rubbish, go off and get drunk and come back at the end of three or four days a perfect wreck. I next employed an Irishman, who spent so much time running to the nearest corner grocery that it required two days to do one day's work, although he assured me that he only "took a dram but never too much." Finally I engaged a German, having heard that, although they imbibed a great deal of beer, they did not "lose their head." The first week he got so drunk while trimming grapevines that he completely ruined every one.

I have had come to the door, a carpenter, a plasterer, a tinner, a plumber, a book agent and a ragman, every one with the smell of liquor on his breath, until, by evening, I felt pretty well intoxicated myself. Drinking is almost a universal habit among lawyers and is not exceptional among physicians. Many railroad men drink to a greater or less extent. Beardless boys and gray and tottering men stand, side by side, at the bar. This fatal habit is confined to no age, class or condition in life. Indeed, so wide-spread is the vice that a family, who has not in some way suffered on account of it, is very rare and very fortunate. It is the all-powerful danger that threatens the United States and, though we keep a standing army and build a navy of iron clads, yet will this foe from within rise up by

night, open the gates and accomplish our overthrow.

We are heavily taxed to support and almshouses and penitentiaries, the majority of whose inmates are sent there through the influence of liquor. The Warden of the Massachusetts State's prison says, "Out of twenty-four persons here for murder *all but one* were not only habitual drunkards but were actually drunk when they committed the crime." Other prison officials testify in the same manner. Statistics show that *seven-eighths* of all the crime and pauperism result from liquor drinking. Any one who cares to do so may prepare statistics for himself. Read daily the list of crimes as published in our great newspapers and you will find each day that all but one or two were committed while under the influence of liquor.

Where men have become drunk and died within twenty-one hours after eating a hearty meal, dissections have proved that digestion had not yet commenced, and yet men drink to promote digestion. Although we hear occasionally that a habitual drinker has lived to be very old yet statistics show that the mortality of drinking men, from twenty to thirty, is four times as great as among temperate men.

Men argue that beer is nutritious, yet Liebig, the great German chemist, states that "a man must drink twenty-three barrels of beer to obtain as much nourishment as there is in five pounds of bread or three pounds of meat."

Statistical reports show that the retail sales, alone, of liquor in the United States would pay for 200,000,000 loaves of bread, and yet, on every side, capital, corporations and monopolies are blamed for the hunger and distress among the poor.

Looking at the matter from a strictly business standpoint, no man who works for a living can afford to drink. If he has a family he cannot spend money for liquor without depriving them of some of the necessities of life, for the vast majority of men do not make any more than they actually need to pay current expenses. As a rule, the man who is a regular drinker cannot hope to accumulate property or lay up anything for the future. The older and less able to work he becomes, the stronger and more expensive grows the habit of drinking. If he be in business for himself he will gradually neglect it, clerks, customers and creditors will take advantage of him and he will probably end in bankruptcy. If he be working for an employer, his habits will be excused while he is young and vigorous and has a certain amount of control over his appetite but, in a few years, he will be

pushed aside and never be able to rise again. Constant liquor drinking cannot fail to unfit a man for business. It weakens and impairs every quality that is necessary for success in this world, and it gives him only half a chance in the great race of life.

It seems useless to talk of ruined homes, broken-hearted women, abused and defrauded little children. There is something about intemperance that sears a man's heart. The only way to appeal to such men is through their pocket. If they do not pause when financial ruin stares them in the face, there is no hope. When the business sentiment of the community takes a firm stand in this matter we may look for a reformation. Already some of our prominent railroads have made it a rule not to employ drinking men. Others are preparing to do the same. The safety of life and property demands it. Intemperance is becoming so common and its results so disastrous that there is an urgent necessity for protection. The day is certainly coming when, in addition to a knowledge of business, a man will be required to have a reputation for temperance. If men are so weak that they cannot control an appetite for liquor they deserve more than moral censure. Employers must draw the line between clear heads, steady hands and correct principles, and clouded brains, unsteady nerves and a low moral standard. Preaching and prayer, argument and exhortation have all proved unavailing. It now remains to see what can be accomplished by putting this question of temperance to a practical, business test.

IDA A. HARPER.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

ARIZONA.

I take advantage of this morning to write to our ever welcome guest, the Magazine. I have never seen a word from any of our ladies and I feel that they are all waiting for some one to write first. The reason you have not received a letter long before this is because I have expected day after day to send one off and just as regularly have I failed to do it. I enjoyed reading "Young Wife's" letter in October number. I trust the receipt she asks for will surely be sent in, as I too feel the need of the same advice. Most of the railroad people here do not live in the heart of Tucson, but way out on the outskirts, and as there are open lots on all sides it is more healthful and pleasant than in the town. Our climate at this season of the year is as near perfection as it is possible to think of. It is difficult to realize that it is cold anywhere, the air is

so dry and balmy and the sun is always shining. I know I speak the minds of the ladies here when I write that we feel we have great cause for thankfulness that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen lives. It must be an intense source of comfort to those that belong to think that they are able so nobly to aid their whole families in their hour of deepest need. Our boys are making rapid strides in the right direction, they keep going forward and are always found doing their duty. What a beautiful translation that is from Schiller on duty:

"What shall I do, to be forever known,
Thy duty ever.
Full many this have done, who yet remain
unknown,
Oh! never, never,
Thinkest thou, that they remain unknown
Whom thou knowest not?
By angel tramps in heaven, their praise is
blown,
Divine their lot."

FIREMAN'S WIFE.

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

BENEFITS OF ORGANIZATION.

As I have been a reader of your Magazine for the past year and have never noticed anything in the Ladies' Department from Lodge No. 84, I thought a few lines might be acceptable, although my husband is not a fireman at present. But he handled the scoop during a period of six years and is still a member of Calhoun Lodge. Unfortunately he is so situated that he can not attend meetings at present, but I assure you that his hand and heart are in the Brotherhood. The Order of Locomotive Firemen is surely a noble institution and engaged in a noble work, and I think that the mothers, wives and sisters of the members ought to encourage them in their work.

A little advice and encouragement from this source would do a vast amount of good.

The calling is so beset with danger that every man who follows it, ought to belong to the Brotherhood and be an honored member of it, so that in case of his disability or death he, or those who are dependent upon him, would not suffer for the want of assistance.

Many a stormy night I have laid awake to hear the whistle of my husband's engine, a signal of his safe return, and I would then be happy to know that once more he had passed through the ordeals of his perilous duties. I hope he may always return safely, but if misfortune should overtake him, the noble Brotherhood will be sure to come to his rescue.

EURETTA.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE NOBLE BROTHERHOOD.

I have been a reader of your valuable Magazine for several months, and I can truthfully say that I like it very much indeed. I am always eager to read it, in fact we all like to read it, as it is very interesting. I think the Brotherhood is a noble Order, and one that should be encouraged by all. All firemen, especially young men, should join the Order, for it has been the means of saving a great many from entire ruin, which is a grand point gained. The Brotherhood of this place gave a grand ball and banquet on the 8th of November, on which occasion all enjoyed themselves "hugely," although the "turnout" was not as extensive as they anticipated. They certainly deserve great credit for their magnificent supper and carrying out everything so nicely. I earnestly hope they will be successful in all their undertakings. For fear I am taking up too much space I will close. Wishing the Brotherhood every success, I remain

IDA.

LONGVIEW, TEXAS.

MOTHERLY SOLICITUDE.

As I have a few leisure moments I will devote them to the Magazine. It has been sometime since I wrote to your neat little volume. I know it will not amount to very much; all there is about it is that you will know there is one mother that feels interested in your prosperity, and I can say candidly and sincerely that I would like to know that you were all good, noble men, fit to adorn the best society. I hope you will strive by your noble, generous deeds to file in ranks with the best.

I have not read one line in your Magazine from a mother. I think I have seen one from a sister and one from a friend from this place. God bless them and help them with what few seeds they have sown. May they fall on fertile soil and spring up tenfold.

There surely must be some mothers here. If they are laid at rest, oh may it be that they have left some good, kind word or wish that will never be forgotten by their dear boy.

In looking over some books I found this verse, which struck me very forcibly as being a motto for us all to follow:

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Toll not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

May we all profit by this verse and may all the joys of our past lives spring up and illuminate our pathway until we reach the "Golden Gate." There are

none but have their joys as well as sorrows. Every one can make sunshine through clouds if they will, and then is the beautiful sunset. I wish that all might see it in this light.

MRS. B. E. B.

BARABOO, WIS.

HOW TO PREPARE A LUNCH.

In looking over our Magazine for December I noticed an article in the Ladies' Department captioned "Pansy Blossoms," and I at once concluded that such a pretty name must be followed by a pretty piece. But I was much surprised when I began to read it to see that it was from my own feeble pen and that the editors had conferred the pretty title upon it. I notice that Sister Ashley, of the Pacific coast, requests some of the lady correspondents to send her a preparation for a lunch. In reply I would suggest some good home-made bread, fresh rolls or biscuit with boiled ham; or, at this season of the year, some nicely sliced poultry, a cup of custard and a small jelly cup of pickles, some pie or cake—sometimes both—or, for a change, a cup of rice pudding, bananas and some sliced oranges or peaches. I am of the opinion that this would make a lunch fit for a king, as many of them have been prepared by

PANSY.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.

COMMENTS ON STUART LODGE.

Seeing so much encouragement for ladies to contribute to the Magazine and not wishing to allow Stuart Lodge to remain in the background, I have concluded to make an effort to bring her forward to the notice of your readers.

The members well deserve praise, for they strive hard to do their duty to the Brotherhood. I have noticed a change in them from the time the Lodge was first organized. With "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry" for a motto they are sure to become better and truer men and more faithful at the post of duty. Each member should do his part of the work in building up the noble Brotherhood, for it is doing a great deal to improve the condition of its members, while it protects the homes of those who are unfortunate enough to fall by the wayside, seeing to it that their widows and little ones are consoled in their bereavement and comforted in their distress.

It is often said that firemen are only "greasy railroaders;" this should not discourage them in the least, for in most cases they are more honorable and manly than those who slur and slander them.

It is the honest heart that makes the man, and not the genteel dress. It is frequently the case that roguery wears broadcloth while honesty is clothed in rags, but broadcloth does not add to the moral worth of a man any more than soiled and faded garments detract from it. A man may be a true and noble man on a locomotive, doing an honest day's work, as well as in any other pursuit or profession. A man must only be true to himself and to his duties. His trials may be severe and his reward slow to come, but in the end the world is sure to do him justice. Firemen cannot better advance their interests than to ally themselves with the great Brotherhood that teaches them the principles of honest duty, and I hope to see the time when all of them may be enrolled as worthy members.

Yours truly,

STUART, IOWA.

LOUISA.

FROM THE GULF.

Ever since the organization of 115, of which my husband is a member, I have been a reader of the Magazine, which I class with the best literature of the times; the little book gets a hearty welcome each month in our household and its pages are read and reread with great pleasure.

I am one of the hearty advocates of the B. of L. F. and I use my influence with my husband in urging prompt and regular attendance of meetings. This, however, is hardly necessary, as he usually remembers meeting evenings and having finished his supper, he goes cheerfully to the Lodge room. He always does his full share of every duty that requires attention, as indeed all the members of 115 do. They have a thrifty little Lodge, and with the additional interest that is manifested by the mother, wives and lady friends, her prosperity will not grow less. With kindest wishes, I am sincerely

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

LYDIA.

SURPRISE TO MRS. ED. COLE.

The members of Prospect Lodge No. 162 recently presented Mrs. Cole, the amiable wife of Bro. Ed. Cole with a complete set of Dickens' works, consisting of fourteen volumes. Mrs. Cole has always taken an active interest of the welfare of the Lodge and the boys fully appreciate her kindly services. The Elkhart Journal gives the following notice of the presentation:

"The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen presented Mrs. Ed. Cole, the wife of the Master of the Lodge, with a full set of Dickens' works in library building. The lady was

called to the Lodge room by some of the members to do some sewing, and as she entered the room a motion was made to suspend the routine business of the Lodge. The presentation was then made, and the lady was completely surprised. The occasion was a memorable one, and the gift was handsomely bestowed. The pleasure was enhanced by the complete surprise to the recipient."

Mrs. Cole expresses her sincere thanks to the members of No. 162 for remembering her so generally.

LETTER FROM MOBERLY.

I am a careful reader of your Magazine and take a lively interest in its correspondence. So far nothing has appeared from the ladies of Moberly, so I have ventured to make a start, hoping that others may follow the example and thus assist, in our way, in promoting the interests of the Brotherhood in this locality. I am a sister of one of No. 54's members and must say that I am very proud of the Brotherhood and that I note, with pleasure, the vast amount of good it is doing. It is reaching a class of men that need its fostering cares and its beneficent protection, and I hope it may continue in the glorious work in which it is engaged and that success may always crown its efforts.

MOBERLY, MO.

MAGGIE E. P.

For Firemen's Magazine.

FORTUNE'S HOP.

The boys of Fortune of late held a meeting
And made final arrangements for a grand ball;

Choose the evening of the first of November,
And the place to be at Shakspeare Hall.

They invited the boys from Syracuse and De-
witt.

The girls from all points of the compass
arrived;

The first on the floor was Will Flanagan and
lady,

To out-do Fred Livingston the couple did
strive.

A reel was called on by Manager Will Martin
And was filled with boys from the west-end.
They whirled gaily around till Cumming's
lady fainted,

Then away for an ice Johnny Terry did
send.

The next arrival threw all in commotion
'Twas nobody else than the pretty red Rose
Which caused all the dudes for to rival each
other

As an escort to supper a dozen proposed.

McDonough and Stonewall got into a melee
Over the colleen that wore the white shawl,
When Waterman stepped in and settled it
neatly

By taking the charmer away from them all.

And now kind friends I will ask your for-
giveness.

To do the ball justice to me is a text;
And wishing you all many happy evenings,
I will extend to you all an invite to the next.

—Shamus O'Riley.

Special Correspondence

Retrospective and Prospective.

BY X. L. C. R.

The traveler who has started out on a long journey, over a new route, and passing through new scenes, is very apt to look upon the mile-stones along the road, with a great deal of interest, because they serve as monitors on his way, reminding him of distances and dangers already successfully passed, and indicating the approach to the desired point of destination, and the probable difficulties still to be surmounted.

The careful locomotive engineer who has in safety accomplished a portion of his daily task, hails with delight his arrival at some prominent station, where he may have time to "look around" the wonderful machine entrusted to his care, to mark the effects of the work performed upon his machinery, and to take such measures as will enable him to finish up the remainder of his assigned task with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employer.

The thoughtful locomotive fireman who has furnished the requisite steam to surmount the grades, turn the curves, fly across the chasms and burrow through the mountains, may appropriately be permitted to draw a longer breath than usual when he passes one after another of the landmarks along the way, which serve to remind him of the miles already passed, and which has brought him so much nearer the end of his division, and of the trials of strength, skill and endurance which may still be before him.

Our Brotherhood, having successfully arrived at the tenth yearly mile-stone in our journey toward the desired station—Perfection—ought to be allowed to stop a little while to take wind, to consider the difficulties passed over, to see that our machinery is in proper order for the next run, and to ascertain whether there is enough fuel and water to enable us to reach our next supply with a full head of steam, and all in good trim for a successful termination of our trip. Taking a writer's privilege, let us shut off steam for a little while, and come to a stop; and being thus relieved "from looking out ahead" let us note the way we have traversed. As yet we have not reached any great distance from our start, nevertheless the dangers and difficulties passed

during the decade marked by our recent convention are indeed appalling and would tend to affright one, if they could have been foreseen and brought up before our mental vision in a body. Ten years ago an infant Order was born, brought forth by a few rough but energetic men, and cradled amid the rugged mountains of New York. The founding thus presented to the world must have a wonderful vitality, for we notice that it passed through a great series of infantile troubles and yet lived. In the first place it was of low parentage, for who had ever heard of any good thing issuing from a "dirty railroad" and from the dirtiest of all, a "poor fireman." Next, what good thing had ever before come from Port Jervis—a country town, formerly unknown to fame, but we trust now, to be immortalized as the birthplace of our noble Order.

The infant Order had nurses appointed whose duties were to watch over and care for it. These duties were undertaken in good faith at first, but alas for poor human nature; it was soon discovered that the nutriment designed for the infant was used by the unfaithful nurse and the infant, weak at birth, deprived of nourishment nearly perished from want. While thus in the throes of convulsions the babe, unconscious of what it was doing, kicked with some of its members and "struck" out with others and displayed a terrible vitality, which made corporations stand back aghast.

Like Herod of old, these corporations now began to inquire at what time the child was born, and sent forth and slew all they could lay their hands on, and still the Order lived.

Born in disgrace, reared in poverty, weakened by convulsions, kicked by outsiders, choked by monopolies, sneered at by the public, ignored by the press, the babe suffered but bore it, and grew stronger and stronger, till now it stands before the world as a stripling of ten years, an acknowledged factor in the active commerce of the nations, and challenging the admiration of the world by its marvelous growth and the wonderful results attained in so short a time under such inauspicious circumstances. A great change has taken place in public sentiment, and the men who furnish the invisible power which enables us to girdle the world with the velocity of a "canon-ball," to crash through the country like a "thunderbolt," are a recognized part of the body politic, and are honored as such. This power which has annihilated distance and brought the remotest parts of our country into close contact; this power without which the vast empire of these

United States would have to lie unimproved and continue a vast desert; this power which has been captured, tamed and brought into subjection within the memory of the present generation, and the men who daily create and develop such a stupendous agent in the interest of commerce, civilization and progress deserve and are receiving a share of the plaudits of the nation. Six years ago the B. of L. F. was a forbidden ground to many of the employes of our vast railroad system; six years ago you were told by many of our railroad managers that you must not join the Order; six years ago you were told that to join the Order would insure your dismissal from the service of the company, yet in so short a time a great change has taken place, and the chosen delegates to our recent convention were in every instance treated with courtesy and consideration and every facility was shown them by our railroad managers to make their journey to and from Denver a pleasure.

Six years ago our annual conventions were not honored by the presence of the officials of the city, the county, the State or the Union; six years ago no eminent orator, statesman or divine thought it worth while to notice a meeting of "associated coal-heavers" or to grace it with his presence. Six years ago the press almost totally ignored our conventions, and if noticed it was to sneer at them. Now, all classes of persons seem to combine to do us honor, and officials of the city, the county, the State and the Union jostle with orators, statesmen and divines to welcome and applaud the Order, and the press has caught up the refrain and is publishing and scattering our praises through the civilized world.

Six years ago the ovation with which our delegates to the recent convention at Denver were treated all along the route, the reception which awaited us at that city, and the hearty welcome with which we were greeted by every one would have created surprise; now they were tendered as if due and received with all due self-respect and courtesy by the delegates.

Having made so good a run, let us, as it were, stop at the end of this decade to examine our machinery to see whether in our rapid progress thus far any of the parts have been injured or strained, whether each part has received a due share of lubricant to make it run smooth, and to see that we have sufficient fuel and water to renew our journey, with fair hope of reaching our destined station in the estimation of the world, namely: that we are the most perfect, best organized and equipped, and withal the strong-

est of all the associations of workingmen in the true sense of the word.

Let us see what has brought us thus far. "The pen is acknowledged to be more mighty than the sword," and by means of the printing press we can multiply each stroke of the pen indefinitely and thus create a power before which an army of sword bearers would falter and be vanquished. Much good has been done to our cause by a dissemination of our objects and aims by means of the Magazine, but I believe much more could be done in this direction, for many of the firemen and the various officials of our Eastern roads have not as yet seen a copy, or read a page of our publication.

Much good may be attributed to the intercourse of the officers of our organization with the officials of the various roads, but many of our Eastern railroad officers have never seen the genial features of our representative men or been brought under the influence of their magnetic presence.

Great good has been derived from the conscientious administration of the financial affairs of the Order under the efficient management of our present Treasurer, who has brought order out of chaos and prosperity out of bankruptcy and to whom probably more than any other one man the Order is indebted for its continued existence.

While all these causes have helped and contributed to our success, there is yet one other cause which must not be overlooked nor undervalued in making up our estimate, and that is the principles of our Order, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," which are leavening the whole mass of our great Brotherhood, and by the practice of which we have forced from the world and from our employers a recognition of our worth, and by the continued exercise of which we may hope to rise to still greater heights. It thus behooves every brother to look closely at all his acts, and to live in such a manner before the world and under the eyes of his superiors in office, as to convince them that we are men seeking to advance our interests, not by means of unlawful acts, but by a mutual care for each other, by strict sobriety and by an industry which shall enable us, not only to perform every duty devolving upon us, in strict compliance with the rules of our respective roads, but to use every means within our reach to qualify us to do them better every day, and thus shall we each and all contribute our share toward our elevation in the estimation of the world.

In the opinion of our recent convention the machinery connected with our Order is made good and strong, every

part well adapted to its work. It seems though that for the want of a little of the lubricant (which makes all things, even the mare go—money), several of the working parts got “to cutting,” but after the convention applied some of the universal lubricator, above mentioned, to the “screeching parts” (please excuse the expression, as no disrespect is intended), together with a dose of brotherly love, it is expected that the machine will run smoothly for a long while and carry us safely to our destination.

Let us see to it that we each keep up our share of the lubricator—money; our share of fuel—fraternal love; our share of water—industry, and combining money, love and work we shall be able to raise steam enough to overcome all grades, round every curve, burrow every tunnel and cross every ravine which intervenes between us and perfect success, when we shall shout “Excelsior” no more, for we shall not be able to climb any higher.

Self-Respect.

BY C. J. MCGEE.

It is an old saying that “persons are judged by the company they keep,” and, indeed, in most cases it is a fair way to choose the man.

No person can expect to choose for companions those of bad character and habits, and also associate with persons who are upright and moral. A choice must be made.

It is proper that a social line should be drawn. Members of our Order should, in every possible manner, strive to elevate each other, and also strive to excel in self-respect. This is the key-note, the watchword of upright men. Self-respect is not found in places of bad repute or immorality. Self-respect demands a choice of companions, for we cannot associate with persons of bad repute and possess self-respect. The frequenting of saloons is a great step downward and loss of self-respect soon ensues. We find the worst wrecks of humanity in saloons. Manhood, intellect, pride, friends and position gone. Depraved wretches, who were once the pride and joy of kind parents and friends. Unfortunately they entered the gilded palaces of sin, first out of curiosity, or perhaps through the solicitation of an associate, the visits are repeated, and again, until they become fascinated and soon are drunkards and outcasts, the teachings of parents forgotten and self-respect gone. Unfortunately, in a short time, can be destroyed and torn down that which required years of vigilance and toil to build up, and hence the caution that should be exercised in choos-

ing our companions and places we frequent. Again, a community is often condemned by the conduct of a few. When you see a person upright and honorable, you are sure to admire him, on the contrary should his actions, habits and companions be depraved you become disgusted and turn from him. Then choose good company by all means, frequent places of good repute, and self-respect is sure to follow. A man is simply what he makes himself. It matters not what our calling may be, if honorable we can be upright and command respect. No person dislikes to hear a good report of himself, but on the other hand every effort is made to conceal the bad actions from view. Nothing good need be hidden through fear of reproach. The standing of our Order becomes high or low, as the actions of members make it. If we try to do right, our position is elevated. On the contrary, if we lose self-respect we fall from that high position. How zealously should we watch ourselves, and guard our actions!

We have now reached that position that commands respect from all. Let us not through any misdeed wreck that which has taken years of toil to bring to its present high moral and social standing.

Choose good companions, frequent places of good repute, be honest, moral, just and upright towards all, and you, indeed, have self-respect.

MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

On life's rugged road,
As we journey each day,
Far, far more of sunshine
Would brighten the way,
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles, we had
The will, and would try
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store,
And labor to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad
There is much we may do.

A word kindly spoken,
A smile or a tear,
Though seeming as nothing,
Full often may cheer.
Each day of our lives
Some treasure would add
To be conscious that we
Have made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow, so dear,
Have need of a trifle
Of solace and cheer.
There are homes that are desolate,
Hearts that are sad;
Do something for some one,—
Make somebody glad.



Scriptures from Latin.

CHAPTER I.

It came to pass during the fourth year of the reign of Frank, surnamed Arnold, that there went forth a proclamation throughout all the land, saying, "Go ye, all members of the Brotherhood called Firemen, gather ye together in your respective places of meeting and select ye one from among you, of wise sayings and sound judgment and let him be a representative from among you and let them gather together with one accord in the beautiful city called Denver and hold communion together and make laws for our people. And the brethren heard the words of the King and obeyed. Now it came to pass when it was noised abroad that this Council was to meet in the city called Denver, in the land of the Rockies, that the brethren of that city gathered themselves together and said among themselves, Let us show our brethren from afar, what a goodly people we are and let us give of our substance and let us entertain and make merry and show them the riches of the land wherein we dwell, for perchance some of them may forsake their homes and come and dwell among us." And it pleased the brethren of the city, to choose from among them several brothers of good report, and they did select for their leader one William, surnamed Hynes, a brother of sound judgment, and to him did they give the chair of Executive and they made ready for their brethren from afar.

Now it came to pass after many days, that the time of the meeting drew near and the chosen of the brethren girded on their armor and took "Scrip" in their purses and departed toward Denver. Many of the brothers had a long journey before them and many incidents befell them on the way. Some journeyed in chariots of iron, and some in chariots of oak, others in chariots of pine. Others, more fortunate than the rest of their brethren, came drawn in a palace called car. But there was dissension among them, and they did take the brethren and beat them and tie them with ropes and so conduct themselves that there was no sleep among them all that journey.

Now, on the sixteenth day, of the ninth month, of the fourth year of the reign of Arnold, the brethren began to assemble together in the city called Denver and they were met by the brethren of that

city and taken to the house called the St. James and to the house called Markham and many other places of abode, and were greeted with cordiality by the Lords of the House and they did give to the brethren of the best of the house and they did refresh them and make them merry. There were brothers from the land of the setting sun and from the valley of the Wabash; from the deserts and plains of the West and from the frozen regions of the North; from the rock bound coast of the East and the placid valley of the North Platte; from the sunny climes of the South and from the shores of the great lakes, all gathered together in unity; and it was well with them. Now, on the morning of the seventeenth day, of the ninth month, there was a multitude gathered together in the city called Denver and among them were men of renown, men of knowledge, men of speech; there was Tucker, the law register, and Sullivan, the humorist; Elton, the wise man, and Mayo, the prophet; there were brethren with fire in their eyes and manuscript in their pockets, all coming to do duty in the eyes of the people. And there came among them Frank, surnamed Arnold, and William, surnamed Burns; Samuel, surnamed Stevens, and Eugene, surnamed Debs, and there was a great shout went up from the brethren, for these were the chosen leaders of them and they were great favorites. And it came to pass, that while the brethren were making merry together, there suddenly appeared among them one William, surnamed Hynes and with him several other brothers saying "Peace be among you; let us depart and go about the city, go ye into all places, and public buildings, all workshops and see how we thrive and be ye assured that ye will all be made welcome. Now, William, surnamed Hynes, was a dweller in the city and knew whereof he spoke, and the brethren heard the words of these brothers and departed.

Now, it came to pass that many of the brothers brought their wives and children with them, also their mothers and sisters and William, surnamed Hynes, was not unmindful of his duty toward them, but he and his brethren did entertain them and show unto them the beauties of the city. Now, there were in the city many beautiful things which the brethren visited and they were cordially treated by the people, and all said with one accord "it is good for us to be here." Now the day drew to a close and the brethren wended their way to the places of refreshments and did justice to the good things of the land, and after satisfying the inner man, many went to the places of amuse-

ments, others held counsel together and all retired early to rest, to refresh themselves for the coming day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Right and Wrong.

BY MALCOM MEREDITH.

I.

To enact a law, without attaching a penalty to it, would be like a parent asking a child to do right, and leaving it to his own inclination as to whether he would, or would not, render obedience. In one case it would be pointing out a right course of conduct and asking the child for his own good and that of others, to render obedience to the request; in the other, a right rule of conduct is laid down and a command to obey it; and in case of disobedience, certain penalties shall follow as just punishment. A penalty, therefore, to make laws answer the purpose of their creation, is necessary, and the visiting of these penalties upon wrong doers, regardless of who they are, is absolutely necessary to the welfare of society. A penalty may be defined as "Punishment for crime or offense, the suffering in person or property which is annexed by law or judicial decision, to the commission of a crime or offense." In the generalities which have preceded, it has, at least, been made dimly apparent that not only the welfare, but the very existence of society depends upon a system of laws, and the enforcement of those laws by punishment in case of disobedience. This authority of society to punish any of its members, depends on the right of self-preservation. Blackstone has so clearly and pointedly shown from what source society derives its just power to inflict punishment upon the wrongdoer, that its repetition here will be appropriate: "It is clear that the right of punishing crimes against the law of nature, as murder and the like, is in a state of nature vested in every individual. For it must be vested in somebody; otherwise the laws of nature would be vain and fruitless, if none were employed to put them in execution, and if that power is vested in any one, it must also be vested in *all* mankind; since all are by nature equal. Whereof the first murderer, Cain, was so sensible that we find him expressing his apprehension that *whoever* should find him would slay him. In a state of society this right is transferred from individuals to the sovereign power; whereby men are prevented from being judges in their own causes, which is one of the evils civil government was intended to remedy."

In one of the ablest works ever written—"Comb on the Human Constitution"

—the author in substance says that in infinite wisdom the Creator has involved in the constitution of man, a perfect system of animal and physical, spiritual and intellectual laws, which carry with them their own rewards and punishments, and that we can no more place ourselves in opposition to those laws and escape the penalties attached thereto than we can escape the consciousness of our own existence.

By the phrase "Laws of animal nature," is meant "the inherent principles by which the economy and functions of animal bodies are performed, such as respiration, the circulation of the blood, digestion, nutrition, various secretions, etc." To the observing and reflecting reader no facts need be offered to prove that opposition to the animal laws governing our bodies will certainly bring punishment. Suffering, disease and death is the penalty paid for intentional or unintentional opposition to this law of our being, and whether we do so ignorantly or with a knowledge of the certain consequences of such wrongdoing, makes no difference as to the result. That "God is no respecter of persons" has no better illustration than in the operation of these laws. All alike are subjected to the same consequences for opposition to them. Some have stronger constitutions than others and consequently will bear more suffering, but it is only in degree that they differ. With many of these results we are familiar, and with a given cause can unerringly determine the effect. Respiration stops a short time, an artery is severed, a poison given and that change we call death takes place. Once any of these causes are put in operation, unless the conditions be changed, death follows. Just as certainly, under such circumstances, can the result be known before as afterwards. Life and health depend on an obedience to the law, and sickness, suffering and death in their myriad forms are but the result of opposition or disobedience to it. How much might be said, special in its history, to illustrate these generalities. Think of the almost innumerable causes which are known by thousands who have given the subject little thought. Go to some medical library and there find tons of history in proof of the fact that opposition to this law inevitably brings punishment, and obedience, reward. Go upon the streets of great and small cities and there you can find walking libraries. Volumes of the history of human nature, in which you can run and read so many confirmations of the truth that opposition to animal law brings punishment. But it is needless to continue these generalities

upon this subject. The wide world over its truth is demonstrated thousands and thousands of times daily; and we don't even have to turn round to look in our neighbor's face or ask his experience to satisfy ourselves in regard to the matter; but we are satisfied from our own knowledge of ourself. It is not the intention to offer any special facts to illustrate so plain a subject, but to begin the consideration of that to which this has been only intended as a prelude, viz:

"Opposition to Moral and Spiritual Law Involved in our Constitution."

"These words to men when I am dead,
Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

"It is safe to do right; it is dangerous to do wrong."

"To thine own self be true,
And it follows as the day, the night
Thou canst be false to no man."

Moral law is that law "which teaches men their duties to God and to each other."

While it is just as certain that moral wrong doing, or opposition to the moral laws involved in our constitution will meet with punishment, it is much more difficult to prove satisfactorily to many persons—especially those who are ignorant and have given the subject little or no thought. It would be an almost hopeless task to undertake to convince one with small observation and reflection of its truth. But there is another class, intelligent and cultivated, who believe that there is no such thing as moral responsibility for our conduct resting upon us; that we are as ships upon the ocean of time, drifting here and there as we are blown about by the winds and carried by the currents of chance, without a pilot to guide our vessel to a certain port; and at last to helplessly and hopelessly sink beneath the sullen waves, when the storm of death engulfs us. We can see muscle, nerve and bone, but there is something in close relation to these, connected with them for a time, which we can not see, but which we know by its attributes and manifestations. Within the mortal body or house is the spiritual body or inhabitant. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," is one among the beautiful truths Paul so plainly taught the earnest seekers after immortal life. "Man know thyself" is a wise admonition given ages ago; but with all the necessity and benefit of that knowledge, if gained, few men have been thoroughly acquainted with themselves,—especially with the spiritual body and its needs. While men have been fairly diligent students of the animal body, and the laws governing it, they have, with comparatively few exceptions, neglected the study

of the constitution of the spiritual body; and consequently the great mass of mankind are ignorant of many of the greatest truths, a knowledge of which is so essential to their happiness. Physiologically, anatomically and pathologically the world of science may pride itself upon the knowledge it has gained; but psychologically little progress has been made by the majority, owing mainly to prejudice. Phrenology should to-day stand crowned twin sister of physiology. Anatomy and physiology look to the building; phrenology, to the inhabitant of that building, the immortal soul. Phrenology teaches that man is a being endowed with mental, moral and spiritual faculties and animal propensities, and that each propensity and faculty was created for a definite use. The proper use of these is right and will be rewarded by happiness, while the improper use or abuse of any of them is wrong, and will be punished by unhappiness. The moral and intellectual faculties should control the animal propensities. Whenever a man lets his faculties lie dormant or uncultivated, he fails to put them to the use for which they were intended, and thus defeats the object of their creation. To this neglect as well as the improper use of any faculty there is also a penalty attached. To illustrate the reward for the right use of our faculties, and the punishment for the neglect to use them, let us compare the pleasures of the educated with those of the ignorant. The proper exercise of every mental faculty gives us pleasure. Of these pleasures the ignorant have but little, if any real conception. The noble thoughts of the poet and orator, thrill not only those who think and express them, but those who listen to or read their expression. But to the highly gifted souls alone is not confined the varied pleasures of study and reflection, and the expression of those reflections. All who strive to acquire knowledge, experience in some degree those pleasant intellectual sensations. It takes several years of hard study to get what is termed a good common school education, but every time the person who has acquired such an education takes up a book or a paper to read or a pen to write he is paid over and over again for those years of study gone through; and many and many a regret is heard from those whose opportunities to acquire an education have been neglected. Such persons can readily see the enjoyment, satisfaction and independence, in many ways, such knowledge has given to those who acquired it. Were you ever acquainted with men and women who could neither read nor write and who had no desire to learn? And if so, have you

noticed their dull eyes and almost expressionless faces? That "knowledge is power" is a truth which it does not require a cultivated mind to see and feel. The ignorant man depends almost entirely on others for his enjoyment, and principally those of his own class; and solitude, though in the midst of the grandest library of which the human mind can conceive, would, even for a short time, be a punishment to him. But the lover of books under such circumstances would be able to forget himself and his surroundings, much of the time, and hold communion with the thoughts of other minds. Then we can easily see that part of the penalty for ignorance or neglect to cultivate our intellectual faculties is the absence or lack of that pleasant daily communion with other cultivated minds in the expression of thought which is the result of education, and the enjoyment derived from the reading of books, papers, &c., in which those who have obeyed the intellectual laws of their being participate. The intellectual and moral faculties are in such close relations to the animal propensities that they are influenced to a certain extent by them. The animal propensities were given to us for a wise purpose, and if we obey the laws governing them we do much toward securing our happiness to a certain extent; but our happiness depends on the harmonious development of all the faculties and organs of being. If we fail in obeying any of the laws by which we are governed we are affected throughout our whole being by such a course of wrong doing. To depend upon the animal propensities alone for enjoyment would be to defeat the ends of our creation. Narrowed down to mere animal enjoyment life becomes pitiable, if not disgusting, and those who live such a life get very tired of it and wish often that they could get away from themselves. The ignorant do not understand the reason of their dissatisfaction at times with themselves and their surroundings; but they feel the penalty for neglecting or improperly using any faculty with which a wise creation has endowed them. If you ever see men neglecting the proper use of any faculties they possess, or improperly using them, they are missing life's grandest possibilities. The writer has seen many such—men and women who could neither read nor write; and the sight of such going through life, missing that which is best in it and most worth living for has been a fruitful subject of thought and one which firmly impressed upon him the truths of which he has been writing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous

In Memoriam.

Jesse W. Rhude, member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Denison, Texas, was killed by his engine, the 197, being thrown from the track, and falling from a seven foot dump, on the East Line R.R., two miles east of Greenville, Texas, at 10 o'clock P. M., Nov. 15, 1883. The engine ran over a cow and was thrown from the track. Mr. Rhude was instantly killed. When found, his hand still held the lever, which was thrown half way back, showing that his last thought was for others. His fireman, Lafayette Ryan, had a very narrow escape.

Just one year ago to-day, Nov. 21st, 1883, Jesse Rhude came to Greenville, a stranger among us. To-day, though he is dead, his memory lives, bright and green in thousands of hearts. Few men have won their way so rapidly, and won worthy friends so surely as he. But longer knowledge of him could only have strengthened their love and friendship. He had among his friends here the most influential and worthy men. Doctors, lawyers and merchants all knew and loved him. He was a favorite with all the railroad men, officers and all. He came from DeSoto, Illinois, and since March, 1883, had run the engine, 197.

His remains were shipped to his relatives in Illinois, accompanied by his nephew. What a sad coming home it must have been. He often spoke of his brothers there, in terms of fond endearment and seemed to think with much pleasure of his possible return to them to spend Christmas. But they, with his many friends here, must give him up to a higher power, one who doeth all things well.

"Oh, love divine! that can impart
Its sweetest, choicest gifts to all,
That knows no hatred—in whose heart,
No love its enemy can call."

Though our hearts bleed and tears of regret burn our eyes we can truly say as Fritz-Green Halleck in his ode to Burns:

—Though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Mr. Rhude was in the 36th year of life in the very prime of manhood. He loved his fellow-man; his influence was all for good. To charity he gave willingly and never hesitated a moment to give of his heart's feelings and sympathies. Words

of encouragement from his lips and little acts of kindness by him have lightened many burdens and drawn many hearts to him. It is said that in an eastern city, as a Sister of Charity was dying, she opened her eyes and said, "It is strange, each kind word that I have spoken in my life, each tear that I have shed, has become a living flower around me, and they bring to my senses an incense ineffable." Then, to the friends and relatives of Mr. Rhude let me say, "Weep not without hope; he has gone to a higher sphere; he is happy there. I do not ask you to forget." "Who, in the hour of his agony would forget the friend for whom he mourns," says Irving. "The love which survives the tomb is the nobles attribute of the soul, though it may, sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet, who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living."

Oh, Jesse, thou art gone! but the sweet halo of thy goodness, the loving memory of thy many virtues, the noble discharge of thy duty here, the blessed influence exerted upon all who knew thee, will live forever in the hearts of thy many friends and assure them that thou hast gone up higher, where the Master hath need of thee.

GREENVILLE, TEX.

IRENE.

Funeral of H. A. Kleckner.

Communicated.

A small but sorrowful party, consisting of father, mother, and brother, arrived at Tamaqua, Pa., last Saturday morning, 17th inst., at 9:40, bearing with them the remains of a much loved son and brother, Henry Albert Kleckner. Deceased met his untimely death whilst standing at his post of duty on a freight engine, early on Wednesday, 14th inst., by meeting an obstruction in the shape of a fallen tree across the track, about two and one-half miles from Colfax, Ind.

The friends accompanying the remains left Terre Haute, Ind., on the afternoon of Thursday, 15th inst., and after a long and uneventful ride, arrived at Tamaqua. The remains were escorted by a numerous concourse of relatives and friends to the residence of deceased's uncle, Moses Lutz, Esq., Broad street, and "rested" there.

At 10 o'clock, Sunday morning, the funeral took place. Before being deposited in their last resting place, in Odd Fellows' cemetery, the remains of the deceased were borne to the sanctuary of

his youth, Trinity Reformed church, followed by a very large gathering of friends—many scores of the companions of his youth being conspicuous in the procession. In the church, Rev. J. J. Fisher, the pastor, conducted impressive services, and delivered an edifying sermon based on a very appropriate text from St. Luke, 12th chap., 40th verse, "Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not"—after which the sorrowful funeral cortege moved toward Odd Fellows' cemetery, where the remains were consigned to the grave, "earth to earth; dust to dust;" in that beautifully situated silent city of the dead.

Henry Albert Kleckner was twenty-one years, two months and sixteen days old. He was a son of Eli Kleckner, a former citizen of Tamaqua, and a well-known and capable engineer of the Philadelphia & Reading R.R. His father moved to Terre Haute, Ind., in 1877, and was followed soon after by the deceased—his youngest son. By diligence and uprightness he was fast promoted from one position to another until he occupied the station of locomotive engineer. He enjoyed the confidence of the company by whom he was employed; was a young man who stood well among his fellows, and his good-natured disposition made him popular among his acquaintances. He was an active and respected member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. He was born in Tamaqua, Pa., on August 28th, 1862. In his youth he was a member of Trinity Sunday School, and was confirmed in the faith at an early age in Trinity Reformed Church. By his death the parents lose a dutiful, obedient son, and his friends miss a trusted and respected companion. Peace to his ashes.

FRIENDSHIP.

A ruddy drop of manly blood,
The surging sea outweighs.
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled—
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth.
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair:
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

Correspondence

The Tramp's Travels.

I have been requested to write a series of letters, embracing short sketches of my journeyings through the land, and my observations of men and things, for your little book.

Now, I feel that there are many who are more scienced in this art than I shall prove, still I do not feel justified in taking up valuable space in your columns by apologies. I shall make this letter a sort of an introduction of myself to your many readers, and, if at times I say things that fit rather snug, I want to say they will be errors of the judgment rather than the heart, so here goes. I have lately given myself a vacation and taken a pleasure trip, and having made somewhat of a circle in my voyage, now that I am safe at home again, and look back upon the many men of your noble Order, whom I met, and others, not members, I realized for the first time in my life, what a great study there is in human nature.

I am sorry to say that, from appearance, a large majority of people, in the voyage from the *cradle to the grave*, pay little or no attention to the more intricate problems of life; seeming content to live in a sort of a *slipshod* way and allowing golden opportunities like *sunbeams* to pass them by, not caring to improve them, even if they know them to be turning points in their existence.

To study human nature, and when you meet a person to weigh his mental force and make an estimate thereon, is not, after careful study, much of an undertaking, and to form another estimate of a man's natural instincts is the twin of the former effort; of course, in hurried interviews one sometimes forms opinions of others that "will not wash," and then again too low an estimate is placed upon another's capacity, but to all deep thinking and self-reliant people a few such lessons as these will prove of some benefit, for if they are not pecuniarily affected they see, like the mariner, the shoal mapped out on the chart and so steer clear of it whenever they happen that way.

As we meet men who have the appearance of once having been ambitious and perhaps prosperous in life, who are now broken down and disgraced, we are led to wonder what misfortune in life caused this wreck of what was a youth of promise. Little do men know of the *pangs* of

heart and clamorings of conscience that their neighbors sometimes endure, for, in the midst of life we are in death, and oftentimes when the face speaks of joy and peace, if we give searching glances here and there, we see where all is darkness within; where the fires of love, hope and charity have long since gone out and nothing but the memory of blasted hopes and desolation remains; again the face speaks as before, of joy and peace, and if we *look deep* we see no thorns, because there is nothing for them to pierce; all is dark and blank because it came into the world a mere void, and this is principally the class that go through life as a man who has leisure time, resting heavily on his hands, goes through a crowded festival; *not as he wills but as the crowd wills*. Of course, if there were no floods there would be no droughts, if there were no shallow rivers there would be no deep ones, and, the same rule would be as applicable to human minds. In all times and ages since the world first saw the beautiful light of the sun, it has been customary for men to organize themselves under constitutions of political and social governments, and by so doing cement themselves together as brothers in a common cause; now by the inherent nature of mankind, it matters not whether that cause is a just and holy one or not, for one of its followers to forsake it, or turn traitor after once having publicly espoused it, he is treated in most cases with contempt and condemnation. When we see the fate of Arnold, the traitor, who in faraway France dared not say what his name was, but on the contrary said "not a man in America would call me his friend," we are led to believe that the conscience of those who would walk over a hundred dead men, to accomplish their own selfish purposes, who would deprive their best friends of what little honor or esteem might be due them, are the most severe and agonizing punishments that can be inflicted upon them. When we see a man who by his demeanor denotes conceit, we are at once led to think that perhaps in some former day he has caused the ruin of some poor fool, and is now only waiting his turn at the guillotine.

It often happens in the course of a life time, that a person or a class of men, think themselves of great importance, having achieved some victory on field of battle, or conquered some scheming adversary in financial or political matters; I would say to such, take a little trip to Niagara Falls in spring time, or, better still, go to the land of the Rockies, where the mountains rear their summits proudly to the clouds, and, presumptuous mortal,

when you are once there, *stop, ponder*, for a moment and contemplate *your own insignificance*. Think ye, these grand old monuments of God's handiwork would weep or miss you if the chasms of the home of the fiend incarnate were to open and engulf ye? No! the winds that whistle through these mountain eyries of the birds of freedom, or those that reverberate at the falling of mighty waters, would scarce stop to chant a responsive echo to your requiem. Life is a problem that puzzles many and none are able to solve it; then if we so live that we elevate ourselves, we furnish a support for those above us, and set a goal for those less fortunate who are below us, and all who come after, and when we too shall be called to sign the roll beyond the river let it be set opposite our names, in the "remarks" column. Well done! Thanking you kindly for your indulgence, I remain,

Yours truly,

THE TRAMP.

Hints to Delinquents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Correspondents in this locality seem to be rather scarce, judging from the continued silence of the members. As I happen to have a little leisure, I thought I would improve it by writing something for the Magazine. I want to offer to some of our careless members a little advice, with the hope that something may be accomplished in the way of reducing our black list, which, I am pained to admit, is growing constantly larger. Brothers, if you wish to be honored and respected, and if you wish to have a standing in the Brotherhood, you will have to put your shoulders to the wheel and do something. Idleness never has and never will accomplish anything, and the man who imagines that he can float with the tide, without doing his part of the work that keeps him at the surface, will sink sooner or later. I have noticed many times since I became a member of this Order, that a certain class of men, shortly after they are admitted, forget the date of their Lodge meetings—a little while later they fall behind in their dues and assessments, and by and by their names appear in the black list charged with being expelled for non-payment of dues. In the name of common sense, why do these men join an Order if they are not manly enough to sustain their membership? Why don't they stay out in the first place? If a man joins an organization he ought to have a reason for doing so; if he has not, he is using his sense to poor purpose. If a man is disappointed in an organization,

he has the alternative of withdrawing like a man in place of being cast out like a traitor. I may be charged with being a fault finder; if any one will examine our last black list, they will admit that there is good ground for complaint.

I want to see our black list reduced, so it will not appear to the public that our membership consists of nothing but black sheep.

Upon reading the account of our Denver convention, I felt proud of our noble Order, and I was stimulated to work harder than ever for its success.

C. D. I.

Order out of Chaos.

FARGO, DAKOTA.

It will no doubt be gratifying to you and the Brotherhood at large to hear of the prosperity of No. 85. But a few weeks ago, she was despaired of by her best friends, but by the earnest efforts of a few, she was given a new start, and today she presents a solid front and bids fair to rank with the best Lodges in the Northwest. New members are being enrolled every week, and the prospects of the Lodge are better than ever before. It is now the understanding that the Constitution is our guide and that we must obey its laws if we expect to succeed in the work of the Brotherhood. Our meetings are well attended, and the members take a lively interest in the proceedings. The Brotherhood now has a good name in this locality, and the best men are flocking to its standard to embrace its opportunities.

We have elected Bro. Dalzell, late of No. 39, Magazine Agent, and it is to be hoped that every member will give him a substantial support in the work he has undertaken.

Not long since we had some blatant talk from an expelled member. After being expelled for non-payment, he met with misfortune and needed the assistance of the Brotherhood. He forthwith applied for reinstatement, saying that "he wanted things fixed at that meeting or not at all. But threats didn't weaken our members; they concluded that a man who could only see the benefits of the Order when in distress, would be very likely to forget it when prosperity smiled on him. The result was that he was not reinstated, nor did he get a card (about all he was after), and he had to overcome his misfortune as best he could without assistance. All those of like inclinations may profit by his example. Bros. Hone, Dixon and others have been promoted, and have our best wishes.

Yours in B., S. and I., A. B.

Honesty is the Best Policy.

Regarding our coming convention in Toronto, and our Brotherhood's intended home, it must be borne in the mind of each member of our already mammoth Order that "honesty is the best policy;" I mean by this an honesty of purpose, fidelity to the interests of those whose assistance we so much need in our undertaking. Such a course as this pursued by our members, will be productive of the best results financially, and also morally, not particularly in regard to the personal elevation of any of our members, but as it affects the vital interests of the institution we are in duty bound to protect. It must be understood by each member, that he must exert himself to promote the general growth of the Brotherhood, in order that when our national or international home shall be a fact, instead of an experiment, it shall be something not only a credit to the city in which it is located, but to the hardy sons of toil who caused it to be erected; something that every honest, upright locomotive enginemén in the provinces as well as our own country shall feel proud of.

And by so conducting ourselves as to win the confidence and esteem of our employers in this work, we shall place our Order in a prominent place among the great moralizing institutions of the land.

When I spoke of our increasing or growing Order, I did not mean to speak numerically; I mean that partly, of course, but more particularly, I wish to say a healthy increase in the estimation and good will of our fellow men. Each one of us must remember that we are now in a position where those who manage the great systems (in the working of which so many of us earn a livelihood), are watching closely every move we make calculated to advance our moral or physical nature.

It is a fact to be regretted that our calling in life places so many of us outside of religious influences. I refer to no sectarian principle, nor do I wish to be considered as advancing the cause of any creed or kind, for I firmly believe that every man who treads the foot-stool should follow his own inclinations in such matters, and a man's intuitions should not be questioned in these pages or his purposes thwarted, still if our members were so situated that they could enjoy more of home and church society, I honestly believe that our Order would be better off than it is. We must go into this matter of a "Home," determined to win, and I hope that some of the boys may be benefitted by my remarks on the question, and I would also say that I

thank you cordially for the favor you have shown me in thus deeming my remarks worthy a place in the Magazine.

Sincerely yours,
DR. KANE.

Cheyenne Letter.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

Your very interesting book, for which I subscribe, is read regularly by my wife and self. There is news from all parts, and this time Cheyenne will be represented in its pages. Everything is in good working order here, with the prospects of so remaining. Business is so pressing on the road that we can no more than get home from one trip until the caller is after us to go out on another; this we are quite willing to do, to a reasonable extent, for the more trips the more money when the pay car comes around. That is what gladdens our hearts, for then we can give to ourselves and our families all the necessities and comforts. We can then in a small way remunerate the dutiful wives for keeping our clothes in order, putting up good lunches and caring for us while on duty. Our noble friend, J. Heenan (not John C.), who went to Denver to the Convention, returned filled with good news. His face wore a broad smile, indicative of his satisfaction at the proceedings. He was very much delighted with the many brother Firemen he met. In a conversation with Bro. Heenan I learned of the grand success of the Convention, and also of the pleasure the delegates had after the close of business. I also learned that the Secretary of the Grand Lodge was a jovial young man, instead of the quiet old gentleman, with his mouth almost grown shut, as I had imagined him to be. I should be very glad to meet him, since receiving this information.

I would like to say a word to firemen in regard to clean engines. It is impossible to keep an engine too clean and easy to keep her clean enough, if properly managed. Brass is easily scoured after being softened, and the windows too can be kept clean with a little water and tripoli. One great drawback to a regular fireman is to have his engine placed in the hands of an extra fireman, during an absence. The extra knows that after a trip or two his services will not be needed again, and so he does not as much as make an effort to keep the engine properly cleaned, thinking that it is not necessary for him to apply himself until he gets an engine of his own. This is the reason that some are so long in getting a regular engine. No engineer is anxious to take a fireman who is neglectful of his duty and slovenly in his work. I have heard engineers say that they didn't care whether

their firemen kept their engine clean or not, providing they kept them hot, but these men are the very ones to protest against sitting upon an oily or dusty seat. We have some such men running here, but they all happen to have firemen who keep their mills reasonably clean.

I will give the names of the Locomotive men here. The bright men are Sammie Ellis on the right and Billy McGuire on the left of 174, two good ones; Curley Ayers on the right and Pat McDonald on the left of 176; Charley Thompson on right and Jim Boill on left of 259; Mike Powell on right, Downs on left of 252; F. W. Dudley on right and Sweeden on left of 171; Chris Madson on right and Tom Dunn on left of 147; Sam Sturdy on right and F. M. Carter on left of 175, two dandies, they always get there. The passenger men are as follows: Andy Artist on right and John Dunn on left of 168; John Furnican right and Sweedy on left of 170; Harry Millyard on right and James Libby on left of 157; Tom Reed on right and a new man on left of 41. Men on switch engines are John Heenan on right and the "Irishman" on left of 200; Jarlon on right and Jerry on left of Pony (1); day time; Lew Ball on the right and his good partner, Jim Boggs, on the left of 200, nights. Shannon is hostlering day time and little "Billy" Emerson of nights.

I came near forgetting two of our noble engineers and firemen, they are Fred Poet on the right and Caghey on the left of 177. Jake Ellis on the right and little George on the left of 183. They would feel slighted if they were overlooked. I am taking up considerable of space in your book, but before closing will mention among our freight men Chris O'Brien on the right and Lyons on the left of the 173.

Now I would like very much to hear from Bro. Heenan next month. John, as you are now on day duty you can brace up of evenings and give us the product of your brains.

Fraternally yours,

SHORTY.

Juvenile Correspondence.

TEMPLE, TEXAS.

My papa is a member of Midland Lodge, No. 147, and an old engineer. He has run on quite a number of roads in this State, as he came here long before the war. I am a little boy, whose greatest ambition it is to become a railway engineer, but being color blind the pleasure will be denied me.

Now, dear editors, please publish my little letter and oblige.

A KID.

Taylor Lodge, No. 175.

NEWARK, O.

Having seen nothing in the Magazine about the Taylor Lodge, No. 175, I thought I would write a short letter. Only a short time ago No. 175 was organized under trying circumstances, by our Grand Master, F. W. Arnold, but we are now in a flourishing condition; we have taken in new members at every meeting that we have as yet held. Our road, the B. & O., is doing lots of work now and it is much as the bargain for us to get the boys together, but the "Taylors" keep falling in line. We all take the Magazine and are glad to see it come around. We have our meetings every first and third Tuesday, at 7:30 P. M., and if there is any brother comes this way, we will be glad to have them call on us. Since we organized, Bro. Howard, our Financier, and Bro. James Early, Warden, have been promoted, and are getting along as nicely, as new engineers. No. 175 expects to have a big dance soon.

Yours fraternally. LODGE No. 175.

Idle Gossip.

SEDALIA, MO.

Idle gossip is one of the many illustrations which often occur to us that human life is a continuous stream wherein the same thoughts, the same emotions, the same loves and the same hatreds flow on unchanged from generation to generation. The more this subject is considered the more we become impressed with the Brotherhood of all humanity.

How often are we led to imagine that because the progress of science and art have changed our mode of life that therefore all things have changed. But a little reflection convinces us that the human heart is unchanged and unchangeable, the same to-day that it will be to-morrow.

The inclination to discuss the actions, words and looks of others pervades all classes of society. We talk of our acquaintances sometimes from pure ill-feeling, and often with intention of harm or amusement. We are fond of talking. Talking is social—the recital and hearings of the daily occurrences among our neighbors and of petty scenes, which create an ever fascinating panorama. A wrong or dishonest act committed by any one is proper, I think, to speak of in condemnation.

This distinction alone is admissible. The general conduct of our fellow workmen nevertheless is often before us as a fruitful theme of gossip, and how often prone are we to comment upon it without taking the pains to ascertain the motives of those upon whose acts we make

haste to place our interpretation. How often are we hasty in trying and condemning without stopping to inquire under what circumstances a certain act was committed, or if any at all?

More there always have been who have borne censure from a world ignorant of their motives—men who patiently perform what they deemed to be their duty, too proud to explain and too courageous to yield.

Let us beware of hasty and censorious judgments, and remember that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, which, when gained, so corrode and corrupt their consciousness that they are ready to barter any or all that remains of virtue and principle within them, for more believing that their wealth, ill-gotten or not, will rescue them from this awful thing.

How often do we find men in their underhand work plotting against their fellow man, judging him of things which he has never had any idea of doing. They have not got the principle to come and speak like a man to him, but in an underhand way feel it a pleasure to accuse him to others to satisfy his own morbid feelings.

I ask, do we as firemen have any one in our noble Order of this class? If so, remember your solemn obligation, your promises, your vows that you would protect and help each other.

Fraternally,

GEO. W. SMITH.

Progress of New Year Lodge.

EL PASO, TEX.

Not seeing anything in the Magazine of late from No. 135, I will send a few items myself. We are getting along slowly but surely. We have a nice little hall free of rent; it cost us considerable to furnish it, as everything is very high-priced here, but with a present from one and another of the brothers we shall get finished by and by. Our membership is 48, with seven applications to work on, and as we are scattered on the different roads we do not get as large meetings as I would like to see. Our Master, Bro. Luff, has not been able to attend for sometime, as he has been on the other end of the road. Bros. Cooke, Coughlin, Mack and several others are in Mexico living on Fortillas, Chili-Colorow and Freoles and cannot come, but they send their good wishes all the same. Kid Smith is our Financier, and a good one he is.

Since we have been organized there have been several promotions to the right side: Bros. Luff, Messenger, Mast and Burroughs on the S. P.; Bros. Smith,

Windiate, McLain and Davis on the T. & P.; and Bros. Grupe, Caskey, Gordon, Walker and Blaine on the Mexican Central. Bro. Paskell is M. M. at Valentine, Mathews at Sanderson, and Berger at Del Rio. We miss their genial faces at meetings very much. Bro. Wheeler is back with us once more, and he is a rustler if he is small; he says that 135 is rich enough for him. Bro. Beaumont, of 45, is an energetic worker in the cause of B. S. & I.; No. 135 is indebted to him for many little courtesies. I understand that Bro. Gentry is among our number. He is a first-class single-handed talker.

I am sorry to learn of the misfortune of Bro. Nolenstine, better known as "Honest John," who sustained the fracture of a leg and two ribs by jumping off his engine on the T. & P. road. I hope he will be with us soon again. We are running cheap on oil and my lamp is nearly out, so, with my best wishes for our noble Order, I will say

BUENOS NOCHES.

Transfer of Name.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

It has just been discovered that Bro. Dunavan has transferred his name to a partner, said partner having agreed to keep it for life. The bride is a lovely lady from Jersey City, and we trust that prosperity may attend the new firm.

Another and a later discovery brought to light the fact that Bro. Colbath has been made the father of twins—two bouncing babies.

Our Magazine Agent, Bro. Geo. Lewis, has just returned from Europe, greatly benefitted by the trip. We gave him a hearty welcome into our midst. May he prove a blessing to us and we to him, is the wish of

C. A. W.

Good Work.

GALESBURG, ILL.

Although the members of Progress Lodge No. 105 do not make themselves very communicative through the Magazine, they are still alive to the interests of the Brotherhood.

Quite a number of the boys have bid a fond adieu to the scoop and taken the throttle; they are Bros. A. T. Bartell, C. Phillips, Frank Hawkins and T. McGann. Success attend them.

Bros. Samuel Cost and J. F. Patterson have quit boarding, and having taken wives have begun housekeeping.

Bro. J. C. Herron has returned from the Convention with cheering news for us.

Our membership is slowly growing, for we accept only good and hard workers for the noble work of our loved Brotherhood.

JACK, THE FIRE BOY.

We Give It Up.

FT. WORTH, TEX.

The following appeared in the Firemen's Magazine some time ago:

"A one armed and aged soldier was found by the first Napoleon wearing a faded uniform, with a sword by his side, and breaking stones in the road. The Emperor stopped his horse and inquired of the veteran, who had lost his left arm, why the government neglected him and allowed him to work on the road for a living. The soldier refused to hear a word said against the justice and liberality of the Emperor, and when the well pleased Napoleon revealed himself, the man was frantic with delight. The Emperor took from his breast an order which he wore and fastened it to the veteran's tattered coat. "This is for your lost arm," said he; "when you lose your other hand I will give you the cross of the Legion of Honor."

"Is that a promise, my Emperor, exclaimed the veteran."

"It is," replied Napoleon.

Quick as thought the brave old soldier drew his sword, and severing the remaining hand from his arm, at the wrist, dropped on his knees before the Emperor and claimed the redemption of his pledge."

My "room mate" and myself have had considerable discussion in regard to it—can it be done? It might be, through the influence of a spirit medium that correspondence can be opened with "Old Nap." Any way, let us know how he cut the hand off.

GENTLE READER.

Fortune Boys.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Not having seen anything from our correspondent in regard to Fortune Lodge, No. 120, of late, I thought I would try my hand at it and let your readers know that we are steadily on the increase and will, before long, be able to show a membership of fifty. Some of my readers may think it strange we do not number more, as "Salt Point" is quite a "Railroad centre," but we try and work for the benefit of our Noble Brotherhood and only those who we think will make good Brotherhood men are allowed to cross the threshold of our Lodge now. Well, now, a word or two about Fortune's members and what they have been doing. Bro. Walters, our first Financier, has left the land of single blessedness and gone—well, like lots of others, and married. The wedding took place last evening at 7 P. M. at the residence of the groom's parents, where he was united to Miss Mary Steir, one of the city's fairest daughters, by the Rev. Alexander Oberlander, before a large assemblage of friends about twenty of the B. of L. F. boys, all of whom wished them a long, happy and prosperous voyage through life. The presents were many

and costly. Among them were three pieces of silver, consisting of cream pitcher, sugar bowl and tea pot, presented by the members. After supper the rooms were cleared and dancing was kept up till the "wee sma hours," with the exception of an occasional adjournment to "Headquarters," where the boys would compare notes, and, if I am any good at guessing, I should say that it won't be long before we shall be called upon to witness some of our DeWitt members, united with some of the girls that live near the tunnel.

Our popular Magazine Agent was the recipient not long ago of a ten pound girl, and "Sid" is happy.

Lots of our boys look for promotion to the right side this Fall and I trust they will get it, for many of them deserve it.

FREDDIE GEBHARDT.

The Magazine.

SEDALIA, MO.

The time is now at hand when every exertion should be made in regard to our Magazine.

Every member of our Brotherhood is alike obligated to support it. Our Magazine should be in the post-box of every locomotive fireman in the United States and Canada. The subject then of our Magazine cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of every member of the fraternity. Brothers, arouse yourselves to the writing point and fill the Magazine with good common sense, which many brothers are possessed of, and show to the world that the fire boys stand first among the societies of the world, as well as first amongst the charitable.

Upon this ground we claim that our members are made wiser and happier, and consequently better. A good member will aid and encourage every effort put forth for the increased circulation of the Magazine. I feel convinced if the brothers will take hold of the matter, with the assistance of our friends, that the list of subscribers from each Lodge can be made a grand success and the expectations of our Grand Lodge officers more than realized.

The object of the Magazine is too well known to need mention, and it almost seems a waste of time and paper to mention any facts about its benefits, or who men as ever trod a foot-board, and it can be said of them, without a particle of vanity, that they are an honor to our noble organization. My object in visiting them was to instruct them in the work of the Denver convention and to impart to them a knowledge of the progress that

is to have them. But, I say it is imperative not to lose sight of them. For without the assistance of our Magazine would the organization stand as it does to-day?

Without our Magazine I believe our Order would be a disbanded one. Hence I say it is the obligated duty of every signer of the Constitution to support and aid in an advanced circulation. Think of the responsibility that rests upon you, and whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. Do your work cheerfully, and if the Magazine is not up to the standard of excellence which some of our brothers would like to have it, let them help in every way possible to make it better. Its columns are at the disposal of all who desire to contribute to them. No communications are excluded unless of a doubtful nature. Be ready, then, cheerfully and willingly, and remind others who refuse to subscribe for it or read it, that they are derelict in their duty and belong to that class of individuals who never see any good in anything not conceived in their own brain.

Fraternally,
GEO. W. SMITH.

Pine City Lodge.

BRAINERD, MINN.

If you have space in your valuable Magazine, I should like to say a few words in regard to No. 81.

Our Lodge, I am proud to say, has overcome all difficulties with which she was harrassed and is now in a flourishing condition. During the time of our adversity, instead of yielding to discouragements, our members bravely clung together and worked until our Lodge had been saved. Among the promoted are Bros. A. McDonald, Ed Benton, H. M. Shaw and T. Bardsley. Bros. F. Andrews and I. F. Wheaton, tired of being alone, have taken companions for life. They all have our best wishes for happiness. Ed Cunningham is the papa of a new boy.

Hoping that these lines will find their way into the Magazine, I am

Fraternally, C. B. W.

Visiting Norwich, Conn.

WORCHESTER, MASS.

It was my pleasure shortly after the close of the last convention to visit the gallant boys of the 73d regiment of the B. of L. F., who are located at Norwich, Conn., and the welcome I received inspired me to say something about my sojourn among them in the columns of the Magazine. They are as true a body of

had been made by the Order during the past year.

When my report was completed they expressed themselves unanimously as being satisfied with the condition of the Order, and with the work that had been done during the year. They were gratified with the good work of our Grand Officers, and well they might be, for they have been loyal to the interests of the Brotherhood.

I was well repaid for my visit, for the zeal that was manifested and the interest that was displayed by the members was only surpassed by the cordial welcome I received at their hands.

I have often been proud of the distinction of having laid the foundation of "Old Bay State" and having secured her admission to our noble Order. Nor can I forget the good men who assisted me in the work and made it possible for us to succeed in our undertaking. That the men have been in earnest, our record will amply testify to. And the interest and fidelity of these brothers is as strong to-day as it was when we were first organized, on the 15th day of April, 1877. We have stood side by side through all the trying times of our struggle, and not once was the glorious standard of the Order abandoned or forsaken. I thank the good members of old "Bay State" with all my heart for their faithful services, and I have a full appreciation of all those who, by their manly efforts, persevered and succeeded in the grand cause of our organization. May God bless them all and by His grace may the Order always be prosperous, sustained by honest hearts and willing hands. I must not close without making personal mention of some of the Norwich brethren. Bros. Killips, Shannon, Hovey, Aldrich, Winchester, O'Neil and Cobligh have gone over to the right side. Bro. Adams is one of the oldest engineers and joined No. 73 as an engineer. Bros. Beckwith, W. H. Tubbs, F. E. Tubbs, E. E. Tubbs, Staples, Harvey, Spellman and Sparks are left to wrestle with the scoop, but will, in due time, follow in the line of promotion. Bro. Sparks buried his father on October 28, and in his bereavement he has our heartfelt sympathy. Bro. Killips and wife enjoy the company of a little girl, and "Billy" looks quite fatherly now. Bro. Henry Adams is Assistant Financier and discharges his duty in a faithful and efficient manner. If all members would do their part as well as Bro. Adams and his faithful crew, the black list would never stain the columns of our Magazine. As Financier of No. 73, I must express my thanks to all our members for sustaining me so faithfully and for respond-

ing so promptly to the calls made upon them during my term of office. We have thirty-seven members, tried and true, and I am proud to take them by the hand and call them brothers. Our sick benefits are \$2.50 per week for the first week and \$5.00 per week thereafter, and I am glad to say that we have always been able to pay all demands in full. Death has not yet visited our ranks, but we cannot tell how soon we will have to respond to his unwelcome bidding. May we so live that when we have made our last run upon the track of life we may be summoned to the Grand Master above and that He may bless and glorify us with immortality. In closing, I must express my admiration of the many noble men I met on my trip to Denver, and particularly of the members of No. 77, who did so much for the entertainment and comfort of the visiting brothers, and I assure them that the "Pilgrim's" visit to Denver will never be forgotten. That the Brotherhood may always be prosperous, is the earnest wish of

"OLE BULL."

Northern Light.

WINNEPEG, MANITOBA.

As nothing has appeared lately in the Magazine from No. 127, you may be under the impression that we are buried in one of Manitoba's blizzards. But such is not the case, as you will admit when I am through. No. 127 has ninety-three members in good standing on the rolls, which ought to be regarded as a good showing considering that we have only been organized a year. We have a little cash account of \$600 to our credit and owe no one a cent.

I must not fail to mention the fact that Bros. Eckersly, Holloway and Hartley have lately got married. They all have our best wishes. Bro. Eckersley has already had some novel experience in putting up stove-pipes; Bro. Hartley says he was nearly able to keep himself before he was married and since marriage he is quite equal to the task; Bro. Holloway offered the Secretary a box of cigars to change his policy and say nothing to the boys, but it wouldn't work. Bro. Jas. Little, of No. 67, has taken one of Winnipeg's fairest daughters to the altar, and is now settled in a nice little home on Alexandria street. Jimmy has invited the boys to come around in force and some day we will do ourselves that pleasure. Bro. Grant attended the first annual ball of No. 76 at Fergus Falls recently and had a splendid time. He speaks well of the members of No. 76 and shall not soon forget their kindness. One of our locomotive Foreman felt so happy over a new

fireman appearing a short time ago that he fell down and broke three ribs. Hoping that other members may follow my example in contributing to the Magazine, I remain yours fraternally,
BONES.

Our Guiding Star.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

As you seldom hear from Guiding Star Lodge, No. 130, I feel it a duty to let you know that we are doing well in the service of the Brotherhood. The Lodge at present has fifty members and eleven applications for membership. Many of the applicants would have been admitted long ago had they not been kept away by a heavy pressure of business on the road. Each member tries to swell the membership with good material. Bro. Buckley, for instance, rarely comes to meeting with less than two or three applications and at times he doesn't even stop to strip himself of his overalls.

Our charter and the chart that was made a present to us by the Grand Lodge, have been elegantly framed and I hope they may never have to be taken down from their lofty positions in our Lodge room. Our officers are all good workers and do all they can for the success of the Lodge. Bro. Washburn, who was recently injured on the Council Bluff Division, is back on the La Crosse Division, on engine 361, with his father. Bro. Robert Scott is doing well with engine 478. Bro. F. Search is running the 215 at night in the West yards and Bro. H. C. Fox has also been promoted to the right side. Bro. Fox has our best wishes—he is as good a man with an engine as he is with a gavel. Bro. J. Dugan is firing the old reliable, No. 6, and is doing well. If any of you come to Milwaukee and want to see a clean engine, take a look at the 309. Bro. F. Stubbs is her fireman.

Yours fraternally.

L. B.

Border Lodge.

ELLIS, KAN.

It has been my purpose for some time to write you a few lines to let you know how No. 32 has been prospering, but a rush of business has prevented me from so doing. Border Lodge is alive and prosperous and is ever on the lookout for anything that pertains to the welfare of our noble Order. Our gentlemanly Master Mechanic, Mr. J. B. Daley, is the right man in the right place. He has been helping us all in the way of promotion and we try to serve him faithfully in return. It is a matter of pleasure to work for such a man, as he is sure to reward the merit of his men.

Bros. John McMahan and M. M. Martin are running yard engines at Brookville; Bro. Chapman is running the yard engine at Ellis and running extras on the road; Bro. F. J. Schuyler has charge of the yard engine at Wallace; Bro. J. S. Newcomer is plying between the roundhouse and the turn-table at Ellis and Bro. John McGarry is hostlering at Wallace. The rest of No. 32's members are still at the scoop waiting for their turn, which is sure to come. The bell rings and I must close my correspondence for the present.

L.

Ottawa Letter.

OTTAWA, ONT.

Thinking that a few lines concerning the boys of 172 would be of some interest to your readers, I take this opportunity of writing. No. 172 has not been long started, so we cannot give much news. We have twenty-five members in good standing, and I hope they will remain so. They will, if we always have a Financier like Bro. J. S. Ferguson. He hunts them up in good style.

The boys have been wondering what Bro. Dick Botterell was doing up at Aylmer so often, but they were three weeks late finding it out. He celebrated Hallow E'en by uniting in the holy bonds of matrimony, with Miss Carrie McConnell, one of Aylmer's fairest daughters. He was rather shy about it, but never mind, Dick, we all join in wishing you and your young bride health and prosperity as long as you live.

Our Secretary, Bro. Jack Armstrong, has been promoted to the right side of the shunting engine, in Ottawa yard, and we wish him every success. The only thing that troubles Jack now is sawing wood.

Bro. Sam Porter has been promoted to turner, and he fills that situation to the letter. I must now conclude, wishing you great prosperity for your Magazine in 1884.

Yours fraternally,
C. P. R.

Lone Star Comments.

LONGVIEW, TEXAS.

I have been reading the Firemen's Magazine until I have become devoted to it, and I feel as though I should say something in the interest of the members of Lone Star Lodge, No. 70. I think they are a fine lot of fellows and a credit to the cause they represent. As for myself, I am not a railroad man, but I have many warm and true friends among the members of No. 70, and I feel as though I would be willing to make almost any

sacrifice if I could wear the emblem of their noble Order upon my breast. I could then carry my head erect and receive the encomiums of the outer world as the men do here who are enrolled as members of the B. of L. F. We often hear it said: "There goes a fine fellow, he wears the emblem of benevolence, sobriety and industry." I have one particular friend among the members of No. 70, and it seems as though he is respected and esteemed by all who know him. He is now a young engineer and has always a cheerful smile and a kind word for everybody. W. C. S. is well known in this locality and is always ready to do what he can to further the interests of his Lodge.

I am well acquainted with the Master of No. 70. He keeps the members straight, and thus gains for himself the respect and confidence of them all.

Hoping to write for your Magazine again in the near future, I am

Your friend. NATIVE.

Mineral King.

ESCANABA, MICH.

On behalf of the members of Mineral King Lodge, No. 129, I will make my first attempt at a communication for the Magazine to convince our Sister Lodges that we are not idle. Although we have been laboring under some difficulties, we are still at the front with some forty-four members in good standing and applications ahead. Our worthy Master, Jas. Hooper is in the chair at each meeting, ready to give the necessary instructions. Our Secretary, Bro. Paul S. Crippen, keeps the minutes of each meeting, so that if a member deviates from the rules, he will find a black mark against his name at once. Our Financier, Bro. Wm. H. Blake, when the boys see him coming, they may as well loosen their purse strings if they owe him anything, for they have got to fork it over. Our gentlemanly Magazine Agent, J. H. Cotterell, is alive to the good work and I hope every one he meets will have a dollar for him. I must tell you that Bro. Wm. Norton, our Warden, takes pride in decorating the boys with the new regalias. To say they are fine hardly expresses the sentiments of the boys. Our ex-Secretary, Owens, is away up in the iron ore district, near Duluth, Minn., and is promoted to the right side. One twenty-nine met with a loss when Bro. Owens left us, and every member of 129 wishes him success. Business is dull here for the winter but will soon be plentiful again.

Trusting that you will grant this space,
I am FRANK.

Hornellsville Miscellany.**HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.**

As far as I have been able to see, thus far, H. G. Brooks Lodge made but little showing in the columns of the Magazine. The reason is that we have only been organized a short time and our time was employed in getting things in running order. We were organized July 2d, with twenty charter members. Since that time we have added twenty more to our list, making a total of forty members to date and they are all good men and faithful workers in the Brotherhood. There are many others who seek admission to our ranks, but they will be disappointed in their efforts, for we are determined to admit only the best of men—those who will be a credit to us.

We gave our first annual ball at the beautiful Metropolitan Hall, Nov. 27th, and it was the grandest affair of its kind ever held in Hornellsville. The floor managers were Wm. Smith, W. W. Burdick, J. C. Lanning, R. A. Trowbridge, and L. Hopper. They received much praise for the efficient manner in which they performed their duties. A delegation from Fellowship Lodge, No. 121, of Corning, fifteen couples strong, was present and added a great deal to the social dignity of the affair. We do not care to meet more elegant people than those brothers and ladies from Corning, who honored us by their visit.

H. LOUSHAY.

Response to Irene.**GREENVILLE, TEXAS.**

The members of the Texas Belle desire to return thanks for the kindly notice given by Irene, in the November number of the Magazine. As the national ensign of our country inspires the soldier in battle strife, to deeds of valor and glory, "to do or die," so shall this effusion of Irene's incite the Belle in the battle of life, to nobler deeds, higher aims, purer lives, to steer its course, onward and upward, and true to the line of true Brotherhood, which is true manhood. It will warm our wishes, animate each soul, and soften our labor in hours of toil.

Though we may not vie with a Philadelphia lawyer as to polish and appearance, or be a Chesterfield as master of ceremonies in a drawing room, though our hands are hard, our exterior rough, yet our hearts are warm and ever open to the appeals of the needy and afflicted. We will endeavor to make the Belle worthy of this encomium, by adorning it with all the graces that render life pleasant and honorable, by inculcating such

principles as make man noble and pure, by cherishing the virtues that strengthen and beautify the soul, which exalts human nature above the smiles and frowns of life, restraining and fortifying ourselves against intemperance and vice which degenerate our race; thereby exalting our Brotherhood to that standard to which all men should aspire, "Nature's true nobleman," the greatest handiwork of our creator. And when the clarion notes of the Belle shall be borne upon the morning gale it will resound to our honor that we are a band of brothers, noble and true, and when the birds shall have ceased to tune their evening song, gentle breezes shall re-echo the strain.

Blessed is the maiden, and worthy to be
blessed
Whose heart entire, by a brother is possessed.

A MEMBER.

Union Lodge.**FREEPORT, ILLS.**

For the first time since my admission to the Order I request a little space in the Magazine to represent Union Lodge, No. 138. I have waited a long time in the hope that some one else would assume the responsibility, but the delay has been in vain. Our Lodge, I am happy to say, is doing quite well. It is growing very rapidly and promises to become one of the leading Lodges in the West. It is made up of good material and is sure to make its mark. The boys are all running very hard and making good time, still they are not so busy but they can attend meetings and assist in the work of the Brotherhood.

Quite a number of our members are fully competent to take charge of the right hand side of their engines and I have no doubt they will, in due time. If sober, faithful and reliable firemen make engineers, our Lodge will be well represented at the throttle in the course of time. We follow the teachings of the Brotherhood as nearly as we can and in so doing we find that we add materially to our own welfare.

Yours fraternally.

M. W. K.

Thanksgiving Ball.**MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

The members of Guiding Star Lodge, No. 130, have been waiting patiently for Thanksgiving evening, it being the occasion of our first annual ball. When the evening came, about 200 couples were present and filled Progress Hall very comfortably. Progress Hall is one of the best in the city. It has two reception parlors, elegantly furnished, a kitchen, a

bar room and a very fine dancing hall. But as we all remembered our motto the bar room was not opened that evening. The members wore a badge of light blue ribbon, trimmed with gold fringe topped with a handsome bouquet, made a present to us by Mrs. I. J. Holbrook, and on the badge was printed in gilt letters "B. of L. F." The committee of arrangements did their work well.

The affair was a grand success socially and financially, as we netted about \$225.00 above all expenses. Bro. C. S. McAuliffe was the champion ticket seller, having disposed of 63 at one dollar each, and making prompt returns. We are under many obligations to Mrs. Holbrook for the very kind assistance she rendered us, and we shall not forget her. We also thank Mr. J. Adams, foreman of the C. M. & St. P. round house, and Mr. Manning, of the C. & N. W., for giving so many of us a leave of absence to attend the ball. L. B.

A MASTER IN LOVE.

Our Master's pale cheeks is the theme of my ditty;
And his sad mournful looks since he came from that city—
Far in the West, where our Grand Lodge did meet,
Our laws to amend and each other to greet.
Then grasped was each hand—each genial face smiled,
And Denver's good citizens, their spare time beguiled,
With concert and ball and excursion so gay—
'Mid pleasures like this the short hours sped away;
Till the sad hour of parting came chilly and drear,
And they parted to meet in Toronto next year.
Yea, they parted 'mid many a God-speed so kind,
And homeward returned in contentment of mind.
Save one; who from Denver, seemed loth to depart;
For Cupid, the rascal, had pierced his young heart;
The wound he concealed, tho' it ended his joy,
Like the snake in the breast of the brave Spartan Boy.

His rich suit of broadcloth imported from Spain,
Some day in the future may fit him again;
At present scarce on his slight form it will stay—
So much flesh has he lost, he's quite wasted away.
His thoughts all on Denver and its ladies so fair
And one in particular his heart did ensnare.
His constant endeavor was the fair ones to please,
Till he caught in the West this most wasting disease.
Now moody and sullen, and desperate by turns,
But that's always the case when the heart with love burns
And the object in distance far from his embrace,
Mayhap at this moment with a smile on her face,

As she list's to the tale, that some local swain tells,
Thinking not of the pain that in Master's heart dwells;
And his couch wet with tears, from his sleeping eyes streaming,
And his loud moans of anguish, for of her he is dreaming.

The morn that he started out to the Convention—
His heart full of joy, and exalting intention:
To work and endeavor in all honest ways,
To diffuse o'er the land the bright sunny rays—
Of our great noble Order; which I might compare
To a fond loving mother whose benevolent care
Guides her son's footsteps in pathways secure
Teaching them ever to be honest and pure,
Abstemious in drinking, industrious in toil,
And on them most surely Dame Fortune will smile;
And so too the ladies—while the minstrel will sing
The praise of our Order, of all orders King.
The King's greatest joy is to relieve the distressed
Widows and orphans, by Grim Death oppressed.
But brothers excuse me this lengthy digression—
Of our Master's sad woes I'll renew the confession.

Melancholy is stamped on his features so fine,
I fear me he's going fast into decline.
At work with thoughts absent, he lets the steam down
'Till roused from his reverie, by a grunt and a frown
From his mate—who declares, since from Denver he came,
His fireman's fast losing his former bright fame;
Already he's lost his fresh rosy bloom,
And methinks he is sinking fast into the tomb.
One prescription alone our Master will save—
One physic alone will snatch him from the grave.
Of matrimony one dose, administered strong,
May the life of our beloved Master prolong;
And end all his woes in one moment of bliss;
When at Hymen's shrine he steals one loving kiss,
And solemnly swears to love her thro' life—
And constant will be to a true loving wife.

Oh! woman, alternately cruel and kind
When strong man's affections around her are twined,
Seems to take a delight in tormenting the heart—
Already wounded by Cupid's bright dart.
Till the victim no more can endure the fierce pain,
Then she heals by sweet smiles, and then—torments again.
But at last "two-lip salve" will fail to restore,
And Cupid's sly arts will avail her no more.
Then faithful Old Hymen she calls to her aid—
Her lover is triumphant—she's no longer a maid.
Oh, Maid of the West, say which shall we 'twine—
A wreath of dark Cypress, or sweet Jasmine?
The former to lay o'er our Master's dead form;
Or the latter with which thy sweet brow to adorn.
We pray you to become his own colleen bawn,
And heal the sore heart of poor Sidney Vaughan.

—Threlig Rhue.



THE Lodge at Palmerston announces the marriage of Bro. W. Prime.

HOMER HOWARD, of No. 37, is running out of Chicago, on the Illinois Central.

AL. NORTHWAY, of Eureka Lodge, is running an engine on the Dayton Division of the P. C. & St. L.

FRED. Winwood is one of the Order's staunchest supporters. In the ritualistic work he has few equals.

GEO. MOORE, a popular member of No. 10, has taken charge of the check room at the Morton House, Erie, Pa.

PROMOTIONS begin early in the new Lodge at Oswego. Bro. Harris is on the right side, and we wish him success.

WM. F. HYNES, is one of the most popular members of our Order—he is a man of sterling integrity and ability.

THE "Little Giant" has entered the arena. Charleston, Ills. will be the battleground in the contest for fame.

BOSTON Lodge keeps steadily to the front. Scarcely a meeting passes without adding new recruits to her well-filled ranks.

It is said that Bro. Will Johnson, of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, is soon to embark on the matrimonial sea. How is it, Will?

E. P. BISHOP, jr., of No. 45, returns his thanks to Bro. Lewis and other members of No. 55 for favors shown him while at Memphis.

SMALL but mighty—Geo. Haskins, the Knight of the Black Hills. He has taken his stand with the Main Line engineers of the U. P.

THE photograph of H. N. Norton, of San Antonio, Tex., has been added to our gallery of prominent workers in the Brotherhood.

AMONG the many good fellows of No. 89 may be mentioned C. O. Hanmer, who by his manly bearing, has made many friends in Carlin.

OUR best wishes go out to Bro. F. Barr, of Island City, No. 69, who was married to Miss Ida Brambely, of Brockville, on the 21st of November.

THE officers and members of Echo Lodge, No. 157, desire to return thanks to Bro. Wm. Hugo for representing them so ably at the late convention.

GEN. S. A. Sheppard recently presented Instructor Stevens with a gavel made from a part of the first locomotive that ever ran on the D. & R. G. R.R.

JOHN Hannahan, Master of No. 50, is an untiring worker, with a determination to build up, not only his own Lodge, but the entire Brotherhood.

A FIFTH Lodge has been established at Chicago with prospects of another in the near future. The Chicago members are live and active workers.

W. W. BARTLETT, of No. 10, is firing the "Columbia," on the Lake Shore. This is the engine that went through the bridge at Ashtabula, several years ago.

It gives us great pleasure to note the promotion of Frank Deltz, of Cactus Lodge, who is now pulling a throttle on the Glia Division of the S. P. R.R.

THANKS are returned to the members of Trinity Lodge, No. 83, for favors received at their hands while attending the recent union meeting at Fort Worth.

THE members of Industrial Lodge, No. 21, extend thanks to their worthy Master, Bro. W. J. Edy, for his good work, both at home and at the convention.

THE members of Peace Lodge, No. 109, return thanks to Mr. H. M. Smith, M. M. of the St. Louis Bridge and Tunnel Co., for a liberal advance of their wages.

MEMBERS visiting Washington, should not fail to visit Lodge No. 7. A brother who has just returned from there speaks of the boys as "Capitol" good fellows.

CALHOUN LODGE reports the promotion of Bros. Kelly, Griffin, Hoyt, Simons and Green, and the marriage of Bros. Griffin and Taylor. This looks like prosperity.

INSTRUCTOR Stevens is enthusiastic in commending the members of Forest City Lodge, No. 10. He says they are united, to a man, in the cause of the Brotherhood.

GEO. FERGUSON, of No. 10, has taken unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Phoebe Phipps, of Amboy, Ohio. The young couple will make Cleveland their home.

CACTUS LODGE, No. 94, returns thanks to the sister of one of the members for the ornaments presented by her to be used in the initiatory form. The gift is fully appreciated.

PHILIP FLAGLER, of 66, did it up quietly. His marriage to Miss Maggie Doherty was all over with before the boys knew anything about it. Phil and his bride have our best wishes.

THE marriage of Bro. Henry Bloom, of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, to Miss Lizzie Newhart, occurred at Brightwood, recently, and the members of No. 14 extend their congratulations.

C. R. WHIPPLE Lodge, No. 142, ranks among the best Lodges in the Order. Though comparatively young in years, she has already made giant strides toward the goal of success.

It is with the keenest regret that we chronicle the death of the wife of Bro. C. H. Randall, of New Hope Lodge, No. 37. Bro. Randall, has our full sympathy in his sad affliction.

A MAGNIFICENT pen-holder and pen of fine gold is wielded by Bro. W. H. Gray, of No. 39. The above was presented by the members of No. 39 as a token of respect and appreciation.

VICE Grand Master F. P. Sargent is the right man in the right place. His decision of character and executive ability have already gained for him the fullest confidence of his co-workers.

JIM SMITH, the war horse of old Vigo, will have charge of the Magazine in Terre Haute during the present year. He promises to put it where it belongs—in the homes of all the people.

THE home of Bro. W. J. Edy, of No. 21, has just been blessed with a big boy, whose weight is nine pounds, and Bro. Edy is correspondingly happy.

JOHN CASEY, of Challenge Lodge, is working "tooth and toe-nail" for the success of the Magazine. If every Lodge had an agent like him our circulation would reach 50,000 copies a year.

JAMES F. DRUMMOND, of Avon, No. 38, recently started out on the journey of life, with a double-header, and line clear, with orders to Happiness station. Give us your hand, "old boy."

It is with great pleasure that we note the promotion of Bro. Wm. Hull, of Clark-Kimball Lodge, No. 113, to the position of Division Foreman of the O. S. L. and U. & N. R.R., with headquarters at Pocatello, Idaho.

P. H. SULLIVAN, better known as "the old man," alias "Comedian Pat of North Platte," has crossed the deck and now presides over the right side of his engine. "Arrah, Pat!" may you always have the best kind of luck.

FRONTIER City Lodge, No. 92, returns thanks to J. L. Krebs, of Corning, N. Y., for the good work he did while at Oswego; also to Bro. Vrooman, of Fortune Lodge, No. 120, for services rendered; also to the B. of L. E. for the use of their hall, in which to organize, which was so freely granted.

PARTIES desiring to consult with the renowned W. H. Dunphy, D. D., of "Self Help" fame, will kindly note his removal to the right side. New office is directly opposite the old stand, where he untiringly administers to the weary and the wicked.

D. C. CONGDON, Chas. Dill, Robert Douglass, Wm. Reynolds, Henry Davis, Robert West, Chas. Rodea and Andrew Struthers, all of Elkhorn Lodge, No. 28, have been promoted to the right hand side, and we wish them the success they deserve.

In the early part of December, Instructor Stevens started on an extensive trip through the Northwest, including Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington Territory. The trip will aggregate nearly eight thousand miles of travel.

OUR friend Mayo has just returned to his Western home in South Pueblo, and after a six weeks jaunt he says he feels *rejuvenated*; he expresses his thanks to members of Lodges 5, 12, 14, 16, 28, 34, 47, 50, 63, 74, 108, 142, 162 and 176 for the courtesies shown him.

A FLAG that was carried by one of the engines that pulled the recent delegates' excursion over Marshall Pass now adorns the hall of Lodge No. 94. It was presented to the delegate of that Lodge by the engineer and fireman, Messrs. Mosley and Gibson, to whom the members return their sincere thanks.

THE Elkhart Journal has our thanks for the interest it manifests in the welfare of our Order. We notice with much pleasure the very complete reports that the Journal gives of all matters that pertain to the Brotherhood, and we hope that the members of prospect Lodge No. 162 will not be unmindful of these favors.

GREAT credit is due the members of Trinity Lodge, No. 83, for their ambition and enterprise. They recently purchased a piece of ground upon which they have erected a fine two-story building. The lower part will be rented as store-room and the hall above will be occupied by the Lodge. Capt. O'Malley headed the movement.

GEORGE BURGEESS, of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, is now on the L. & N., between Louisville and Bowling Green, in charge of a first-class engine. A few days ago we had the honor of meeting him, and the pleasant time spent in his company will not soon be forgotten. He has the respect and esteem of all who know him, and we are proud to number him among our friends.

MARRIED: On Nov. 15th, at the residence of Mr. O. P. Jackson, Sprague, Washington Territory, Bro. Wishard, the worthy Financier of Sprague Lodge, No. 133, was united in matrimony to Miss Alice Robinson, one of Sprague's fairest daughters. Bro. Wishard announces that he is now prepared to lecture on "solid comfort," and the boys of 133 all join in wishing success to him and his happy bride, hoping they may have a long and happy journey through life.

"They tell a good one on Cyclone Jim. While at West Troy the other day, a threshing machine engine crowed at him, he answered and pulled out for Confidence, but the T. M. engine beat him, and that is how he got the name of Cyclone Jim of the Vandalla." The above is taken from an exchange and has reference to Bro. James Southard, of Vigo Lodge No. 16. On the occasion referred to he lost his hat and wrenched his back in the effort to "pull her out" a little more.

ONE of the staunch supporters of our Order is Wm. Pettibone, now of Falls City Lodge, No. 103, and formerly of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12. We were made happy by meeting him the other day. His old friends will be glad to know that he is running one of the best engines on the L. & N., and that he has got a standing second to no man on the line. Genial, big-hearted and whole-souled, he is deserving of the success that is being meted out to him.

SPEAKING of the recent promotion of Bro. A. E. Finley, the Secretary of Advance Lodge, No. 101, the Creston "Sunday Morning" pays him the following well earned tribute: "Mr. A. E. Finley, one of the very best boys that ever tossed the black diamonds into a locomotive fire box, has laid down the scoop, climbed up to the right side of the cab, and is now known as Engineer Finley, of the C. B. & Q. There has been no more worthy promotion than his for a long time, and all his friends, including the railroad reporter, wish him the best luck in the world."

Dr. Leon Miesse, a member of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, who is now engaged in the practice of medicine at Decatur, Ills., was recently married to Miss Lizzie Goss, of Fairfield county, Ills. The Fairfield Co. Republican gives the following flattering notice of the wedding: "The home of Mr. Samuel Goss, of Liberty township, was the scene of a very pleasant event last Thursday evening, the occasion being the marriage of his daughter Lizzie D. to Dr. Leon Miesse, of Decatur, Ills., but recently of this city. The wedding was a very private affair, none but the immediate relations being present. Rev. Harman, of Dumontsville, tied the knot in well-known and impressive manner. The young lady is one of those estimable girls which Fairfield county is proverbially noted for, and we congratulate the doctor upon securing such a fair partner. We wish the doctor and his bride many years of unalloyed happiness and much prosperity."

Firemen's Department.

BROTHERHOOD OF FIREMEN.

Elkhart Journal.

A union meeting of this organization was held in this city yesterday afternoon and evening, at a part of which we had the good fortune to be present. Invitations had been extended by Prospect Lodge, No. 162, to lodges in Chicago, Toledo, and other places, and in response thereto a handsome delegation from each was present. The purpose of these union meetings is to get members of the Brotherhood together that they may become better acquainted, and that the weaker lodges may be encouraged and strengthened by the stronger. The noble objects of the organization have been so frequently extolled by us that readers of the Journal cannot be in ignorance of them. The tenets of their constitution, industry, sobriety and charity, are three prime virtues. When this society was organized at Port Jervis, New York, a few years ago, it was not looked upon with favor by railroad officials. Since that time it has proved itself so worthy the esteem and confidence of these men, that they are now among the warmest and strongest friends the organization has. Its members now number about eight thousand, and we hope, as one of the members expressed himself to us last night, that it will continue to grow until it embraces every locomotive fireman who is worthy to be mustered in its ranks.

The lodges represented at the union meeting yesterday have a total membership of perhaps over six hundred. The delegates present were one and all loud in their praises of the courtesies extended by the lodge of this city. J. Hayes, Master of Chicago Lodge, No. 95, said, "I wish we had a few more such men as Brother Davis, of No. 142, for he is the heart and soul of the Brotherhood. I wish to say, also, that the Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 162, Brother Cole, is a real live man, and I am sure that the kindness we received from him and his amiable wife while in the beautiful city of Elkhart will never be forgotten. They left nothing undone which it was in their power to do to make our visit a most enjoyable one." And so the encomiums of the Master and members of Prospect Lodge and of the city were continually poured into our ears by the visiting members.

Escorted by a large delegation of home members the visitors were taken through the round house and over the yards of the Lake Shore road, as explained by us some weeks ago. When the boys filed into the office they found Master Mechanic Stevens there. To their salutation that they had come to look through the office, they received the cordial assurance that they were welcome, and were told that, "It is all right. Go ahead, boys." From different members of the organization we received repeated assurances of the esteem in which Mr. Stevens is held by the Brotherhood. He was instrumental in instituting and helping on the lodge here.

It may be well in this connection to state, for the benefit of those interested in the labors of the Locomotive Firemen, that they are publishing a very fine Magazine at Terre Haute, this State. This Magazine has lately been enlarged from forty-eight to sixty-four pages, and the price remains at one dollar per year. Mr. J. D. Bristol, of this city, is

agent for the publication, and is meeting with flattering success. He thinks it will eventually be in the hands of every fireman in the city. The hall of Prospect Lodge was the object of many flattering comments. Nothing was overlooked by the inquisitive and keen eyed visitors. Master Ed. Cole's little daughter, Jessie, found a warm place in the heart of Master J. Hayes, of Chicago, and he assured us that the remembrance of her would be one of the cherished recollections of his visit to Elkhart, and insisted that we should make a note of it and incorporate it in our notice of the meeting.

Not much more remains to be said. We saw nothing but evidences of good fellowship, of sincerity, and of prosperity. We saw rough hands, but we saw faces with the flush of health and manliness in them, and forms sturdy and strong. We saw men who have bound themselves to sobriety, industry and charity; who have pledged themselves to pay to the widow or orphans of a member of the Brotherhood the sum of one thousand dollars, and who are pledged to discountenance strikes, and use their influence against them. We will not soon forget our meeting with these men.

AMUSEMENTS.

NORTH LACROSSE, WIS.

The following is an account of the first entertainment given by the B. boys at North La Crosse, Wis.:

The first annual ball of the Order of Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was held last night at Light Guard Armory, and was a great success. The hall was appropriately decorated. A mammoth headlight was placed at the foot of the hall, half-way between the floor and the ceiling. On the piano, near the music stand, was a full train of miniature cars, a fine piece of work by the florist. The motto of the Order, 'Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,' in letters of evergreen, decked the wall on one side and words of welcome on the other. A bunch of firemen's tools, perfectly new, coal shovels, bars and mauls, were suspended on the wall directly opposite the blazing headlight. Railroad lanterns, red, green and white, were suspended from every chandelier and window, making the scene look picturesque and beautiful. About nine o'clock a special coach was run from the Fifth ward to the Vine street depot bringing a good many of the firemen, railroad boys, conductors and their ladies who soon filled the hall, and the dance commenced. Twenty numbers were on the programme, which were not finished until three o'clock. Supper was served at Leiby & Thompson's. Hartwell's band furnished the music. The event was a success, financially and otherwise.—*La Crosse Republican and Leader*.

Quite a number of distinguished guests graced the hall with their presence, among others the following: G. J. Johnson, La Crosse Yard Master, accompanied by his lady; J. Gibson, P. Ryan and W. D. Jones, passenger conductors, all of La Crosse; also Geo. Hiscox and lady; E. Gesencorn, Dan. O'Leary, W. E. Bloomfield, W. S. Washburn, Chas. Elliott, M. Maloney and J. Sullivan, of Portage, Wis.

FERGUS FALL, MINN.

New Era Lodge, No. 76, gave its first annual ball at the opera house, on the evening of Nov. 7th. The hall was handsomely decorated with flags and evergreens and presented a very creditable appearance. The committee spared no pains in making the arrangements and they succeeded well in entertaining the 150 couples that were present to participate in the festivities. The affair was a grand success and everybody had an enjoyable time, Bro. T. C. Grant, of Northern Light Lodge, No. 127, was noticeable among those who

came from afar to join us in the mazy dance. There were also visitors present from Crookston, Fargo, Morehead and other points along the line.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

The following account of the ball of Challenge Lodge, No. 86, is taken from the "Belleville Ontario":

"The third annual ball given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen last night was, so far, the event of the season. There were over a hundred couples on the floor when the music sounded the familiar notes of the quadrille which was the first dance, and many arrived later in the evening. The hall bore a beautiful appearance and the decorations showed careful preparation by the committee who had worked assiduously for some time to perfect the arrangements. The result of their labors was manifest to all present last night. The ladies especially grew quite enthusiastic over the pretty display made on the walls and as they glided over the floor in fashionable ball-room attire the scene to the onlooker was one of animation and gaiety. The major portion of the ladies seemed to vie with each other in the matter of their dress, and withal the gathering was the most respectable and successfully conducted that has been held in the City Hall in many years. At the back of the platform were several flags of different colors caught up at the bottom, in the centre of which was a large "B" made of evergreens and trimmed with handsome rosettes. Above this was the word "Welcome." On the opposite side of the hall over the entrance door was a handsome wreath made of evergreens and flowers, around which hung a cluster of flags. At the north end of the room were the words "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen" in large red and white letters on blue silk ground. "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry" in white and blue letters adorned the opposite side, while "Success to our Order" and "God Save the Queen" were hung along the west wall. Streamers of evergreens were hung around the hall over these and strips of different shades of flannel were suspended over the floor from each corner crossing in the centre. Besides the decorations mentioned there were many smaller mottoes and the wall was covered with pictures of locomotives, leading men of the Order and other attractive features. It would have been hard to arrange the hall to present a better appearance than it did last night. At midnight supper was furnished at the Queen's Hotel when the new landlord more than catered to the wants of the guests. The menu was furnished in splendid style and the bill was discussed with a relish by all. Dancing was kept up until nearly six o'clock this morning.

BROTHERHOOD BALL.

Huron (Dak.) Times.

The Thanksgiving hop given at Parker Hall, Thursday evening, by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was presumably the largest dancing party ever seen in Huron.

The hall was nicely decorated with flags and banners and on the walls were the mottoes and emblems of the organization. The mottoes "Benevolence," "Sobriety" and "Industry" were arranged on the west, north, and east walls of the room, and the letters which spelled them were the artistic works of Mrs. J. A. Reed, Mrs. W. H. Parkhouse and Mrs. Charles Mattis. Besides being lighted with the usual number of chandeliers, the hall was made a blaze of light by two large headlights which were arranged on the northeast and southwest corners of the room.

The guests began arriving as early as eight o'clock and promptly at a quarter to nine the violins struck up the grand march and the ball was opened.

The programme, which consisted of twenty-six numbers, embraced everything from grand march to Tucker and every dance was participated in by as many as could be crowded upon the floor.

The music was furnished by Ennis' orchestra, consisting of seven pieces, which rendered about the liveliest music that one could wish for.

The best of order prevailed during the evening, and barring the crowded condition of things, the party was most enjoyable.

The supper served by Mr. Joy, proprietor of the Windsor house, was by no means a small feature of the occasion. The tables, loaded as they were with every delicacy the heart could wish for and the glittering array of crystal and silver only sustained Huron's reputation for having the best banqueting boards of any city in Dakota.

Quite a number of guests were present from abroad and it was estimated that the number in attendance was over two hundred.

At the close of the ball the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That we, the members of Prairie Lodge, No. 170, of Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, do thus publicly return our sincere thanks to our efficient Superintendent J. S. Olliver for issuing passes to our friends from abroad, and to our highly respected foreman, Wm. McIntosh for the many favors shown us at this our first reception.

Resolved, That the thanks of this organization is due to Mrs. J. A. Reed, Mrs. W. A. Parkhouse and Mrs. Charles Mattis for their assistance in decorating the hall.

S. P. MALONE,
G. E. WHITE, } *Committee.*
M. MURRAY,

TOLEDO, OHIO.

The C. R. Whipple Lodge, No. 142, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of Toledo, gave their first annual ball on last Wednesday night at Eversman's Hall. This Lodge was organized last February with twenty charter members, and now numbers between eighty-five and ninety. The primary object of this organization is to encourage a feeling of fraternity among that large and intelligent element of railroad men known as firemen, and in other respects elevate their status and advance their interests, as well as raise and maintain a beneficiary fund for sick members and their families.

If the attendance at this ball is an indication of the friendly feeling entertained for this organization in the community, as it undoubtedly is, it has hosts of friends. The hall, which is the largest in the city, was filled to overflowing with one of the most respectable and orderly assemblages that it has often been our fortune to meet.

The management was in charge of the following committees, who acquitted themselves in the most creditable manner:

Committee of Arrangements—Frank Bittman, Chas. Flister, Will Nesper, A. J. Haynes, Jas. Endacott.

Reception Committee—H. H. Brown, Wm. Buntin, Fred. Bittman, John O'Reilly, C. N. Gillett.

Floor Committee—Jos. Wood, Frank Davis, C. R. Whipple, D. J. Foley, J. H. Connors.

The music was furnished by Prof. Rodenberg, and consisted of six pieces. The supper, which consisted of all the market affords, was furnished by Ike Grandy, who never fails to do justice to the occasion. The floral decorating was done by George Heintz, the Cherry street florist, and that is all that is necessary to say as to its beauty. Notwithstanding the throng, so complete was the arrangement and so attentive was every one to his part that there was not the least complaint in any quarter, and what entitles the management to especial credit is the fact

that not an improper character or intoxicated person was admitted to the hall.

As the small hours grew into larger, ones the vast crowd commenced to grow smaller until the music stopped and all went home, well satisfied with himself and the balance of mankind. Thus ended the first public entertainment given by this comparatively new organization, which bespeaks for it a glorious and useful future.

C. R. Whipple made a good "con." on the street car.

Miss Haynes was the favorite dancer of the evening.

James Endacott was the speech maker of the evening.

Fred. Bittman was always on the lookout for his "Kitty."

Miss Nesper prepared the badges, which were very tasty.

Tim Morrissey, the agitator, kept the boys happy with his agitations.

Will Nesper displayed splendid taste in getting up the programmes.

Miss Sadie Navar, of Monroe, Mich., is a splendid dancer, and never missed a dance.

Joe Wood and C. R. Whipple, the door keepers, were the right men in the right place.

Jno. Rappaplee and D. J. Foley were conceded to be the handsomest gentlemen on the floor.

Johnny Connors was not "on time," but he did good work on the floor committee after his arrival.

"Jumbo" Wood, of the Wabash, was chief of the floor corps, and his musical "one more couple" was often heard.

Johnny McKinney never failed to jump at each vibration of the string, and being very attractive, no doubt made a bushel of mashes.

A. J. Haynes, of the committee of arrangements, was a model member; he managed to get there in time to see the guests start home.

Much honor is due to Wm. Kirkham, Joe Nopper and Henry Harmes, for the orderly manner in which they managed the check room.

Joe Huber was the champion dancer, but had not sufficient room to get in all the variations. The committee propose securing a ten acre lot for him at the next entertainment.

Charley Fister promised to be "on time" Friday morning to help remove the decorations. He was side-tracked at "Sleepy Station," and did not arrive until 12:30 P. M. He brought his "good morning" with him.

RESOLUTIONS.

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

At a regular meeting of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to remove from us, by death, our esteemed Brother, H. A. Spear, and

WHEREAS, Cactus Lodge has lost a most faithful, well esteemed member, his father, a most estimable son, his sister, a beloved brother; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Lodge extends to his bereaved parent and loving sister, in this sad hour, its heartfelt sympathy. And let us all remember the Father above, who ordereth all things, and so live that we may be always prepared to His bidding.

Resolved, That the charter of our Lodge be draped for the space of thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be sent the father and sister of our deceased Brother, and also be published in our Magazine.

F. D. SIMPSON,
C. W. WILCOX,
HARRY GRAY, } Committee.

DENVER, COL.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our worthy Brother, Ben. Abel, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to Mrs. Lydia S. Button, mother of the deceased Brother, our sincere sympathy, assuring her that we share her loss and bereavement.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Abel, our Lodge has lost a true and faithful member, and his mother a dutiful and affectionate son.

Resolved, That our thanks be extended to the members of Royal Gorge Lodge, No. 59, for the assistance rendered us during the death and burial of the deceased Brother.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, out of respect to the memory of Bro. Abel, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the mother of the deceased, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. D. WILLIAMS,
JOHN MURPHY,
J. V. DUGGAN, } Committee.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an all wise and omnipotent God, to remove from us our beloved Brother, Albert Kleckner, who was killed on the Logansport division of the Vandalla Line, November 14th, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge tender to his sorrowing and bereaved parents our heartfelt sympathy, and that while they have lost a devoted and loving son, the Lodge has been deprived of one of its most valued members—one whose memory will always be cherished with feelings of deep respect and devotion.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days as a token of respect to our deceased Brother; that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved parents, and that they be spread on the minutes of this meeting, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. F. O'REILLY,
ROBT. EBBAGE,
ORVILLE E. FOX, } Committee.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

At a regular meeting of the C. J. Hepburn Lodge, No. 160, the following resolutions of sympathy were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having pleased our Heavenly Father in His most infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed Brother, Fred. T. Emiling, who was thrown from his engine on the 28th day of October, 1883,

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Emiling, No. 160 has lost one of its best members, and the B. of L. F. a true and worthy brother; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we recognize the supremacy of, and bow submissively to the all wise Providence, it is with sincere regrets that we part with Bro. Emiling, and "mourn with those who mourn."

Resolved, That, guided by the power of love we extend to his bereaved mother, brothers and sisters our most heartfelt sympathy in this, their sad hour of tribulation, and commend them to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded heart and gives strength to bear the sad bereavement.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to all friends who so kindly assisted in preparing for the funeral of our late Brother, and to D. J. Mackey, president and superintendent of the E. & T. H. R. R., for

the transportation of the corpse, the Brotherhood and friends of the deceased from Evansville to Oaktown.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect, we drape the charter of our Lodge for the next thirty days; that these resolutions be placed on our minutes, a copy presented to his mother, and the same be published in the Magazine.

A. J. WARNER,
JAS. M. PHIPPS,
WILL J. TORRANCE, } *Committee.*

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

At a special meeting of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been greatly benefitted during the last two years by Bro. F. M. Willey, as our Magazine Agent; and since, through his efforts and faithful work, our subscription list has been extended and the work of the B. of L. F. largely increased; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Lodge extends to Bro. F. M. Willey a unanimous vote of thanks, and greatly regrets his retirement from the office for the coming year. We feel proud of his record and refer to it as a pattern for others.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Magazine.

LOUIS MARTIN,
EUGENE LOCKWOOD,
F. P. SARGENT, } *Committee.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

At a regular meeting of Northwestern Lodge, No. 82, the following was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we extend a vote of thanks to Mrs. McCann, wife of our late Brother, Jas. H. McCann, for presenting to this Lodge a beautiful picture of a wreath and plates taken from the casket of our Brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. McCann; that they be published in the Magazine, and also spread upon the minutes of the Lodge.

C. D. STEVENS,
R. S. MEYERS,
F. L. HARVEY, } *Committee.*

ROCK ISLAND, ILLS.

At a regular meeting of Twin City Lodge, No. 39, B. of L. F., held December 9th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our third annual ball was a grand success, and many of our friends assisted in the good work, therefore, be it

Resolved, That our thanks are hereby tendered to Mr. A. Kimball, general superintendent, and Mr. H. F. Royce, assistant superintendent, of the C. R. I. & P. R. R., and Mr. H. H. Hills, for kindly furnishing us with a special train from Davenport to Rock Island and return.

Resolved, That our thanks be also tendered to Mr. Jas. Morrill, assistant master mechanic, and Mr. Moses Hobbs, foreman of the Davenport shops, and Mr. Jas. Mistfield, foreman of the Rock Island shops, for the many favors shown us.

Resolved, That our thanks be also tendered to Mr. S. Rains, yard master at Rock Island, for favors shown us on the night of the ball.

Resolved, That our thanks be also tendered Mrs. C. H. Church, for so elegantly trimming and decorating our mottoes, and also the Misses Hannah and Lizzie Walters, and Mrs. John Home, for assisting in decorating the hall.

Resolved, That we are under many obligations to Bro. Jas. W. Cavanaugh, chief floor manager, and his assistants, for the able management of the floor.

Resolved, That our thanks be tendered to Mr. David Loffer, for painting our mottoes and for other favors shown us, and also to

Mr. M. Leonard, foreman of the car shops at Davenport, and to the foreman of the Davenport paint shops, for painting and work done for us.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

H. F. CARROLL,
J. B. LIDDERS,
H. J. FRICK,
S. NICHOLS,
J. C. LOVE, } *Committee.*

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
3	W. W. Taulman.*	64	E. A. Bennett.*
3	A. L. June.*	64	J. F. Ridpath.*
8	Jack Warner.‡	64	E. C. Robinson.*
10	J. Sweeney.*	64	Geo. W. Stevens.*
12	Frank Brown.*	69	Wm. Wilkinson.*
12	J. F. Hubbard.*	74	Ed. Murray.*
12	Frank Lester.*	81	J. Gardner.*
12	Luke Seaver.*	83	Fred. E. Saxton.*
14	Albert Bennett.*	94	Harry Brown.*
23	M. Stephens.	94	C. F. Loop.*
32	Chas. McDonald.*	100	A. L. Jackson.*
32	Chas. E. Courtie.*	112	E. P. Nance.*
34	Pat Kennedy.†	112	R. W. Lindley.*
38	S. A. Maxwell.†	112	J. L. Morris.*
43	F. Schlosser.*	118	James Eams.*
47	Peter Schweitzer.*	158	T. Mollock.*
54	A. E. Humphreys.*	177	J. H. B. Campbell.*
54	John Sullivan.*	177	Henry Stewart.‡
54	R. S. Bass.*		

* Non-payment of Dues.

‡ Dead beat.

† Defrauding Lodge.

‡ Drunkenness.

‡ Divulging Secret Work.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
22	A. B. Crandall.	59	Pat. Harvey.
45	J. McNally.	59	J. H. Case.
52	Ed. Shannahan.	59	H. E. Nance.
59	S. Leggett.	60	Linden Reckless.
59	John Carr.	76	F. H. Barnard.
59	W. C. Mathias.	109	En. Amos.
59	Geo. Quackenbush.		

BLACK LIST.

JACK WARNER.

We publish Jack Warner, by request of Red River Lodge, No. 8, as a notorious fraud and dead beat. He has been expelled from the Order and we warn our members against him.

THOMAS BIDDLE.

Thomas Biddle has recently been expelled from Franklin Lodge, No. 9, Columbus, O. He joined the Order to get all there was in it at the smallest possible cost, and after he succeeded, he "dropped out" of the ranks. We are glad to get rid of him, for he is the worst kind of an ingrate, and has been a dead weight on his Lodge ever since he joined it.

JOHN F. CLARK.

We call the attention of our members to the fact that John F. Clark, formerly of C. J. Hepburn Lodge, No. 100, has been expelled for violating the principles of the Order. He has a letter from the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, which he obtained under false pretenses, and if presented to any of our members, we request that it be taken up and returned to the Grand Lodge.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., December 1, 1883.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a
statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the
month ending November 30, 1883:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back	Assess'ts	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assess'ts	Total.
Assess'ts	31 and 32.	Assess'ts	33 and 34.	Assess'ts	31 and 32.	Assess'ts	33 and 34.
1	23	\$33	\$36 00	66		\$38	\$30 00
2	4	19	23 00	67	\$13	50	63 00
3	9	117	126 00	68		3	85 00
4	1	27	28 00	69	3	30	33 00
5				70	3	30	38 00
6	1	10	11 00	71	3	38	41 00
7	12		13 00	72	15	64	79 00
8	23		28 00	73		47	37 00
9	9	19	28 00	74		32	42 00
10	7	46	53 00	75	41	97	138 00
11	1	82	83 00	76	12	35	47 00
12	5	99	104 00	77	71	67	138 00
13	1	73	74 00	78			
14	7	68	75 00	79			22 00
15		40	40 00	80			48 00
16	7	107	114 00	81	6	46	52 00
17				82	3	80	93 00
18	6	34	40 00	83	1	47	48 00
19	2		36 00	84		50	50 00
20	1	39	40 00	85	20	16	36 00
21	4	19	23 00	86	3	61	64 00
22	3	35	38 00	87	3	25	28 00
23	4	31	35 00	88	6	42	48 00
24				89			44 00
25	10	33	44 00	90	1	11	12 00
26	5	34	39 00	91	7	22	29 00
27	2	84	86 00	92			
28	2	57	59 00	93			
29	3	39	42 00	94	1	61	62 00
30	8	11	19 00	95	37	70	107 00
31	12	62	74 00	96	1	35	73 00
32	7	25	32 00	97			
33	2	41	43 00	98	4	26	30 00
34	3	37	40 00	99	7	49	56 00
35	4	32	36 00	100	7	22	50 00
36	5	52	57 00	101	2	77	163 00
37		59	118 00	102	1	27	28 00
38	4	76	83 00	103	4	37	79 00
39		58	58 00	104			
40	6	60	66 00	105	1	38	39 00
41		6	6 00	106	1	20	21 00
42		24	24 00	107	1	24	25 00
43		66	66 00	108	1	24	25 00
44		29	29 00	109	6	34	40 00
45	9	40	49 00	110		20	20 00
46	10	29	30 00	111		21	21 00
47	104	94	198 00	112	3	35	38 00
48	4	42	46 00	113		22	22 00
49	22	26	48 00	114	3	17	20 00
50	2	81	86 00	115		31	31 00
51	1	49	50 00	116	4	28	32 00
52	1	75	76 00	117		41	41 00
53	1	42	43 00	118	5	12	17 00
54	7	54	61 00	119		22	22 00
55		31	31 00	120		34	34 00
56		29	29 00	121		23	23 00
57	21	129	150 00	122	3	41	44 00
58	9	18	27 00	123	38		38 00
59		83	83 00	124		27	27 00
60	3	78	81 00	125		13	13 00
61	43	81	124 00	126		29	29 00
62		58	38 00	127		77	77 00
63	5	23	28 00	128	18	5	37 00
64	3	35	38 00	129	1	34	35 00
65	1	38	39 00	130		29	29 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back	Assess'ts	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assess'ts	Total.
Assess'ts	31 and 32.	Assess'ts	33 and 34.	Assess'ts	31 and 32.	Assess'ts	33 and 34.
131		\$17	\$19 00	154	\$1	\$12	\$13 00
132			20 00	155			13 00
133	1	24	25 00	156	1	18	19 00
134		15	15 00	157		25	25 00
135			42 00	158		28	28 00
136	2	14	16 00	159	5	13	35 00
137		23	22 00	160		25	25 00
138		23	23 00	161		15	15 00
139		23	23 00	162		51	51 00
140				163			
141				164			
142		57	57 00	165		15	15 00
143	1	16	17 00	166		13	13 00
144		16	16 00	167			
145	11		27 00	168			
146		6	6 00	169		21	21 00
147		9	9 00	170			7 00
148	10	10	20 00	171		12	12 00
149	1	46	47 00	172	3	18	21 00
150			34 00	173		18	18 00
151		36	36 00	174			
152		20	20 00	175			
153				176		7	7 00

Balance on hand November 1 \$7,806 50

Received during month 7,054 00

Total \$14,860 50

By claims Nos. 69, 70, 71, 72, 73 and 74, 6,000 00

Balance on hand December 1 . . . \$8,860 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Ind.F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.

W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.

D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. J. Hannahan, Chairman Chicago, Ill.

C. J. McGee, Secretary Danville, Ill.

W. E. Burns Chicago, Ill.

A. J. Reagan Portland, Maine

A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

Geo. Utter, Drawer 853 St. Thomas, Ont.

Wm. Weiler Phillipsburg, N. J.

H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Little Rock, Ark.

T. H. Vradenbough, 125 Main St.,

B. H. District Boston, Mass.

E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 S. Pueblo, Col.

C. H. Maul, 830 N. 40th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Aurora, Ill.

Zeb Moore, 713 Palean St Keokuk, Iowa

F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Omaha, Neb.

G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Toledo, Ohio

W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Evansville.

E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Elkhart, Ind.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
J. L. Van Orden Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
J. L. Van Orden, Box 1386 Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. Master
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave Mag. Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 1 P. M.
J. E. Opp, 508 Grove St. Master
G. Auchter, 202 Newark Ave. Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. Financier
H. M. Freeland Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 25 Tyng St. Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 853 Master
G. Johnson, Drawer 853 Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
O. Dennes Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
A. Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
M. Findon Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
J. S. Black, 30 Sixth St., S. W. Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St., S. W. Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St., S. E. Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. F. Matthews, Box 376 Master
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Secretary
C. C. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
C. C. Cook Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Colt, Piqua Shops Master
F. L. Ellis, Piqua Shops Secretary
F. J. Kistler, 214 S. High St. Financier
J. J. Lauer, Piqua Shops Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
T. P. Smith, 29 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 50 Brayton St. Financier
W. M. King Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. Tindall Master
P. Cummins Secretary
W. J. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
C. J. Rogers Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Geo. Hull Master
Robt. Milford Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
Wm. Rhodes Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. A. Tweedle, 253 E. Washington St. Master
W. T. Screes, Box 66, Brightwood, Ind. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St. Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. Master
J. McTeer, 616¹/₂, Wellington St. Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Raigneur St. Financier
J. A. Gratrix, 4 Grand Trunk St. Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
J. Smith, 235 N. 11th St. Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Master
H. B. Sims Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 Financier
J. Van Buren Mag. Agent
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 317 Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Secretary
W. Williams, Box 182 Financier
G. Morse Mag. Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL; South St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kimmswick, Mo. Master
J. Lynch, I. M. Round House, St. Louis, Mo. Secretary
J. H. Clarke, 7915 Michigan Ave. Financier
W. Cushing Mag. Agent
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. E. Bennett Master
G. C. Pittenger Secretary
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Financier
F. W. Walker Mag. Agent
23. **PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton, Brookfield, Mo. Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Glen Ewing Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Secretary
H. E. Peters Financier
J. E. Powell Mag. Agent

- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran Master
L. Selling Secretary
J. Wood Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Keeler Master
P. B. Denney Secretary
C. H. Williams, Box 674 Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. Master
H. F. Walbrand, 127 9th Ave. Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
W. T. McGougal Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Andrew Struthers Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
C. W. Baskins, Box 824 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
P. A. Loveland Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
C. A. Clough, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 1401 Kansas Ave. Master
F. Johnson, 713 N St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
S. Walters, 1401 Kansas Ave. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
E. G. Pearson Master
J. W. Hardesty Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Key Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshler Financier
T. Briggs Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
H. W. Stephens, Box 1297 Financier
C. S. Keith, Box 114 Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. Schermerhorn, Box 128 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
W. Gascoigne Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Ernst, 159 Salem St. Master
J. D. Wright, 145 S. 4th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
F. Holt Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. McCormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. JAYON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Drummond, Box 382 Master
W. F. Brookcr, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 91 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport, Iowa Master
T. K. Holmes, Box 1223 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
C. H. Church Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ West Washington St. Master
C. Young, 911 West Mulberry St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
W. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1277 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 106th St. Financier
N. Caruthers, 2130 S. 6th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
J. Bisson, L. Box 55 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 162 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. B. Crane Master
W. O. Shelley, 723 West 4th St. Secretary
W. O. Shelley, 723 West 4th St. Financier
S. Knight, 206 Cross St. Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Cunningham, Western Hotel Master
E. McCormack, 1402 E. Washington St. Secretary
R. M. Goodwin, 730 Monroe St. Financier
J. Webster, 8th and Scarrett Sts. Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Guff, 263 Maxwell St. Master
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Secretary
E. J. McQuirk, 1537 Wabash Ave. Financier
W. H. Guff, 263 Maxwell St. Mag. Agent
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Cullen Master
G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
G. Gates Mag. Agent

49. **J. W. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 500 Master
F. S. Connors Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 500 Financier
W. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
50. **GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3831 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4620 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. E. Davis, 163 E. Harrison St. Mag. Agent
51. **FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
M. G. Hall, Box 96 Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
W. Geister, Box 12 Mag. Agent
52. **GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Du Fione, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
W. Neupher, L. Box 626 Mag. Agent
53. **EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. L. McGill Secretary
M. Leavitt, Box 1172 Financier
G. W. Curry Mag. Agent
54. **ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 667 Secretary
G. A. Burnham, L. Box 23 Financier
Wm. Carlisle, Box 667 Mag. Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
56. **BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 Master
O. F. Parker Secretary
W. E. Patterson, Box 84 Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent
57. **BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Bunker Hill District Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown, Mass Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass Mag. Agent
58. **SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. W. Myers Master
B. H. Estabrook Secretary
C. B. Dilley Financier
J. P. Clark Mag. Agent
59. **ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 Master
I. S. Pribble, Box 762 Pueblo, Col. Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 276 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col. Financier
W. Henthorn, Canon City, Col. Mag. Agent
60. **UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
61. **MINNEHAWA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
T. Cox, 856 Rice St. Master
F. Maher, 193 Penn Ave. Secretary
J. M. Shleir, 506 Robert St. Financier
B. Bradley, 683 E. 3d St. Mag. Agent
62. **VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh Master
S. J. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
63. **HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Homer Davis, Box 772 Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
64. **SILOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
W. H. Roberts Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Financier
A. Goodrich Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGEL; Waseca, Minn.**
J. Anselline, Waseca, Minn. Master
Wm. Bauman Secretary
P. G. Lindell Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 28 Mag. Agent
66. **CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
J. Casey, G. T. Ry Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. Master
T. Cunerty, 33 Hackney St. Secretary
J. Kew, 46 Tecumseth St. Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Mag. Agent
68. **EAU CLAIRE; Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona,
Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis. Financier
C. Miller Mag. Agent
69. **ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer Master
N. J. Scott Secretary
F. W. Barr, Box 294 Financier
F. G. Lawrence Mag. Agent
70. **LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
J. Allen, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
71. **SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. A. Canning, Box 504 Secretary
A. DeLong, Box 679 Financier
C. C. Bunker Mag. Agent
72. **WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. Mag. Agent
73. **BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent

- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. . . . Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. . . . Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. . . . Financier
E. A. Shipley, Cor. 9th and Mulberry Sts. . . . Mag. Agent
G. N. Herron, Box 18, Armstrong, Kansas Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 3837 Haverford St. . . . Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1009 S. 19th St. . . . Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. . . . Financier
W. H. Guthrie Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Fall, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251 Master
G. Miller, Box 2 Secretary
G. Miller, Box 2 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
M. S. O'Rourke, 300 S. 11th St. . . . Master
G. M. Wilson, 349 7th St. . . . Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. . . . Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalla, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham Master
J. H. Nisewanger Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. H. Nisenanger, L. Box 994 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. E. Donnelly, Box 186 Master
D. M. Young Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
G. Goding, Box 252 Mag. Agent
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Secretary
W. Lincoln, Box 752 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 8 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, 327 Nicollet Ave. . . Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. . . Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. . . . Financier
W. E. Richmond, 820 13th St. N. . . Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
J. T. Gaynon, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
R. L. Craig Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
J. Oxtaby, Box 1084 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
W. McNeill Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1796 Master
F. A. Woodward, Box 738 Secretary
A. H. Dixon, L. Box 870 Financier
F. B. Daizell Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. H. Haskins Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
T. Lynch Financier
H. W. Smith Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart, Box 69 Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
T. F. Croake, Box 88 Financier
M. A. Noble Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson Master
J. M. Sights Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
N. Gorman Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
W. B. Taney Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
G. Battelger Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego . . . Secretary
R. V. Dodge Financier
H. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego . . . Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Master
T. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops Secretary
C. N. Wyckoff, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Financier
A. Detrich, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Spath, 31 Tollman St. Master
J. O. Geran, 147 West 8th St. Secretary
S. C. Forayth, 166 West Utica St. . . . Financier
J. Hartigan Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Swartz Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. . . . Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
R. Gurley Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 Master
H. Gray, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Hayes, 32 Armitage Road Master
J. Devine, 159 N. Western Ave. . . . Secretary
L. P. Smith, 232 Fulton St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leibtag Master
D. W. Davidson Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent

- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shepardon, Box 72 Master
F. Horner, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
M. M. Smith, Box 72 Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
G. S. Cole Secretary
R. W. Shields Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foechner St. Financier
G. Bowden, 89 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins Master
G. F. Dutlinger Secretary
G. F. Dutlinger Financier
W. H. Hummell Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
D. E. Hayes Secretary
F. S. Payne, 114 E. Locust St. Financier
F. Burgess, 1022 8th St. Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. T. O'Hearn, 1628 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
W. M. Reardon Master
James Noe Secretary
O. M. Crane, Box 76 Financier
Phil. Smith Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy Master
C. McCutchin Secretary
J. C. Herron, 524 Mulberry St. Financier
J. L. Weeks, 429 E. Brooks St. Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Galloa, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
H. G. Bechhold Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson Box 196 Financier
W. E. Armor Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
J. C. McCabe Master
Wm. Davis Secretary
M. Heatherman, Box 23 Financier
J. W. Shea Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Friday at 7 p. m.
L. Fisher, 2809 Adams St. Master
W. Davis, 3019 Atlantic St. Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 2926 Chouteau Ave. Financier
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
J. E. Brown Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell Master
J. Toal, Box 111 Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
J. Dolan Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. Joyce Master
C. Sura Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
W. C. Vawter Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
N. C. Grant Master
G. L. Oram Secretary
G. L. Oram Financier
G. L. Oram Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 Secretary
J. Dunn, Box 625 Financier
A. Heenan Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between 36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. Tarpey, 63 1/2 and M. Financier
J. Tarpey, 63 1/2 and M. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson Master
H. R. Boucher Secretary
E. G. Hubbard, Box 154 Financier
G. H. Dawson Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 565 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 315 Grey St. Financier
R. Lister, Simcoe St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 2 P. M.
W. E. Gymer, Richmond Sta. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Sta. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. Financier
H. Taylor, Richmond Sta. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
W. J. Gorham, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Master
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
J. M. Herman, 179 Gifford St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent

121. FELLOWSHIP; Corniag, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.

J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Master
 F. Hanmer, Box 492 Secretary
 G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 Financier
 O. C. Bennett Mag. Agent

122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.

Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

G. Hertline, Box 421 Master
 S. A. Mayall, Box 242 Secretary
 C. C. Catlin, Box 183 Financier
 H. W. Henson Mag. Agent

123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.

Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

H. G. Andrews Master
 F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Secretary
 T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark St. Financier
 G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent

124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.

E. G. Fox Master
 Wm. Ralt, Box 356 Secretary
 E. L. Gregg Financier
 E. G. Fox Mag. Agent

125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.

G. S. Tubbs Master
 F. W. Snyder Secretary
 M. Kelliher Financier
 J. T. Dutcher Mag. Agent

126. COMET; Austin, Minn.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.

F. A. Fairbanks Master
 J. C. Clark Secretary
 P. M. Chambers Financier
 C. Gillette Mag. Agent

127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.

H. Thornton, Tecumseh House Master
 T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Secretary
 T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Financier
 H. Lyne, C. P. Shops Mag. Agent

128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

J. Eckels, Box 55 Master
 W. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
 F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Financier
 C. E. Davis, Box 55 Mag. Agent

129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.

J. Hooper Master
 P. G. Crippen Secretary
 W. H. Clark Financier
 W. H. Blake, Box 182 Mag. Agent

130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.

Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.

H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis. Master
 J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
 I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. Financier
 J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. Mag. Agent

131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.

T. McPhail Master
 L. F. Jackson Secretary
 G. M. Ratcliff, 73 Meadow St., Oshkosh, Wis. Financier
 G. Shilling Mag. Agent

132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.

F. M. Morgan, Box 10 Master
 F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29 Secretary
 W. T. Trusty, Box 37 Financier
 J. McDonald Mag. Agent

133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.

Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.

C. H. White Master
 V. C. London Secretary
 A. O. Wishard Financier
 V. C. London Mag. Agent

134. EASTMAN; Richford, Vermont.

Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.

C. E. Jones Master
 E. R. Remington Secretary
 F. C. Langdon Financier
 W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent

135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.

C. J. Luff, Box 182 Master
 M. Campbell, Box 182 Secretary
 Wm. P. Smith, Box 182 Financier
 J. S. Wheeler Mag. Agent
 J. Boyers Mag. Agent

136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.

Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.

R. N. Johnson Master
 G. Campbell Secretary
 Wm. Alexander, Box 285 Financier
 S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry Mag. Agent

137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.

Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.

P. J. Cook Master
 A. Weygandt Secretary
 W. T. Brown Financier
 F. Cooper Mag. Agent

138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

H. Stow, Box 1237 Master
 W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
 G. W. Mills, Box 766 Financier
 J. Guhlin Mag. Agent

139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.

J. Humiston Master
 E. Goble Secretary
 E. F. Wright Financier
 N. B. Whyers Mag. Agent

140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.

Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.

R. Griffith, Box 184 Master
 M. W. Higgins Secretary
 W. H. Davis Financier
 T. Ryan Mag. Agent

141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.

Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
 F. J. Penoyer, 178 W. Berry St. Secretary
 W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
 W. G. Lions, 51 Melita St. Mag. Agent

142. C. E. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.

Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M. and every 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.

J. Wood, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Master
 W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
 G. W. Nesper, 466 Broadway Financier
 F. Bittman, 107 Erie St. Mag. Agent

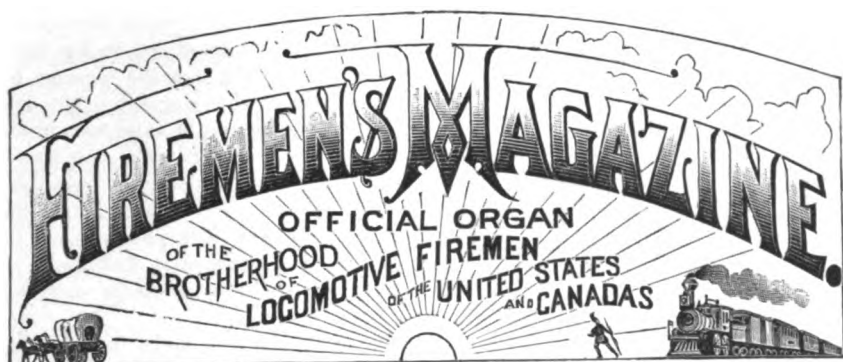
143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.

Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.

F. B. Hall Master
 G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
 F. S. Small, 929 Wood St. Financier
 G. H. Vogele, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent

- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin Secretary
J. Norton, Box 448 Financier
J. Norton, Box 448 Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St. . . Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Wash- . . . Secretary
ton St.
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Wash- . . . Financier
ton St.
J. J. Sangster, 196 Washington . . . Mag. Agent
St.
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
H. T. Massengale, Jr., L. Box 114 . . . Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
C. P. Jones Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 3d Saturday at 8 P. M.
E. Freeman, 290 E. 10th St. . . . Master
W. J. McColl, 326 Ninth Ave . . . Secretary
Mogull Call, 70 W. 42d St. . . . Financier
J. H. White, 280 E. 10th St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East . . . Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
H. Hall, 93 Murray St. E. Mag. Agent
J. Reid, 143 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
W. D. Schellinger, Box 1244 . . . Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willauer Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
Arthur Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Secretary
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Janders, Box 256 Master
H. C. Sory, Box 256 Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
W. J. Dunnivant Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Mallin Secretary
Chas. Weir Financier
A. L. Sterley Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Van Ronk, 124 Russell St. . . . Master
B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. . . . Financier
J. Hamlin Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Hampton Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. . . . Secretary
Nashville, Tenn.
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nash- . . . Financier
ville, Tenn.
G. R. Ruffin Mag. Agent
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. . . . Master
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. . . . Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. . . . Financier
C. C. Brewer, 1025 Chestnut St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
J. W. Galvan, 412 S. Main St. . . . Master
C. C. Price, 412 S. Main St. . . . Secretary
St. Financier
F. L. Burieb, 618 S. Main St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Mondays and 2d Sunday.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
G. M. Winegardner Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
J. F. Bristol Mag. Agent
- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
P. B. Scanlan, L. Box 29 Master
W. H. De France, L. Box 29 Secretary
J. N. Jennings, L. Box 29 Financier
J. W. Barker, L. Box 29 Mag. Agent
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
G. E. Crider Master
E. A. Loughran Secretary
J. B. Gossage Financier
J. H. Crider Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Iry Financier
G. Edwards Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
J. E. Hagerty Master
G. Marston Secretary
C. Wyman Financier
P. Foster Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Ferguson Master
L. E. Ferguson Secretary
F. Wall Financier
G. M. Thompson Mag. Agent

- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. Stirnemann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
H. Loushay, Box 1179 Master
A. C. Vandermark Secretary
W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
D. Lawler Mag. Agent
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. H. Sulpher Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
A. S. Cralk Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 224 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Financier
P. O. Toole, 60 Russell St., Halifax, Nova Scotia Mag. Agent
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. L. Armstrong, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa Financier
S. Porter Mag. Agent
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
P. A. Neely Master
A. L. Parker Secretary
W. H. Farnsworth Financier
A. L. Parker, Albuquerque, N. M. Mag. Agent
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
H. Kirchner, 518 Calder St. Master
H. S. Gingrich, 1412 Wallace St., Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
L. Friday Mag. Agent
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
J. S. Buckingham, Box C Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
F. M. Howard, Box C Financier
J. Atkins, Box C Mag. Agent
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff, Box 374 Master
C. H. Porter Secretary
J. Hart Financier
A. F. Ely Mag. Agent
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
W. W. Winnick Master
L. J. Lottier, L. Box 120 Secretary
J. Victor Financier
J. Foster Mag. Agent
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford, Box 673 Master
C. W. Tenney, Box 673 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs Financier
D. Love Mag. Agent
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Mag. Agent
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaeckel Mag. Agent
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Hobson Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sangeen P. O. Mag. Agent
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. A. Brown, 448 E. 18th St. Master
G. W. Miller, 229 W. 22d St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French Sts. Mag. Agent
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets every Tuesday at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Mag. Agent
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Thompson Master
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers Financier
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. R. Reeves Master
C. W. Bull Secretary
J. R. Conklin Financier
J. McGraw Mag. Agent
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Kerins, 416 31st St. Master
T. J. Scanlan, 3138 S. LaSalle St. Secretary
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Financier
M. Jordan, 3140 Hanover St. Mag. Agent
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Darigan Master
A. Richardson Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
T. R. Shore Mag. Agent
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., 2d Sunday at 10 A. M. and 3d Sunday at 7 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave Master
J. Devine, Milwaukee Round House Secretary
W. McPhee, 880 Hubbard St. Financier
C. Billmeyer, 29 Diller St. Mag. Agent
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
R. C. Belknap, Box 186, Green Bay, Wis. Master
G. Hannahan Secretary
R. Parks Financier
G. W. Watson, Box 189, Green Bay, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Crandell, Box 84 Master
E. F. Hughes Secretary
H. O. Conkey Financier
W. McAvinney Mag. Agent



VOL. 8.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

NO. 2.

HIS MISTAKE.

Youth's Companion.

The L., P. & I. Railway, a single-track line, was, at the time of the occurrence which I have now in mind, running its trains in part by telegraph, having changed from the old schedule time-rules three years previously. The responsibility of sending out and "crossing" trains, rested wholly upon the train-despatcher, and depended upon his accuracy, unaided by the automatic checks which have since been devised to counteract human blunders.

R. L. Norcross, a young man twenty-seven years of age, was at that time the train-despatcher at Westfield. A series of accidents had occurred, which brought both the superintendent and road-master to Westfield.

Two freight trains were off the track, twenty miles up the line; a lumber yard and coal shed at the southern terminus had been on fire during the night; and that morning a "wild" engine had run over a two-horse team at a grade-crossing two miles below, and had itself been derailed by the accident.

Norcross, who was of a somewhat nervous temperament, had had but little sleep during the night. He was usually careful and attentive to his business. In his four years of service he had not made a single mistake of a serious nature, and up to this time no doubt had been felt as to his entire competence to fill the position he held.

By the summer arrangement, the

"up" mail and the "down" express crossed at Scotville, eleven miles below Westfield, at 7:30 P. M., unless ordered not to do so by Norcross.

But the mishaps of the last twenty-four hours had deranged all the usual "crossings" of trains. The up freights were all behind time at the northern junction, and made unusual crossings; and from waiting for one of these, the express "lost" a station twenty miles above.

This was reported at Westfield at 7:10 that evening. Three other train messages, with notices of similar delays, came in at the same time, requiring orders for unusual crossings.

The assistant operator, Miss Louise Dane, came in at 6 P. M. When she gave Norcross the express message, he said, "Then we will have to cross the mail and the express here at Westfield instead of at Scotville;" and he added that all the crossings were in a jumble that day.

Miss Dane noted his tired and troubled manner, as he spoke, and generously resolved to make—so far as she could—the work easy for Norcross that night.

Ten minutes later the mail was reported at "Farley's" six miles below Scotville; and immediately after, Norcross came into the office, and, reading the despatch, again said to Miss Dane that he would cross the mail and express there at Westfield.

Taking one of the train blanks from the "red pad," he proceeded to write a message to the conductor at Scotville, to come up to Westfield to cross, instead of

waiting. He had scarcely more than finished writing it, and had not signed it, when he heard the express whistle at a crossing three miles above.

He knew the whistle, but Miss Dane did not notice it. He turned for an instant from the desk, without speaking, then reaching back, took up *what he thought* was the message slip just written on, and went out with it in his hand. But in reality he took up, by mistake, another loose slip lying there.

He had hardly stepped out on the platform, when the superintendent called him aside to make some inquiries.

Hearing him go out, Miss Dane turned from the instrument and stepped to the desk. There lay the message, written on the regular train blank. She read it at a glance and took it up, noticing that it was not signed, but remembering distinctly that he had twice said that the trains must cross at Westfield.

"Rob is hurried and driven to-night," she thought; "he forgot to sign it." And she then remembered that the mail must be close up to Scotville already, and that no time ought to be lost.

Still she hesitated a little, and stepping to the door, looked out on the platform to see if she could speak with him. But he was not in sight. The superintendent was at that moment speaking with him in the baggage-room.

"Of course he means it to go," Miss Dane thought. "He said so twice, and there's scanty time."

She went back to the instrument and sent it. She did not file the slip, however, but waited for it to be signed when Norcross should come in.

A minute or two later the express, a heavy train of five coaches, two sleepers and three baggage and express cars, came thundering in, its engineer having been running at a high rate of speed to make up time and cross the mail at Scotville as usual.

Now that it had come up on time, Norcross thought best to cross them as usual, and at once gave the conductor the order to proceed to Scotville, telling him that the mail was waiting.

He had a slip crumpled in his hand which he thought was the message he had written in the telegraph office; but from some instinctive impulse, he smoothed it out to look at it again, just as the red tail-lights of the departing train went out of sight round the curve below the station. He now saw suddenly, as he read the first words of it, that it was an altogether different message—not his own.

For an instant he stood dazed, then, horror-stricken, he dashed up the platform and into the telegraph office.

Miss Dane had heard the express start out of the depot, and thought it was going on the siding, to wait; but just then she heard its sharp, peculiar whistle at a crossing three or four hundred yards below, and she started up from the instrument in sudden alarm, just as Norcross rushed in.

"The train message Louise—my message to the mail—don't send it!" he exclaimed.

A shudder went to the girl's heart. "Why, Rob!" said she, trying to be calm, "I've sent that message."

"Good heavens!" he cried. "But—quick! quick!—back to the operator at Scotville! to the operator. Call him. Tell him to hold the mail there!"

Miss Dane was already at the keys, her cold but nimble fingers working as never before, though her heart sank as she thought that three minutes had already passed; and, unfortunately, this line did not then require its train message to be repeated.

Then, in suspense too awful for speech, the two stood with their eyes riveted on the sounder—waiting—while the clock in front of them ticked its loud, fear-freighted seconds!

Soon it came, *click—click—click*—the answer. "*The mail has gone.*"

Norcross staggered back and sat down in a chair, staring blankly at the white face of the assistant.

Outside, for an instant, there came to their ears the usual idle talk and clatter of the waiting rooms. They two alone, of all the talking people about them, had

that awful truth before their eyes; for well they knew what must follow.

"It was my fault," said she. "I did it, I'll say that I did it, Rob."

The assistant's voice recalled him from a sudden, strong temptation which had rushed upon him, not to accuse Miss Dane, but to fly,—instead of facing the awful and ghastly consequences of his mistake,—to run to his father's stable in the next street, take his horse and escape, and bury himself somewhere out of reach and knowledge of men. This temptation was followed instantly by another still more frantic,—to take the revolver from the desk drawer and end his life, along with his mistake.

From these frantic impulses the kind tones of the assistant's voice recalled him. He sprang from the chair, with a pale face it is true, but with a look of resolution, and turning to Miss Dane, he said:

"Not a shadow of blame rests with you, Louise. I'll face it. Telegraph to Scotville, to stop No. 17 up, and hold all down trains here."

He ran out on the platform. The superintendent stood there waiting for the mail train, which he was to take.

"Mr. Lewis," said Norcross slowly, "I've blundered. I've put the mail and the express into each other. Order out the extra engine, the caboose and the wrecking-car, while I run for what surgeons and doctors there are here in West-field."

The superintendent, thunder-struck shouted,—"What d'ye say, you villain!" and seized him by the throat.

Norcross pushed him aside. "There's no time for that, Mr. Lewis," he said. "We must hurry to the assistance of those unfortunate passengers. You can choke me or hang me later."

He ran to summon the physicians, then back to pack a portable telegraph instrument to take along for attachment to the wires at the scene of the accident, which was sure to have happened already.

Meantime what of the two trains, rushing to meet each other!

The mail, coming up from Scotville, at its usual speed—twenty-five miles an hour—had proceeded some four miles from the station, when suddenly in the darkness, its engineer saw the brilliant headlight of the express burst into view, round the base of a bluff, not more than a hundred metres ahead.

He had barely time to set the Westinghouse brake and reverse his locomotive—not over six seconds, in fact—before the collision occurred, the terrible crash of which startled the people in every house for two miles around! For the express was running at unusual speed, its engineer thinking that the mail was waiting for him at Scotville, and the brakes had not time to reduce the velocity.

Almost at the instant of colliding, the express locomotive exploded its boiler, scattering itself far and wide. Its engineer and his fireman, as also the fireman of the mail engine, were instantly killed; and the express, baggage and postal cars, along with the coaches behind them, were thrown about and piled up in fantastic confusion.

Only the strong Miller platform saved a general "telescoping," accompanied by a more frightful loss of life. By good chance, too, fire, in this case, did not come in to increase the horror of the wreck. But thirteen persons were killed outright, and not less than forty suffered more or less serious injuries.

It is but natural and but just that those whose carelessness is the cause of such shocking disasters should be held strictly accountable, and punished severely.

In the investigation which followed this accident, Norcross made a straightforward statement of the facts. In a gentle but decisive manner, he set aside Miss Dane's generous attempt to take a portion of the blame upon herself. "I am solely the person responsible for the accident," he said, in conclusion of his statement.

Since public sentiment demanded a victim for punishment, the railway company seemed not unwilling to exonerate itself and give over Norcross, its hitherto faithful servant, to the rigor of the law.

A more just view of the matter might have been that Norcross was a victim of the railway company's dangerous system of moving the trains.

Be that as it may, he was immediately arrested on a charge of manslaughter and held for trial, and the charge being sustained, he was, a month or two later, found guilty, but remanded for sentence.

The delay was thought to be due to some action on the part of certain influential railway officials—not of his own company—who had taken an interest in the trial, and the result was that he was not sentenced, but subsequently released, for reasons better understood by the court, perhaps, than by the general public.

How keenly the young man felt his unfortunate position and the indignation of the community was in some measure indicated by the gray that besprinkled his brown hair during that year of trouble and public censure.

He went away after it was all over, thinking, probably, that it was better to leave his native place, since many looked severely upon him there. Two years later his death was reported in a distant part of the country.

Some, however, believe he is still living, and the fact that Miss Dane has also left Westfield, never, as her friends say, to return, would of itself seem to afford some ground for this belief.

FIRST DAY'S FIGHT AT SHILOH.

M. Quad.

They tell of the genius of great generals. There is no genius in war. In place of it there is a grim fate. Fate permits a victory or enforces a defeat. It pursues one general with vindictive hate and smiles upon another to his own surprise. McDowell should have won the first battle of the war. His plans were perfect, his force sufficient and his troops disposed to the best advantage. Fate waved its hand and his hosts were swept away in a panic, for which no man can urge a reasonable excuse.

Had Stonewall Jackson lived to see the sun of another day, Hooker's whole army at Chancellorsville would have been

bagged or scattered. Fate led Jackson to the hour of a great victory and then demanded his life.

For three days fate hovered in the valley between the blue and the gray at Gettysburg—its gaunt figure rent with wounds and covered with blood—and then it turned and frowned upon Lee.

At Stone River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Peach Tree Creek, Franklin, in the Wilderness, on a dozen other fields, fate decided the victory. The generals shook the dice-boxes, and fate counted the throw. A wrong move by a brigade; the falling back of a single company; the misconstruction of an order; ten minutes' delay, has and may again lose a battle. Genius cannot provide for these contingencies; fate can bring them about.

Had the Confederates advanced upon Burnside at Fredericksburg at sundown, as was first ordered, a great Federal army would have been annihilated. Fate countermanded the order. Had the Confederate army advanced at Shiloh, as was ordered, they must have swept the field and won a great victory.

History traces battles only from the time the troops appear on the field. History is therefore silent regarding events preceding the battle of Shiloh. Such was the disposition of armies that one might expect a collision at any time, and yet the Confederates, while showing a bold front and apparently maneuvering for positions, were waiting and were by no means ready for a conflict. Whole regiments which took part in the battle when it finally occurred, were without arms up to three days previous. There was a deficiency of artillery, ammunition and clothing, and the chances of battle depended on fate. Blockade-runners were on their way from England with the desired equipments. If spared by storm, would they escape the Federal blockaders? Fate decided. Two ships loaded with arms entered Charleston by the closest shave, and with feverish haste and by special trains the arms were conveyed to Johnston's men. In three days he was ready to advance upon Grant.

The greatest blunder Grant committed during the war was at Shiloh. He was to simply halt at that point until Buell could join him for a grand movement onward. Instead of keeping the broad and deep Tennessee River between his army and that of Johnston until Buell came up, he crossed it over to the west bank. It was an error criticised even by citizens who knew nothing of the tactics of war, but Grant was sullen and determined, and he would not rectify it. His position was weak in a dozen different ways, and his presence was a challenge for a superior force to move up and crush him. Lincoln would have been justified in taking measures for the safety of that army, but was reassured by dispatches from Grant that Johnston was so strung out that concentration was impossible before Buell's arrival.

Johnston's forces were widely scattered, and arms were being issued the day that Grant crossed the river. It was a grand opportunity to strike a telling blow, and Johnston was the man for the emergency. With a celerity seldom exhibited in the war he called in and concentrated, some of his troops marching for twenty-six hours without a halt, and thousands of men marching across fields and through forests to save distance and avoid the mud. Every Confederate soldier who could trace a map or read a newspaper saw the situation and the opportunity, and they moved forward feeling that victory was absolutely certain. The safe arrival of two blockade-runners and the blunder of a Federal General had placed the west in peril. Fate sat around the camp-fires of the Federals on the banks of the muddy river—in the dark forests—on the Purdy and Hamburg highways, and she flitted along the front of Johnston's legions as they tramped steadily and sturdily forward towards victory or defeat. Neither strategy, genius, inspiration nor desperation was to decide that battle. Fate was to utter a single sentence, and her orders would be heard and obeyed above the roar of a hundred canons.

Johnston massed in three corps. All

day Saturday his men were coming up swinging into line within rifle-shot of the Federal pickets, and yet no surprise or apprehension was created. No one had any suspicion that Johnston was massing. Before midnight on Saturday, April 3, 1862, every regiment of Johnston's army of 60,000 men was in battle-line, and only waited for the gray of morning to advance. Along front of the divisions of Prentiss and Sherman the men standing in battle-line could hear the tramp of the Federal relief guard as it passed around.

As daylight broke to light the way through forest and across field, sixty thousand Confederates moved forward in one mighty wave. Not a skirmisher was thrown out on any front, but a steady line of battle moved forward and picked up picket and sentry, and rolled into the Federal camps almost before a gun had been fired.

The surprise was most complete. Four-fifths of the Federals in these two divisions were still asleep when the crash of battle was first heard. The result was a panic—a rush—a terror-stricken mob of half-dressed men breaking back for the river to carry the panic into the camps beyond. In Sherman's division only one brigade had time to form a battle-line, and this was picked up and absorbed by the wave without a halt. There was no rallying men who were neither dressed nor armed, and Sherman's front fell back so rapidly that the fugitives balked every attempt of the regiments in rear to form a battle-line.

It is twenty-one years since that fight, and yet as I rode over the ground the other day I found a thousand signs of that sudden rush upon Sherman. Hundreds of trees bear the scars of ball and bullet, and one can tell just where the Federals rallied for a moment in a vain attempt to stem the bloody wave. There is not a rock, or tree, or stump on Sherman's front, and for two miles over the route of his dogged retreat, which does not tell of the fight. In the open ground one may find bullet and pieces of shell, and in the dark woods one is startled by the gleam of bones which time has whitened

and the teeth of the wildcat have polished.

Prentiss' division was encamped mostly in the woods, and for some distance along its front was a swale and a ravine. This saved it from the surprise which overtook Sherman. When the Confederate wave rolled forward every regiment in Prentiss' division was under arms. They had a strong position and could have made a good fight, but its commander committed a terrible blunder. Orders were given to march by the flank and form in line of battle in an open field—then a portion of a plantation and bare of the least shelter. A part of this field is now in cotton, and a portion overgrown with briers and thicket. Bones and blood are a great fertilizer. Trees have shot up twenty-five feet high, and brier and bramble thrive here until a horse can hardly break through.

The Federals formed in the open field and there met the attack. The gray lines swept up to the edge of the field, and there, sheltered and protected, poured in such volleys as soon tore regiments to pieces. Every Confederate had shelter; every Federal was a fair target. While whole companies were being wiped out in the open field there was hardly a casualty in regiments posted in the woods. The Federals held gallantly, fought like heroes doomed to die, but of a sudden the gray lines pushed out, the Federal flanks were folded back like the wings of a bird, and over 3,000 prisoners were caught as in a trap, while the remainder of the division fled in panic.

At 10 o'clock there came a lull in the battle. Prentiss had surrendered, Sherman had been driven, McClelland had fought like a tiger but had lost ground, and everywhere along its front the Confederate army had won a victory. Five thousand panic-stricken and unarmed men were crowding back to the river with white faces and tales of disaster, and apprehension was written on the face of every Federal officer. If the advance of that victorious wave could not be checked the entire Federal army would be driven to the banks of the Tennessee by high noon. Now, as Johnston paused

to reform his lines and bring up his artillery, Sherman fell back to join hands with McClelland and make a fight to save the army. It was a battle without a commander to direct. Each division was fighting as best it could, and there was no head to appeal to for support. When pressed too hard it must fall back to a new position.

The position taken by Sherman and McClelland was a strong one. The forest was a cover for a part of the front, and in the open advantage was taken of the ditches and dips. Along some regimental fronts the men had time to build slight breastworks of logs and rails and rocks. One can to-day see where trees were rent and riven, and fields reaped of the terrible harvest of death.

Down on what was McClelland's right I found a negro plowing in a field which had been cleared since the fight. Asking what relics he had discovered he pointed without a word to the heaps he had made along the edge of the field. There were bullets, fragments, solid shot, unexploded shell, old bayonets, musket barrels, belt-buckles and what not, and as he started to plow it turned up a grinning skull and a rust-eaten sword. From that field of a few acres had been taken 5,000 pounds of lead and iron and steel.

After Johnston had drawn a long breath he advanced upon Sherman and McClelland. If he could roll them away the battle of Shiloh would be decided before noon. If they could hold him in check for an hour help might come to turn defeat into victory. Now all along a front of two miles there was a conflict in which exultation was met by desperation. The Confederates swept right up in solid battle-lines, determined to ride over and break through, but they were repulsed. The wave receded to come again and again, and it seemed as if every man in gray had become a devil. Here and there the heads of charging columns broke through the Federal lines, but only to be cut off and made prisoners. The Federal artillery moved down the attacking lines by scores and hundreds, and yet, as at Stone River, the wave receded

but to gather greater power and come again.

There was not a Federal battery on that front which was not taken and retaken from once to three times. In thirty minutes from the advance not a field-piece could be moved for the want of horses. There were hand-to-hand grapples all along that front, and the bayonet was used as often as the bullet. It was such a resistance as Thomas made at Chickamauga—as Rousseau made at Stone River—as rallied divisions made at Fair Oaks. But it was only a check.

At noon the Federal army had been rolled back at every point, and the shore of the Tennessee was lined with enough skulkers and cowards to form two brigades. The Federals had lost two to one, and 7,000 stands of arms and large quantities of ammunition had fallen into the hands of the Confederates, while nearly 6,000 prisoners had been marched to their rear. Grant had arrived, but, if able to comprehend the situation, he could do but little to change it.

At early dawn the Federal army was a crescent with a front of six miles. At noon it is a thin semi-circle and the distance from flank to flank is not three miles. Not by Grant's orders, but by a sort of mutual understanding as they are crowded back, the shattered lines of Sherman and McClelland reform with those of Hurlburt and form a new line. Nine out of every ten pieces of artillery have been drawn back by hand, and men too grievously wounded to walk to the rear are left among the dead. The Federals have changed their tactics now. They have posted themselves in the thick woods and behind natural cover, and to reach them the Confederates must cross the open cotton and corn fields and the plains covered with pines too small to afford protection.

Johnston's plan was to crush the left and center back to the right, and he was succeeding. There was scarcely a breathing spell before his battle-lines burst from the woods and surged across the fields at the Federal position. He had but to break through here and his work was done.

Nightfall would witness the utter annihilation of Grant's army, including Johnston himself, rode at the head of his command, and the lines broke cover with cheers and shouts.

There is a hell-spot on every field of battle—some spot which becomes a maelstorm of cold, cruel slaughter. This was the hell-spot of that first day's fight. As the gray lines advanced across the open ground they met such a flame of death as left one or two men standing to represent companies. Line wavered—brave—vanished, and when the smoke lifted, the fields were clear of all but dead and wounded.

And now the gray brigades of Chalmers and Jackson are brought up and massed as a wedge to drive forward and split the center of Federal resistance. Among the 7,000 men in the two brigades are 1,000 recruits who are smelling powder for the first time. Two thousand of the men are armed with rifles and shot-guns, and are without bayonets. The wedge settles itself into a compact mass, catches a long breath, and then there is a forward movement such as Napoleon never saw. The wedge of 7,000 men drives at the Federal center with yells and cheers, reaches it, penetrates it for a short distance, and then the whirlwind picks it up and drives it back into the woods, limp, torn, bleeding, and with more than a thousand dead left behind to prove its valor.

And now the whole line moves forward like a mighty wall, and men look straight into the eyes of death without flinching. The same billow of flame rolls along the Federal front, the same terrible roar and crash, and the gray lines melt away and the dead lie so thickly that the living can hardly pick a way through them.

Again there is a breathing spell. Johnston is hurrying up fresh brigades and posting them to overlay the Federal position. During the brief respite the Federals make ready for what they know will be the last assault. When it comes it is like a tornado sweeping out of the woods. The same terrible fire is directed upon the advance—lines break and reform—hundreds go down to rise no more—but

the tornado sweeps on and on and drives the federals from their position. They fall back grudgingly. They turn and fight at every step. The cowards departed long ago, and only brave men are left. The left and center are crowded back until the river is behind them, and though the right has made a gallant fight, the news of disaster is beginning to tell in the ranks. From flank to flank of the federal army the distance has been reduced from six miles to one. Johnson can concentrate 45,000 exultant men against what is hardly better than a mob. He is moving to do so when death claims him. Then the command falls upon Beauregard and there is a delay. Johnston's programme was an overwhelming advance, Beauregard delays—dallies—pushes in a few regiments in a faint hearted way and orders the army to rest for the night.

Fate was there. She placed the words in his mouth, saw them obeyed, and then fled swiftly to the federal commander and whispered to him that energy might bring victory from defeat. Had Johnson lived there would have been no Grant. Beauregard rested for a night and lost the confederacy one of its grandest opportunities.

SAVED AT THE BRINK.

Chicago Tribune.

"Myrtle!"

"Reginald!"

The girl, a tall, stately beauty, with a lissom form and a glorious coronal of hair (1) that fell in a golden shower over her Grecian (2) neck, threw herself passionately into his arms, and for an instant nothing was heard save a sound as if somebody was trying to pump water out of a dry well.

Regy had kissed her.

Four years ago Myrtle Redingote and Reginald Neversink had plighted their troth (3), and now they had met for the first time since that happy day, which, seen through the dim vista of the months that had dragged their slow length so wearily along, seemed like a far distant star shining brightly and serenely amid the horrid blackness of an Egyptian

night. They had corresponded, of course, but even when love guides the pen and budding passion gives to the salivation of the postage stamp a glamour of romance that makes it seem almost like a kiss, there is ever a wistful yearning—a where-are-our-boys-to-night (4) feeling that nothing save the actual presence of the one for whom this love is felt can drive away (5.) And, then, when that loved one comes, when, standing close pressed in the strenuous grasp of him without whom life would be a starless blank (6), the tender words that have been read over and over again are spoken in rich, manly tones (7), the woman who has won this precious love is indeed happy. No care can come to her then, and the glad, golden sunlight of a pure and holy affection drives away the black wraiths of disappointment and sorrow as the White Stockings fade before any other club.

"Ah, darling," murmured Myrtle, putting away from her forehead—fair and white as the cyclamen leaves in the woods that surrounded Brierton villa—the golden tresses that he loved so dearly to fondle (8), "it seems such a long, long time since we met, such an æon of hope deferred, and dull, wearying longing that the mind grows sad with its very contemplation of the subject—a dismal epoch that we would fain blot forever from the pages of our lives (9). But now that you are with me again, now that I find myself once more within the shelter of your strong arms and feel your burning kisses (10) on my lips, all the world seems white with gladness, and the future to hold nothing for me but sweet contentment (11). All is bright and beautiful, and even the bitter sorrows of the past are illumined by the stars of joy (12.)"

"Yes, my precious one," said Reginald, stooping to kiss the ruby-red lips that were uplifted to his (13), and pressing her still more closely to his starboard ribs, "we shall both be very happy in the future—very, very happy."

"Are you sure of this?" she asks, "perfectly sure?"

"So sure," he answered her, "that I

would stake my whole existence (14) on what I have told you."

In the gathering shadows she looks up into his face, and the yearning eloquence of his eyes stirs her heart with a strange tenderness. It was not such love as she felt for her father; it was no feeling that had ever touched her heart before. When she stood before him there was a something of awe that held her silent, a conviction that this man was of a sublimer, grander mould than any who had ever crossed her path.

"And why shall we never know sorrow or pain?" she asks, her pure young face lighted up with a sweet, trustful smile.

"Because," he says, in low, mellow tones, "I have concluded not to get married."

THE FIRST ENGLISH TRAIN.

London Letter.

On the 15th of September, 1830, the Rocket and several other locomotives, built on the same model, were ready at Liverpool for the grand opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. I was a young shaver then, but I was there, went all the way from Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, way down in the Isle of Elyfens, with my father, to see the "new fangled failure," but somehow it did not prove a failure after all, and but for one sad, serious accident, was a glorious day and a decided triumph. What a day that was for Liverpool! Every instrument of music in the city, and for hundreds of miles around, had been got together and were being scraped, blown, beaten, twanged and operated upon at once to an accompaniment of church bells and booming cannons. Every house top was crowded, flags were floating from every available eminence. Thousands upon thousands of people lined both sides of the road for miles, with expectation, to be ripened into wonder and admiration, marked upon their faces. And didn't the Manchester ale flow! Barrels were tapped in the streets, and temperance was nowhere.

It was about 11:30 in the forenoon when

all was ready, and the Northumbrian led the way. There were four carriages to each engine, making eight separate trains, carrying altogether near upon 1,000 people. The road was a double track, but both tracks were employed, the first train monopolizing one, and the other seven following each other on the parallel line. The start was at length made, without any mishap. Away went the first passenger trains ever run in England (or elsewhere), down the Sutton incline and over the Sankey viaduct, seventeen miles to Parkhurst, the Northumbrian carrying Wellington, Peel, William Huskisson, M. P. for Liverpool, and other nobles, accelerating or retarding her speed on the south line to permit her crew to examine any points of interest or see the other trains skim upon their way. All went well up to this point, but here occurred that fatal accident which made the opening of the first railroad a day of mingled joy and sorrow—joy for the success of the undertaking, and sorrow for the catastrophe, which deprived Liverpool of its newly elected member of parliament, free trade one of its earliest champions, and Great Britain one of her most experienced diplomats and eloquent orators. While the locomotives were taking in water, Mr. Huskisson quit his carriage and went to shake hands with the Duke of Wellington. While so doing the Rocket passed on the other line, the M. P. became confused and frightened, and in his flurry ran on the track. In vain the engineer tried to stop the engine. It ran over the statesman, breaking both legs and thigh, and otherwise so injuring him that he died the same night, after being carried to the vicarage of Eccless. The journey of the trial trains was made to Manchester, but a gloom which could not be dissipated had been cast over the day, and the triumph of the engineering consummation was saddened by death.

BUT pleasures are like popples spread—
You size the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls on the river—
A moment white then lost forever.

—Robert Burns.

HAECKEL ON DARWIN.

London Nature.

The extraordinary modesty and unassumingness which Darwin showed to such a degree on the subject of the publication of the most important of his writings, displayed itself, also, on all hands in his extensive correspondence, and not less in his personal intercourse. Every one who had the happiness of making his personal acquaintance could not part from him without a feeling of the sincerest reverence and highest appreciation. Were it here allowed me to intercalate a few words on my personal meeting with Darwin, I would give expression especially of the high admiration of Darwin as an ideal man with which my three visits to him in Down inspired me.

The first time was in October, 1866, on the occasion of a voyage I was undertaking to the Canary Islands. I had just completed the "General Morphology," a work in which I had ventured on the experiment of mechanically establishing the science of organic forms on the basis of the theory of filiation as reformed by Darwin. By means of the proof-sheets I had sent him Darwin was acquainted with my essay, and took all the more interest in it because these morphologic investigations lay rather remote from his own studies which were principally experimental. It was, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that I responded to an invitation to come to Down, which he had sent me during my short stay in London. In Darwin's own carriage, which he had thoughtfully sent for my convenience to the railway station, I drove one sunny morning in October through the graceful hilly landscape of Kent, that, with the checkered foliage of its woods, with its stretches of purple heath, yellow broom and evergreen oaks, was arrayed in the fairest autumnal dress.

As the carriage drew up in front of Darwin's pleasant country house, clad in a vesture of ivy and embowered in elms, there stepped out to meet me from the shady porch overgrown with creeping plants, the great naturalist himself, a tall and venerable figure with the broad

shoulders of an Atlas supporting a world of thoughts, his Jupiter-like forehead highly and broadly arched, as in the case of Goethe, and deeply furrowed by the plow of mental labor; his kindly, mild eyes looking forth under the shadow of prominent brows; his amiable mouth surrounded by a copious silver-white beard. The cordial, prepossessing expression of the whole face, the gentle, mild voice, the slow, deliberate utterance, the natural and naive train of ideas which marked his conversation captivated my whole heart in the first hour of our meeting, just as his great work had formerly, on my first reading it, taken my whole understanding by storm. I fancied a lofty world-sage out of Hellenic antiquity—a Socrates or Aristotle—stood alive before me.

Our conversation, of course, turned principally on the subject which lay nearest the hearts of both—on the progress and prospects of the history of development. These prospects at that time—sixteen years ago—were bad enough, for the highest authorities had for the most part set themselves against the new doctrines. With touching modesty Darwin said that his whole work was but a weak attempt to explain in a natural way the origin of animal and vegetable species, and that he should not live to see any noteworthy success following the experiment, the mountain of opposing prejudice being so high. He thought I had greatly overestimated his small merit, and that the high praise I had bestowed on it in my "General Morphology" was far too exaggerated. We next came to speak of the numerous and violent attacks on his work, which were then in the ascendant.

In the case of many of those pitiful botches, one was, in fact, quite at a loss whether more to lament the want of understanding and judgment they showed or to give the greater vent to the indignation one could not but feel at the arrogance and presumption of those miserable scribblers who pooh-poohed Darwin's ideas and bespattered his character. I had then, as on later occasions repeatedly, expressed my just scorn of the con-

temptible clan. Darwin smiled at this, and endeavored to calm me with the words: "My dear young friend, believe me, you must have compassion and forbearance with such poor creatures; the stream of truth they can only hold back for a passing instant, but never permanently stem."

ONLY MEANT TO SCARE HIM.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Look here!" roared a tall chap, attired in a broad brimmed hat and an innocent air as he approached the ticket window. "Look here, you, I want a first-class ticket on the top shelf car to the other end of this line, and don't you forget! See this?" and he developed a horse pistol and stuck the muzzle through the window.

"I see it," replied the agent, calmly. "I'm looking right at it. Now what can I do for you?"

"Didn't you hear me bark a few minutes ago?" demanded the tall man. "Didn't you hear me compliment you with an order for the best you've got in your workshop there? Have I got to put a bullet in there to make you comprehend that I'm waiting here for the upper row of preserves? Must I take the blood of another station agent on my hands before I manage to get what I want? Throw me out the most embroidered ticket there is on the line of this road, or I'll commence to make vacancies."

The agent carefully closed the window, stepped outside the door, picked up the tall man, set him down again on his head, whirled him around three or four times and then kicked him out into the middle of the street, where a policeman gobbled him and hustled him off.

"Am I awake?" asked the tramp, rubbing the dust of the conflict out of his eyes. "Never mind about that, am I alive?"

"What did you want to bother the man for?" demanded the policeman, hauling him around by the collar.

"I didn't want to bother him. I only meant to scare him. I hadn't any money; so I played the Western man on him, just as I have seen it written up in the

funny papers. I say, either those papers are the darndest liars on the continent or I missed the combination on the gag!"

And they locked him up to think over which might be the case.

IN A SANDSTORM.

A Railroad Train Halted in the Mojave Desert by a Simoom.

San Francisco Examiner.

The southern overland train which should have reached this city on Monday afternoon, only arrived at 8:10 Tuesday night, having been delayed at Sumner by a terrific sandstorm that raged through the Mojave desert and spread out over a portion of the surrounding country. The storm began in the early morning, and when the train reached Sumner, in Kern county, had become a regular simoom. The wind swept across the sandy wastes with such violence that the train swayed and rocked under the violence of the blasts, and seemed ready to plunge from the track. The moon had become overcast in the early part of the night, and the journey was continued in a darkness that rapidly increased until the day began in Stygian gloom. The passengers, who had been aroused from their sleep by the fierce assaults of the wind and the dashing of the sand against the windows of the train, looked anxiously for the appearance of the sun, but no gleam of light relieved the forbidding darkness of the east. Night maintained her sway, and the blackness of the heavens grew intense with the morning, until the strong head-light of the locomotive almost failed to pierce it. The small portion of the desert which was exposed by the engine's lights only served to discourage the travelers. The track was lost under the billows of sand that were being tossed across the rails by the angry storm. The desert moved like a sea, and when the waves of sand struck the shivering sides of the train they scattered like spray and filled the air with a dust which made free breathing impossible.

The travelers' fears of being stopped by a sand drift were soon realized. After leaving Sumner, which is 314 miles from San Francisco, the train moved cautiously

for ten miles through the shifting waste and then stopped with a crash. The alarmed passengers hardly dared face the driving storm to learn the cause of the unpleasant halt. The few intrepid persons who ventured into the blinding simoom found that their express train had run into a freight train which had stopped in an impassible sand drift. The slow rate at which the express was moving enabled the engineer to stop the train in time to prevent a serious accident, and the collision was only sufficient to cast the locomotive from the track. The passenger cars remained on the rails. It was then ten o'clock, so slowly had the express train proceeded through the blinding storm after leaving Sumner. The darkness of the night had only increased, and nothing was visible except within the focus of the train's light. For five weary hours the passengers were compelled to remain on the detached train while relief was being obtained from Sumner. Assistance having arrived, the track was cleared of sand sufficiently to allow a relief engine to pull the express train back to Sumner, where the passengers found slim accommodations until the storm blew over. Toward five o'clock in the afternoon the darkness began to disappear, but the simoom maintained its vigor until nightfall. Yesterday morning the unfortunate passengers proceeded on their journey, the remainder of which was made without sensational incident, as gangs of Chinamen had been at work all night, and had cleared the track of the accumulated drift.

THE NECESSITY OF REVOLUTIONS.

Victor Hugo

To destroy the evils under which we groan there is no method but revolution. Mark and remember it. The peace of light must be preceded by the night of war and strife. You, the workers of the world, make all and have nothing. Those who make nothing, by law or by force have all. It is your own. Do you now be men. Cringe not and beg for that which is thine own, but, since it is yours, go and take it.

There are wrongs that rankle in our hearts; there are shames that call blushes to our cheeks. When we become aware of them, when we know them fully, then discontent becomes anger. And anger's hands build barricades. From the top of these barricades revolution speaks a voice to the people.

Citizens! Picture to yourselves the future! The streets of the cities flooded with light, green branches upon the thresholds, the nations sisters, men just, crime dead, hunger abolished, misery killed, old men blessing the little children, thinkers in full liberty, believers in full equality, for religions the heavens, no more hatred, the fraternity of the workshop and the school, all laboring and all enjoying, over all peace, no more bloodshed, no more war, humanity clasping hands in justice and in love.

To kill the wrongs that are is the first step; to build anew is the second.

Oh, thou man of the barricade posted here for liberty, listen; thou hast adopted humanity for thy mother and the right for thy father. Thou art going to die here; that is, to triumph. Citizens, whatever may happen to-day, through our defeat as well as through our victory, we are going to effect a revolution.

And what revolution shall we effect? I have just said, the revolution of the true. There is but one single principle, the sovereignty of man over himself. This is liberty. Where several of these sovereignties associate, the state begins. But in this association there is no abdication. All should be illuminated with light, which is truth, which is justice. Light, then! Light for all!

Friend, the hour in which we live, and in which I speak, is a gloomy hour; but of such is the terrible price of the future. A revolution is a toll-gate.

Oh, the human race shall be delivered, uplifted and consoled. We affirm it on this barricade. Whence shall arise the shout of love, if it be not from this summit of sacrifice? O, my brothers, here is the place of junction between those who think and those who suffer.

This barricade is made neither of pay-

ing stones, nor of timbers, nor of iron. It is made of two mounds, a mound of ideas, and a mound of sorrows.

Misery here encounters the ideal. Here day embraces night and says: "I will die with thee and thou shalt be born again with me."

From the pressure of all desolations faith gushes forth. Sufferings bring their agony here, and ideas their immortality. This agony and this immortality are to mingle and compose our death.

Brother, he who dies here on this barricade for the liberty and brotherhood of labor dies in the radiance of the future and enters a grave already illuminated by the dawn! He dies a hero that slaves may live like men.

THE BOGUS TRAINMAN.

Inter-Ocean.

A slim young man, wearing a fur cap and a last year's ulster, stood with a lonesome look on his face in the waiting-room of the Polk street depot, Chicago, the other evening. He thoughtfully measured with his eye the colored youth behind the lunch counter a few feet away. Then he climbed on a high stool by the counter, and reached for a sandwich. He winked at the colored boy, and was instantly supplied with a cup of coffee. Three more sandwiches came within his grasp, and disappeared one after another. Then he devoured a turnover and two hard-boiled eggs. Another cup of coffee and a quarter of a mince pie finished the meal. Then the slim young man glided from his stool, and said carelessly:

"What's the fillin' worth?"

"Seventy cents, sah," replied the waiter promptly.

"What!" cried the slim young man, "you musn't charge me passenger rates, you know. I'm a trainman, remember."

"What kind of a trainman?" demanded the colored youth, suspiciously.

"Grand Trunk brakeman," responded the slim young man.

"Got to 'dentify yo'sef," sullenly said the waiter.

"Don't think anybody knows me here," said the other, with hesitation.

"Show wat yo' got in yo' pockets, den. Ebery trainman has a car key or a train-book, or somethin' else along to 'dentify his sef wid."

"Changed my clothes since the last run," said the slim young man, growing pale. "You'll have to take my word for it."

"Yo' word's no good," said the waiter, contemptuously. "Ill give yo' one mo' chance. Call out de towns jus' 's if dis was a pass'ng'r cab."

The slim young man threw back his shoulders, clutched the counter, and shouted:

"Battle Creek!"

"Niagara Falls!"

"Montreal!"

"Stop, sah; you isa cheat. No brake-man ebber call um dat way. Dis is wot dose towns is:

"Bricawic!"

"Nagowash!"

"Goa-r-r-eal!"

"Dere," concluded the waiter, triumphantly, "if you'd called um dat way I'd let you off wid thutty-five cents. Seventy cents, sah; an' hurry up."

DECLINING A COFFIN.

Exchange.

An ancient Roman Sarcophagus was recently discovered in the cellar of Girard College. Report says it was "presented to the College by Comodore Elliott in 1838, and when an investigation of the records of the Council of Philadelphia was made the following letter from Andrew Jackson was found, together with the Commodore Elliott's letter presenting him with the Sarcophagus." Commodore Elliott's letter to the hero of New Orleans was as follows: "I pray you, General, to live on in the fear of the Lord, dying the death of a Roman soldier. An Emperor's coffin awaits you." Jackson's letter in reply was a characteristic one. He said:

"With the warmest sensations that can inspire a grateful heart, I must decline accepting the honor intended to be bestowed. I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository pre-

pared for an Emperor or a King. My Republican feelings and principles forbid it. Every monument erected to perpetuate the memory of our heroes and statesmen ought to bear evidences of the economy and simplicity of our Republican institutions and the plainness of our Republican citizens, who are the sovereigns of our glorious Union, and whose virtue is to perpetuate it. True virtue cannot exist where pomp and parade are the governing passions. It can only dwell with the people, the great laboring and producing classes that form the bone and sinews of our Confederacy. I have prepared a humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers to be laid, for both of us, there to remain until the last trumpet sounds to call the dead to judgment, when we, I hope, shall rise together clothed with that heavenly body promised to all who believe in our glorious Redeemer, who died for us that we might live, and by whose atonement I hope for a blessed immortality."

DISTURB NO FOND MEMORIES.

Chicago News.

A Paris street has just been named Gustave Dore. The French have a very pretty way of naming a street after a distinguished man, and then keep it clean in honor of him. In Chicago they sometimes name streets after distinguished men, but they do not believe in disturbing old and fond memories by going over them with brooms.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO TALK?

"A white and red calf" means one calf, but "a white and a red calf" means two calves. There is a wide difference between ability and capacity. Capacity is the power of acquiring knowledge, but ability is the power of applying it to practical purposes. "I found the way easy," and "I found the way easily," convey different ideas. In speaking of a look of illness on a person's countenance, the correct form is, "He looks bad," not "badly." The young lady may look

"bewitchingly" at the gentlemen, but she looks "bewitching" in her silks and jewels. Aggravate is frequently misused. An offense may be aggravated, but a person is provoked, irritated, or angered. Alike is often incorrectly coupled with both. "They are both just alike," is as incorrect as the Hibernicism "I saw it with both my two eyes." A disease spreads "over all" the country, not "all over" the country.

There is a difference between bravery and courage. Bravery is careless courage, but courage is calculating and cautious. Bravery may be blind, but courage advances with its eyes wide open. Bring, fetch and carry are too often used indiscriminately. To bring is to convey to or toward; to fetch is to go and bring, which involves two journeys; to carry is to convey away or off, and supposed to both fetch or bring. The superfluous use of but is a common error. "There is no doubt but that Guiteau is guilty," should read "no doubt that," etc. Calculate is sometimes vulgarly used for intend, purpose, expect; as. "He calculates to go tomorrow." Instead of "Let you and I go," say "you and me." "He is as good as me," "as I." Instead of "Who do you mean," say "whom." For "if I was him," say "if I were he." "Who do you take it to be," should be "Whom do you take it to be." "I am surprised at John refusing to go" should be "at John's refusing." "They prevented him going forward" ought to be "prevented his going forward."

There is a nice distinction between answer and reply. We answer a question or a letter, but we reply to an argument or accusation. Lovers of big words sometimes say anticipate instead of expect. Now we may expect a visit from burglars, but we do not anticipate them unless we take measures to frustrate their designs. Any should not be used in place of at all. It should be "She is not at all better," not "any" better.

At all, as an intensive phrase, is too frequently used. Sometimes it gives emphasis, but generally it is mere tautology. At length should not usurp the place of

at last. "At length we heard from him," should be "At last we heard from him." At length means fully, in detail. Balance is erroneously used for rest or remainder. "He used the rest of his money to improve his farm," not "the balance." Between is often misused for among. Between is used with reference to two, and among to more than two. A man divided his property between two children; if he had more than two it would be his duty to divide it among them.

IRVING TELLS A STORY OF FORREST.

Inter-Ocean.

A banker who attended the Gen. Collis dinner to Henry Irving in Philadelphia last week, entertained the loungers in the lotus club parlor with the following: After the dinner Mr. Irving proved himself to be most a pleasant conversationalist and an excellent story teller. He told a story of Edwin Forrest, which was new, even to Dan Dougherty, George H. Boker, and other old Philadelphia friends of the late tragedian. "Mr. Forrest," Mr. Irving said, "being out to dinner, sat opposite an old gentleman, who was a very diffident person, but apparently a great admirer of Forrest. The old man sat the whole evening drinking in every word Forrest said, and at last mustered up courage, during a slight lull in the conversation, to address Mr. Forrest.

"You—ah—play King Lear, I believe," he said timidly.

"Lear!" shouted Forrest, rising from his seat, and raising both arms aloft and focusing the old gentlemen with a stagey and terrific look; "Lear," he repeated in thunder tones, as the mild old questioner quailed and sank in his chair, "I am Lear!"

The intimate friends of Forrest present greatly enjoyed the story, which was most characteristic of him, as well as Mr. Irving's imitation of the fierce manner of the great tragedian.

"LIFE is a weary interlude

Which doth short joys, long woes include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears:
The scene shuts up with loss of breath
And leave no epilogue but death."

OLD CHICKAMAUGA.

Commercial-Gazette.

As we sat one night in 1875, in the ratty old editorial rooms of the Toledo Democrat and Herald, of which Steedman was leader writer and managing editor, I asked him for the story of Chickamauga, where he won his stars and the soldiers' title of Old Chickamauga, of which he was so proud. He told it so coolly as if it was a dream to him:

"Why, my boy, there wasn't much to it. I was in charge of the First Division of the Reserve Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, and had been stationed at Ringgold, or Redhouse Bridge over the Chickamauga. My orders were implicit, 'to hold the bridge at all hazards,' and to prevent the enemy from flanking General Thomas. The enemy disappeared from our front. The sound of canonading and battle to the northward told me that the enemy had massed against our centre, and a great battle was on. From the noise of the conflict I judged, and rightly, that Thomas was sorely pressed. I felt that my command was needed, and yet, could not understand the absence of the new orders. I waited impatiently enough from daylight till nearly noon, hoping for some word from my commanding officer. Finally I decided to risk my neck rather than to see the Union army destroyed through inactivity on my part. Calling a council of officers and men, I explained the situation, read my orders, told them my decision, and that on my shoulders should fall whatever responsibility attached to the disobedience of orders. You know the inexorable military law is to ask no questions, obey all orders, and accept consequences. I knew that if my movement was a failure, judgment mistaken, nothing less than court-martial and death awaited me. But the battle was on, and every fibre in me said that I was wanted. We burned the bridge and marched by the cannon's sound to Thomas' aid. Through corn fields, thickets and oak wood we made a fearful tramp, for no man in the command knew the country, and our only guide was the

cannon's boom. When I reported to Thomas he was in despair at the loss of the key to his position, which had just been captured by General Hindman's rebel corps. The place was indicated to me by a flash of guns and a rattle of canister on the dry leaves of the tree under which Thomas and I stood. It was a steep ascent, with a densely-peopled crescent ridge, that lay before us. There was a forbidding thicket and an oak forest between us and the belt of rocks that marked the edge of a broad plateau on which the enemy was jubilant with victory. 'There, there,' said Thomas, as the guns flashed again. 'Now, you see their exact position. You must take that ridge.' My reply was: 'I'll do it.' In thirty minutes after we reached the field we were storming the rock of Chickamauga. It was an awful contest up their slope, every foot of which was planted with death. We went in with 7,500 men; 4,000 reported for duty at the next muster. We went up, up, till we reached the summit, and planted ourselves there to stay. It was a terribly hot place, and we made the plateau a lake of blood before we drove Hindman back again. I rode back and reported to Thomas. I was bloody from head to foot. He clasped my hand, and said with great emotion, 'General Steedman, you have saved my army.' I got my stars not long afterwards, and that's about all there was of it. Yes, it was a big risk I ran; but I was right, and I knew it."

As he rode to battle that day he met General Granger, who said feelingly: "Sted, old boy, its going to be d—d hot in there. If anything should happen, have you any requests to make of me?" The vein of sentiment was running deep in the questioner's heart, but the practical soldier responded in words that have since been memorable: "Yes, General Granger; if I fall in the fight, please see my body decently buried and my name correctly spelled in the newspapers," and he deliberately spelled it."

There iz plenty ov pholks in this world whoze hartes bleed for the poor, but whoze pocket-books never do.—*Billings*.

TABLE GOSSIP.

Cheerfulness is a spark from heaven.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman charms the heart.

Printers' Toast—"The Press!" It expresses truth, re-presses errors, im-presses knowledge, op-presses none.

According to an English statistician, who has been at pains to collect data on the subject, early risers live the longest.

Don't go too much on show. The drum major of a band, to be sure, is very attractive, but he doesn't furnish any of the music.

Most men in our modern days are in the conditions described by Byron:

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar.

One of the inconsistencies of human nature is that a man may be disgusted with all the world and yet consider himself a pretty nice sort of a fellow.

Socrates said that there are two sciences which every man ought to learn—first, the science of speech; and second, the more difficult one of silence.

It is one of the sad conditions of life that experience is not transmissible. No man will learn from the sufferings of another, he must suffer himself.

A cheerful smile, a pleasant word,
Which we can always give,
Perchance some drooping soul hath stirred
With strength to love and live.

Soft words may appease an angry man—bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to extinguish the fire?

The grindstone is the one piece of mechanism in use by all nations, and with all it is identical in form and principle. Everybody has some axe to grind.

Success is obtained by mixing two parts of common sense with three parts of will and stirring both in the bowl of ambition, with the spoon of perseverance.

A man's mind must be pretty well wrapped when he takes a wrong for a right, and he must also be strangely "pregeidist" when he eats tar on his buckwheat cakes and calls it molasses.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet
they grind exceedingly small,
Though with patience he stands waiting, with
exactness grinds he all.

—[*Longfellow.*]

It is said that life at an elevation of 20,000 feet is impossible. Citizens who are in the habit of getting elevated every night must take care not to reach this limit.

Let any man once show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels;
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill let him alone;
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.

—[*Owen Meredith.*]

Martin Luther compared original sin to the beard of a man. "We are shaved to-day and look clean and have a smoother chin; to-morrow our beard has grown again, nor does it cease growing while we remain on earth."

Those of us who have no heap of the kind mentioned see the truth of the saying, "Riches are like muck which smells bad when it's in a heap, but, spread abroad, makes the earth fruitful."

No use talking, the whole world is "mashed" on America. Lord Coleridge says "American women are the most beautiful in the world." Fred Gebhart and the rest of us know what Mrs. Langtry thinks of the men.

Fifty years ago Goethe predicted the building of the Suez canal, and stated that England would take possession of it when it was finished. In one of his novels, Alexander Dumas predicted the construction of the Panama canal.

Flattery is the most delightful thing on earth. It is perfect bliss to be told that you are great and good even when your crimes stare you in the face. There is an old English proverb, "None ever gives the lie to him that praiseth him."

"It is so hard to be a widow!" cried a French lady, who had just lost her husband. "Wednesday is my reception day, and generally I have a great many calls, but yesterday I was compelled to keep my room and weep all the time." "Ah!" was the reply, "don't say anything against widowhood. I myself have just married a widow, and the clothes of the first husband fit me like a glove."

As a personal ornament the spider has gone. His popularity was brief—briefer than his legs, which were seen sprawling over the left shoulder of many a fair dame and damsel armed for the conquest the last year.

There is true philosophy in the following lines:

"There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart."

All the women smoke in Spain. In Italy the like habit is general. In Turkey every woman has her hookah, narghileh and chibouque. There is less lung disease in Turkey than in any other country and the women retain their teeth longer.

There are more wicked things told about mothers-in-law than about any other beings who ever lived. Mr. Walter Parke, in his "Songs of Singularity," puts the naughty feeling of universal mankind into verse in this wise:

He stood on his head on the wild sea shore,
And joy was the cause of the act,
For he felt as he never felt before—
Instantly glad, in fact.

And why? In that vessel that left the bay
His mother-in-law had sailed
To a tropical country far away,
Where tigers and snakes prevailed.

ELEVATED, BUT NOT IN THE RIGHT WAY.

New York Tribune.

The elevator in a tall down-town building had reached the ninth floor, and the boy held the door open for the venerable passenger to get out.

"Top floor, sir," he said.

"Eh?" ejaculated the old man, as if not comprehending clearly.

"This is the top floor, sir, as far as we go. Where did you wish to stop?"

"Why, I got out at One-hundred-and-twenty-first street. You ain't there already, are you?"

Waiting passengers wondered why the elevator did not stop for them on its way down, but that boy hardly got his breath till the old man said to the janitor who showed him the door:

"I thought it was the elevated road."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Daniel Webster, it is known, was poor. He had the power to make money, but not to keep it, for his house was as open as the day to melting charity. His only son, a man of fine intellect and character, but like his parent, of but little wealth, asked of the Taylor administration an office, which no one doubted he was competent to fill. The result is told in the words of Mr. Webster to one of his most intimate friends. The conversation occurred while Taylor was still President :

"If I were to live my life over again with my present experience, I would under no circumstances and from no considerations, allow myself to enter public life. The public is ungrateful. The man who serves the public most faithfully receives no adequate reward. In my own history those acts which have been before God, the most disinterested and the least stained by selfish considerations have been precisely those for which I have been most freely abused. No, no, have nothing to do with politics. Sell your iron, eat the bread of independence, support your family with the rewards of honest toil, do your duty as a private citizen to your country, but let politics alone. It is a hard life, a thankless life. Still I know it has its compensations. There are some green spots, occasional oases, in the life of a public man; otherwise we could not live. The conviction that the great mass of the intelligent and patriotic citizens of your country approve of well-directed efforts to serve them is truly consoling. That confidence on the part of my fellow citizens I think I possess. I have had in the course of my official life, which is not a short one, my full share of ingratitude, but the unkindest cut of all, the shaft that has sunk the deepest into my breast, has been the refusal of this administration to grant my request for an office of small pecuniary consideration to my only son."

He then straightened himself up, and, with conscious dignity, added :

"I have not deserved such treatment. I have served my country too long and

too assiduously to receive such a slight from this administration. However, let us say no more about it; the whole thing is too contemptible to claim from me a moment's thought."

A BAD PASSENGER.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"Fare," said a railway conductor to an old negro.

"Sah?"

"I say, fare."

"Yes, an' we's needin' rain, too."

"I say, I want your ticket or your fare."

"Oh, yer wants money?"

"Yes, hurry up."

"How much does yer want?"

"Where are you going?"

"Sah?"

"How far are you going?"

"Don't know how many miles it is."

"What is the name of the station?"

"Jones' wood yard."

"Fifty cents."

"I ain't got no money."

"Well, what made you get on?"

"'Case I wanted ter ride, but stop de car and I'll get off, fur it 'pears like I ain't welcome heah, nohow. Good day, boss. Dis is de wood yard."

COULDN'T STOP HIM.

A "Model Mother's" Story of How She Came to be so Tender-Hearted.

Arkansaw Traveler.

On a railway train, just behind a plainly dressed, motherly-looking woman, accompanied by a noisy boy, sat two fashionably dressed ladies. The boy was given to asking all kinds of foolish questions and occasionally he would whine like a cub bear and twist himself around and fret.

"If I had hold of him for a momemt I'd blister him till he couldn't stand up," said one of the ladies.

"Here, then," replied the motherly old lady, "you may take hold of him. If you want to slap him, slap him. I haven't the heart to do it."

"Excuse me," faltered the annoyed lady, "I did not think that you could hear my remark."

"Oh, no harm done, for I know that he is enough to annoy any one, and it may seem strange to you that I do not slap him, but I can't. Once I had a little boy that I slapped. Everytime he would ask foolish questions or whine, I'd slap him. I was determined to bring him up rightly, so that he would please everybody. He was the idol of my life, and I did so much want to see him respected. Everybody said that I was a model mother, and that my son would be a great man, and I was so flattered by these remarks that I was even more strict than ever with him. One night, just after I put him to bed, company came, and while we were talking the little fellow awoke, and began to cry. I told him to hush, and when I found that he did not intend to obey me, I went to the bed and spanked him. 'That's what I call discipline,' one of the company remarked, 'and I assure you that in after years you will not regret the strict measures which you have adopted.'

"The next morning my little boy was too sick to get up, and all day he lay in bed. At night I sent for a physician, but before morning he was dead. I don't think that there was a more miserable woman in the world. I took his little boots—boots which a few days before I had whipped him forgetting muddy, and I put them on my bureau. I could not bear to live in the same house where both my husband and little boy had died, and I moved away. One evening while walking along a lonely street, I saw a little boy—a very small boy—standing among some tall weeds. I asked him where he lived, and he plucked a blossom and held it out to me. I asked him where was his mother and father, and with curious intelligence he replied that some big men took them away in boxes. I knew then that he was a waif, and I took him home with me. In the night he cried, and I got up and sat by the fire with him and rocked him. He was very delicate, but he was a light that shone on my withering soul. This is the child, and he's wearing the little boots that I put on the bureau. You may slap him, but I can't."

SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB DESECRATED.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

It is pretty certain that Shakespeare's tomb has been desecrated more than once. Chas. Knight is said to be a witness of the opening of the tomb when the church at Stratford was restored, and congratulated himself on his good fortune in having seen the remains of the bard. Another story is still more painful. In the Monthly Magazine of 1818 there appeared this memorandum: "Notwithstanding the anathema pronounced by the bard on any disturber of his bones, the church wardens were so negligent a few years ago as to suffer the sexton, in digging the adjoining grave of Dr. Davenport, to break a large cavity into the tomb of Shakespeare. Mr.— told the writer that he was excited by curiosity to push his head and shoulders through the cavity, that he saw the remains of the bard, and that he could easily have brought away his skull, but was deterred by the curse which the poet invoked on any one who disturbed his remains." Some such fate as befell the small boy in the Ingoldsby legend, who invaded the sanctum of the mysterious occupant of the cellar, ought to have befallen this rash adventurer. It would not be surprising if, in the event of the tomb being formally opened, the skull of the bard were found to be missing.

AN EARTHQUAKE SUFFERER.

Texas Siftings.

"You want something to eat, do you?" inquired a man of a lame tramp at the back door of his residence.

"Ave you plase, sor,"

"What made you lame."

"It was the earthquake, sor."

"An earthquake!"

"Yis, sor. Ye see, I'm an Italian from the island of Ischia, an' whin the earthquake shuk up the surface av the planet it sprung me knee, and I'm unable to wurk, which the same I'd be plased to do if I was able."

When the bulldog made a rapid exit through the gate, he was preceded by the Italian earthquake sufferer.

AFTERWARD.

O strange, O sad perplexity,
Blind groping through the night,
Faith faintly questions can there be
An afterward of light?

O heavy sorrow, grief and tears,
That all our hopes destroy;
Say, shall there dawn in coming years
An afterward of joy?

Oh hopes that turn to gall and rue,
Sweet fruits that bitter prove;
Is there an afterward of true
And everlasting love?

O weariness, within, without,
Vain longings for release;
Is there no inward fear and doubt
An afterward of peace?

O restless wanderings to and fro,
In vain and fruitless quest;
Where shall we find above, below,
An afterward of rest?

O death, with whom we plead in vain
To stay thy fatal knife;
Is there, beyond the reach of pain,
An afterward of life?

Ah, yes; we know this seeming ill,
When rightly understood,
In God's own time and way fulfill
His afterward of good.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY.

Notable Public Men who Lie in It—The Story of the Princeton's Fatal Gun Explosion.

The Washington correspondent of the Providence Journal, in describing the cemeteries at the National Capital, says: "The Congressional and Oak Hill Cemeteries are the two most thickly populated with those who in their lifetime were of public note. It is in a past-and-gone fashion to be buried in the Congressional, but now and then one whose friends lie there is taken to join them, and occasionally new lots are, I believe, sold. This cemetery is at the Capital Hill end of the city. There are public men, a goodly number, lying here, as for instance: A consecutive two of the earlier Vice Presidents, George Clinton and Elbridge Gerry; William Wirt, Attorney-General; A. A. Upshur, Secretary of State and previously of the Navy, who, with Commander Keenan, Chief of the Bureau of Construction; Secretary of the Navy Gilmer, Virgil Maxey and David Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, N. Y., were killed in

February, 1844, on board the corvette sloop of war Princeton, by the bursting of a gun when near Alexandria on their return trip from an excursion to Mount Vernon. President Tyler, Colonel and Mrs. Tuley of Virginia, and many others on board escaped without injury. President Tyler, the following June, married Miss Julia Gardiner, daughter of one of the victims, who with her sister Margaret, was present at the catastrophe. Judge Wilkins, Secretary of War, it is recorded, was saved by a witicism. He had been standing beside Secretary Gilmer, and perceiving that the gun was about to be fired, exclaimed: "Though Secretary of War, I do not like this firing, and believe I shall run." So saying, he retreated. Mrs. Gilmer sat on deck with a face that grew pale as death, as she saw herself widowed in an instant. Five hundred guests were on board; they had just dined and the toasts were being drunk. Shortly before the explosion, Secretary Upshur had been called on for his toast. He accidentally took up an empty bottle and lightly remarked that "the dead bodies" (the empty bottles) must be cleared away before he could give his toast. By chance another empty bottle was pushed toward him; he repeated his joke, which drew from Captain Stockton, commander of the frigate, the reply that there were plenty of living (bottles) to supply the place of the dead. The President then gave the toast: 'The Princeton and her three guns,' etc. The leading gentlemen then withdrew from the table to make room for others, and within ten minutes Secretary Upshur himself, and four of the participants with him at the banquet, were 'dead bodies.' Five hearses were escorted by Postmaster-General Wickliffe to the executive mansion, where the body of Colonel Gardiner, the father of the President's betrothed wife, remained till the funeral. All this is digression, but it vivifies the names on those grim headstones wonderfully to connect them with scenes of warm blooded, real life.

"Colonel Tobias Lear, private Secretary and friend of Washington, who com-

mitted suicide here in 1816, is also buried in the Congressional Cemetery, as are Major-Generals Macomb and Jacob Brown, each of whom, in his day, was Commander-in-Chief of the army. The Wainwright family; Alexander Dallas Bache, founder of the post survey service; Surgeon-General Joseph Lovel, U. S. A.; gallant Midshipman Frederick Rogers, who was drowned at Norfolk in 1828, while trying to save his comrades in life and death, Midshipmen Slidell and Harrison; Pus-ma-ta-ha, a Choctaw Chief, the white man's friend; Secretary of state Forsyth, and a number of young lady operatives at the arsenal at the time of the explosion during the war, who lie in one tomb, are among others interesting to note in this cemetery."

DIVIDING HAPPINESS.

Texas Siftings.

"My dear," said the aunt of a young widow to her niece, one day, "is that your husband's portrait on the wall?"

"Yes, auntie."

"How blissfully happy, and what a heaven on earth must have been his life below," simpered the aunt.

"Ah, yes," said the widow, "but we divided the thing up, so that when he became blissful in heaven, I became happy on earth."

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind hearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows to a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough going, straight forward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions always impress them. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in the thousand other ways that speak through bright scenes, soft utterance and pretty pictures, so will they grow. Teach your children then to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encourage them to put in shape the hanging baskets, allow them to have their favorite trees,

lead them to wander in the prettiest wood lots, show them where they can best view the sunset, rouse them in the morning, but with the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sunrise," buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms, each in his or her childish way. The instinct is in them. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your homes beautiful.

NOT HER HUSBAND.

New York Tribune.

In one of the double seats of a Sixth avenue elevated car yesterday evening, an elegantly dressed young man sat sideways with his face to the window and his back considerably beyond the middle of the seat. Squeezed between him and the arm was a young woman. An old gentleman came in and sat down opposite. He reviewed the situation, and then, leaning over to the young lady, touched her on the arm. As she looked up he nodded toward the man by her side, and queried: "Husband?"

The young man looked up and blushed. The young lady replied scornfully:

"No, sir."

"Eh? No? Well, I would surely have thought so."

Then the young man straightened up and gave the lady a full half of the seat for the remainder of the trip.

THE GERMAN WATCH TRADE.

Chicago Tribune.

The clock and watch trade of Berlin has grown to enormous proportions in recent years, and in some of its departments the German capital bids fair to lead the world. A very large business is done in curious time-pieces designed to gratify capricious and whimsical tastes—in watches set in coins, ivory, gutta-percha, etc., and in clock cases carved in fantastic shapes. For instance, one can buy a clock in the form of a dog, the face appearing among the ribs of the animal, whose tail serves as a pendulum, while his red tongue slides in and out at every tic-tac.

THE TRUE LOVER.

Do you ask me, Starry Eyes,
 To describe the lover.
 Wonder not at my surprise—
 Who should know as well as you?
 Think of all that you have seen,
 All the lovers that have been;
 He is true whose love is shown
 For her sake, and not his own.
 What he does, he does alone;
 Yet he hopes it wins her thought;
 All that in his soul has grown
 To her sovereign feet is brought;
 To his soul her image clings,
 And seems woven in all things,
 And each thought that in him stirs
 Is not for his sake, but for hers.
 For her sake he will endure,
 For her self will sacrifice;
 Bravely bearing, her love sure,
 Censure, slander, scorn, advice.
 If another wins her heart,
 Sadly he will from her part;
 Sadly, bravely, true love is
 For her sake and not for his.
 This is the true lover sweet—
 Love as ever I am true;
 For my love is ever complete,
 Perfect since it comes from you,
 Darling, yet 'tis not true—no!
 For I would not let you go;
 I must keep you where you've grown,
 For my sake and not your own.
 For your own, because I love
 More than any other can;
 More than ever love could move
 Heart of any former man.
 Look at me, and then agree
 None have ever loved like me;
 For whatever I may do
 Is because I live in you.
 Kiss, and so shut speech away;
 When old age our life has spent
 'Twill be time enough to say
 What is love in argument.
 For the present all stars shine;
 You are here and you are mine,
 Love makes light, and song, and flowers,
 For whose sake? Dear love, for ours.

—F. W. Loring.

INGERSOLL ON NAPOLEON.

"A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide.

I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tri-color in his hand. I saw him at Egypt, in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster, driven by a million bayonets upon Paris, clutched like a wild beast, banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea. I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut, with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as "Napoleon the Great."

TO STOP TRAIN-WRECKING.

Governor Ireland, of Texas, tells the people to shoot train-wreckers on the spot. He makes a standing reward of \$500 for every train-wrecker caught. The Governor of Texas doesn't wish to raise any family of James boys on his ranch, and he is right.

OLD BALDY POISONED.

General Meade's Famous War-Horse Quietly Freed from His Infirmities.

Philadelphia Special.

"Old Baldy," the famous war-horse of the late General Meade, has been put to death by poison, near the old Abington Meeting House. He was poisoned by reason of his old age and infirmities. General Meade often occupied during the summer months a house just outside Jenkintown, and his old war-horse was always stabled there. One day a groom took the horse to Davis's forge to be shod. The blacksmith's daughter's hearing of the distinguished visitor to the smithy, deftly twined a garland of flowers for the war-horse, and decorated with the wreath he returned to the General's home. When General Meade returned to the city he sought a home for his favorite charger, and as Davis had said he would be proud to take care of Baldy if ever his master parted with him, the old horse found a new home at Abington. He lived to be more than thirty years old. Old Baldy was originally the property of General Baker, who rode him in the engagement at Drainsville, Va., and in the first battle of Bull Run. General Meade bought him for \$150 at Washington, and rode him on two days of the seven days' battle that begun at Mechanicsville. He carried the General in the second battle of Bull Run and received a bullet in the near hind leg. At Antietam he again carried his master in the fight until wounded in the neck. The General dismounted and left his charger, as he thought, dead upon the field. Later on, however, the horse was found by Meade's body servant quietly browsing on the field of battle. At Gettysburg both Baldy and his rider were wounded.

DELIGHTS OF TRAVEL IN THE WEST.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"We have struck smoother road, haven't we?" asked a passenger of a conductor on an Arkansas railway. "No," replied the conductor, "we have only run off the track."

RATTLING OVER THE RAILS.

Some Interesting Facts and Information Concerning High Speed on Railways.

Science in a recent issue editorially remarks: While there can be no doubt that as regards cheapness and rapidity of construction, general excellence of bridges, locomotives and cars the railways of this country are ahead of the rest of the world, the signaling arrangements here, with few exceptions, are rudimentary and inefficient, and render fast traveling a matter of considerable difficulty, if not danger. It is impossible to run a really fast express train if the signals are ambiguous, and if every level crossing is made a compulsory stopping-place. The saving in time by fast trains can only be fully felt in a great country where very long journeys are not only possible, but are frequently undertaken; but hitherto this fact has been little appreciated, and people have been content to travel at a slow speed, and put up with frequent stoppages, because the railways are new, the rails roughly laid, and many bridges unsafe at a high speed. But of late years these conditions have been materially changed. The wide-spread use of steel rails, the greater care bestowed on the road-bed, and the introduction of iron bridges of first-class workmanship, have made high speed perfectly safe and easy on most parts of good roads in the Eastern and middle States; but it is rendered unsafe where switches are so arranged that they may be left open to an approaching train without any signal warning the engineer; or the signals are so formed that the difference to the eye between a clear or all-right signal, and a danger or stop signal, is slight in snowy weather, or under atmospheric conditions which render the difference between colors imperceptible, though a difference in form may be perceived.

The real gain of time to a business man obtained by a difference of a few miles an hour in the speed of a long journey train is illustrated by an actual case: A man in New York wishes to do a day's work in Chicago. He takes one of the fastest and best-appointed trains he can find—

the Chicago limited. It leaves New York at 9 A. M., and lands him at Chicago at 11 the next morning, having accomplished 914 miles in 26 hours and 55 minutes, allowing for the difference of the time between the two cities. This makes an average speed of 33.8 miles per hour, including all stoppages. But assume, what is surely not extravagant, that as high a speed can be obtained on the Pennsylvania or any other first-class American road as on an English main line, and what shape does the problem assume? On the English road, the Great Northern, the distance between Leeds and London (186½ miles) is done in 3 hours 45 minutes including five stoppages; on another, the Great Western, the 126½ miles between Birmingham and London is run in 2 hours 45 minutes, including two stoppages, and as neither of these routes is particularly level or straight, and both pass through numerous junctions with a perfect maze of switches and frogs, they give a full idea of what is possible in speed on the railroads of the country. These figures give respectively, a speed of 49.8 and 47.2 miles per hour. Taking as a fair average 48 miles an hour, including stoppages, the journey from New York to Chicago should be done in 18 hours 59 minutes, or, say 19 hours, a saving of 7 hours 55 minutes on the present time; so that, if the train was arranged to leave at 4:55 in the afternoon, instead of 9 o'clock in the forenoon, the whole of this time would be saved in the busy part of the day; effectually adding a day to our imaginary traveler's business and dollar-making life.

It may be thought that such a deduction is unfair, as the English style of car is so much lighter than the American; but, as a matter of fact, the average English express car is considerably heavier than the Chicago limited, and conveys about three times the number of passengers; and, as trucks and oil-lubricated axle-boxes are not yet universal there, the tractive resistance per ton is probably higher. It certainly, therefore, seems not only possible, but feasible, to obtain these high speeds in this country, where, owing

to the long distances to be traveled, they are more valuable than in England; and the great step toward attaining that end is the adoption of proper and efficient signaling arrangements. All the other steps are achieved; the American passenger locomotive of the present day is perfectly competent to drag a heavy train at a speed of 60 miles an hour; the cars, as now constructed, can travel safely and smoothly at that speed; and the steel rail and the well-ballasted tie and perfect workmanship of the modern iron bridge, can well support the thundering concussion of an express train at full speed. But this speed can only be maintained for a few miles at a time if the engineer who guides this train be doubtful whether the dimly seen signals imply safety or danger, or if the laws of the State bring him to a full stand where his road is crossed by a small corporation with a high-sounding title, which owns one locomotive with a split tubesheet and two cars down a ditch.

To run a fast train, a clear, uninterrupted road is absolutely necessary; and the reason is not far to seek. To move a body from a state of rest to a velocity of 60 miles an hour, or 88 feet per second, an amount of work must be performed equivalent to lifting that body 121 feet. Now, it is apparent to the simplest capacity that it requires a pretty powerful engine to overcome the resistance of a train running at 60 miles per hour without every few miles putting on brakes to destroy the velocity, and then to lift it 121 feet again to attain speed, the resistance of the air and the friction of bearings on journals and flanges against rails going on all the time. As a matter of fact, showing what severe work this is on an engine, the Zulu express on the Great Western Railway of England, which is the fastest train in the world, has been repeatedly carefully timed, and it is found, though running over an almost absolutely level and straight road, it takes a distance of 26 to 28 miles to attain its full speed, about 58½ miles an hour.

THERE are 1,400,000,000 people upon the earth at the present time.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE MIDNIGHT CHASE.

Cold wintry winds around my home, in tempests strong are blowing;
 The shades of night are falling fast, while I sit in the gloaming,
 Thinking of the days gone by, and of old faces, too,
 Some that are gone; some who remain, to cheer Old Threlig Rhue.
 The fire is burning brightly, casting shadows on the wall;
 Few and short the hours that's left me, till I hear the watchman call;
 So boys come here and listen by the fire-light's dancing rays,
 And aid me Muse while I relate a tale of other days.

One summer's night in Auld Lang Syne, the moon was shining clear,
 When to the round-house came Old Mike, a veteran engineer,
 To take a string of wagons on the road to Collingwood,
 With his noble horse, Old Twenty-eight, an engine staunch and good;
 The courage and good judgment of Old Mike had oft been tested;
 The lightning speed of Twenty-eight on the road was never bested.
 Her every throb and sharp quick beat, to him was not unknown,
 And he had grown to love her as though she were his own.

Another train on that same night to follow Mike was booked;
 The destination was the same; number Seventeen was hooked
 On to the front to pull it there, and without further parley,
 I'll tell the throttle-puller's name, he was known as Flying Charley
 By the brakemen and conductors, who for his fast trips loved him dear,
 For they seldom had to work the rule, "Protect your train in rear;"
 And Seventeen, his engine true, on the hills was ne'er found doubling,
 In truth she had full strength enough for the rocky road to Dublin.

Old Mike was in the yard delayed by the late incoming mail;
 Long for such chance had Charley sighed to chase old Michael's tail;
 The trains are standing side by side, they number wagon for wagon,
 When Charley shouted o'er to Mike, "Let out that damned old dragon
 And don't be in Old Seventeen's road, for she is after you,
 And though she's in the breeching strong, she's apt to run you through."
 All this was said with naught in view, but Mike to tantalize,
 For 'twas well known that he would fly, when his dander it did rise.

The hissing steam prevented Mike from hearing what was said;
 Repeated o'er it was by Buck, who had long the furnace fed;
 By no means a great beauty, yet he was a stoker good,
 And loved by the boys who, in those days, did handle blocks of wood.
 "By Jiminy king!" quoth Mike, and his eyes shone thro' the dark,
 "If he thinks to overtake me, he must make that kettle bark."
 The mail has passed them in the yard, his order reads line clear,
 So out upon the main line, Old Mike his course did steer.

Long list'ed we that night to hear Mike's engine bark like thunder;
 And seemed to us as tho' she'd tear the elements asunder;
 And long as she in vision stayed she carried a white feather.
 Quoth old Scotch Bob, "That lad of Mike's can gaily trip the heather."
 The van lights of Old Michael's train, scarce disappeared from view
 Around the curve, short distance off, when Charley started too;
 And now the chase has fair begun, o'er mountain, hill and hollow,
 To see it out and the issue tell, in spirit I will follow.

"Don't fear for me, Jem," he replied, "I can do that same up brown,
That gauge bids you defiance, you cannot knock its finger down."
Down thro' that vale she traveled fast, like lightning through the station,
(Jem afterwards admitted to a creeping dull sensation
Among the roots of his dark hair), so fearful was the swing,
Scarce felt she that long grade which here doth stretch away to King.
Down thro' the hollow around Springhill and Chesley's she flew,
And down the grade to Aurora, but no Michael was in view.

Old Seventeen worked quick and strong, those wagons they did roll ;
For she was ably handled, there was brains 'neath Charley's poll.
He's going to sight old Mike he thinks, at Thornhill taking wood,
And chuckles to himself and smiles, the thought has done him good.
Past York switch his engine flies, he looks down through the valve,
To where green lights at Thornhill lay, but no sign of Michael's tail.
He has not stopped, cried Charley : to Aurora he's gone for wood,
So keep her good and hot my by, for we can do as good.

"The devil !" muttered Charley, "where has old Michael gone?"
He got down and oiled his engine while the wood was loaded on :
Determination was depicted, strong on his swarthy face,
He is not that class of creature who give up at half the race.
His tender is piled high with wood, his tank with water full ;
He lays her in the corner and did the throttle open pull.
Like a startled deer that engine bounds, her bark is clear and loud ;
And soon behind the tail end, dust raises like a cloud.

On thro' Newmarket fast she went, still faster thro' the landing,
The curves are sharp, and she careened, on his head Jem came near standing.
Now on the straight to Bradford, and o'er the bridge did thunder ;
Those two straight lines the moon makes bright, like lightning spinning under.
Past Scanlons, Gilford and Lefroy, now Craigvale she has passed,
And down the hill to Allandale ; Charley stood aghast.
He pulled his hair, and bit his lip, to see if he were dreaming,
For the green switch lights of Allandale, alone are on him beaming.

His only chance to catch Old Mike, is o'er at Sunnysdale ;
Fast he does run to make that point. 'Twas all of no avail ;
Nor sighted he Old Michael's train until in Collingwood,
His train did halt, Old Twenty-eight, there on a siding stood
Coupled to a train of grain, that for Toronto was billed through ;
A few hours hence he'll leave for there, with a flag on No. Two.
Yes, there she stood so proudly, the moonlight on her pouring ;
Old Mike and Buck are in the cab, both sound asleep and snoring.

Not for a moment would I rhyme to that dull stupid elf
Who, reading o'er this tale of mine, cannot picture to himself
How on the road that famous night, old Twenty-eight did fly ;
How Mike her movements guarded with a proud and steadfast eye.
Let Charley's fate, a warning be, to those young engineers,
Whose great conceit, is to compete with those men of former years.
And now good night, my tale is done, and I am sleepy, too ;
But don't forget this warning from, your faithful,

— *Threlig Rhue*

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EUGENE V. DEBS EDITOR
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.
WM. F. HYNES ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COLORADO.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

A BROTHERHOOD OF BRAVES.

The Firemen's Magazine is devoted to the interests of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. It is the organ of the Order.

"The hand that rounded Peter's Dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome"
Had a less important mission. The province of the Firemen's Magazine is to build character, applaud courage, honor fidelity to high resolves, eulogize every manly virtue and bind into closer relations a Brotherhood of benevolence, of which every member should be a living illustration of heroism. We have no disposition to see our noble Order represented in the glare of pyrotechnics, artificial luminosity. We do not desire to shine by reflected light. The principles upon which our Brotherhood is established are immutable. We know our men, their courage, their fidelity, their devotion to truth and duty—a grand army, whose shibboleth motto is, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." This Magazine but performs a duty, scarcely less than sacred, when it chronicles incidents in

the performance of firemen's duties deserving of monumental marble. With fair winds and tides, smooth seas and cloudless skies, almost any one can navigate a ship and find the destined port. But in the grasp of a cyclone, on a rock-bound coast, when the storm god marshals his forces and fashions the ocean into mountains and caves, and the roar of the white plumed billows sounds like a knell, then brave men must be at the helm. In such supreme moments faint hearts must take a back seat. The problems to be solved are beyond their grasp. The figure is illustrative. It brings into vivid prominence the hour of peril—times when only stout hearts are equal to the emergency. What is true of the mariner is supremely true of the locomotive engineer and fireman. No dangers of the deep are more terrible in their aspects than are those which often confront the locomotive men on the rail, nor, indeed, as frightful and blood-curdling. With the sailor hope lingers while there is a plank afloat, and disappears only when the death gurgle is in the throat, and even then, to those who read the account, genius comes to the rescue, and we think of the departed as being in "the gardens" of coral, where the "flower of the rock" and "the gems of the billows" make their sleep delectable. Not so with the dead of a railroad disaster. No poet has ever come to deck with flowers of fancy the mangled forms of the dead in a railroad wreck. There is no melody in a moan. The ghastly remains, crushed, bleeding, unsightly, are harrowing to the last degree. Amidst such scenes imagination folds its wings and fancy sits dumb. And yet it is such spectacles of horror that locomotive firemen are ceaselessly in danger of witnessing. To prevent them

requires sleepless vigilance, and when they are in sight only the truest and bravest souls are equal to the emergency. In this connection, and because the circumstance is of recent date, we reproduce from the Minneapolis Journal of the 17th of December last an account of an act of heroism worthy of all praise. The Journal says:

"The Manitoba down train on the Fergus Falls Division, F. Wakefield, conductor, due here at 6:25, met with an accident which caused a delay of three hours. No one was injured, but the escape from a frightful wreck was miraculous, and is due solely to the bravery of Engineer F. W. Dyer, who saved the train when it was within six feet of a downward plunge to the Mississippi River, and thereby doubtless saved the lives of scores of people. The accident was caused by a broken rail, and occurred at the bridge across the west channel of the river in this city, as the train was leaving for St. Paul. The engine and baggage car were derailed, and ran along for some distance before being stopped. The engineer and fireman both remained at their posts and succeeded in bringing the engine to a halt on the brink of the river. One of the abutments of the bridge was somewhat damaged, and the flag shanty and the flagman narrowly escaped being struck. The engineer and fireman are deserving of great credit for remaining on the engine, as had they jumped the entire train would probably have gone into the river."

The foregoing is only one of a thousand occasions where locomotive engineers and fireman have, by their courage, saved the lives of travelers, and property from ruin. It requires no stretch of fancy to picture F. W. Dyer in that moment of peril. As quick as thought he massed all the resources at his command and stopped the train within six feet of the fatal plunge, and the fireman, also equal to the emergency, refused to leave his post. We notice the account says that by the heroic act of the engineer scores of lives were saved. We assume there were not less

than one hundred persons on the train. That number will answer the purpose of our argument. But for F. W. Dyer's courage, quick perceptions, faithfulness to trusts, we assume fifty persons would have been killed outright. It will not be regarded as an exaggeration to estimate the maimed not killed at twenty-five and that the remainder escaped. Such are the probable consequences of what must have appeared, for a moment, as an inevitable calamity, but which was averted by the bravery, skill and fidelity of the engineer. F. W. Dyer is a member of our Brotherhood and has a right to speak for the Order, to voice its sentiments and recite its purposes. This he has done by his heroism. In all the wealth of rhetorical figures, no sounding periods could equal in eloquence the deed of F. W. Dyer on his engine when within six feet of a fatal plunge into the Mississippi River. After the plunge, what? Broken limbs, mangled forms, cries for help, pangs unutterable, the struggle, death. F. W. Dyer and his comrade fireman could have jumped and permitted the plunge. Not so. Faithful to the last, looking death sternly in the face, they resolved to take the chances, and, if need be, die at their posts. Such deeds of devotion to duty, such exhibitions of fearless fidelity, become landmarks along the track of our Brotherhood's progressive march. They are examples which dignify and glorify manhood, and their influence, while it cannot fail to bring new worshippers to our shrines, will solidify and unify the membership of our Order and add indefinitely to its usefulness. It will be understood that our purpose is not to institute invidious comparisons. In speaking of the deeds of our brethren, we do but elevate the Order. We are glad, as the days come and go, that disasters are

not reported. We would have the members of our beloved Brotherhood escape calamities, and die at last of old age, amidst benedictions of affection. In chronicling deeds of lofty courage, self-sacrificing devotion to duty, we weave chaplets of fame for the brow of every man within the charmed circle of our Fraternity, and assume that what one man can do, or has done, in times of peril, all can do and would do under similar circumstances.

The readers of this Magazine will remember that in our May number, 1883, we gave an account of the Tchachapi calamity in California, with such reflections as seemed warranted, and in our August number brought into deserved prominence Bro. E. L. Newbro, an engineer, whose courage and presence of mind saved two passenger coaches from wreck and a large number of people from a terrible death. We could not paint a more vivid picture of the event than appeared in our August number, and we mention the subject at this writing for the simple purpose of emphasizing what we have written in honor of the courage of our brethren when death, in its most frightful forms, challenges to the combat our comrades. In this connection we are constrained to place upon record the name of John Savage, of Boston Lodge No. 57, whose exploit in saving a train last summer on the Eastern Railroad at Beverly Mass., received, as it deserved, the highest commendation. It was another instance of pluck, daring and fidelity which words feebly express. Such things brighten the record of our Brotherhood. They lift it to sublime altitudes and are more priceless than diadem decorations.

Turning from such reflections we may prudently inquire what of their influence

and value in the council chambers of railroad magnates, where Presidents and directors deliberate? We know what it ought to be. Railroad corporations have no more devoted friends than the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. We do not care to discuss the proposition that corporations are destitute of what is called a "soul." It is neither pleasurable nor profitable to debate about "soulless corporations." We know the men at the head of railroad corporations have souls—some of them large souls, generous natures, who are ready and willing to award praise when fairly earned. We address our inquiries to them. What is their estimate of locomotive firemen who dare peril all they have to save a railroad train? What is the standard by which they measure the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which has for its supreme purpose the development of those traits of character which quicken sensibilities and develop an industrial nobility? We have recited incidents in which locomotive firemen members of our Brotherhood, by their fidelity to obligations, saved lives and property. In this branch of our argument we dismiss all humanitarian reflections. We make no reference to coffins and winding sheets; we deal in cold and gold facts. It is said Bro. Dyer saved "scores of lives." We have placed the number at fifty. Fifty lives means to a railroad corporation about \$250,000. The maimed are usually able to secure as much as the relatives of the dead. We estimate that Bro. Dyer saved twenty-five from the fate of cripples. Here, then, is \$125,000 more. We assume that the courage of Bro. Newbro in the Tchachapi disaster was equally profitable to the railroad corporation, and that Bro. Savage was quite as successful on the

Eastern Railroad at Beverly, Mass. If our estimate is judicious, then we have a sum total of savings to three railroads, as the result of the courage and fidelity of locomotive firemen, amounting to \$1,125,000 in the item of human lives alone. Sentiment may go astray. The imagination may be too fervid, but figures love the truth. We submit ours to the candid reflection of railroad officials. We do this to make assurance doubly sure, that railroad officials have no firmer friends than the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

CONDUCTORS' MONTHLY.

We have on our table No. 1, Volume 1, of the Railway Conductors' Monthly, published at Elmira, New York. This new candidate for usefulness and fame in the inviting field of journalistic and fraternal literature is under the editorial control of Mr. C. S. Wheaton, who is the Grand Chief Conductor of the Brotherhood, assisted by Mr. S. H. Defries, who is Assistant Grand Chief Conductor of the Order. The Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Order, Mr. W. P. Daniels, is also business manager of the Monthly. The official personnel of the Order is as follows:

Grand Chief Conductor—C. S. Wheaton, Elmira, N. Y.

Assistant Grand Chief Conductor—S. H. Defries, Toronto, Canada.

Grand Secretary and Treasurer—W. P. Daniels, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Grand Senior Conductor—James Laughlin, Kansas City, Mo.

Grand Junior Conductor—E. H. Belknap, Galesburg, Illinois.

Grand Inside Sentinel—L. P. Martin, St. Louis, Missouri.

Grand Outside Sentinel—J. D. Hamilton, Stratford, Ontario.

We would be forgetful of ten thousand courtesies bestowed by Railway Conductors upon Locomotive Firemen if we did less than welcome, with right royal good will, the Railway Conductors' Monthly to our sanctum and to journalistic comradeship. We should be unfaithful to friendships, as true as ever sent warmth to the heart, a glow to the cheek, a sparkle to the eye, or tightened the grasp of a brother's hand, if we did less than to extend to Brothers Wheaton and Daniels, on this occasion, the right hand of fellowship, and wish their Monthly sunny skies, fair winds and tides, and the largest measure of success. We have more than glanced through No. 1 of the Railway Conductors' Monthly. We have read with special satisfaction Brother Wheaton's salutatory. It breathes the right spirit. It has the right ring. The editor is not unmindful of difficulties which lie in the pathway of journalism, but he intimates that where there is a will there is a way, and at the head of a noble enterprise, established to subserve worthy and exalted aims in the interest of a body of men who are the peers of any other association on the continent, he pushes out into the stream with a courage worthy of a veteran, and if he ever strikes his flag it will be only on a Waterloo battlefield where Napoleons surrender. He has with him, to stand by him, a business manager who will see to it that the editor has assistance and sympathy, and the two, standing together on the watch towers of the Order, will have around them a body of men who know how to conduct the train and bring it monthly into station and depot on time and in a condition to reflect credit upon all concerned.

We were not unadvised of the purposes

of the Order of Railway Conductors before their Monthly made its appearance. We knew it was designed to promote the welfare of its individual members, and thereby be of incalculable benefit to railway owners. And the following preamble and resolutions, which formed a part of the proceedings of the last annual convocation of the Order, justifies our high estimate:

WHEREAS, It is an established fact that the use of intoxicating liquors among railway conductors and other employes is a great evil and a serious drawback to them, and wherever it touches it leaves a stain; and

WHEREAS, All railway officers look with suspicion on any of their employes who use it in any form, and we know that the use of strong drinks has been the cause of the downfall of many a worthy railroad man, who was, in every way, an honor to his profession; and

WHEREAS, We also believe there are numerous instances, but for this pernicious and fatal habit, many would have been promoted to higher and more responsible positions; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the Grand Officers and Representatives of the Order of Railway Conductors, in Grand Division assembled, do hereby pledge ourselves, and so record our votes, to exert all honorable means to discourage its use among conductors, and our associate employes, either on duty or in the transaction of the business of our Order.

With such sentiments the Firemen's Magazine is in full accord. Wherever there is a railway train in motion, in America, Canada or Mexico, there will be found a conductor, an engineer and a fireman, a trinity of railwaymen working together in the bonds of faith, hope and charity, each seeking the safety of his comrades and watchful of the important interests confided to them. We again extend to Brothers Wheaton and Daniels and their associates, the right hand of fellowship, wishing all health, happiness

and prosperity, and their noble enterprise, the Conductors' Monthly, a prosperous career.

BRAKEMEN'S BROTHERHOOD.

The brakemen have followed the example of other employes of the railway service by organizing themselves into a Brotherhood. Their headquarters are at Oneonta, N. Y., and among their members are some of the best men centering at that point. Their Grand Officers are as follows: C. J. Woodworth, Grand Master; Jas. Grimes, Vice Grand Master; U. C. Osterhout, Grand Secretary, and J. M. White, Grand Treasurer. The organization is known as the "Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen," and its motto is "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." We have had some correspondence with the Grand Officers and find them to be earnest and active in their work. They seem to understand the principles of organization and are determined to solve the problem of success. It requires only a cursory glance at their objects to convince us that they are worthy of approval. They are organized for good purposes—for their moral elevation and the improvement of their condition generally. Benevolence is one of their principal objects, and what class of men stands in more immediate need of mutual charity than railroad brakemen? Their lives and limbs are in constant danger and they know not how soon disaster may overtake them and cut them down or leave them maimed and helpless to the end of their days. They should have the benefits of organized charity, not for themselves alone, but also for the loved ones that are dependent upon them. By all means let them organize. We will all unite—conductors, engineers and firemen—to give them a helping hand.

SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

The series of social gatherings that is being conducted under the joint management of the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers

and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen bears testimony to the kindly feeling that exists among the "Knights of the Punch, Throttle and Scoop." We are glad to see this commingling of a class of men who follow such a dangerous calling and whose interests are so closely identified, and we shall do all in our power, at all times and upon all occasions, to encourage and strengthen the movement to the end that the worthiness of these organizations may become known to the world.

GRAND MASTER ARNOLD.

We take great pleasure in announcing that Grand Master Arnold has removed from Columbus to Terre Haute and that hereafter he will give his whole time and attention to the Brotherhood. This change was necessary, from the fact that the Order has grown so rapidly that an increased capacity was required in the office of the Grand Lodge. All the officers of the Grand Lodge, except the Vice Grand Master, are now located at Terre Haute. A new office has been furnished as a Brotherhood headquarters, and we are now prepared to do full justice to the work. The change of Grand Master Arnold will prove beneficial to the Order in many ways, as now the Grand Officers will have the advantage of an active co-operation in the discharge of their duties.

LAST YEAR'S PRIZE.

The prize offered last year to the Lodge securing the largest number of subscribers to the Magazine consisted of an elegant set of regalias. The contest was a severe one, in which Rose City Lodge No. 45 and Garden City Lodge No. 50 took the lead. There always has been a struggle between Little Rock and Chicago for supremacy on the Magazine question, and the prizes have almost invariably gone to one or the other. This year the contest was waged with the usual earnestness, and after a hard struggle Rose City Lodge No. 45 captured the regalias. H. H. Lindenberger led the Rose City boys and J. J. Hannahan had charge of the Chicago boys. The former secured 453

subscribers and the latter 377. The contest was a very friendly one, and when Hannahan found that he was beaten he said: "The Little Rock boys made a good fight—they deserve the prize and I congratulate them upon their victory." Both these Lodges are entitled to great credit for their faithful work. In the contest just closed they had less ambition to gain the prize than to serve the cause. Many other Lodges did their whole duty and we have a full appreciation of their work. The regalias are being made by M. C. Davis, of Indianapolis, and will be as handsome as art can make them.

This year a variety of prizes will be offered, and we hope to see all Lodges enter into a friendly competition for them.

AN ELEGANT HALL.

The conductors, engineers and firemen of the three respective Orders have just furnished an elegant hall at Terre Haute, Ind. It is a Brotherhood headquarters of which any Order might be proud. The floor is carpeted with the finest brussels, the walls are handsomely papered and the furniture is of the finest quality. The hall presents a most inviting appearance and does honor to those who occupy it. One peculiar feature about the affair is that it was furnished absolutely free of charge to the Brotherhoods. A joint committee of the three Orders was appointed, a ball was given, \$500 were netted, and the proceeds were invested in a hall. We hold up this action of the Terre Haute divisions as worthy of emulation. The three Brotherhoods should work together in harmony and good will; they are practically engaged in the same cause, and as they embrace the same class of men nothing seems more natural than that they should be united in their work. Let the three Orders join hands and establish a headquarters in every city on the continent. The best results are sure to follow. At Terre Haute the conductors, engineers and firemen meet on the basis of equality—they are as one man, and we want to see it so everywhere. We want to see it so that every engineer is a friend

to every fireman and that every conductor is a friend to them both. Let there be a unity of action all along the line.

ONWARD.

Season succeeds season, year follows year, and as time rolls on so does the Brotherhood. When the light of 1884 dawned upon us, it disclosed to the world an organization of nine thousand locomotive enginemen of the United States and Canada, all pledged to the ennobling principles of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry."

UPWARD.

By hard work and close application the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has arisen from poverty and nothingness to a high standing among the best benevolent organizations of the country. It is now a power in the land and its influence is felt as far as a railroad extends. But we have not yet reached the goal of perfection—the year 1884 opens with grander opportunities than were ever known before and we must not fail to take advantage of them. Upward must be our course as long as charity is counted among the virtues of mankind.

GOOD FEELINGS.

It is with real pleasure that we observe the good feeling and thorough understanding existing between the officers and employees of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Our members speak in the highest terms of Mr. R. B. Cable, General Superintendent; Mr. N. W. Sample, General Superintendent of Machinery, and Mr. W. W. Borst, Division Superintendent. They speak of them not only with reference to their eminent competency in their respective departments, but as true gentlemen without a particle of the "modern varnish."

"SHE neglected herself, never heeding nor thinking,
While the blossom and bloom of her beauty
was sinking,
That sorrow can beautify only the heart,
Not the face of a woman."

—From *Lucille*.

Woman's Department

FOR THE COMING YEAR.

There is something about New Years' particularly favorable to good resolutions. On that day we are impelled to call up all our bad habits, marshal them in a line before us, select the worst and make war upon it. We have a feeling that if this resolve were made on any other than New Year's Day it would not be of so much force. Having made it and clinched it with an iron-clad oath, the first thing we do is to tell all our friends about it. If they, like ourselves, are also struggling with a resolution, we have a most cordial fellow-feeling for them. If, on the contrary, they had not the nerve to swear off, we view them with a lofty pity tinged with contempt. We step around with a sublime consciousness of virtue, a distinct I-am-holier-than-thou expression upon our face, and we feel as strong as Samson. This is the first stage and lasts from one week to six months.

The second stage presents an entire change of scene. We break our resolution. Then, if we are a man, we utter another oath. We shun our acquaintances and evade their questions. We are humbled, crestfallen, bored. In a spirit of recklessness we resume the old habit and declare another resolution which is, that we will make no further effort to reform.

This is the story of every New Year and, if it proves that man is weak, it also proves that he is conscious of this weakness and struggles against it.

There is one particular thing which every man, woman and child should firmly resolve upon and that is to *save some money* during the coming year. If, in order to do this, you have to give up drinking or smoking or the theatre or a new dress or a coveted toy, give them up and lay aside the money. Money makes itself if you only give it a start and the sooner you do this the more you will have when that inevitable day comes, on which you sorely need it. There is no sight to be more deplored than that of a strong, healthy young man with a fine position and good wages, taking no thought of the morrow, spending all he makes and trusting to luck to carry him safely through the world. It seems to be a matter of pride with a great many railroad men to have a pocket full of money for two weeks after pay day and none at all for two weeks before. If misfortune comes, and it is always hovering over men in this business, he may be compelled to take a subordinate

position with small wages, or perhaps have none at all, and his opportunity for laying up money is gone.

There is nothing sadder than to see a man growing old, his powers declining and nothing between him and poverty but his daily toil. If men and women work faithfully while they are young they certainly seem to have earned the right to rest when old age comes on; and so they may if they have managed well and laid aside something each year. When they look back over the long years, how small do the sacrifices seem compared to the competency, already secured, that is to make them comfortable and independent when they can no longer work.

There are many excellent ways of investing small sums of money, among the best of which are the Building and Loan Associations. Here is an almost perfectly safe investment which will enable every poor man to build a home for less than his rent, and yet he pays out thousands of dollars for rent and then dies and leaves his family without a home. I know a young railroad man who is getting eighty-five dollars a month and had partly paid up his assessments in an association of this kind, but he became tired of laying aside five dollars every month and sold out his share to a girl who is working for three dollars a week. She had already saved enough to buy a lot and next spring will build a house which will rent for ten or twelve dollars a month. The young man is still receiving \$800 a year and spending it all, simply to have a good time.

If a man cannot trust himself to save five or ten dollars a month, let him give this sum of money to his wife or mother and you may depend upon it she will take care of it for him, for, whatever may be said to the contrary, women are more economical than men. Of course there is, occasionally, an extravagant woman, but, almost without exception, it is one who is kept in ignorance of her husband's affairs and believes his income to be greater than it really is.

A man can make no more serious mistake than to refuse to tell his wife precisely the condition of his business. Of all persons in the world she most needs to understand it. Let any man go to his wife and say frankly, "My income is exactly so much. Can we live on that and save a little every month?" and, such is my confidence in the good sense and economical management of the average woman, I do not hesitate to say that he will be surprised at the wisdom with which she expends that money and the amount she is able to save. But where the money is handed out to her only when it cannot be avoided and then only half

as much as she actually needs; and when she knows that she will not get another dollar till every cent of this is gone, what encouragement or what opportunity is there for her to save?

However, husbands and wives must settle this matter as seems best to themselves. Whoever is most prudent, most frugal and most capable of taking care of it, that one should have charge of the wages, but let it be the mutual agreement that each month something must be laid aside for the rainy day that is just as sure to come figuratively as it is literally. If you are content to walk when you are young and strong, you will be able to ride when you are old and feeble; if you will deny yourself costly cigars in youth, you can smoke the pipe of peace when age comes on; and if, now, you will firmly refuse to touch the cup which intoxicates, you may, in your declining years, drink deep draughts from the fountain of ease, contentment and happiness.

IDA A. HARPER.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

LIVE WHILE YOU DO LIVE.

While the most of my friends are holding a reception at the railroad rooms and extending greetings and good wishes to railroad men, I, from my home, will send greetings and a little advice to the members of the Brotherhood through the columns of the Magazine:

Live while you do live, time flies fast;
Soon life with its burdens and pleasures is
past.
Make good impressions while here you may
stay.
In deeds of benevolence never delay;
Dame Fortune's a false and fickle elf;
So live while you do live, but live not for self.

Live while you do live, live for the good
Of the people around you and the grand
Brotherhood.
Good deeds you can do and kind words you
can say,
Which may strengthen some brother on life's
weary way;
So fall not to do good whenever you can,
Live while you do live and live like a man.

Live while you do live, God placed us here
To enjoy our full measure of all this world's
cheer.
Do not squander your wealth, neither greed-
iness show,
But make a wise use of it all as you go;
Be benevolent, sober, industrious, wise,
Preparing yourselves for a home in the skies

Live while you do live, live for your God,
Forget not to follow the pathway He trod;
Order your lives by the precepts He's given,
Let your highest desires be an interest in
heaven.
In life's earnest warfare be not a clod,
Live while you do live, live for your God.

NEW YORKER.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

AROUND THE HORN.

Having for some time past enjoyed the privilege of reading the Magazine, and not having seen anything from No. 38, I thought I would write something for its columns. Avon Lodge is in splendid condition, and her members are worthy of the noble Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. We are proud of our "Brotherhood Boys"—they are part of a noble Order. Its motto, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," is the foundation stone of a grand building made up of men of whom the world at large may be proud. I sub-join a piece of poetry on the new route over the "Western," which our boys designate "going round the horn." I shall consider myself highly favored if you can find room for it in the Magazine.

Oh, we lonely and bereft ones
Who are left so oft alone
Whilst our husbands, fathers, brothers
All are running "round the horn."

Dreary days which pass so slowly,
Lonely nights which are so long;
Oh, we feel so melancholy
And we hate "around the horn,"

Still, I guess 'tis no use groaning
At our sadness, all forlorn;
We must rather try and brighten
Those who run "around the horn."

'Tis a long and trying journey
To our brave and noble ones;
Many an aching back is bending,
Shoveling coal "around the horn."

Let us try and cheer them onward,
Duty calls—they must be gone;
Give them cheering words to think of
As they go "around the horn."

'Round the horn, long miles they travel
And they need kind thoughts of home,
Loving words to lift the burden
Of their journey "round the horn."

Oh, then, mothers, wives and sisters,
Do your best to keep them on;
Put aside the thoughts of self, and
Cheer the dear ones "round the horn."

ALICE BROOKER.

STRAITFORD, ONT.

LUNCH FOR THE BOYS.

As Evelyn Ashley, of Los Angeles, desires some of the sisters to tell her how to prepare a lunch, I take pleasure in giving her the benefit of my experience. My husband is running a switch engine, and I have only one lunch a day to prepare. For meats, I provide him with boiled ham, baked pork, roast steak, corned beef and chicken; for dessert, plain cocoanut and jelly cakes, doughnuts, cookies mince, apple, peach and current pies, egg rice, cocoanut and lemon custard and preserves and jellies.

The members of Lone Star Lodge, No. 70, are in need of a set of regalia. Will the mothers, wives and sisters assist in getting them! Let us hear from you, for

we can not better employ ourselves than by assisting and encouraging the boys in their noble mission. May God bless every member of the noble Brotherhood, and crown their efforts with success is the wish of
MARY E. P.

LONGVIEW, TEXAS.

COOKING RECEIPTS.

DROP CAKES.

Four eggs, one pint of milk, a little salt and flour enough for a batter; bake in cups.

FRIED FLOUNDERS.

Scrape them clean; take off the heads; wash in salt and water; wipe dry and fry brown in hot lard.

COOKIES.

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda.

BAKED HALIBUT.

Wash and wipe dry a piece of halibut weighing five pounds; put it into a pan with strips of pork on it; put a little water in the pan and bake two hours, serve with egg sauce.

CLAM FRITTERS.

Two dozen clams chopped fine; add to these a batter made with a half pint of the clam liquor, a pint of flour and two eggs well beaten; soda the size of a pea, dissolved in water; fry in hot lard.

SPICE CAKE.

One and a half cupfuls of butter, three cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, five cups of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, one pound of raisins, chopped and seeded.

RICE CAKE.

Three-fourths of a pound of sugar, one-fourth of a pound of butter, seven eggs beaten separately, one-half pound of rice flour, one-half pound of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, flavor with lemon.

DOUGHNUTS.

One cup of sugar, three cups of flour, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of mace. Mix together; roll out and cut in shape. Fry in hot lard.

CUSTARD PUDDING.

To one quart of milk take six eggs, one cup of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Scald the milk and pour over the eggs and sugar after they are beaten; add a small piece of butter and bake one-half hour.

RABBIT SOUP.

Cut two rabbits in joints; lay in salt water for an hour; fry in butter till half done, with four onions and a head of chopped celery; add three quarts of cold water, one pound of split peas, pepper and salt. Stew five hours, then strain.

PEA SOUP.

Soak a quart of split peas over night; wash them from the water, and boil with four quarts of soup stock, onions, carrots, celery and turnips; season with salt and pepper. Stir frequently or it will burn. Strain and serve with toasted bread.

SAGO PUDDING.

Boil three tablespoonfuls of sago in a quart of milk, add a pinch of salt. When cooked set it to cool, stirring it occasionally. Beat four eggs very light with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and stir it into the sago and milk; add a small piece of butter and flavor with nutmeg. Bake forty minutes.

FRUIT JUMBLES.

Three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, five eggs, one teacupful of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one and one-quarter pounds of flour, one-quarter of a pound of currants. Drop them on tins with a spoon, and bake in a quick oven.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.

Three-quarters of a pound of blanched almonds, one pound of powdered sugar, one-quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth; mix all together to a stiff paste; drop them on a sheet of white paper on a pan, and bake in a moderate oven.

STEWED BEEF.

Take a square of beef weighing five pounds, and put it into water enough to cover it. After it has boiled a half hour put in salt, two turnips, two carrots and four small onions chopped fine. Boil gently four hours. A short time before it is removed from the fire add a half cupful of tomato catsup and a cupful of flour wet with water.

IN THE PARLOR.

"Did you come here to see my sister?"

"Yes, my little man."

"Well, you can't see her to-night."

"Why not?"

"'Cause she's sick."

"What's the matter?"

"Our big dog ran off with her new teeth this afternoon, and she can't find 'em anywhere."

Special Correspondence

Recollections of the Pioneer.

I see by a late copy of the Magazine that the Pullman Sleeping Car, "Pioneer," is pleasantly remembered by you. As it was my good fortune to be one of the happy party that, by the courtesy of the Pullman Car Company, inhabited said car during its travel of over 2,000 miles in the service of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, I wish to assure you that the car "Pioneer," with its associations, shall ever be held in pleasant remembrance by me. The acquaintances made and the ties of friendship formed under the hospitable roof of the "Pioneer," shall not be forgotten by me while life lasts, and shall always form a nucleus around which pleasant thoughts shall gather. Not a single incident occurred or a single word was spoken by any one during the trip to and fro which had the least tendency to mar the prevailing feeling of fraternal love and harmony—indeed, this feeling was so apparent that even an outsider who caught a glimpse "behind the scenes" was constrained to exclaim: "I never saw anything like it in my life—they were so happy and seemed like one family." While having such a good time within the car, and between ourselves, it was decided by a special council held, that we ought to "let our light shine" for others also, and to inform them who we were, where we were going, and for what purpose. Muslim and paint were, accordingly procured, and with the aid of brushes, wielded by a "Master" hand, we soon had two signs—one for each side of the car—bearing the legend: Denver Convention, B. L. F. After these signs had been fastened to the car and duly inspected and commented on by our party, we rested from our labors. Now it happened that our car was one in a long train, and passengers ahead and in the rear soon became aware that our car was something extra, and as it had a sign out they concluded to investigate the matter. A number of groups came at different times, read our inscription and went away, it is impossible to say how much wiser than when they came. I noticed one group of eight or ten men in particular. It was while our train was stopping at a refreshment station, and this was evidently the first view that this party had of our decoration. As the party had some quite intelligent

looking gentlemen among their number, I was naturally curious to hear what their opinion was in regard to our Brotherhood, as I thought that would probably form a portion of their conversation. With this object in view I carelessly sauntered back and forth near the group to hear their comments on the sign. The first part of it they got along with very nicely. Denver—they knew where it was and what it was; Convention—oh, yes; they knew about Convention, the country has been full of them, everybody has heard and seen enough of them. Such were their remarks, but now they reached the last part: B. L. F. What is that? B. L. F. What does that mean? What does it stand for? I was somewhat surprised to hear these questions, but as they were not addressed to me I was silent and awaited further developments. They came directly, for one of the party, after a brown study, had an idea strike him and proceeded to enlighten the rest of them, in this way: "I know what B. L. F. stands for now—B. L. F.—why it means boys looking for fun." Having heard this announcement I was seized with an inward convulsion, which hastened my departure from that immediate locality to a more private retreat, where I indulged in an outward smile. In one sense of the word, our friend gave a very good definition of our letters, for we certainly were "Boys" who had "fun," even if we did not exactly start out "looking" for it. In another sense I really felt mortified and chagrined to find a party of intelligent railroad travelers bothered to define the meaning of the initials of an organization of workmen, without whose assistance it would have been impossible for that very party to have been at that place at that time. One of the members of our fraternity was furnishing that required element of power—steam—by which our train was moved, and yet here were men apparently in utter ignorance of such a body of workmen. This, however, ceases to be a wonder when you read the accounts of railroad feats, as published in the daily or weekly papers. Not so very long ago, for instance, I saw an account of a very fast run made by a special train on the New York Central R. R. I think it was an average of a little over a mile in a minute. This, however, does not matter so much, but the fact that conductor Blank had charge of this fast train, and was entitled to the credit for its good performance was made very prominent. Where would the conductor have been with his train if it had not been for one of the "boys with the scoop" to furnish the steam to move the train? I suppose a train could make fast time a

great deal easier without a conductor than without a fireman. Yet, as the public are thrown into daily contact with the conductors, while a fireman in the discharge of his duty is not so prominent, the credit is given to the wrong person, and in this the press of the country is often accessory to the wrong by just such articles as the one above alluded to. I have seen similar articles a number of times and think every time that I meet one that the editor ought to have his attention called to the obvious injustice done to a body of hard working men, who perform so important a part in the commerce of the country and I think it ought to be one of the chief aims of this Magazine and other, perhaps, more frequent publications under the control of our organization, to so present the nature of our work, with its attending perils to the life and health, together with the objects and purposes of our Order, as to get the general public better informed in regard to us than it appears to be at present, and thus preclude the possibility of all future injustice of a like character.

I suppose there are very few men who could not at once name the secret societies connected with the initials F. & A. M., I. O. O. F., K. of P., A. O. U. W., and the like. Yet, as before stated, here I found eight or ten men, traveling men, at that, and men apparently above the general average in intellect, who did not know the name of the society who use the initials B. L. F. Let us stop to think whose fault this is, if any one's, and see what must be done to remedy the evil. In several respects these other societies have the advantage over us. In the first place they are much older than our organization. Some claim to date their birth in days of Moses, some are nearing their centennial celebration, others are forty or fifty years old, and among such aged institution an infant of ten years dare not complain that he is not so well known.

Again, while these societies take men of all classes, trades and professions into their circles, our Order confines itself to a very small portion of railroad men and selects its members from them.

Again, many newspapers and periodicals allot a part of their space to secret society news (this is in addition to the authorized organs or publications of the Order) and thus keep their readers posted, but I have yet to see a B. L. F. corner in any of our numerous papers.

The first advantage, in regard to age, I suppose they will retain, because in the ordinary nature of things we may never overtake them or be just as old as they are but we shall certainly be better

known and appreciated when we are thirty or forty years old than we could hope to at ten. The second advantage these societies will continue to hold, is because only one part of the vast army of railroad men can join our Order. The third advantage might also be obtained for us if individual members of our Order would make it a point to see that we, as an Order, were properly represented by the press in our own vicinity by furnishing for publication such items of general interest pertaining to the Order as may get to their knowledge, and correcting such errors or misstatements in regard to our Order or work as they may find in Print. We have also our Magazine as a grand help to the cause and should make an earnest effort to have its circulation extended, its subscription list lengthened its readers multiplied, its pages increased, and filled with interesting matter and thus would we hasten the day when our initials shall be known and recognized at once among all our competitors, and when all shall know that a grand organization of earnest, faithful workers have banded together, for mutual protection and elevation of character, and that the initials of the Order are

B. L. F.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born ;
A helpless babe to greet the light
With a sharp wall, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between—and then ?

And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy, despite his little woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy !
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child—and then ?

And then in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog ;
A truant off by field and fen,
And capture butterflies—and then ?

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a youth full grown,
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own ;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sin—and then ?

And then, at last, to be a man,
To fall in love, to woo and wed !
With seething brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold or toll for bread ;
To sue for fame, with tongue and pen,
And gain or lose the prize—and then ?

And then in gray and wrinkled old.
To mourn the speed of life's decline ;
To praise the scenes our youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of lang syne ;
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
To drop into his grave—and then ?

Contributor's Column

Scriptures from Latin.

CHAPTER II.

Now it came to pass, on the eighteenth day of the ninth month of the fourth year of the reign of Arnold, that there were a multitude of the brethren called firemen gathered in the city called Denver, and when the hour of meeting drew near they all gathered together at the house called St. James, and when they had arranged themselves in martial order, wended their way to the hall of the city.

Now the Brotherhood of that city had made great preparations to receive the Brothers and had caused the hall of the city to be beautifully adorned with all the colors of the rainbow, and there were flowers and shrubs and trees within the hall and many beautiful sayings were written upon the wall, and the place did look like unto a palace.

And it came to pass that when the Brothers did enter the door of the hall, lo ! there was already a multitude of people within. Many mighty men of learning, men of authority, the lords of the city, senators and statesmen, devout men and men of fame, all gathered together to welcome the brethren.

Now there was in the city a musician of great fame, surnamed Wolff, a player upon stringed and wind instruments, and he had with him many more like unto himself and they were already within the hall and when the Brethren entered within the door of the hall there went forth strains of most beautiful music like unto a march and the Brethren were amazed and held their speech. And when the music had ceased there was great applause for it was known the chief musician had composed the march for the Brethren.

Now there was in the hall a general surnamed Sheppard, an exceeding wise man and very witty and he was called to the chair of the executive.

Now when the meeting had been called to order and the sound of the cymbals and instruments of brass had ceased there arose the godly man of the house and did offer prayer and ask blessings upon the brethren and the words of the father sank deep into the hearts of the brethren for they were good.

Now there was an editor of distinction, a learned man and a great friend of the

brethren, that had his dwelling in the land of the Wabash, and when he heard of the meeting of the brethren and that he was invited to be with them, he girded on his armor and took manuscripts in his pocket and came to the city, and behold, he appeared before the brethren and there was great applause given, so much that the very walls of the house did shake, and he said many good things to the Brethren and they were well pleased at his words.

Now it came to pass that there was in the city that day a noted divine, a man of great learning and known to all the land, and when he heard of the meeting of the brethren and that he was invited to speak to them he came gladly and spake many good things and blessed them and the brethren listened to all his words and were well pleased at his coming.

Now when the divine man had ceased speaking there arose one of the representatives of the people, chosen as a law maker in the House of Congress, and he spake many mighty things and he praised the brethren for their deeds of charity and the words of him that spoke were remembered by the brethren.

Now the Mayor of the city had arrived within the hall and when this eloquent man had taken his seat he arose and did welcome the brethren and gave them the freedom of the city while they sojourned therein.

There were in the city members of the Brotherhood called Engineers and they were men of great hospitality, and there was one of the members surnamed Bradford in the hall and he spake unto the brethren and did many things pleasing unto them and the brethren did meet with him and the other members and passed much time in their company.

Now when all the people were done speaking and the chief musician and his company had played sweet music, there arose Frank, surnamed Arnold, and there was great applause among the brethren for he was the leader and beloved by all.

Now Frank, surnamed Arnold, was wont to address the brethren at all times when gathered together to make laws. And on this day he spake to them and most eloquent words fell from his lips and all his sayings were good for he was a learned man and a law digester and well knew the wants of his brethren and they listened to him and remembered all his words and said within themselves, behold, what a noble leader is at our head!

Then Samuel, surnamed Stevens, spake unto the brethren and did thank the people for all they had done, and his

words were good for he was a mighty speaker and a great worker among the brethren.

Now when Samuel, surnamed Stevens, had ceased speaking, there arose a great cry among the people for Eugene, surnamed Debs.

Now he was a modest man, and one of little speech, but when he saw that the brethren would not be quiet, he arose and said many good things, and his words were cherished by the brethren.

Now the day was far spent, and the hour for closing the meeting being at hand, the devout man of the house offered thanks and again blessed the brethren, and all departed to their respective places of abode, saying within themselves, it is good for us that we have met here.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Right and Wrong.

BY MALCOM MEREDITH.

III.

Those people so blind to their true interest! Never taking up a book or paper to read, going through life letting its opportunities for improvement and high enjoyment pass unheeded, burying the talents for which some day they must answer.

Before entering into the consideration of opposition to the moral and spiritual laws of our constitution and the penalties attached thereto, a brief explanation of two of the highest moral sentiments and one of the selfish propensities, will be given. Properly cultivated, the organ of benevolence inspires an individual with a desire to do good. He experienced a feeling of tenderness, sympathy and charity towards the deserving, who have been unfortunate in life's struggles. When this faculty is in excess it is manifested by indiscriminate assistance to the deserving as well as the undeserving. Its deficiency is shown by selfish indifference to the needs of others. Like all other faculties of the human constitution, its right use is rewarded by pleasurable emotions one must experience to understand. The man who in true benevolence does an act of kindness in helping a deserving brother does not have to wait for his reward, for he receives it then and there. The neglect to properly cultivate benevolence is punished by the absence of those pleasurable emotions which are experienced by those who have properly used this faculty. Conscientiousness stands at the head of the moral sentiments. It inquires, if properly cultivated, into the motives actuating us, and decides whether an act is right or wrong. If we obey its promptings we will be loyal to duty and truth.

Acquisitiveness, properly cultivated, causes a person to be economical and to strive to acquire a sufficient amount of property to place himself in independent and comfortable circumstances. Its excessive cultivation or abuse is shown by selfishness, avarice, and covetousness. The neglect to cultivate it is shown by wastefulness and prodigality.

These brief considerations in regard to the effect of opposition to these laws have been considered with reference to the way in which such transgression least affect others directly. The majority of mankind accept as correct in theory, that moral wrong-doing will be followed by punishment; but they do not seem to realize it sufficiently to make it the governing principle of their conduct in every case. Where, by neglecting the cultivation of any faculty we wrong ourselves and indirectly, society, and do so unintentionally, we commit a wrong which does not call for so great a degree of punishment as when we deliberately premeditate the commission of a wrong against another or recognize that is what we are doing when we commit an act which is wrong. Life would be too short to introduce even a small part of the evidence that could easily be produced to prove the truth of what has been asserted regarding the rewards for obedience and the punishments for disobedience of the laws which we have been considering.

The evidence, therefore, which will be offered to illustrate and prove the truth of the foregoing assertions will necessarily be confined to a few of the more prominent classes of individuals, and not only to a few classes, but to a few wrongs. From every calling in life it is very easy to select individuals guilty of great wrong; for it is not the calling in which a man engages that causes him to do wrong, although in some of them there are greater temptations to do wrong than in others. But, as a rule, a man who will do right in one calling will not be likely to do wrong in another—that is if the calling in itself is not wrong. Perhaps every human being has at some time in life been guilty of wrong doing of some kind. The wrongs that will here be principally considered are those great wrongs which so injuriously affect mankind at large, and which the perpetrators take issue in regard to their being wrongs. One of the greatest, if not the greatest, way men deliberately injure their brothers under the pretext of right is in their struggles after wealth. In this struggle all that is grand and noble or sordid and weak in human nature is made plainly manifest. The great majority of men in their efforts

to become rich let benevolence and conscientiousness dwarf and shrivel through lack of proper exercise, and allow acquisitiveness in its worst manifestation to control their conduct. With this propensity controlling their lives they forget the truthful old maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," and adopt in its stead the false and pernicious one, "Policy is the best policy." A man adopts this latter policy and makes it the governing principle of his life. He determines to acquire wealth. He persuades himself that he has a right to do with his own as he pleases, without any equitable modification. He does not recognize the equally important clause belonging to the other, "so that he injures no one." In his business transactions the higher meaning of right and wrong give him little concern. He considers that he is in no sense his brother's keeper. With the misfortunes of mankind he has no sympathy. In their distress he feels no interest save the enormous per cent. he wings from them. The only concern he gives himself about wrong is that which is made so by prohibition of municipal law, and this he finds means of evading. Upon the misfortunes of his kind he speculates and makes them stepping stones to his fortune. The law in almost every State in the Union regards ten per cent. interest as the highest rate for which a man should be allowed to loan money, and says when that extreme limit is past the contract is usurious and void in whole or in part. In some States the lender in such usurious contract can not even recover the money he has loaned—the law regarding him as a wrong-doer, his conduct detrimental to the best interests of society, and consequently to teach him a lesson for being so greedy gives him no remedy. It considers he has placed himself in the wrong and it will not interfere, but will leave him where he has placed himself. But the modern Shylocks are human sharks who have no fear of the usury laws. They find various ways to loan their money at any per cent. the necessities of some unfortunate victim will allow, which ranges any where from 30 or 40 to 1,000 per cent. per annum. They do this with impunity, so far as the law upon the statute book is concerned. With some, such feeling as actuated the ancient Shylock of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," their comment on laws which permits them to take that which in conscience and equity is wrong is "a moth wise and just law." To their souls "they lay the flattering unction" that because the laws of the land permits such injustice that they will never have to make atonement for the wrong. In-

deed, if they ever give themselves any thought about such transactions, acquisitiveness has been cultivated so far in excess that conscientiousness lies dormant and self-interest is their only criterion of right and wrong.

Let us suppose a case of similar nature to thousands which happen yearly in every large commercial center. A man has by hard work secured a piece of land. Reverses overtake him and he is compelled to part with his land. He receives part cash, the balance of the amount is evidenced by a promissory note, secured by a mortgage on the land. Before the note becomes due the man's necessities become such that he is bound to sell his note at a sacrifice. He goes to some one who is in the business of shaving notes. The circumstances are laid before the speculator. He assumes a mixed air of condescension and independence. He examines the note and mortgage, and finds there is no risk in the investment. After keeping the owner of the note on the "ragged edge" for a few days, he finally buys the note at a price that will pay him 35 per cent. or more on his money. The man's necessities have been very great. A wife and little children are dependent upon him for support. They are being deprived of many of life's comforts, and to supply these he is forced to accept what he can get. His necessities place him in the power of "Shylock," who takes advantage of them.

This is but the brief outline of the substance of one of the tens of thousands of cases happening yearly in every civilized land, where man, in his greed, deliberately wrongs his brother. Each case differs in some respects, but in all of them there is the wrong done of taking advantage of another's necessities. Sometimes it is the needy as in the above case and at others the young and indiscreet prodigals of whom advantage is taken. But whichever class it is, the man who thus speculates on his brothers ignorance or necessities is guilty of a great wrong, for which he must pay the penalty either in this world or the world to come—certainly in one, and likely in both. Men guilty of this kind of wrong say, "I have a perfect legal and moral right to buy that for one dollar, which I know to be worth one hundred if I can. They argue with the voice of conscience, which protests against such wrong, saying, "I had nothing to do with placing a man in such a position and consequently I am in no way responsible for his needs. I did not seek this unfortunate, but was sought by him; and in letting him have money at any price I am doing a favor." With these and many other plausible sophistries he tries

to still the voice of conscience, until he succeeds in putting it so deeply asleep, that there will be no awakening to a sense of wrong done until the great awakening in the spirit world.

But there are no reasonings in support of the right claimed to take any per cent. for money from another, that will bear the clear light of truth. The first and simplest reason is that a man is not doing as he would like to be done by were he placed in such circumstances, and if such men sometimes, after such transactions, would think when they are sitting in their luxurious homes surrounded by the evidences of wealth that some transactions of theirs whereby they have realized 50 or 60 per cent. or more has helped to deepen the gloom of some spot which loving hearts call home and taken bread from little children, the soft cushioned chair or sofa would, for the time being, not seem so restful, unless benevolence could not be aroused. Ah! if in such cases as these, if by some magic wand of circumstances, the positions of these men could be reversed—the one in the attitude of suppliant, with his anxieties and cares; the other independent, calculating to a nicety how those troubles will add to his wealth—how different would be the feelings of the one so coldly calculating a deliberate wrong. Such a one might call to mind the words, "He who robbeth the poor, reproacheth his maker." Certainly, beyond all question, the exacting for ordinary loans anything like 30 or 40 per cent. or higher, is a deep, deliberate wrong, calling as loudly for universal condemnation, as any evil which is cursing mankind to-day. In principle there is no difference between such conduct and that of the "stand and deliver" of the highwayman, with his shot gun ready to enforce his demand. In both cases the victims are called upon under an urgent necessity, to part with property to which they feel they are rightly entitled. Where a man chooses to evade the spirit and intent of the laws upon the statute books in regard to usury he finds it a very easy matter to do so. But there is a law, which if properly invoked and put into operation, will prevent men who lay any pretensions to respectability from trying to evade—and that is the law of an enlightened public sentiment being brought to bear upon the wrong. The writer prophesies that the time will come when no man will dare commit such outrages on needy and unfortunate individuals as exacting 30 or 40 per cent. per annum on an investment, where that amount will be net profit, any more than that he would to get drunk and wallowing daily in a filthy gutter, making a pub-

lispectacle of himself, and expect in that condition to be received into refined society. Such conduct is morally wrong, not only because the man who is guilty of it is not doing unto others as he would like to be done by were he placed in similar unfortunate circumstances, but because he fails to return a just equivalent for what he receives, and therefore has that which belongs to another. Days, weeks and sometimes months and years of toil taken from the poor man, making him poorer, and, without consideration, added to the rich man to make him richer. By a few moments of light effort, because life's circumstances have been a little more fortunate to such a man than his neighbor, he manages to appropriate the fruits of months of that neighbor's toil, without giving value received. Without having devoted any time to the honest production of wealth, such men manage by wrong laws of distribution to consume what by right belongs to others. This disregard of the rights of others, is one great cause of such of life's extremes as squalor and wretchedness on the one hand, and opulence on the other. But some one may say, "admitting such conduct to be morally wrong, still it is rather difficult to see how the wrongdoer gets punished in any way except by being deprived of those pleasant emotions caused by the proper cultivation of the faculty of benevolence. I see men who have grown rich in this way seemingly enjoying life and nothing to trouble them."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MILKMAID.

Across the grass I see her pass;
She comes with tripping pace—
A maid I know—and March winds blow
Her hair across her face;
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go:
Her eye is brown and clear;
Her cheek is brown, and soft as down
(To those who see it near!)

With a hey, etc.

What has she not that they have got—
The dames that walk in silk!
If she undo her kerchief blue,
Her neck is white as milk.

With a hey, etc.

Let those who will be proud and chill!
For me, from June to June,
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—
Her laugh is like a tune.

With a hey, etc.

Break, break to hear, O crocus spear!
O tall Lent-lilies, flame!
There'll be a bride at Easter-tide,
And Dolly is her name.

With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!

Dolly shall be mine—

Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

—Harper's Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

Brotherhood of Firemen.

San Diego Union.

The members of San Diego Lodge No. 90, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, met at their hall in National City Sunday, December 2, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: J. H. McNeil, Master; R. V. Dodge, Financier; J. M. Dodge, Secretary, and Charles K. Stewart, Magazine Agent. Although the membership of this organization has decreased during the past year, owing to the many changes that have occurred in railroad matters, yet those remaining seem to be very enthusiastic over the Order and they predict a brilliant future, providing, however, that the business of the C. S. R. R. will attain such a pleasing aspect as to demand an abundance of that material which is absolutely essential to the building up of the Order, viz., railroad men. There is published in connection with this Order a monthly Magazine, which is unsurpassed by any other book for news that is both pleasing and instructive, and is sold for the reasonable sum of one dollar per year. There are now quite a number of subscribers to the Magazine in San Diego and National City, and to those the members of the B. of L. F. extend their heartfelt thanks for past favors and sincerely trust that they will make manifest their good will towards the Order by renewing their subscriptions the coming year. The receipts of the little book go entirely to the relief of the widows and orphans of the Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood Abroad.

The Denbigh (Wales) Free Press recently contained a very interesting and exhaustive article in regard to our Brotherhood, which we take pleasure in presenting to our readers. The article is captioned "A Denbighite in America," and is based on a letter written to Denbigh by Bro. Geo. Miller, of New Era Lodge No. 76, at the close of the late convention, at which Bro. Miller had the honor to represent his Lodge. Bro. Miller is a native of Denbigh, and it will be seen that his old friends and neighbors still have a deep interest in his welfare and also that they are quick to appreciate the importance of our Brotherhood and the good work it is doing. The article is as follows:

We mentioned a few weeks ago having received information from Mr. George Miller,

son of Mr. Miller, stationmaster, Denbigh, relative to a great convention of railway firemen, which he had the honor of attending at Denver, as one of 120 delegates, representing the 40,000 stokers and engineers there are in the States. His name appears as a delegate in the voluminous reports which appear in the papers of the district, and from this source we find that the tenth annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the United States and Canada assembled in Denver. The Order embraces 177 Lodges, comprising a membership of about 10,000. It was organized just ten years ago, in 1873, at Port Jervis, N. Y., the meeting which formed the nucleus of the now powerful Order, consisting of but half a dozen men. The objects and principles of the organization were such as to be taken up with the greatest rapidity and zeal, spreading to every nook and corner of the country and Canada. They are to protect the interests of railroad engineers, and to advance them morally and intellectually. A rule was adopted, early in the existence of the Order, to avoid strikes as much as could be done consistently with self-respect, and to settle all grievances as far as possible by arbitration. This rule has been found to work as well as its most sanguine advocates had hoped, and under its practical application the locomotive firemen throughout the country have been able to obtain compliance with all their just demands, and to work in harmony with their employers, among whom they have the staunchest of friends. Among the other desirable features of the Brotherhood, is a system of insurance, by which the families of the members are saved from want, in case of the death, by accident or otherwise, of their main support. The benefits of this system have been felt in a number of instances by the families of firemen working on Colorado roads. The great gathering, besides transacting its ordinary business and having addresses from its leading officials, had amongst its special speakers "Colonel J. B. Maynard, of Indianapolis," and says the record, "the Hon. J. B. Belford lends his eloquence to the occasion," and "the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is a guest, and he makes a talk to the boys." It was, indeed, a grand affair, and our young townsman must have gone rapidly to the front to be selected a delegate to so important an assembly, and to represent so numerous and influential a lot of workmen. Of Denver itself, one speaker says, "I am in Denver, a city of fabulous growth in wealth and importance, elegance, culture and commerce, the capital city of the State, which but yesterday was a wilderness, a *terra incognita*, but which is now known throughout the civilized world, for the steady stream of gold and silver which is pouring down her mountain elevations to vitalize the commerce and industries of the world." We extract the following from the letter of our young townsman on the subject, and regret we cannot give further details from lack of space. He says: "I received a letter from George Jones (son of Mrs. Jones, Tanygrais, Denbigh,) to-night; he is at Peterson, Kansas, and seems to be going on all right. I was delighted with my trip to Colorado, and got home with a hard feeling against the cool winds of Minnesota. The climate is so mild in Colorado you can walk around in your shirt sleeves, but kind of cool at night. Well, Denver is a nice city, nicely laid out, and in the gutters of each street is a stream of water continually running, coming in from the mountains, perfectly clear and good. Well, we settled down to work on Tuesday, and got through on Friday night. The Lodge at Denver gave us a splendid dance and supper on Thursday. I enjoyed myself immensely." After a playful allusion to the pretty Mexican girls there, he continues, "On the Saturday we left by an

excursion over the South Park division of the Union Pacific, narrow gauge of three feet. We had six coaches and an eight-wheel connected engine, with a 17 inch cylinder in diameter and a 24 inch stroke, and it was all she could do to haul us along; in fact, we had to have two sometimes. We went to a place called 'Como' for dinner. The superintendent there used to be here, division superintendent of the St. P., M. & M. I saw him, and had a talk with him. We went from there to a place called 'Buena Vista,' then we took the Denver and Rio Grande road to Salida, and tied up there for the night. Sunday morning we left there for the Marshall Pass, which is as a bird flies, only 11 miles distant, but it is 27 miles by the route the road goes. Talk about twists and turns, it would make you sea-sick. The curve at Fordy is nothing to it. If previously somebody had told me that I could see from the engine the persons standing on the rear platform of the last car right opposite me, I would not have believed them, but such is the case. Two engines were hitched on to the train, and they had all they could do to haul us up. The Marshall Pass is 11,100 feet above the level of the sea, and quite up in the clouds. Lots of the fellows could not stand it, and their noses began to bleed, the air being light, but it did not trouble me. We went down to Salida for dinner. We went from there through the Royal Gorge and Grand Canon of the Arkansas, the finest sight I ever saw in my life. I have got some views to send you, which I will forward in a few days. It is railroading there and no mistake, but I don't want to do any of it. Every engine is furnished with an air pump and Westinghouse automatic brakes right along the train, both freight and passenger trains. The engine is also furnished with a water brake; that is, a cock is fixed into the boiler and pipes connected to the cylinders, as the engines are always reversed going down the mountains. They open this cock, and water enters the cylinders, and produces a pressure which retards their progress. It is only 3/4-inch gas pipe. But notwithstanding all these precautions, the trains get away from them sometimes. When they see a train getting away from them, the best way is to jump at once, as nothing can save them."

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untired by the lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble the poor man's lot,
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life
Hallowed by mother or sister or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried by sorrow with heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And center there are better than gold.

—Father Ryan.



Visit to Uncle Josh.

CHICAGO, ILL.

During my vacation a few weeks ago, I paid a visit to Uncle Josh, whom I had not seen for a number of years; he is an old engineer, having been on the foot-board upward of twenty-five years. One day while sitting together I made the remark that he never spoke of railroading and asked him to relate some incidents connected with his life as an engineer. He smiled and said, "Well, Jim, that is a matter I seldom discuss; I have known men who never tired of telling of wrecks and narrow escapes; in fact, it seemed that railroading was the only subject upon which they were qualified to speak, and in my opinion they knew very little about that. I resolved to be reserved, so as not to disgust my friends by falling into the same habit. That accounts for my silence on the subject, but since you have just become an engineer I will give you a few pointers that have been taught me by experience. You must never imagine that the railroad company cannot dispense with your services; don't get angry and quit the road for spite, for they can operate the road without you. If you are dissatisfied with your position, do not allow yourself to be dismissed on account of recklessness, but save your reputation by sending in your resignation. Should you receive orders while on the road to draw extra cars, do so good-naturedly; kicking availeth nothing. You may protest, but as you are subject to higher authority you must eventually take the cars. Twenty-two years ago, Jim, I thought I knew all about an engine and that I was thoroughly capable of handling a train. All this time I have been in active service, and now am satisfied that twenty-two years ago I knew very little about it; so you see there is considerable of room for a young engineer to learn. You may have observed that many old engineers do not handle an engine as intelligently as the young engineer; these are the very ones who imagined that they knew all about an engine in a year's time and under this delusion they remained."

In addition to the above, Uncle Josh gave me his opinions on certain other matters of importance, and thanking him for his good advice to me I made my adieu, and having returned home con-

gratulated myself upon the profitable manner in which my vacation was spent.

JIM, OF No. 47.

Third Annual Ball.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

As we have just held our Third Annual Ball, I thought I would send you a few items in regard to it and also say something about our Lodge in general. The ball was a great success, socially and financially. There were about three hundred persons in attendance and all seemed to enjoy themselves, as the dancing was kept up until five o'clock in the morning. The floor was under the able management of Bro. J. W. Cavanaugh; the hall was beautifully decorated with headlight, bell, flags and lanterns and appropriate mottoes, and it was an occasion long to be remembered by those who participated in the exercises of the evening.

The members of No. 39 all take a great interest in the Order. Bro. E. W. Mason, as Master, is the right man in the right place, and as long as he is at the helm the Lodge is secure. C. H. Church is our Magazine Agent this year and is working hard to get a good list of subscribers. Those that know him have no doubt about his success in that capacity. Bro. John Breacher and Carl Boltz, having wearied of single life, have got married and settled down. Since that eleven pound boy arrived at the home of Bro. J. G. M. Colburn he is all smiles. A number of the members assembled at the residence of Mrs. Walters after a recent meeting, and after the family and all were seated in the parlor, Bro. H. F. Carroll arose, and, with a few appropriate remarks, presented Mrs. Walter and her daughter with an elegant toilet set on behalf of Twin City Lodge No. 39, as a token of their appreciation of the many favors received at their hands on the occasion of the late ball. Yours, fraternally,

A MEMBER.

Situation at Jonesboro.

JONESBORO, ARKANSAS.

If it were not for Bro. Burris' kind and highly appreciated note in regard to No. 163, in last month's Magazine, I don't know that any of us would have sufficient courage to tackle an undertaking requiring so much mental exertion as writing to the Magazine. But I have about come to the conclusion that we must get to the front some time, so here goes. The members of 163 are all employed on the Texas & St. Louis Narrow Gauge R. R., of which this is the division headquarters. We have only about

twenty members, but when the scarcity of material is considered, I think we are doing very well. We have a very nice little Lodge, and a very good road (for Arkansas). If you don't believe it, ask Bros. Stephenson, of No. 162, and Hazel, of No. 50, who very recently paid us a visit, which will long be referred to with pleasure by us benighted denizens of this "wild and wicked" State. They both concluded, however, that the "Hoosier State" was good enough for them, and so "folded their tents like the Arabs and as quietly stole away," back to Elkhart. I am very sorry that we were unable to be represented at the union meeting at Fort Worth, but circumstances beyond our control prevented. We are having at present a little misunderstanding with the company regarding pay. The pay car has not been out for September yet, and on the 28th the engineers and firemen quit work and refused to go out on anything but mail trains until the pay car came, and so everything is at a standstill at present. We look for a speedy adjustment of the difficulty, however, and hope that long before the January Magazine is presented to its many readers that everything will be rolling smoothly once more. Such a move would never have been made had it not been for the inconvenience attached to living on nothing and boarding yourself. We desire to extend our thanks to the merchants and hotel keepers of Jonesboro and other points along the line of the road for their kindness to us in this trying situation. After being repeatedly assured that the pay car would be out "in a few days," we were at last compelled to do something for ourselves, and we all trust that it will have the desired effect, and are all satisfied that it will. I am proud of the fact that not one man, engineer or fireman, has been seen under the influence of liquor since work was stopped, and everything has been done in a quiet, though determined manner, that merits and receives the respect of both citizens and railroad men. It cannot be called a "strike," but simply a demand for our just rights, which no reasonable man can object to.

And now, lest you think that I am trespassing on your valuable time and space, I will close, hoping that this effort will inspire some more expert writer than me to extol the virtues of No. 163. And I am sure that I express but the sentiments of every member when I wish a long and profitable life to the B. of L. F. in general, and 163 in particular.

Fraternally yours,

SCOOP.

Winslow Letter.

WINSLOW, ARIZONA.

Thus far Pacific Lodge, No. 173, has been without representation in the correspondence, and as our members, of course, feel a great interest in themselves, I submit my first effort.

Our Lodge has 33 faithful members, giving evidence that even the wilds of Arizona are capable of producing good Brotherhood men. Our worthy Master, P. A. Neely, is promenading the engines in and out of the round house and he makes a first-class rustler, too. He is always first at the meeting point. Next comes our Secretary, A. L. Parker, who so complacently sits on the right side of No. 5. He pulls Arizona Express, between Albuquerque and Winslow. The boys know him by his dude hat and badge, but it is hard to see his hat for his badge. A. L. Clark does the stoking for him, and although they always make good time, they had a little accident recently, resulting in the extinction of a Jack Rabbit. They say that the rabbit has not come down as yet. Bros. Martin, Potter and Kaufman pull passengers over the mountains. The last named has just returned from the east, bringing with him a wife. They have our best wishes. Bro. Thompson has gone east, too, on a visit, he says, but we think he will follow Kaufman's example.

This is my first trip and as the rails are bad, I have run out of sand, so I call for brakes and stop until some of the boys come along and help me through. While I am waiting I hear some one at a distance singing:

Here's to the rose that blooms and blows,
Here's to the boys who wear greasy clothes,
Here's to the girls who jump with joy,
To shake the hand of a railroad boy.

Fraternally yours, ENG. 20.

Cupid at Work.

BRainerd, MINN.

I am happy to give you encouraging reports of Pine City Lodge No. 81. Everything is working in good order and there is no reason for complaint.

A number of marriages have occurred here lately and I presume I will have to give you a report of them. First comes Bro. C. Congdon and a lady from Perham, Minn., whose name has escaped my memory. Next is Bro. A. J. Greene, who was married to Miss M. F. Hill, of Montreal. They were married in St. Paul on September 22. We appreciate Miss Hill's judgment in coming to the golden Northwest for a husband, for the very best in the land are found here. Last, but not

east, comes Bro. J. F. McGinnis, who was married to Miss Maggie McMahon, of North La Crosse, Wis. Now, Mac., think of the boys of Guard Rail Lodge No. 68, who have been trying so hard to make an impression "who shall heal their wounded hearts?" I wonder that they did not prefer charges against you for trespassing upon their jurisdiction.

Well, we have got to have something to gossip about and every member has got to furnish his share of the subject matter.

We hope our boys will continue to follow the good examples set by Bros. Congdon, Greene and McGinnis and that they may be all the happier for it. No. 81 wishes them all success.

Yours, fraternally,

C. B. WILLARD.

De Soto and South St. Louis.

KIMMSWICK, MISSOURI.

As a neighbor of Pride of the West, No. 6, I have been greatly interested of late in watching her ascent. Some time ago she was about to sink, but under the management of Bros. Platt, Huestis and others, she has been giving each day greater evidence of prosperity. Bro. Platt is acting in the capacity of Master, and Bro. Huestis as Financier. The latter is just recovering from injuries received some time ago, and which nearly resulted in the loss of a leg. The meetings of this Lodge are well attended, which is a great mark of interest and consequently of prosperity.

From No. 6 to 21 is but a glance, so I will give you a few facts concerning the latter. The boys are all in happy anticipation over the coming ball. Bro. Loda has captured an estimable lady from Carondalet, and they are keeping house in Belmont. Bro. Johnson is also a newly-made husband, and in addition has taken charge of a large Roger. Bro. Scott was married recently to Miss Wightman. To the three above named couples, we wish long life and happiness.

Bro. Donehue is recovering from a long and painful illness, and the other members of our Lodge are doing well.

Fraternally yours,

SQUIB.

From Lake Superior.

MARQUETTE, MICH.

I anxiously await the coming of each Magazine, and read with pleasure the series of articles relating to the flourishing condition of the various Lodges throughout the country, and I would like to say a few words in regard to our own—the S. M. Stevens. Although there

are quite a number of able writers in the Lodge, they somehow "fail to get there," and wishing to see our Lodge represented in some manner, in the ever welcome Magazine, I have concluded to write a few lines myself, even though they may find their way to the waste basket. Our Lodge numbers about thirty members, and, to use the stereotyped phrase, they are all sober, industrious and intelligent men. We meet in the hall of the engineers. Our meetings are not so well attended as they should be, for our members are scattered over various parts of the road, but they are always with us in spirit.

Our worthy Master, L. J. Hood, who has been unable to officiate during the summer, is now located at headquarters, and conducts the meetings in his usual able manner. Bro. Loftus has just coupled on to a neat little coach with leather wheels, and the boys all join in wishing him a smooth track and no open switches as he pulls her through life. Several similar events are likely to occur in the near future. Bro. Elstrum's fate is inevitable, and Bro. Greene—well, his conduct has been good lately, and we won't give him away. Hoping that I may succeed in waking some of our slumbering intellects, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

H. H.

Occasional Thoughts.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.

As I have a few moments to spare, I will ask you for a little space in the Magazine to express a few thoughts regarding the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is a noble organization, and one that every fireman should join as soon as he is qualified.

Many firemen say that they can live without the Brotherhood; this may be true, but if they only knew the benefits of the Order, they would not want to live without it. A fireman who goes through life without joining the Brotherhood, and enjoying its opportunities, fails in his mission; he plods his way in darkness without realizing the importance of his calling or the innumerable benefits that are connected with it.

In the first place, the Brotherhood teaches us that ours is an honorable occupation; that the locomotive fireman, if he properly conducts himself, is the peer of any other man. It teaches us to improve our opportunities and to make all we can of ourselves. If we are sick or disabled, it administers to our wants and if we fall by the wayside, the dear ones at home are provided for. We do not know how soon the messenger of

death may overtake us, and hence we should make all necessary provisions before it is too late.

Many of us do not realize or appreciate the benefits of our Brotherhood until we are actually in need of them; it is then that in our hearts we bless the noble Order that comes to our rescue.

I am glad to see the Order growing so rapidly, for this proves that its benefits are being recognized more and more every day.

In a little while it will embrace every good man who handles the scoop on the continent. Let us all unite in our efforts to hasten the coming of that day.

C. E. M.

First Anniversary.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

One year ago, to-day, New Year Lodge, No. 135, B. of L. F., was organized in this city by a delegation from Cactus Lodge, No. 94, one of whom, to-day, is our Vice Grand Master.

We had enrolled upon our charter nine members, who have labored nobly, until we have succeeded in obtaining a membership of fifty as true Brotherhood men as ever stepped upon "deck." During the year 1883, we succeeded in obtaining a splendid hall, and, by donations from various Brothers, we have improved it well.

I must not forget to give praise to Bro. J. S. Wheeler, who has labored hard to make our Lodge room look well, and I hope he may never have cause to regret it. Also, to Bro. Beaumont, of No. 45, who has taken great interest in our welfare.

Now, as we have done so well, by making New Year Lodge No. 135 a success in its first year, there is no reason why we cannot bring our Lodge still nearer the front in the year to come. And I am sure if we all make it a point to attend meetings regularly, and live up to our motto, success will surely follow, and No. 135 will be one of our first Lodges.

We have better facilities to make a good Lodge than many others, as we have entering here five different railroads, viz.: S. P. R. R., T. P. R. R., M. C. R. R., G. H. & S. A. R. R., and A. T. & S. F. R. R., all of which are represented in No. 135.

With our success we have had our trials, by the death of one of our charter members, Bro. C. W. Shannon, who passed from us on Thursday morning, December 20th, after an illness of only a short period, thus reminding us of the certainty of death.

Thinking I have taken more than my share of space in your valuable Magazine, I shall close with success to E., S. and I.

J. B. MATTHEWS.

A Fair Warning.

WINSLOW, ARIZONA.

Pacific Lodge, No. 173, has made great progress since she was organized, and bids fair to rank among the best Lodges in the Order.

We have about forty members on our rolls, and considering that we have only been organized a few months, and that there is but one road running through here, we feel just a little proud of our success.

Our members are of the right metal, and are determined to make a good record for the Brotherhood in this locality. Bro. Sam. Thompson, one of our solid men, is in Big Springs, Tex., working for the T. P.; he says it takes a cast iron man to fire an engine there.

John Starr (old honest John), has left here, but we hope to hear from him soon. Bro. Emmet Hogden is in Chicago, and we are told that he is going to work for the Illinois Central.

By the way, the next time that Bro. S. M. Stevens makes the rounds and fails to call on us we will give him six months on a tarantula (that's what the boys call our big consolidated engines). But, seriously, Bro. Stevens, we wish to see you down this way, and if you can manage to pay us a visit, we assure you a hearty welcome.

Let us give the boys in the east a fair warning: If you want to take the Magazine prize for 1884, you will have to "rustle," for we are going to give you a race.

We haven't got the experience of our older members, but we do not yield to them in point of good will. With equal opportunities, the Pacific boys will not get left.

TARANTULA.

A WELSH DAY.

Chicago Herald.

On Christmas day, a few years ago, they had an "Eisteddfod" in Chickering hall, New York, at which one man read an "Englynion," and another recited an "Awdl," and another the "Cwydd y Farn Fawr," and then the whole crowd stood up and sang "Hen wlad fy nhadlau." And then the roof of the hall fell in.



FRANK PATTERSON is running a switch engine at Sherman, Texas.

A FINE boy has been added to the family of Bro. F. M. James, of Centralia, Ill.

E. K. COLE has been promoted and is making a good record as an engineer.

C. C. CHURCH, of Galion, has dropped the scoop and now holds the throttle.

JAS. FINK, of 177, returned from Minnesota a short time ago with a blooming bride.

VICE GRAND MASTER SARGENT now officiates as "Night Master Mechanic" at Tucson.

CHAS. S. REID, **B. F. Thompson**, **W. M. Beck** and **B. Plock**, of Fort Wayne, are engineers now.

F. D. SIMPSON, of Tucson, has just moved into his elegant new residence and is happy as a big sunflower.

L. JORDAN, of Eclipse Lodge, was married to Miss Minnie Barton, of Ashland, Ohio. May joy be with him.

H. G. BECHOLD has been promoted to the position of Foreman of the shops and round house at Gallon, Ohio.

REPORTS from Milwaukee say that **F. C. Stubbe's** happiness is occasioned by a new little girl just arrived at his domicile.

A. E. BENNETT, of No. 22, walks on tip-toe now to appear a little larger since his wife presented him with a fine young daughter.

CHAS. BENNETT, the "Little Giant" Financier of Vigo Lodge, is the right man in the right place. He does business "strictly for cash."

WM. HUGO and **J. A. Tweedie** are the men who keep old Eureka high up among our best Lodges. They are ably supported by their fellow-members.

NEW YEAR'S Day brought to the home of Bro. Frank Redman, of No. 70, a beautiful little girl. Frank says it was the most acceptable holiday present he ever received.

ALEX. HORNING, of No. 141, is now at Dunkirk, Ohio, running a shifter in a stone quarry. **P. E. Malone**, of the same Lodge, is firing the 167 on the Chicago limited express, while **W. G. Lyons** is handling the scoop on the 168, one of the renowned Boone "Class A" passenger engines.

GEO. R. TEDFORD, who has returned from a visit to Omaha, says: "Although No. 123 has been in the ditch, the boys have the machine on the rails again, with plenty of steam, and will come in on time." Bro. Tedford returns thanks for the good treatment bestowed upon him by the Omaha members.

M. McMURRAY, of Garden City Lodge No. 50, was married at Houston, Texas, December 19, to Miss Lizzie Dean. The affair was a very pleasant one, and after receiving the congratulations of their friends the happy pair were escorted to the elegantly furnished residence that was in readiness for them.

T. C. GRANT, the veteran Financier of Northern Light Lodge No. 127, has been made the recipient of fifty dollars in cash and an elegant gold seal ring by his Lodge as a testimonial to the faithful service rendered by him in his official capacity. Bro. Grant is fully deserving of this high recognition. Elsewhere will be found his card of thanks.

THE marriage of Bro. **W. H. Kane**, of Anchor Lodge No. 54, is thus reported in the the Moberly Headlight:

"Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. C. Grimes, Mr. **W. H. Kane** and Miss Marley **L. Wright**. The ceremony took place at 8 o'clock, and was a very interesting and impressive one. The groom is a fireman on the west end for Joe LeCompte and is well-known to the railroad men of Moberly. The bride is the second daughter of Dr. **J. L. Wright**, formerly of the Central Livery Stable, and is one of Moberly's most accomplished and beautiful young ladies. A very few of the friends and relatives of the bride were there to witness the ceremony. Refreshments that would satisfy any epicurean were served."

The Magazine unites with the boys in extending congratulations to the happy couple.

OUR AGED MOTHER.

Our mother's lost her usefulness,
Her locks are turning gray;
And wrinkles take the place of smiles,
She's fading every day.
We gaze at her in sorrow now,
For though we've ne'er been told,
We feel the sad and weary truth
That mother's growing old.

Our mother's lost her usefulness,
Her eyes grow dim with tears;
Yet still within her heart there shines
The light of other years.
For oft she'll speak in merry tones,
And smile as in her youth,
As o'er her heart some memory smiles
Of when she was a child.

Our mother's lost her usefulness,
Her light step has grown slow;
The graceful form is wont to stoop—
Her cheek has lost its glow.
Her weary face has grown so thin,
Her dear hands tremble now—
"Passing away"—In sad deep lines
Is traced upon her brow.

Our mother's lost her usefulness,
Her smiles are just as kind;
Her tones to us are soft as e'er,
Whom dearer can we find?
But as we mark her trembling form
And see her trudge along,
A sad voice whispers to our hearts,
You can not keep her long.

Our mother's lost her usefulness,
We see it every day;
And feel more dearly the truth,
She soon must pass away.
Ah! even now, the boatman pale,
We fear, is hovering nigh,
Waiting with white sails all unfurled,
He will not heed our cry.

But gently bear the weary form
Into the phantom bark—
She will not fear—Christ went before;
The way will not be dark.
And safe beyond the troubled stream,
Her tired heart's strife is o'er,
Our angel mother glorified
Will grow old nevermore.

—F. M. Carter.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

Firemen's Department.

OBITUARY.

Martin K. Tisher, a member of Hawkeye Lodge, No. 27, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was killed suddenly December 20th, 1883. The deceased was born in Monroe County, Ohio, January 18th, 1852; age, thirty-one years, eleven months and eight days. The funeral services were conducted December 29th, in the First Evangelical Lutheran church of Cedar Rapids, Ia. The following is a brief of the funeral address delivered by the pastor, Rev. Oliver C. Miller:

Text, 1st Samuel, 20th chapter, part of third verse: "Truly, as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death."

These are the words of David to his beloved friend Jonathan, and they describe vividly and accurately the dangers to which his life was exposed. Being chosen of Jehovah to succeed Saul upon the throne of Israel, he had, without any fault on his part, incurred the jealousy and bitter hatred of that rejected monarch, who, with the aid of hundreds of armed men, sought continually to take his life. As he fled into the wilderness of Judah, and there sought refuge within the rocks and caves of the mountains, he was closely pursued and oft times surrounded by his terrible enemy with his skillful men of war. So greatly was his life endangered that he was only preserved by the power of Jehovah to whom he had prayed to "hide him in the secret of his presence, from the pride of man and the strife of tongues." He describes his condition as being like that of the partridge or wild deer, when ensnared or chased by the hunter. Now the truth which I desire to bring forward and enforce by the sad circumstances of the very sudden death of our Brother, is that the conditions and surroundings of our lives are not unlike those of David, compassed about by the uncertainties of human life. Can we not all, with propriety, exclaim, "there is but a step between me and death," especially you of the Brotherhood, whose vocation calls you continuously in the midst of danger, and places your feet within but a step of sudden and terrible death. You of all men ought to be the best prepared, at any time, to meet your Creator and Preserver, in whom you are taught to trust and believe. When at the call of your fellow men, you go bravely to your post of duty, you take, as it were, with you bucket and lantern, your very life in your hand. Yours is a heroic and honorable calling, one for which the world can not well have too much respect and too great sympathy. The world can not do without you, and I rejoice for the present opportunity to express to you our appreciation of your fidelity to the common good of humanity in the pursuits of an avocation fraught with such continuous and imminent peril. Allow me to tell you that my sympathies are with you, and often in the darkness and danger of the night, when the stormy heavens gather with the awful threatenings of instant death around about your rapid course, I lift my heart to God in prayer for you, that our Heavenly Father may protect your lives and prepare you at a moment's notice to enter into the glory of your blessed Lord who loved you, and gave himself for you. Now let us turn to God prayerfully that He may teach us the lessons designed by this ministration of sorrow. Our

Brother, respected and esteemed by all, met death at his post of duty, serving his fellow men in an honorable calling; let us bow in submission before this inscrutable dispensation of Divine Providence, affectionately committing the body of our Brother to the earth, and his spirit to the all wise and merciful Creator. Surely God designs to sanctify this affliction to the eternal good of many souls. Oh, that we may pause in life's way, and have an ear to hear, and heed the voice of the spirit which says, "watch and pray, for ye know not at what hour the son of man cometh." Oh, my hearers, I entreat you to be ready, for God may at any moment call you to take that last step that intervenes between you and the gates of death. The sudden death of our Brother is a most forcible illustration of the truth of my text, the step he has taken is for all, for you and for me. The divine intelligence knows the very moment, unknown to us. Let us be ready; death follows you with swift winged speed upon life's track. You can not escape his call. And now to you, the bereaved ones, into whose homes the shock of death has come with such sudden and terrible force, whose hearts feel so keenly this bitter sorrow, let me say that Christianity unites us all in one common brotherhood. We share your sorrows. The Christlike sympathy has touched our hearts, and we sorrow with you, but in this your great affliction you need more than human sympathy and help, therefore, let me lead you to Him who came to hear all humanity's sorrows, whose grace is sufficient, and who alone can bind up the broken heart.

DEDICATION OF A HALL.

Elkhart Journal.

Last night was the time set by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to dedicate their new hall in Peer's brick block, which has been fully described by us some time ago. About half past seven the members and invited guests began gathering in, and in a short time the hall was well filled. At about eight o'clock Mr. E. K. Cole introduced P. L. Turner, who delivered an appropriate address on the objects and purposes of the organization. He closed his address by a presentation in behalf of the ladies of Elkhart, more especially the wives and lady friends of the firemen, of a handsome Bible. On behalf of the Brotherhood, Mr. Cole in a few appropriate remarks, thanked the ladies for this precious token of their esteem, and assured them that its pages should not remain unscrutinized, and that its precepts should be their guide. Mark Floyd, an engineer on the Lake Shore, who was in the audience, was then called on, and in a brief speech assured the Brotherhood that, while he was not a member of their organization, nor that of the Brotherhood of Engineer, his sympathies were with them and he stood ready at all times to render them such assistance as it was in his power to give. Mr. Cole then extended a warm invitation to all present to attend a ball which had been arranged for at McNaughton's hall, and which was to close the enjoyment of the evening. Following is a synopsis of Mr. Turner's address: Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, Ladies and Gentlemen—The welfare and interests of the railroad as it exists to-day, are so closely allied to, and identified with the welfare and interests of this Brotherhood, that it seems to me fit and proper that we should cast a cursory glance at the origin, rise and progress of the railroad. The nucleus or germ of the modern train, that we see thundering through our farms and cities to-day, had its origin far back in the 16th century, amidst the coal fields of northern England, where the miners of coal and those en-

gaged in its transportation, carried on incessant debate and discussion with the philosophers and English sages, who spent months in conclusively, as it was then thought, demonstrating to the British Crown and parliament, that it was an utter impossibility to run vehicles or cars loaded with coal with any more ease on two parallel tracks of wood than upon an academised road. Experiment proved these renowned sophists of Britain to be in error. Tracks of iron were afterward used, and finally the locomotive was invented, that would run by its own internal impulse. Its movements were slow and cumbersome at first, but improvement after improvement was added, when to-day with a fair race, it leaves the hurricane, with its rapid and destructive pace, far in the rear. This Brotherhood has had as simple an origin, but its attainments have been fully as great. The first meeting, I understand, was held at Port Jervis, N. Y., in the year 1873, with about half a dozen members in attendance. They had no gilded hall with fancy tapestry, nothing but the undaunted determination of noble men, seeking to elevate themselves socially, morally and intellectually. There they embodied in their motto the words, "Benevolence, Industry and Sobriety." Three of the grandest principles that ever animated the soul of any man. This small meeting soon became a bright and majestic light, shedding its effulgent beams far and wide, and like the "star of empire," rose and westward took its way across the continent, till to-day the great oceans splash high their white caps, seemingly to rejoice at holding within their embrace an organization of such boundless possibilities. This Brotherhood does not tolerate strikes or uphold petty differences between employer and employee. It writes upon its banner, "The property of the employer is the property of the employee." It believes in settling all misunderstandings by arbitration and amicable agreements. Your success as an order in this city has been as great as your existence has been brief. You have a finely furnished and comfortable hall. Nothing seemingly could be added to contribute to its inviting appearance. The ladies who are most intimately connected with this organization and who have a deep and tender interest in your affairs as an order, have discovered that which is missing, and that which above all other things is so very much needed. They have contributed in the purchase of this Bible their money, and in the presentation of it to you their best wishes. You will find in the perusal of this holy book the best of advice and the noblest of converse, and in behalf of these kind and generous hearted ladies, I would most earnestly urge you to be guided by its precepts, that you may the more easily fulfill the mission of your existence."

AMUSEMENTS.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Of the ball of Falls City Lodge No. 103, the Louisville Evening Post says:

"The ball given by Falls City Lodge No. 103, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, at Liederkranz hall, last night, was a success in every way, both financially and socially. The hall was handsomely decorated by Morat, Elchhorn furnished the music and a fine supper was set by Zoeller. Locomotive headlights loaned by the Master Mechanic of the L. & N., lighted up the place as bright as day. Dancing was continued till a late hour and the best of good humor prevailed. Miss Hannah Ulrich and Mr. Harry Vandelliff led the grand march in graceful style. The committee deserve much praise for the success of their efforts."

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

The union ball of the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, at Terre Haute, Ind., on New Year's eve, was an overwhelming success. All credit is due to the joint executive committee that had the affair in charge. Eight hundred tickets were sold, and over five hundred dollars were netted, with which an elegant hall was furnished for the exclusive use of the three Orders. The Terre Haute Express gives the following account of the ball:

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined," are appropriate words to apply to the great gathering of fair women and brave men, who assembled at Dowling hall, last night, to participate in the festivities afforded by the union ball of the order of Railroad Conductors and the Brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen. When the boys who call for "tickets," pull the throttles and raise the steam on the great railroad lines of the country, combine their forces and start out to have a good time, they know no such word as fail. They are men of intelligence and character, who, when on duty, are the representatives of great trusts and have confided to their keeping and protection the lives of the travelling public. Their diligence, their trustworthiness, their courage are attested by the hundreds of thousands of people who are daily safely carried with speed of the wind over the great railways of the country, and while on duty they are men of steel hearts and iron nerve, yet when in the social circle they are as gentle as cooling doves and as true hearted and gallant as the knights of old. Such they were last night as they danced the old year out and the new year in, and right royally did they enter into the enjoyment of the occasion.

Eight hundred tickets had been sold and there were upwards of three hundred couples present, but notwithstanding the crush everything passed off without an unpleasant episode. The music was furnished by ten pieces from the Ringgold orchestra, which opened with a grand march at 9 P. M., followed with waltzes, quadrilles, lancers and Virginia reels, finally closing the most pleasant ball of the season with "Home, Sweet Home," at four o'clock this morning.

MOBERLY, MO.

The Moberly Monitor gives the following account of the grand ball of Anchor Lodge No. 54 on New Year's eve:

"The mere announcement of the fact that the Firemen will give a ball indicates a large number of visiting friends, good music, a bountiful banquet and a grand gala night. Such was the entertainment of New Year's eve, which, for beautiful ladies, gallant gents, costly dress and a generally enjoyable time will be remembered pleasantly every day of the new-born year. The occasion awakens memories of the four previous similar entertainments given under the auspices of the same Order. But a glance through the ball-room finds many missing faces, which five years ago were smiling with pleasure, and who were keeping time with the merry dance. Things have changed!

The greater part of yesterday afternoon was devoted to decorating and preparing the hall, and those who imagine the fireman's taste is restricted to the narrow limits of the "iron horse" should have examined the skill displayed in placing the decorative fabrics and flags upon the walls. Directly over the stage was a large banner, on which was cleverly inscribed the beautiful motto: "Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry." The east and west walls were filled with pictures of different designs, prominent among them a

foaming locomotive with the engineer and fireman at their respective posts, and other paintings decidedly appropriate to the occasion. In the rear of the hall, immediately over the entrance hung another banner with the emblems of the order inscribed, together with the words "Anchor Lodge, No. 54." The bordering surrounding the gallery was of red, white and blue cambric, folded in rolls and swinging in loops, with flags in elegant profusion to illuminate the background. Altogether, it presented a rich, attractive and elegant appearance, or, in other words, a kind-of-Vanderbilt-ball-room-look. Of course the difference might have been distinguished, but no one thought of the comparison last night.

The music—it was inspiring—which was of a delightful and superior quality came from Prof. Blenn's band of Hannibal. At the proper hour, Mr. St. Clair Flemming led off the grand march, and from that time on the merriment was kept at full-glee. The programme had been arranged with an eye to the dances which Moberly people were partial to, and in consequence no hitch occurred to mar the pleasure of their fifth annual ball.

The attendance was undoubtedly the largest that ever assembled on any previous occasion, or trod the floor of Apur's opera house, embracing, too, the most charming and (it is an absolute fact) the most beautiful ladies in the city.

In the spacious and elegant dining apartment of the Grand Central, Mr. Merritt had arranged one table the entire length of the room. Sixty-four persons could be seated at once. The table was filled at sharp 12 o'clock with first arrivals from the ball-room, after that the banquetters continued to arrive and depart until after three o'clock, over one hundred and twenty-five in all. The whole arrangement of the banquet was simply perfect.

The committee of arrangements, to whom the credit of success is greatly due, are: W. P. Davis, W. P. Carlisle, C. C. Hamilton, J. Murnin and St. Clair Fleming. Each of these gentlemen wore a handsome blue badge and acquitted themselves in a manner becoming their high standing as thorough competent firemen and their strict observance of the motto of their Order—"Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry."

Some presence of mind was displayed when the following courteous gentlemen were placed on the reception committee, with a tempting red badge on their breast: J. W. Gass, Z. I. Meadley, P. O'Brien, W. H. Kane, C. E. Brooks, E. S. Williamson, J. Cronican, M. Stranton, F. Linkogel, G. E. Hirshman, J. A. Mills, W. Marks, J. Callahan, T. Seboid, D. Casey, O. Moeller, M. J. Ormand, B. Nicholson, J. K. Arthur, W. Waterhouse, M. C. Cavanaugh and R. Green.

The floor managers, a princely set of gentlemen with white badges, were: J. A. Stong, J. D. Davidson, G. Zang, F. Nebergall, C. C. McCullum, J. Malone, L. T. Burton.

The affair was a "superlatively sociable" one—that is, all present mingled in happiness together, enjoyed the festivities in harmony, and, we advance the assertion, all will join the Monitor in wishing the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen a safe and successful run through the year they last night inaugurated with pleasure."

FERGUS FALLS, MINN.

The late ball of New Era Lodge No. 78 was a great success, as will be seen by the following from the Fergus Falls Telegram:

"The 'Boys who Love Fun,' as the title of the Brotherhood of Firemen might justly be called, did themselves proud at their ball at the Opera House last night. Every arrange-

ment was perfect, and a most delightful dance was the result. The trimmings of the hall were elaborate and beautiful. At the back of the stage was draped a large American flag. On this was the monogram in immense letters of evergreen, 'B. L. F.' On one side of the monogram hung a portrait of Washington after he got to be President and Robert Emmett thundered eloquence on the other side. At the front of the stage were placed several of the large bulls-eye lanterns such as usually adorn the rear cars of passenger trains. Over the top of the stage the word 'Welcome' was worked in evergreen. Framed pictures and photographs of engines and the Lodge Charter were hung at regular intervals around the room. On the white wall at the right of the hall, in letters of green, appeared 'Our Brotherhood,' at the left 'Lodge B. L. of F., No. 78.' Ropes of evergreen were suspended from the ceiling on three sides of the hall, and at each angle was hung a red, green or white railroad lantern. Several other flags and bannerts also were used in the decorations. The effect of the whole was pleasing and unique and the labor spent indicated that the Brotherhood when they undertake a thing of this kind are the boys to 'do it up brown.' A large number attended the ball, many of them social lights of this and other cities. Representatives from Winnipeg, Crookston, St. Vincent, Grand Forks, Fargo and Moorhead came expressly to attend the dance. The Brainerd band supplied excellent music. Due attention had been paid to the floor. Even the programmes had been gotten up with especial reference to their use by railroad men, and such titles as 'Schottische—'couples up,' 'Virginia Reel—Climbing up Pelican,' 'Waltz—18 miles an hour,' 'Waltz—Round the curves,' gave the whole affair a sort of railroad lustre and mystery.

The ball—the 'first annual' of this Lodge—can properly be called a 'stunner,' and the Telegram believes that all the guests will heed the closing words on the programme cards, 'Dan Tucker—Come to our next. Good night.'"

BROOKFIELD, MO.

Phoenix Lodge No. 23 met with great success at their ball on New Year's Eve. The Brookfield Argus contains the following report of the affair:

"An occasion like the one at Strawbridge Hall, of this city, on New Year's Eve, is of interest to everybody and was talked of for weeks before, and it will be a long time before the memory of the affair will have been forgotten. The greatest of preparations had been made by Phoenix Lodge No. 23, who gave the dance, and when the time came everybody was in high expectation of having a nice time, and when we say pointedly that it was, without doubt, the largest and finest and most pleasant dance ever given in Strawbridge Hall, we know everybody who were present will endorse what we say.

At 8:30 o'clock the hall was completely packed, and there were guests present from neighboring towns and as far as Kansas City on the west and Quincy on the east. The hall was nicely decorated with pictures, emblematic of the Order, and especially attractive was the stage, which was trimmed and decorated with a large B. of L. F. in gold letters and above that was the flag of our Union. The 'Welcome' in evergreen bows was artistic and was, indeed, the motto of the evening. When the grand march struck up by the celebrated Rackett orchestra of Quincy, 'brave men and fair women' formed into line and soon all were interested in filling up their programmes with engagements.

The hall was very brilliantly lighted and red lanterns were hung on the chandeliers, and a headlight was placed on the stage, but all this brilliancy was not a comparison to

the illumination that was on the faces of the boys of the B. of L. F.

They had neither plume nor cuirass,
Neither lance nor spur of gold,
Such as flashed around arenas,
In historic days of old;
But a common kindred passion,
And a fellowship whose flame,
Burns forever in their bosoms,
Like the magic of some name.
Let them shake the hand of gladness,
And feel the pulse beat high
With the holy tide of Brotherhood,
Beneath one common sky.

Supper was served in the Good Templar hall by the ladies of the Baptist church, and it was a fair banquet. The tables were handsomely decorated and laden with turkey, cold meats, cakes and coffee, and the oysters were served in any style desired, and the supper was a great credit to the ladies who got it up and also to the Brotherhood, and the boys request us to express thanks to the ladies for the pains that was taken to help make the occasion such a grand success.

The finest feature of the dance was the music. The Rackett family are without doubt the finest orchestra ever in Brookfield, not excepting Fryor's, of St. Joe. Prof. Fryor has a fine military band and for street work are probably as good as there is in the State, but for opera house or dances they can't touch the Rackett orchestra of Quincy. Mr. Ed. Nolan, the prompter and caller and a member of the orchestra, is a daisy, having a very strong and exceedingly plain voice, and his changes pleased the dancers, and everybody was loud in his praise, and the Argus knows by personal acquaintance that there is not a more pleasant young man in Quincy than Ed.

The floor managers were J. S. Ray, of Hannibal; Wm. O'Neill, Frank Elliott, H. Mangel, J. A. Coulter and Lon Cave, and as Mr. Ray is such a great success as a floor manager we are requested to tender thanks for his services. He is said to be one of the best men in the State on a floor.

The boys also tender a vote of thanks to Mr. Pete Peck, the Master Mechanic, and to Mr. B. S. Woodard, Division Superintendent, for their kindness in arranging matters so that about all the railroad boys could be present at the dance.

In conclusion the B. of L. F. ball was the event of the winter for Linn county, and the pleasures of the occasion will long be held in remembrance by all who were so fortunate as to be present."

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

NOTICE TO FINANCIERS.

Financiers are hereby notified that there will be no assessment for the month of February, as there is a sufficient surplus in the beneficiary fund for the payment of all claims. Collections on delinquencies should be reserved until returns are made for the March assessment.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND DUES.

The attention of Financiers is called to the fact that on and after February 1 they will collect only fifty cents from newly admitted members for Grand Dues for the year ending July 31, 1884, as per Section 2 of Article 6 and Section 1 of Article 11 of the Constitution.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

CHANGE OF LOCATION.

On the 1st of September Fort Ridgely Lodge, No. 65, was removed from Sleepy Eye, Minn., to Waseca, Minn. The new location is better adapted to the convenience of the members.

UNION MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that a union meeting of the Brotherhood will be held at Chicago Saturday evening, February 16, under the auspices of Garden City Lodge No. 50. The officers of the Grand Lodge will be present and all members in good standing are invited to attend.

J. J. DELANEY,
Secretary.

J. J. HANNAHAN,
Master.

RESOLUTIONS.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

At a regular meeting of Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, the following resolution was adopted, viz.:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be and are hereby extended to Mr. E. B. Wakeman, Assistant Superintendent of the St. P., M. & M. R. R., for his kindness in granting free transportation over his line to our members and their ladies, on the occasion of the third annual ball of Northwestern Lodge, No. 82, held November 27th, 1883.

J. M. SHEIRE,
Chairman of Committee.

STANBERRY, MO.

At a regular meeting of Banner Lodge, No. 56, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this Lodge tenders a vote of thanks to E. Dresser, Esq., Div. Supt., and J. S. Hazen, Div. M. M., for kindly assisting in making our first annual ball a grand success. Also, to Mrs. L. W. Joseph and Miss Moille Dilly, for making rosettes of ribbon for the committees, and to the several committees for their assistance, and to the citizens of Stanberry for their liberal patronage.

Resolved, That we feel under many obligations to the members of Stanberry Division, B. of L. E., for their kindness in assisting us in many different respects.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded, and a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

MORRIS TURNHAM,
O. F. PARKER,
W. E. PATTERSON, } Committee.

WELLSVILLE, OHIO.

At a meeting of Alexia Lodge No. 96, held December 8, the Lodge was presented with a beautiful motto by Miss Maggie Given. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Alexia Lodge No. 96 accept the beautiful present, and in so doing we would return our sincere thanks to our friend, Miss Maggie Given.

Resolved, That the above resolution be published in the Firemen's Magazine and that a copy of the same be presented to Miss Given, with the seal of Lodge attached.

S. J. CLARK,
F. D. SHULL,
D. W. DAVIDSON, } Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At a meeting of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, B. of L. F., held December 30th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Through the kindness of Mr. Robt. E. Pettit, Supt. N. Y. Div. P. R. R., Mr. Wm. H. Johnston, a member of this Lodge, has been reinstated in his former position as an engineer on that division; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are due, and are hereby respectfully tendered to that gentleman for this act of kindness to our brother member; be it further

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge will hold in grateful remembrance this proof

of his sympathy with the principles of our Order.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Robt. E. Pettit, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

H. W. WALTON,
W. J. WHEELER,
E. H. KNOWLES, } *Committee.*
C. H. TAYLOR,

GREENVILLE, TEXAS.

At a regular meeting of Texas Belle Lodge, No. 155, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby tendered to Mr. F. A. Faker, master mechanic of the Jefferson section of the Missouri Pacific R. R., for his kindness in allowing us the use of his office in which to organize our Lodge and to hold our meetings until we could secure some other place.

Resolved, That we also extend to Bro. J. C. Hogg, of No. 8, the sincere thanks of this Lodge for representing our Lodge at the late Convention held at Denver, Col.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Faker and Bro. Hogg; also, placed on the minutes of the Lodge, and a copy sent to the Magazine for publication.

G. H. WHITNEY,
E. H. SIMS, } *Committee.*
H. A. CHERRY,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

At a meeting of Kansas City Lodge, No. 74, held December 17th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The wife of our worthy Vice Master, Mrs. N. Clough, has presented this Lodge with a handsomely worked motto, beautifully framed, entitled "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard this present as a high token of esteem for our Order, and it is our earnest wish that Mrs. Clough may live long to cherish these feelings of love and esteem.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented Mrs. Clough, and that they be recorded on the minutes of this meeting, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

WM. PIERCEY,
J. FLEMING, } *Committee.*
M. HURLEY,

WINSLOW, ARIZONA.

At a regular meeting of Pacific Lodge, No. 173, B. of L. F., held December 9th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are hereby extended to our worthy Secretary, Bro. A. L. Parker, for his untiring energy in his work in behalf of this Lodge and the B. of L. F. in general.

Resolved, That we fully appreciate the interest manifested by him in behalf of the Order, and that we shall always endeavor to follow his good example.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the Albuquerque city papers and the Firemen's Magazine, and a copy be presented to Bro. Parker.

JAS. E. MARTIN,
T. J. WELSH, } *Committee.*
W. H. FARNSWORTH,

PERRY, IOWA.

At the last meeting of Pilot Lodge, No. 124, B. of L. F., upon entering the Lodge room, the members received a pleasant surprise in the shape of a handsome Secretary's desk, presented to them by Mrs. Seymour, wife of

their late Brother. W. H. Seymour. They have therefore

Resolved, To extend their sincere thanks to Mrs. Seymour, not alone for the valuable gift, but for the pleasure it gives them to know that they are remembered by so estimable a lady.

GEO. GREGG,
L. K. OWENS, } *Committee.*

PALMERSTON, ONTARIO.

At a regular meeting of Wellington Lodge No. 181, B. of L. F., held December 18, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been made the recipient of a beautiful framed motto by Mrs. Jas. Caudle, wife of our worthy Chaplain, entitled the "Lord's Prayer;" therefore be it

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby tendered to Mrs. Caudle for the beautiful motto that now adorns our Lodge room.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Caudle and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

GEO. PHILLIPS,
A. HOBSON, } *Committee.*
J. HUTT,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At a meeting of Enterprise Lodge, No. 76, B. of L. F., held December 30th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our delegate to the late annual convention, held in Denver, Colorado, was furnished, by the kindness of Mr. Thos. M. Gucker, Supt. Philadelphia Div. P. R. R. with free transportation there and return, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are due, and are hereby respectfully tendered to that gentleman for this act of courtesy and generosity; be it further

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge will hold in grateful remembrance this proof of his sympathy with the principles of our Order.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Thos. M. Gucker, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

H. W. WALTON,
E. H. KNOWLES,
W. J. WHEELER, } *Committee.*
C. H. TAYLOR,

LOGANSFORT, IND.

At a special meeting of Good Will Lodge No. 52, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held December 22, the following preambles and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the universe in his infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed brother, John Gorman, who was killed in a wreck on the C. & St. L. & P. Railway, at South Lynn, near Chicago, December 21, 1883; and

WHEREAS, Our Order has lost one of its best members and his parents, sisters and brothers an affectionate son and brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Good Will Lodge No. 52 tender to his bereaved parents, sisters and brothers their heartfelt sympathy; while they have lost a noble son and brother, we have lost an honored member whose memory will long be cherished by us.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days as a mark of respect to our deceased brother; also, that the resolutions be published in our Magazine and our city papers, and a copy be sent to the bereaved parents.

E. H. LAING,
ARTHUR KNILL, }
W. H. GREEN,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

At a regular meeting of Challenge Lodge, No. 86, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge were very much indebted to Messrs. H. Corby, Geo. Ritchie & Co., Col. Prince and S. O'Brien for their kindness in granting us the use of flags and other material to decorate the city hall for our annual ball, also to Messrs. R. O. Hagan, H. Burnham and J. Ferguson for their kind efforts in assisting us to decorate the hall on the above occasion; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender the above named gentlemen our sincere thanks for the kind interest they have taken in the welfare of our order, thereby enabling us to make our third annual ball a grand success. And that a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the above named gentlemen, and published in the local papers and the Firemen's Magazine.

W. T. LOGUE,
E. MORRIS,
E. L. ADAMSON, } *Committee.*

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of H. G. Brooks Lodge, No. 189, B. of L. F., held December 4th, 1883, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Mr. J. Soles, Superintendent of the Susquehanna division of the N. Y., L. E. & W. Railroad, did on November 27th, 1883, furnish passes for those who attended the ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen on that date; therefore, be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Soles for his kindness in giving passes to all persons coming to the party on his division, an act which will never be forgotten by the members of the Lodge.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered by this Lodge to Adam Davidson for his kindness in furnishing, free of charge, the material for draping the hall; to Messrs. Santee and Buxton and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers for furnishing pictures to hang upon the walls, and to Messrs. E. R. Craig, A. S. Vanwinkle, Joseph Harris, and Coye & Young, for money contributed.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the persons herein named.

THE COMMITTEE.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

Martin Tisher, of Hawkeye Lodge, No. 27, B. of L. F., was killed while at his post of duty by his engine leaving the track, and being buried beneath the wreck, on the evening of December 26th, 1883, near Columbus Junction, Iowa, on the B., C. R. & N. R. W. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by Lodge No. 27, of which he was a highly respected member:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from among us by sudden death our esteemed Brother, Martin Tisher, he being almost instantly killed; therefore, be it

Resolved, That, while in this sorrowful event we see the hand of Divine Providence and resignedly submit to it, yet we are conscious of the gloom it has cast over the family and relatives. Recognizing the fact that the life of a locomotive fireman is a perilous one, we would endeavor at all times to submit ourselves to that merciful Father who giveth us our lives and who also takes them from us.

Resolved, That words are inadequate to express our sorrow or assuage the grief of the sorrowing wife, mother and fatherless children in their sad bereavement. We would not intrude upon the sanctity of their loss only by condolence with them in the sad hour of their affliction, and counsel them to

turn to Him who can penetrate the darkest clouds and lead them out into the light beyond, and when they arrive at death's river may hail with joy their loved one gone before.

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved wife, mother, brothers and sisters our earnest and sincere sympathies in this their hour of sorrow and distress, and pray that God in His divine mercy may give them grace to sustain them in this unexpected trial.

Resolved, That in his death No. 27 has lost a valuable member, and the community a good and respected citizen and neighbor.

Resolved, That we tender the Rev. O. C. Miller our sincere thanks for the good advice and consolation given us in the funeral sermon over our late Brother.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to the Fourth ward hose company for their kind assistance at the services, and that these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and a copy sent to the family.

E. L. DAY,
W. S. DAVIS,
C. M. MOORE, } *Committee.*

LETTERS OF THANKS.

WINNEPEG, MANITOBA, Jan. 12, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of Northern Light Lodge No. 127:

DEAR BROTHERS: Permit me to return my sincere thanks to each and all of you for the very elegant and substantial token I received at your hands in being presented with fifty dollars in cash and a beautiful gold ring. These gifts are intended as a testimonial to my faithful service as your Financier, and this being your object I feel thrice gratified. I shall ever continue to serve you to the best of my ability and endeavor to prove worthy of your generous tokens of friendship and esteem, which I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance. Fraternally yours,

T. C. GRANT.

BLAIR, NEB., Dec. 10, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I wish, through the columns of your Magazine, to thank you for your benevolence in regard to the claim of J. I. Getty, and especially to Mr. P. H. Sullivan, of No. 28, from whom I received a draft for \$1,000. May your association prosper and be a blessing to all. Respectfully,

LOUISE S. REED.

BEARDSTOWN, ILLS., Dec. 9, 1883.

To the Members of H. B. Stone Lodge, No. 122, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN: If you will allow me the privilege, I wish to return to each and every one of you my most sincere and heartfelt thanks for your kindness to my husband in his sickness, and also to myself. Your aid to us shall never be forgotten. May the great Giver of all things keep each one of you from affliction of any kind, and may your Lodge grow in members, and may prosperity be with you, is the wish of

MRS. M. W. SEELEY.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL., Dec. 15, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of Royal Gorge Lodge No. 58, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN: It gives me great pleasure to thank you for your solicitous care of the mortal remains of my son and for the payment of his insurance, the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge; also for the many letters of sympathy and kind words spoken. All of this cannot restore him or fill the void created, yet we bow in humble submission to the will of the Grand Master, who ruleth all things wisely.

H. C. HOWARD.

CAMDEN, N. J., Nov. 26, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I received from J. Dupell, Financier of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, a draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000), on the policy of my husband, James L. De Witt, who died of typhoid fever on the 31st of July, three months after he became a member of your Lodge. Through the Magazine allow me to return my heartfelt thanks, also for the prompt and kind attention I have received from the committee. May our Heavenly Father ever watch over the B. of L. F.

MRS. J. L. DE WITT.

PANA, ILLS, NOV. 9, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I desire to acknowledge the receipt of the draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000), from Mr. J. F. Clem, Financier of Mt. Ouray Lodge, No. 140, the full amount of insurance on the policy of my beloved brother, Allen Emery, who was killed May 24th, by his engine going through a bridge on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. Allow me to return my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of the above amount.

Please accept my best wishes for the future welfare of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and may it be a long time before they are called upon to mourn the loss of another of their members. I remain,

MAUDE EMERY.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT., NOV. 30, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I wish to acknowledge, through your Magazine, the receipt of draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000), through the hands of Mr. William Alexander, Financier of J. Scott Lodge, No. 136, Port Hope, of which Lodge, my son, the late Patrick Connor, was a member. Permit me to tender to the members of your Brotherhood my warmest thanks and gratitude, and more particularly to the members of J. Scott Lodge, from whom I have received such marked kindness and consideration.

That the Almighty Ruler may preserve your Brotherhood from such sad calamities as befell my dear son, is the earnest prayer of an afflicted mother. Believe me yours faithfully,

MARGARET CONNOR.

FERGUS FALLS, MINN., Jan. 15, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of New Era Lodge No. 76:

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.: I received a draft to-day for \$1,000, the amount due me on my disability claim, which was allowed at the last convention. The draft was presented to me by Bro. Geo. Miller, Financier, for which I return to you my sincere thanks and through you to the entire Brotherhood.

I return special thanks to Bro. Miller, Burke and Lenahan, who were very kind to me during my long period of suffering and distress.

To those who are strong and able-bodied, I would say, be sure and keep up your good standing, for you know not how soon misfortune may overtake you. That the Order may ever continue in its noble mission of charity and peace is the earnest wish of

BENJ. PARKS.

BRAZIL, IND., Dec. 10, 1883.

To the Officers and Members of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS: After much delay we attempt to write a few lines for your Magazine. We have neglected it from time to time, and so

prone are we to procrastinate, that perhaps we would continue to do so, if we did not deem it our duty to do otherwise. We wish to return to your Order our heartfelt thanks for the many kindnesses shown us, and for the sympathy and kind feeling extended us on the occasion of the burial of our dear son, William Stewart. He loved your Order dearly, and we are so glad that there is such an organization, and hope that every man of the railroad service may avail himself of its charitable and pleasant associations. If the teachings of an Order that has for its motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," are heeded, it is sure to make of its members better men, truer husbands and kinder brothers. We must not lay down the pen without telling, you know, how much we appreciate your Magazine. Our son had subscribed for it for this year, and he dearly loved to read it. But taken from us as he was, so early, he comes no more, but his paper still comes, and with much eagerness we await each number; it almost seems to us as a letter from him. May the Lord help us to bear our affliction, and may he bless your every effort to do good. You have our prayers for your prosperity.

WM. STEWART,
C. W. STEWART.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

C. C. MILLER.

C. C. Miller is requested to correspond with Fargo Lodge No. 85.

F. W. BROSS.

F. W. Bross is requested to correspond with Fargo Lodge No. 85.

JNO. NICHOLS.

Jno. Nichols, of Lodge 133, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

J. T. GLADSTONE.

J. T. Gladstone, of Lodge 133, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

TIM CURRAN.

Tim Curran, of Wm. F. Hynes Lodge No. 48, is requested to correspond with his Lodge at once.

P. J. SMITH.

P. J. Smith, of Wm. F. Hynes Lodge No. 48, is requested to correspond with his Lodge at once.

F. A. WOODWARD.

F. A. Woodward, of Fargo Lodge No. 85, will learn something to his advantage by corresponding with his Lodge.

H. PERKINSON.

H. Perkinson, of Red River Lodge No. 8, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

JOHN BONNER.

John Bonner, of Red River Lodge No. 8, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

J. H. CASEY.

J. H. Casey is requested to correspond with the Financier of Landmark Lodge No. 128, Glendive, Montana, and avoid trouble.

J. W. GORDON.

J. W. Gordon, of Boston Lodge No. 57, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge. The last heard from him he was at San Antonio, Texas.

ABSENT MEMBERS OF 45.

The absent members of Rose City Lodge No. 45, are requested to correspond with the Magazine Agent for the year 1884. His address is Samuel Knight, 206 Cross street, Little Rock, Ark.

JOS. PRICE.

Jos. Price, of Lodge 133, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

LEON PARE.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of Leon Pare will please correspond with A. S. Pare, 284 W. Taylor street, Chicago, Ills. When last heard from he was braking on a road out of Springfield, Mass.

WM. T. BERRY.

Wm. T. Berry is hereby notified that he is free from his wife, and that his children are in the care of his father. Any one knowing his whereabouts will please communicate with Theo. Berry, Tonawanda, Niagara Co., New York.

C. W. SMITH.

Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, desires to learn of the whereabouts of Bro. C. W. Smith, who is reported as having been killed somewhere in the West. Any information in regard to him should be addressed to E. J. McQuirk, 1537 Wabash ave., Chicago, Ills.

BLACK LIST.

MICHAEL HANLEY.

This dead-beat has been expelled from Good Will Lodge No. 52, Logansport, Ind., for stealing. He is utterly devoid of principle and all decent men should shun him as they would a pestilence.

HENRY TAYLOR.

By authority of Landmark Lodge No. 128, we hereby publish Henry Taylor as a fraud and dead-beat. He has been expelled from the said Lodge for reasons too numerous to mention and our members are cautioned to look out for him.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
3	J. H. Sweeney.*	78	Charles Kelk.*
3	J. O. True.*	78	M. V. Ott.*
4	George E. Mason.*	81	C. S. Larson.*
4	F. F. Pike.*	85	Clifford Hawks.*
9	Thomas Biddle.*	101	A. Vanderbeek.*
12	Dan. Harris.*	102	I. K. Carter.
12	M. McCarthy.*	105	Charles Tubbs.*
23	D. J. Cronin.*	109	D. W. Wheelan.*
24	Charles Long.*	109	N. R. McAleer.*
26	E. Kollner.*	115	W. Dirmeyer.*
43	J. Leach.†	116	Otto L. Sichter.†
43	John Quilby.*	128	Henry Tayler.‡
47	Wm. Leach.*	133	J. T. Gladstone.*
52	Michael Hanley.†	133	Harry Staples.*
60	F. Flanagan.*	141	H. Plocks.*
76	A. Bell.*	160	J. F. Clark.†
77	W. J. Shanks.‡	171	Daniel McGlennes.‡
77	O. B. Jewett.*	177	E. F. Maroney.*

* Non-payment of Dues.

† Drunkenness.

‡ Defrauding Lodge.

§ Disgraceful conduct.

Dead beat.

‡ Contempt of Lodge.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
25	J. C. Harvey.	59	M. Wilson.
49	Collin Park.	85	J. Tansey.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., January 1, 1884.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending December 31, 1883:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 33 and 34.	Assess'ts 35 and 36.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 33 and 34.	Assess'ts 35 and 36.	Total.
1	\$1	\$33		\$34 00	06	\$22	\$40		\$42 00
2	3	8		11 00	67	23	55		77 00
3	13	113		126 00	68	2	32		34 00
4	2	27		29 00	69	8	41		49 00
5	13	24	\$20	57 00	70	7	68		75 00
6	1	10		11 00	71	8	37		37 00
7	7	12		19 00	72	7	107		44 00
8	16	27		43 00	73	27	31		128 00
9	11	14		25 00	74	7	37		70 00
10	7	59		66 00	75	25	45		108 00
11	1	85		86 00	76	48	55		79 00
12	6	91		97 00	77	19	25		25 00
13	7	78		78 00	78	6	53		53 00
14	17	76		93 00	79	6	48		54 00
15	3	82		35 00	80	4	102		102 00
16	11	113		124 00	81	4	53		57 00
17	37	21		58 00	82	1	49		50 00
18	1	26		27 00	83	8	32		32 00
19	1	35		36 00	84	1	51		51 00
20	39	81		70 00	85	1	24		25 00
21	1	29		30 00	86	1	42		42 00
22	1	30		31 00	88	4	46		47 00
23	1	39		39 00	89	3	14		14 00
24	2	26		28 00	90	7	21		28 00
25	20	48		68 00	91	1	36	\$38	75 00
26	83	58		83 00	92	1	36		67 00
27	40	8		19 00	95	2	84		86 00
28	11	65		80 00	96	6	53	38	38 00
29	15	26		31 00	97	6	26		50 00
30	5	46		50 00	98	1	28		27 00
31	1	33		34 00	99	6	44		50 00
32	1	33		34 00	100	2	21		23 00
33	5	33		38 00	101	4	1	88	93 00
34	6	49		55 00	102	1	81		31 00
35	1	81		82 00	103	3	22		25 00
36	4	62		66 00	104	14	27		43 00
37	4	63		67 00	105	1	18		18 00
38	13	4		17 00	106	2	20		20 00
39	24	66		24 00	107	6	25		25 00
40	6	81		67 00	108	1	24		25 00
41	26	46		72 00	110	3	22		25 00
42	5	11		16 00	111	14	28		31 00
43	12	108		120 00	112	4	27		31 00
44	5	45		50 00	113	1	18		20 00
45	32	23		55 00	114	2	31		31 00
46	100	54		100 00	115	3	42		42 00
47	2	76		78 00	117	6	12		18 00
48	1	22		23 00	118	1	30		31 00
49	18	65		83 00	119	1	21		21 00
50	3	27		27 00	120	2	24		24 00
51	29	153		187 00	122	9	29		29 00
52	8	21		29 00	123	3	28		30 00
53	48	85		85 00	124	1	17		17 00
54	2	76		78 00	125	2	86		88 00
55	48	69		117 00	126	1	29		30 00
56	2	40		40 00	127	6	23		23 00
57	25	28		54 00	128	2	38		40 00
58	37	40		77 00	129	1	30		31 00
59	38			38 00	130	1	30		31 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 83 and 84.	Assess'ts 85 and 86.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 83 and 84.	Assess'ts 85 and 86.	Total.
181	\$3	\$21		\$24 00	156	\$2	\$23		\$25 00
182	5	26		31 00	157				25 00
183	5	22		27 00	158		27		27 00
184	2	13		15 00	159				
185			\$48	43 00	160		25		25 00
186	5	12		17 00	161	5	26		31 00
187		23		23 00	162	1		57	58 00
188		23		29 00	163		15		15 00
189		12		22 00	164	2	26		28 00
190	4	84	37	75 00	165		13		13 00
191	1	39	40	80 00	166		14		14 00
192		80		60 00	167	13	13		26 00
193	5	17		22 00	168		17		17 00
194					169		26		26 00
195		14		14 00	170	4	14		18 00
196	5	4		9 00	171	1	12		13 00
197	4	14		18 00	172	3	26		29 00
198					173				
199	2	56		58 00	174		21		21 00
200		34		34 00	175		12	14	26 00
201		36		36 00	176			10	10 00
202	1	18		19 00	177	1	20		21 00
203	1	20	22	43 00	178	7	9		16 00
204	1	14		15 00	179	5			5 00
205		14		14 00	180		10		10 00

Balance on hand December 1 . . . \$8,860 50

Received during month . . . 7,889 00

Total . . . \$16,249 50

By claims Nos. 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80 and 81, . . . 7,000 00

Balance on hand January 1 . . . \$9,249 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G.S. & T.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

F. W. Arnold . . . Grand Master
Terre Haute, Ind.F. P. Sargent . . . Vice Grand Master
Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.E. V. Debs . . . Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman . . . Chicago, Ill.

W. F. Hynes . . . Denver, Col.

D. Ross . . . Stratford, Ont.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. J. Hannahan, Chairman . . . Chicago, Ill.

C. J. McGee, Secretary . . . Danville, Ill.

W. E. Burns . . . Chicago, Ill.

A. J. Reagan . . . Portland, Maine

A. H. Tucker . . . Mason City, Iowa

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

Geo. Utter, Drawer 853 . . . St. Thomas, Ont.

Wm. Weiler . . . Port Morris, N. J.

H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Little Rock, Ark.

T. H. Vradenbough, 125 Main St. . . .

B. H. District . . . Boston, Mass.

E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 . . . S. Pueblo, Col.

C. H. Maul, 630 N. 40th St. . . Philadelphia, Pa.

W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 . . . Aurora, Ill.

Zeb Moore, 713 Palesan St. . . Keokuk, Iowa

F. Crawford, U. P. Round House Omaha, Neb.

G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway . . . Toledo, Ohio

W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. . . Evansville,

E. K. Cole, Box 1649 . . . Elkhart, Ind.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 . . . Master
J. L. Van Orden, Box 1886 . . . Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 . . . Financier
J. L. Van Orden, Box 1886 . . . Mag. Agent
- HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . Master
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. . . Secretary
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. . . Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave . . . Mag. Agent
- ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. E. Opp, 506 Grove St. . . Master
G. Auchter, 202 Newark Ave. . . Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. . . Financier
H. Freeland, 720 Jersey Ave. . . Mag. Agent
- GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. . . Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. . . Secretary
W. O. Small, 25 Tyng St. . . Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. . . Mag. Agent
- CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 853 . . . Master
G. Johnson, Drawer 853 . . . Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 . . . Financier
O. Dennes . . . Mag. Agent
- PRIDE OF THE WEST; Decoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
A. Platt . . . Master
Wm. Hearst . . . Secretary
A. C. Huestis . . . Financier
M. Findlon . . . Mag. Agent
- POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
J. S. Black, 30 Sixth St., S. W. . . Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. . . Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St., S. W. . . Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St., S. E. . . Mag. Agent
- RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Matthews, Box 376 . . . Master
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 . . . Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 . . . Financier
C. C. Cook . . . Mag. Agent
- FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Colt, Piqua Shops . . . Master
F. L. Ellis, Piqua Shops . . . Secretary
F. J. Kistler, 214 S. High St. . . Financier
J. J. Lauer, Piqua Shops . . . Mag. Agent
- FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. . . Master
T. P. Smith, 29 Jessie St. . . Secretary
A. H. Buse, 50 Brayton St. . . Financier
W. M. King . . . Mag. Agent
- EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. Tindall . . . Master
P. Cummins . . . Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 . . . Financier
C. J. Rogers . . . Mag. Agent
- BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. . . Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. . . Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. . . Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. . . Mag. Agent
- WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Hull, 163 Pacific Ave. . . Master
R. Mulford, 212 Pacific Ave. . . Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. . . Financier
W. Rhodes, 154 Whiton St. . . Mag. Agent

- 14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. A. Tweedle, 253 E. Washington St. Master
W. T. Screes, Box 86, Brightwood, Ind. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St. Mag. Agent
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. Master
J. McTeer, 618½ Wellington St. Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Selgneur St. Financier
J. A. Gratrix, 4 Grand Trunk St. Mag. Agent
- 16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
J. Smith, 205 N. 11th St. Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Master
H. B. Sims Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 Financier
J. Van Buren Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 317 Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Secretary
W. Williams, Box 182 Financier
G. Morse Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; South St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kilmswick, Mo. Master
J. Lynch, I. M. Round House, St. Louis, Mo. Secretary
J. H. Clarke, 7915 Michigan Ave. Financier
W. Cushing Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. E. Bennett Master
G. C. Pittenger Secretary
R. C. Barns, Box 370 Financier
F. W. Walker Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
Glen Ewing Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Secretary
H. E. Peters Financier
J. E. Powell Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran Master
L. Seiling Secretary
J. Wood Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
N. Keeler Master
F. G. Wallace Secretary
C. H. Williams, Box 674 Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. Master
H. F. Walbrand, 127 9th Ave. Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
W. T. McGougal Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Andrew Struthers Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
C. W. Baskins, Box 824 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
P. A. Loveland Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Bruce Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
C. A. Clough, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 1401 Kansas Ave. Master
F. Johnson, 713 N St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
E. S. Clark, 1324 Commercial St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
E. G. Pearson Master
J. W. Hardesty Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Key Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
T. Briggs Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Master
F. Kinch Secretary
H. W. Stephens, Box 1297 Financier
G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. Schermerhorn, Box 128 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
W. Gascoigne Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Ernst, 159 Salem St. Master
J. D. Wright, 145 S. 4th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
G. H. Thomas, 128 S. 4th St. Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centalla, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. McCormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AYON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Drummond, Box 247 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 91 Financier
E. A. Young, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, Room 6, Davis Block, Davenport, Iowa Master
T. K. Holmes, Box 1223 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 118 Financier
C. H. Church Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ West Washing- ton St. Master
C. Young, 911 West Mulberry St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
W. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent

41. **ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
42. **ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2
P. M.
A. Morgan, 10 1/2 W. Dayton St. . . . Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1277 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
43. **ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
H. F. Mann, 2228 S. 10th St. Financier
N. Caruthers, 2130 S. 6th St. Mag. Agent
44. **F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
J. Bisson, L. Box 55 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 162 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
45. **ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. B. Crowe Master
W. O. Shelley, 728 West 4th St. Secretary
W. O. Shelley, 728 West 4th St. Financier
S. Knight, 206 Cross St. Mag. Agent
46. **CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Cunningham, Western Hotel. Master
E. McCormack, 1402 E. Wash-
ington St. Secretary
R. M. Goodwin, 730 Monroe St. Financier
J. Dorsey, Care Wabash Shops. Mag. Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Gift, 263 Maxwell Ave. . . . Master
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Secretary
E. J. McQuirk, 1537 Wabash Ave. Financier
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Mag. Agent
48. **W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Cullen Master
G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St. . . . Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
G. Gates Mag. Agent
49. **J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
F. S. Connon Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
W. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
50. **GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3831 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4620 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4804 S. Dear-
born St. Financier
J. E. Davis, 163 E. Harrison St. Mag. Agent
51. **FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
M. O. Hall, Box 96 Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
W. Geister, Box 12 Mag. Agent
52. **GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Du Flone, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laine, L. Box 626 Financier
W. Neupher, L. Box 626 Mag. Agent
53. **EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. L. McGill Secretary
M. Leavitt, Box 1172 Financier
G. W. Curry Mag. Agent
54. **ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 667 Secretary
G. A. Burnham, L. Box 23 Financier
Wm. Carlisle, Box 667 Mag. Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops. Secretary
J. Fuchs, 18 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops. Mag. Agent
56. **BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 Master
O. F. Parker Secretary
W. E. Patterson, Box 84 Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent
57. **BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Bunker Hill District Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown, Mass. Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
58. **SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. W. Myers Master
B. H. Estabrook Secretary
C. B. Dilley Financier
J. P. Clark Mag. Agent
59. **ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 Master
I. S. Pribble, Box 762 Pueblo, Col. Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 276 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col. Financier
W. Henthorn, Canon City, Col. Mag. Agent
60. **UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. . . . Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
61. **MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
T. Cox, 886 Rice St. Master
F. Maher, 193 Penn Ave. Secretary
J. M. Shetre, 505 Robert St. Financier
B. Bradley, 668 E. 3d St. Mag. Agent
62. **VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh Master
S. J. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
63. **HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Homer Davis, Box 772 Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
64. **SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
W. H. Roberts Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Financier
A. Goodrich Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
J. Ansellne Master
Wm. Bauman Secretary
P. G. Lindell Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
66. **CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry. Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Financier
J. Casey, G. T. Ry. Mag. Agent

- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. . . . Master
T. Cunnerty, 33 Hackney St. . . . Secretary
J. Kew, 46 Tecumseth St. . . . Financier
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Botsford, Box 180, Altoona, Wis. . . . Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. . . . Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis. . . . Financier
C. Miller . . . Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer . . . Master
N. J. Scott . . . Secretary
F. W. Barr, Box 294 . . . Financier
F. G. Lawrence . . . Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 . . . Master
J. Allen, L. Box 364 . . . Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 . . . Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 364 . . . Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 . . . Master
J. A. Canning, Box 504 . . . Secretary
A. DeLong, 250 Court St., Bing-hamton, N. Y. . . . Financier
C. C. Bunker . . . Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickie St. . . . Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. . . . Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickie St. . . . Financier
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickie St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St. . . . Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court . . . Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. . . . Financier
T. Loynd, 53 Green St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. . . . Master
W. Piercey, 1323 18th St. . . . Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. . . . Financier
E. A. Shipley, Cor. 9th and Mul-berry Sts. . . . Mag. Agent
G. N. Herron, Box 18, Armstrong, Kansas . . . Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 8337 Haverford St. . . . Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1009 S. 19th St. . . . Secretary
F. Dupell, 532 N. 35th St. . . . Financier
W. H. Guthrie . . . Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251 . . . Master
G. Miller, Box 2 . . . Secretary
G. Miller, Box 2 . . . Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 . . . Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
M. S. O'Rourke, 300 S. 11th St. . . . Master
G. M. Wilson, 349 7th St. . . . Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. . . . Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalla, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham . . . Master
J. H. Nisewanger . . . Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 . . . Financier
J. H. Nisenanger, L. Box 994 . . . Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. E. Donnelly, Box 188 . . . Master
D. M. Young . . . Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 . . . Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 . . . Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 3d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 . . . Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 486 . . . Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 . . . Financier
G. Goding, Box 252 . . . Mag. Agent
W. H. Dunphy, Box 486 . . . Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 . . . Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37 . . . Secretary
W. Lincoln, Box 752 . . . Financier
C. B. Willard, Box 37 . . . Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, 327 Nicollet Ave. . . Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. . . Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. . . . Financier
W. E. Richmond, 820 13th St. N. . . . Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 . . . Master
J. T. Gaynon, L. Box 406 . . . Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 . . . Financier
R. L. Craig . . . Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Highe, Box 1322 . . . Master
J. Oxtaby, Box 1084 . . . Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 . . . Financier
W. McNeill . . . Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1796 . . . Master
C. Jennings, L. Box 870 . . . Secretary
A. H. Dixon, L. Box 870 . . . Financier
F. B. Dalzell . . . Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. H. Haskins, Box 302 . . . Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 . . . Secretary
T. Lynch . . . Financier
H. W. Smith . . . Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart, Box 69 . . . Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 . . . Secretary
T. F. Croake, Box 88 . . . Financier
M. A. Noble . . . Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson . . . Master
J. M. Sights . . . Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 . . . Financier
N. Gorman . . . Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
R. Trewick . . . Master
W. B. Taney . . . Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 . . . Financier
G. Battelger . . . Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeill . . . Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego . . . Secretary
R. V. Dodge . . . Financier
H. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego . . . Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Master
T. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Secretary
C. N. Wyckoff, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Financier
A. Detrich, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Mag. Agent
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Spath, 35 Tollinan St. . . . Master
J. O. Geran, 147 West 8th St. . . . Secretary
S. C. Foreyth, 166 West Utica St. . . . Financier
J. Hartigan . . . Mag. Agent

- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Swartz Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
R. Gurley Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 Master
H. Gray, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M. and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
F. W. Clough, 303 Blue Island Ave. Master
J. Warn, 321 Fulton St. Secretary
L. P. Smith, 292 Fulton St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leibtag Master
D. W. Davidson Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 Master
F. Horner, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
W. J. Grant Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
G. S. Cole Secretary
R. W. Shields Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
G. Bowden, 89 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins Master
J. Fenwick Secretary
J. Fenwick Financier
W. H. Hummell Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
D. E. Hayes Secretary
F. S. Payne, 114 E. Locust St. Financier
F. Burgess, 1022 8th St. Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 846 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. T. O'Hearn, 1623 Rowan St. Mag. Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
W. M. Reardon Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
O. M. Crane, Box 76 Financier
Phil. Smith Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 235 Berrin St. Master
C. McCutchin Secretary
J. C. Herron, 524 Mulberry St. Financier
J. L. Weeks, 429 E. Brooks St. Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
H. G. Bechhold Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson Box 196 Financier
M. Glynn Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
J. C. McCabe Master
Wm. Davis Secretary
M. Heatherman, Box 23 Financier
J. W. Shea Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
L. Fisher, 2809 Adams St. Master
W. Davis, 3019 Atlantic St. Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 2926 Chouteau Ave. Financier
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
J. E. Brown Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell Master
J. Toal, Box 111 Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
J. Dolan Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. Joyce Master
C. Sursa Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
W. C. Vawter Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
N. C. Grant Master
S. L. Bristol Secretary
G. L. Oram Financier
G. L. Oram Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 Secretary
J. Dunn, Box 625 Financier
A. Heenan Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between 36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and Mth St. Financier
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and Mth St. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson Master
H. R. Boucher Secretary
E. G. Hubbard, Box 154 Financier
G. H. Dawson Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 565 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 315 Grey St. Financier
R. Lister, Simcoe St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 2 P. M.
W. E. Gymer, Richmond Sta. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Sta. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. Financier
H. Taylor, Richmond Sta. Mag. Agent

- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
W. J. Gorham, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Master
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
J. M. Herman, 179 Gifford St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. L. Krebs, Box 310. Master
F. Hamner, Box 492. Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35. Financier
O. C. Bennett. Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline, Box 421. Master
S. A. Mayall, Box 242. Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193. Financier
H. W. Henson. Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. G. Andrews. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
E. G. Fox. Master
Wm. Rait, Box 356. Secretary
E. L. Gregg. Financier
E. G. Fox. Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
G. S. Tubbs. Master
F. W. Snider, Box 1633. Secretary
M. Kelliher. Financier
J. T. Dutcher. Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks. Master
J. C. Clark. Secretary
P. M. Chambers. Financier
C. Gilleece. Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Thornton, Tecumseh House. Master
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Secretary
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Financier
H. Lynes, C. P. Shops. Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 55. Master
W. Clark, Box 55. Secretary
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55. Financier
C. E. Davis, Box 55. Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
J. Hooper, Box 494. Master
P. G. Crippen. Secretary
G. R. Tedford, Box 494. Financier
J. H. Coterill, Box 406. Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. Financier
J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail. Master
L. F. Jackson. Secretary
G. M. Ratcliffe, Box 450, Stevens
Point, Wis. Financier
G. Shilling. Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Box 10. Master
F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29. Secretary
W. T. Trusty, Box 37. Financier
J. McDonald. Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. H. White. Master
V. C. London. Secretary
A. O. Wishard. Financier
V. C. London. Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Richford, Vermont.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
A. S. Morse. Master
H. E. Wade. Secretary
F. C. Langdon. Financier
W. J. Rumsey. Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and
3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. J. Luft, Box 182. Master
M. Campbell, Box 182. Secretary
Wm. P. Smith, Box 182. Financier
J. S. Wheeler. Mag. Agent
J. Boyers. Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. N. Johnson. Master
G. Campbell. Secretary
Wm. Alexander, Box 295. Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry. Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
P. J. Cook. Master
A. Weygandt. Secretary
W. T. Brown. Financier
F. Cooper. Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Stow, Box 1247. Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844. Secretary
G. W. Mills, Box 766. Financier
J. Guhn. Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston. Master
E. Goble. Secretary
E. F. Wright. Financier
N. B. Whyers. Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 136. Master
M. W. Higgins. Secretary
W. H. Davis. Financier
T. Ryan. Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
F. J. Penoyer, 178 West Berry St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette
St. Financier
W. G. Lions, 51 Melita St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M. and
every 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway. Financier
F. Bittman, 107 Erie St. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall. Master
G. W. Snook, 1790 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, 929 Wood St. Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent

- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin Secretary
J. Norton, Box 448 Financier
J. Norton, Box 448 Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Wash-
ington St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Wash-
ington St. Financier
J. J. Sangster, 196 Washington
St. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
R. J. McCool, Box 32 Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
L. E. Mayo Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 1st Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 3d Sat-
urday at 8 P. M.
E. Freeman, 280 E. 10th St. Master
W. J. McColl, 326 Ninth Ave. Secretary
Mogull Call, 70 W. 92d St. Financier
S. H. White, 280 E. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
H. Hall, 93 Murray St. E. Mag. Agent
J. Reid, 143 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
W. D. Schellinger, Box 1244 Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willauer Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
Arthur Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Secretary
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Janders, Box 256 Master
H. C. Sory, Box 256 Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
W. J. Dunnivant Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Mallin Secretary
Chas. Weir Financier
A. L. Sterley Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Van Runk, 124 Russell St. Master
B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
J. Hamlin, 521 Fort St. Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Hampton Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E.
Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nash-
ville, Tenn. Financier
G. R. Ruffin Mag. Agent
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 1025 Chestnut St. Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
J. W. Galvan, 513 S. Main St. Master
W. H. Wilder Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison
St. Financier
F. L. Burtch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhardt, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
G. M. Winegardner Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
J. F. Bristol Mag. Agent
- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
P. B. Scanlan, L. Box 29 Master
W. H. De France, L. Box 29 Secretary
J. N. Jennings, L. Box 29 Financier
J. W. Barker, L. Box 29 Mag. Agent
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
G. E. Crider Master
E. A. Loughran Secretary
J. B. Gossage Financier
J. H. Crider Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Iry Financier
G. Edwards Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
J. E. Hagerty Master
G. Marston Secretary
C. Wyman Financier
P. Foster Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Ferguson Master
L. E. Ferguson Secretary
F. Wall Financier
G. M. Thompson Mag. Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2 P. M.
F. Stirnemann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
H. Loushay, Box 1179 Master
A. C. Vandermark Secretary
W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
D. Lawler Mag. Agent

- 170. PRAIRIE; Haron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
J. H. Sulpher Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
A. S. Cralk Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 224 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Financier
P. O. Toole, 60 Russell St., Halifax, Nova Scotia Mag. Agent
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa Financier
J. P. Smith, Rochesterville, P. O. Mag. Agent
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
P. A. Neely Master
A. L. Parker Secretary
W. H. Farnsworth Financier
T. J. Welsh Mag. Agent
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
H. Kirchner, 518 Calder St. Master
H. S. Gingrich, 1412 Wallace St., Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
L. Friday Mag. Agent
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
J. S. Buckingham, Box C Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
F. M. Howard, Box C Financier
J. Adkins, Box 790 Mag. Agent
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff, Box 374 Master
C. H. Porter Secretary
J. Hart Financier
A. F. Ely Mag. Agent
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
J. Redener Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 120 Secretary
C. H. DeWolf Financier
J. Foster Mag. Agent
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford, Box 673 Master
C. W. Tenney, Box 673 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs Financier
D. Love Mag. Agent
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 538 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Mag. Agent
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaeckel Mag. Agent
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Hobson Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sargeon P. O. Mag. Agent
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. A. Brown, 448 E. 18th St. Master
G. W. Miller, 229 W. 22d St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French Sts. Mag. Agent
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets every Tuesday at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Mag. Agent
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Thompson Master
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers Financier
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. R. Reeves Master
C. W. Bull Secretary
J. R. Conklin Financier
J. McGraw Mag. Agent
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Kerins, 416 31st St. Master
T. J. Scanlan, 3138 S. LaSalle St. Secretary
P. Hartney, 2006 Dearborn St. Financier
M. Jordan, 3149 Hanover St. Mag. Agent
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Darigan Master
A. Richardson Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
T. R. Shore Mag. Agent
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., 2d Sunday at 10 A. M. and 3d Sunday at 7 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
J. Devine, Milwaukee Round House Secretary
W. McPhee, 880 Hubbard St. Financier
C. Billmeyer, 29 Diller St. Mag. Agent
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
R. C. Belknap, Box 186, Green Bay, Wis. Master
G. Hannahan Secretary
R. Parks Financier
G. W. Watson, Box 109, Green Bay, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Crandell, Box 84 Master
E. F. Hughes Secretary
H. O. Conkey Financier
W. McAviney Mag. Agent
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Fields, Box 16 Master
F. Foote, Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, Box 16 Financier
C. Fitzpatrick, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
E. Huggins, Jr. Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
J. B. Reed Mag. Agent
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. H. Remington Master
H. W. Hall Secretary
C. H. Barnell Financier
C. H. Remington Mag. Agent
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 1 P. M.
M. T. Fisher Master
J. M. Lucy Secretary
J. H. Barber Financier
M. T. Fisher Mag. Agent
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Buckley Master
W. J. Glennan Secretary
A. J. Will Financier
J. F. Mitchell Mag. Agent

MARCH 1884

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NO. 3.



FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

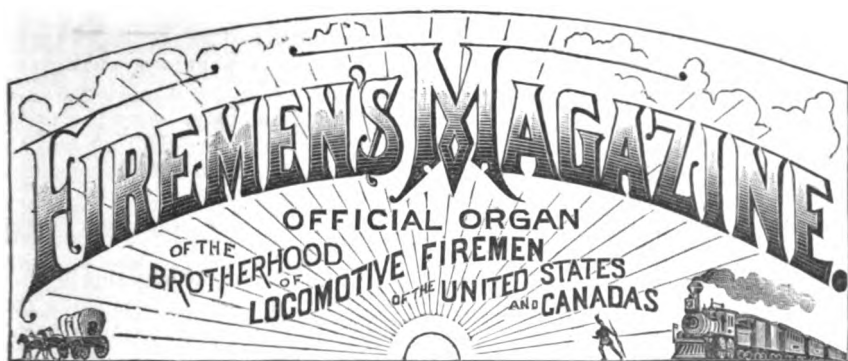


BAKER-CO. CHICAGO

EUGENE V. DEBS,
EDITOR..
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

BENEVOLENCE.
SOBRIETY.
INDUSTRY.

WM. F. HYNES,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENVER, COL.



VOL. 8.

MARCH, 1884.

NO. 3.

HOW CASSIE FOUND UNCLE PAUL.

Chicago Advance.

"Please, sir, are you my Uncle Paul?"

A big, broad-shouldered man, in a warm overcoat and fur cap, with a general air of importance about him, and a stern, forbidding countenance, came hurrying down the street, when a child's voice accosted him, and an eager, expectant face was lifted up, with parted lips, waiting his reply.

"Get out of my way!" he exclaimed savagely, thrusting the child aside with his cane, and bestowing upon her a glance of indignation at her presumption in daring to address him so familiarly. "The idea of the little beggar asking such a question of me!"

"He had a mustache, anyhow, and—and it was black, too," said the child, catching her breath in a quick, frightened way. She glanced after the "man with a mustache" tearfully, with the hopeful gladness gone out of her face.

"Never mind, Cassie," she said encouragingly, addressing herself—an odd habit she had formed from having no other playmates. Once when her mother asked her why she talked to herself in that way she replied:

"Oh, it seems as if I had a little sister a playing with me, an' I ain't so lonesome when I call myself Cassie."

"Never mind, Cassie," she said hopefully, as the gruff man passed out of sight. "He wasn't Uncle Paul if he did have a mustache, 'cause Uncle Paul wouldn't be so cross to mamma's little girl. I guess

we'd better get in this little corner where the wind don't blow so cold, and we can watch for Uncle Paul. How s'prised and happy poor, sick mamma would be if we should find him, wouldn't she, Cassie?"

Presently two or three foppishly-dressed young men came down the street. They were sons of wealthy parents, and had nothing with which to occupy their time, but to spend the money given them for that purpose. They were in high good humor on that keen autumn morning, and were laughing and joking merrily as they came near the place where Cassie stood watching the faces of those who passed her with eager wistful eyes.

Suddenly she darted from her place of shelter, and touched the hand of one of the young men in order to attract his attention.

"Are you my Uncle Paul, sir?" she asked.

"Ha, ha! Hal, that is rich," laughed his companions boisterously. "The little chit calls you her Uncle Paul. Give her a quarter to buy her a doll, or you'll never hear the last of it."

The young man colored slightly, then, thrusting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a silver half-dollar.

"See here, boys," he said, "the baby is almost barefoot on this bitterly cold morning, and I'll donate this for a pair of shoes if you'll do likewise."

"We'll be glad to assist any needy relations of yours," they said, merrily, and three silver half-dollars were placed in Cassie's little blue hands.

"He wasn't your Uncle Paul after all, Cassie," she said, pitifully, while two or three great round tears slid silently over the pale thin cheeks and dropped on the silver half-dollar. "I thought he might be Uncle Paul, but his mustache was such a teeny one—I guess Uncle Paul's is bigger."

It was a long time before Cassie dared venture to accost a "gentleman with a mustache" again, for her several repulses had weakened her faith in the "mustache."

At last she spied two gentlemen walking leisurely down the street. The one had a long, dark beard, the other a black mustache.

"That's him, Cassie. I do believe that it is Uncle Paul," she said, as she leaned forward. A moment later a shy little voice said faintly:

"You are my Uncle Paul, ain't you?"

The gentleman was deeply interested in conversation with his companion, and did not care to be annoyed. He thought the child was asking alms, and without heeding her inquiry was about dropping a nickel into her hand, when his companion asked in a kindly voice:

"What does the little one want?"

"Oh, money, of course, they all do," said the other; "but I must say that this one looks as though she needed it."

Cassie's many disappointments had been too much for her and she was sobbing as though her heart would break. Drawing the little one close to him the gentleman with the long beard asked:

"What do you want, my dear?"

"I want my Uncle Paul. Mamma is so sick, an' we're drefle poor, an' mamma said this morning that she was just 'scouraged with the rent to pay, an' no breakfast, an' she prayed for God to send us Uncle Paul, 'cause he would help us maybe."

"And so you came out to meet him, did you," asked the gentleman kindly, as he bent over to search the child's face. His tones had more than a common interest in them as he spoke.

"No, sir, I didn't 'spect God would send him right along, 'though we helped,

'cause mamma told me once that we must pray for what we want most, an' then we must work hard to get it. Mamma can't do anything but pray, 'cause she's sick, an' after she went to sleep I thought I'd come out and find Uncle Paul, and s'prise her when she woke."

"Have you ever seen your Uncle Paul?"

"No, sir. He was mamma's big brother when she was a wee little girl like me. He went away then and mamma hasn't seen him since."

"Then how did you expect to find him, dear?" He drew both wee blue hands into his own warm palms and caressed them gently as he spoke.

"I asked mamma how he looked so that I'd know him when I saw him, an she said he had a mustache, not a red one, but a pretty brown one. She said that he'd surely come back 'cause he promised grandma that he would when he went away; but grandma has been dead a long time, and there's no one left but just mamma an' I."

The strange gentleman bent over and kissed the child tenderly.

"Don't wait for me, Mr. Howard," he said to his companion. "I will see you again this afternoon. I must take this little one home to her mother now."

His companion bowed and passed on, wondering what attraction his friend could find in a thin-faced beggar-child.

"I am going home with you, dear," he said, turning once more to her. "I want to see your mamma. Will you lead the way?"

"Yes, sir; but I haven't found Uncle Paul yet. Oh, there's a man with a mustache—maybe that's him!"

"I don't think it is," said her companion, clasping the small hand tightly, as she made a move to dart away from him. "Come to mamma now, and then I'll find Uncle Paul for you."

"He's gone now, and maybe I can't ever find him again," she said, regretfully, watching the corner round which the "mustache" had just vanished.

She then led the stranger to her home, up the long flight of stairs, and as they

neared the top the sound of a weak voice, calling, "Cassie, Cassie," in tones of distress, reached their ears.

"It's mamma!" cried Cassie, flying down the dimly lighted hall. "She has missed me."

"Where have you been, Cassie?" asked a feeble voice from the bed.

"I was looking for Uncle Paul; but—"

"Jennie, my little sister!"

The tall man with the dark beard came to the bedside and clasped Cassie's mother in his strong arms.

"Paul! Oh, thank God!" she cried joyfully.

"Are you my Uncle Paul?" asked Cassie, incredulously.

"Yes, dear," he answered.

"But where is the mustache?"

"I haven't worn one for years."

He then related to the mother how he came to find Cassie, adding:

"I returned to the city only a short time ago. I had been to the old homestead, and there learned of father's and mother's death. I also learned that you married and were living somewhere in this city, but I failed to learn the name of your husband, and I fear my search for you would have been unsuccessful but for the little voice asking, 'are you my Uncle Paul?'"

That evening, in the handsomely furnished rooms to which Uncle Paul took his dear ones, little Cassie climbed into his lap, and, laying a soft cheek against his bearded one, she said soberly:

"I think God sent you to us because I went out to find you and helped a little."

"God helps those who help themselves," he said, thoughtfully, "and there is a great deal of truth in the saying, after all."

THE SILVER KING.

A Colorado Man Who Thought He Was a Murderer—Saved by a Child.

"Why don't oo det up?"

The speaker was a blue-eyed maiden of fours summers, a perfect little fairy, with her wealth of golden ringlets blown hither and thither by the wanton breeze, and a look in her liquid eyes already giv-

ing indication of the woman's soul and woman's tenderness which made the pulsations of the tiny heart beat more quickly to the promptings of a humanity found in even such a wee thing as she. The person addressed was a magnificent specimen of manhood, or rather would have been so considered under other circumstances. Tall and of magnificent build, with a face containing traces of great manly beauty, but disfigured by many signs of dissipation, he lay on the ground in a partial state of intoxication, from which he seemed to be but just recovering. The place where he was lying was under a clump of cottonwoods on the banks of the Platte, near a beautiful cottage where his little questioner lived.

He turned over on his side and, resting his head upon his hands, gazed up into the face of his companion with a look of considerable interest and surprise.

"Why should I get up?" he asked, by way of a reply, rising at the same time to nearly a sitting posture and gently touching the hand of the maiden as if it were something too holy to be contaminated by his fingers.

"Oo will dit told and bears might eat oo. Mamma would like oo to tome home with me and dit something to eat."

"Does your mamma live in that cottage?" pointing in its direction.

The little one sagely nodded her head and, taking hold of his hand, pulled as if assisting him to arise, and afterward led him almost unhesitatingly to the house where her mother stood in the doorway watching the actions of her darling with some surprise and anxiety.

"Mamma, he is told and wants something to eat," was her explanation in her sweet, childish way.

Not without some hesitation the lady acceded to her child's wishes with regard to the uncouth stranger, and he as hesitatingly accepted the invitation to enter the house, as he did so, feeling that he was obeying an impulse which he neither could explain nor account for. With a shamefaced manner, and withal so polite as to prove that the instincts of a gentleman yet remained in him,

he said: "Madam, I hope you will pardon this intrusion. At first, I thought to refuse the solicitations of your daughter, but her winsome manner and something which I cannot explain impelled me to what I fear you will consider rashness. Yours is the first home which I have entered for a long time. An outcast upon the face of the earth, without friends or home, I had about abandoned all hope and given myself up to the despair of the lost. Madam, you cannot imagine the shame which now possesses me for the first time in many months. Once like this little angel, I was innocent, but that time seems ages ago. Born in a little town in Wisconsin, I was early possessed with a restless spirit. My father died while I was quite young, leaving my mother with a small competence and two children, myself and a sister several years younger. That I was spoiled was not so remarkable. I was their idol, every whim and caprice being gratified as far as possible, and there was no length to which their love did not carry them in lavishing its wealth upon the unworthy object. Nothing happened to mar the peace of our home until I had reached the age of 20, when a series of events occurred which brought misery and despair to the once happy household. I had acquired habits of the most pernicious character, all unknown to my dear mother, and one night in a quarrel over a game of cards I struck a companion with a chair and supposed I had killed him. In the moments of remorse and fear following the deed, but one idea possessed me—that of escape. I fled, and found myself eventually upon the Pacific coast, where I shipped in a whaling vessel. After weeks of stormy weather we were wrecked upon the shores of Alaska. I here met a party of gold-seekers and went with them a long distance up the Yukon river, where fabulous deposits of the precious metals were said to exist. In shooting one of the falls of the river our boat was dashed to pieces, and myself and companions barely escaped with our lives. After enduring unspeakable hardships and having several encounters with the Indians, we

eventually reached Sitka, where we obtained some assistance from the United States authorities. A vessel was about to sail for San Francisco, and I shipped on her, agreeing to work my passage. After reaching San Francisco, I tried in vain to find employment, and went up the mountains, where I gained a precarious living washing for gold. After a while, however, I was rather more successful, and, with a little money I had saved, inclosed a considerable tract of ground, and engaged in the business of fattening cattle for others, gradually acquiring a considerable herd of my own. Fortune now seemed to settle on me, until one day there was a terrible freshet, and the water poured down the canons and on my ranch, drowning all my cattle, and washing fences and buildings away; in fact, I was again ruined. Wandering through the country, I have been alternately engaged as cattle-herder and miner, barely making a precarious living. At last I found my way to Denver, where habits of dissipation, contracted during my wanderings, have placed me lower than the beasts. Had I not met your little daughter, I should probably, in a fit of remorse, have shortly made way with myself. As it is, there is nothing for me to live for," concluded the man, with a sad, despairing sigh. During his narrative the lady's eyes never left his face, and at its conclusion she came toward him, and, in an agitated voice, asked the names of his mother and sister. Imagine her surprise upon learning that the miserable outcast before her was her only brother, who had been mourned as dead for a number of years. Their mother had died shortly after the assault upon his companion, which had driven him from home, but from which the victim had not died, as the wanderer supposed, but had recovered, and, fully as remorseful as his assailant, had reformed from his evil ways, become a useful citizen, and had married the sister of the man who thought he had killed him, and is at this time actually engaged in business in Denver, and is one of its most honored citizens. The brother found a home at last and employ-

ment in the store of his sister's husband, and a happier family does not exist in Colorado to-day than those reunited ones.

ROBERT BURNS.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

This evening, at Lyra Hall, the Caledonian Society gives a grand Scottish concert in celebration of the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. It is both a graceful and a grateful tribute which the Caledonian Society pays to genius and to Scotland's immortal poet. It is now a hundred and twenty-five years since he died, and yet his fame has brightened as the years have rolled on until, wherever the English language is spoken, the name of Burns is venerated and the songs of Burns are sung. The years of Burns were few. Born in 1759, he died in 1796. His career was meteoric, and yet his name is spoken in all the zones that belt the earth; and while men and women remain votaries of the beautiful and the true, the army of worshippers at the shrine of his genius will increase. There are those who lament the habits and mourn the early death of Burns. But his habits and his health, and therefore his death, probably were consequences of his nature, and of circumstances which he did not create nor control. Robert Burns, differently constituted and differently situated, would never have written "Tam O'Shanter," nor "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Bonny Doon," "Auld Lang Syne," nor "For a' That and a' That." He understood that "man was made to mourn" as well as to rejoice, and whether convivial or despondent, in prosperity or adversity, whether singing or sighing, in love or in liquor, Robert Burns was steadily building a name and a fame destined to live co-extensive with that of his native land, and to perish only when the Highlands disappear. Burns says that it was a "little before" his sixteenth year that he "first committed the sin of rhyme." He died when thirty-eight years of age, hence we may infer that his poetical career was about twenty-four years. To win fadeless renown in twenty-four

years, was a task few of the favored few have accomplished; hence, criticisms of foibles are not in order when Burns is the theme. In moments of exaltation he flamed like a comet, and the deepest vales of discouragement and sadness were made luminous by the brilliancy of his endowments.

Burns loved nature. The banks and braes o' Doon and Ayr, the blooming thorn, the wild, mossy mountains and wimpling streams, were his delight. He loved nature in repose, but was thrilled to wild rapture when the Storm-god rode athwart the skies in his chariot of cloud.

Burns loved his fellow man—the lowly born—but nursed unutterable scorn for those whom "the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons, called gentlemen," and who looked upon others as though their—

"* * * * * Ignoble blood
Had crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood
And hence could write—

"What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor
Is king o' men for a' that."

Burns loved wit, wine and women. Knowing an illiterate gentleman who had a fine library, Burns wrote:

"Free through the leaves ye maggots make
your windings,
But for the owner's sake, spare the bindings."

That Burns loved wine it were useless to deny and folly to prove. It is sufficient to read his address to John Barlycorn, of whose "blood" he said:

"Twill make a man forget his woe
Twill brighten all his joy;
Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tears were in her eye."

That Burns loved women is confessed on every page of his writings. His first rhymes were written because he was in love with a bonnie lassie, and his sublime and pathetic poem "To Mary in Heaven," attests that to his latest breath his love of women was the ruling passion of his heart, the vitalizing power of his genius. Burns loved his friends and when he wrote

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' Lang Syne."

he sent on the circuit of the countries a sentiment that will cheer the hearts of men, while the holiest emotions of human nature bear testimony to the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The Caledonian Society does well to celebrate the anniversaries of the birth of Robert Burns. Caledonia since the days of Cæsar, when the Romans invaded the land, has produced no more immortal name than Burns, and Caledonians of the future, in recalling the history of Scotland's poet will say as did Burns in writing of his Mary in Heaven,

"Still o'er these scenes my mem'y wakes,
And fondly broods with miser case;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

MRS. MACKEY'S JEWELS.

A Million Dollars' Worth of Ornaments—the \$300,000 Set of Sapphires.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

I recently had the pleasure of examining one of the finest collections of jewels outside of a royal treasury that exists in Europe, and which belongs to an American lady, Mrs. J. W. Mackey. Many of the stones are unique, and the ornaments in general are characterized as much by the artistic beauty of their workmanship as by the splendor of the gems. Foremost in the collection shows resplendent the famous set of sapphires which attracted so much attention when exhibited by the jeweler Boucheron at the Parisian universal exhibition of 1878. It is valued at \$300,000, and comprises the diadem, bracelets, rings, ear-rings, and necklace, with a large pendant. The necklace is double, the upper row being a band of large, square diamonds and sapphires, fitting the throat closely, while the lower row, a wide arabesque of the same stones, supports the pendant. This last is composed of one enormous sapphire, peerless in color and in water, and set in large diamonds. The stone is of the size of a pigeon's egg, cut transversely, a perfect oval in shape, and is valued at \$30,000.

Next in beauty and in value come the

pearls, the set including the necklace, bracelets, and diadem. The necklace has five rows, the pearls in the lowest row being of the size of the largest huckleberry, and those in the uppermost one being bigger than a large pea. Each pearl is perfect in color and in shape, the strings having been composed with the greatest care. The clasp is a sapphire set in diamonds. The diadem is of an arabesque pattern in diamonds, surmounted with five graduated pear-shaped pearls, the central and largest one being an inch and a half in length. The bracelets are formed each of five rows of pearls held in place by narrow bands of diamonds. The set of turquoises, like that of sapphires, is unique in character, so large and fine in color are the gems whereof it is composed. It includes the diadem, bracelet, ring, necklace, and heart-shaped pendant, ear-rings and brooch, the latter being a Prince of Wales' plume in diamonds, held at the base with a single enormous turquoise. The necklace is peculiarly magnificent, being a broad band of arabesques in diamonds, studded with large turquoises. This set is said to surpass the parure of the same stones belonging to the Empress of Russia, the ear-rings being especially beautiful in shape and hue. The parure of diamonds is remarkable for its workmanship, the broad arabesque patterned necklace sustaining a pendant shaped like a lotus flower.

Another necklace is of Egyptian pattern, being composed of three rows of pointed diamond leaves. For the hair there is a long garland of small fern leaves in diamonds, studded with diamond dew drops, a most graceful and poetic looking ornament. It is also arranged to be worn as a necklace or to ornament the corsage of a ball dress. A broad collar-shaped ornament in diamonds, bordered with large single stones, can be worn either as a necklace or a diadem. The brooch is a large cluster of slender willow-shaped leaves. The bracelet is a diamond serpent, that encircles the arm above the elbow five times; it is formed of a single row of very large diamonds, 300 in number. The ear-rings and ring are very fine

solitaires. A pair of wide band bracelets, composed of diamonds and sapphires, go with this set.

In black pearls Mrs. Mackey possesses a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, the latter being composed each of a single round pearl as large as a cherry, and she owns a pair of white pearls of similar size and beauty and a pair of large pink oval pearls. Three fine rubies are set, two as earrings and the third as a ring. The set of pink coral is remarkable even and its brilliant surroundings. The coral is of the palest and most delicate rose tinge, and is cut in oval bean-shaped pieces, which are linked together with small diamonds. It is very large, comprising a full suite of ornaments. A parure is antique filigree, set with cat's-eyes and small diamonds, is noticeable for its artistic workmanship. Among the minor ornaments are a brooch, representing a peacock standing on a globe of polished pink coral, the plumage of the bird's outspread tail being composed of diamonds, sapphires and emeralds; an eagle with extended wings in diamonds, a slender diamond serpent with a large pear-shaped black pearl pendant from its mouth, (the ornament is to be worn as a necklace,) and other beautiful and artistic jewels. The sapphire set has been photographed at M. Boucheron's request, and an engraving of it will figure in a work that is shortly to be published in Paris, entitled "The Famous Jewels of Europe." These treasures are not kept in the hotel of Mrs. Mackey, as they would constitute a far too potent attraction, but are deposited in the bank. They are inclosed in a small chest of metal closed with a secret spring. The interior of this chest is lined with red velvet, and is divided into three compartments, each fitted with a series of numbered trays. I have never heard the value of the contents of this chest estimated, yet it cannot be far from \$1,000,000, and yet, withal, there is probably scarcely another wealthy lady in Paris who does not wear more jewelry at balls or dinner parties or the opera than does Mrs. Mackey.

MONOPOLISTS AND MONOPOLY.

R. J. Burdette.

A monopolist isn't necessarily a millionaire. He is simply the man who holds the whip-handle. It is derived from two Latin words, *mono* and *pole*, meaning the man at the pole. And the man with the pole, you know, knocks the persimmons. He may knock a million of them, or he may knock only two, but while he is knocking you don't get any.

Hence, my son, a monopoly is a prosperous combination of which we are not one.

This makes it very wicked, avaricious, and dangerous.

When we get into it it ceases to be a monopoly, and becomes a union, a brotherhood, a firm, an association or corporation. This change of title also involves a great moral change, and it becomes a mighty engine of progress, a developer of our country's resources, a factor in the national prosperity, and all that sort of thing.

A monopoly is a thing which it is hard to get into.

If you live to be thirty-five years old and haven't been able to get into any other monopoly by that time, I would advise you to go to the North Pole and start an ice cream saloon.

VICTOR HUGO.

The Current.

No series of sketches on the leading personages of France would be complete without including the portrait of Victor Hugo. He is unquestionably the greatest and most popular Frenchman of the present generation, as he is the greatest writer of our country. The greatest novel in modern days is "*Les Misérables*." The greatest drama since Goethe's "*Faust*" is undoubtedly "*Hernani*." The noblest poem of our country is the "*Legend of the Centuries*," of "*Toute la Lyre*." Victor Hugo's only rivals are the mighty dead—Shakespeare, Schiller, Goethe. His literary career has been a long and a glorious one. More than half a century has rolled away since he first startled France by his outlaughts upon the trim artificiality of her classic literature. It

was as though a geyser had suddenly sent up its column of living water in the midst of the fountains of Versailles; or as if a volcano had sent out its sheaves of living flame during a display of fireworks. Nature, grandiose and irresistible took the place of art and formality. For the first time the accounts of genuine passion resounded on the tragic stage of France.

His intense and unswerving love of liberty and passionate patriotism have served as a pedestal to his literary renown. He would assuredly have been immortal as a writer, but as a champion of freedom he has been adored. The people of Paris love him with a love surpassing the affection given to a father. Whoever else deserted the standard of the Republic, Victor Hugo stood unshaken at his post. He refused to profit by the imperial amnesty, and he remained in exile rather than accept the clemency of Napoleon III. The day after the fall of the empire he left Brussels for Paris. A fellow exile has drawn for us a vivid picture of the old man at the Paris railway station, about to start for the beloved city, which he had not seen for eighteen years, pale, shaken with emotion, yet radiant with a joy like that of a lover about to greet his bride.

That exile had its sweets as well as its bitterness. It has made of the little island of Jersey one of the pilgrim shrines of earth for the lover of literature. No tourist visit these shores without seeking out Houterille House, still crowded with relics of the grand old poet. It is now inhabited by Mme. Chenay, the sister of Hugo's wife. He has left there many of the artistic objects that he delighted in collecting, such as fine old carved furniture, antique tapestries, etc. The more devoted admirers of his genius seek out the smaller and more simple abode, No. 4 Marine Tenoce, where he first dwelt when he came to the island. On the door of the room that served as his bed room is still visible the triangular shaped inscription, "Hope, light, peace," with his signature, which he carved there one sleepless night.

It must be confessed, however, that the

inhabitants of Jersey did not at all approve of their distinguished guest. Peer of France and world-renowned poet though he was, the "best society" of Jersey would none of him. He received such odd looking personages—shabby foreigners, with long hair and hungry visages; and when the keeper of a French restaurant called to pay his respects to him, and Victor Hugo actually asked him to walk into his study and sit down, the death-blow was dealt to the poet's social standing in the aristocratic circles of the island. So the leaders of society tabooed the poet, who, unconscious of the feeling aroused against him, set to work and wrote "*Les Miserables*" without flinching.

Of later years Victor Hugo has never gone into society, for society has come to him. When at home and in good health, he receives every evening from nine till ten. All the celebrities of Europe have passed through his drawing-room. Royalty itself has come to lay its homage at his feet. The Emperor of Brazil came to pass an evening with him when he visited Paris. But Victor Hugo is not at home to great personages solely. He is as accessible and as genial as was Longfellow. On presenting a card, a stranger is at once ushered into the drawing-room, where generally some fifteen or twenty guests are assembled. There he will find the "old man eloquent," white-haired, white-bearded, and broad-shouldered; a little bent beneath the weight of his eighty-two years, but still strong, and vigorous, and alert. Victor Hugo does not stand in an attitude by the mantle-piece to be talked to, but he does from one guest to the other, asking questions respecting the literary work of the one, letting fall some pungent sentence to another, and complimenting with old-world chivalry and grace any lady who may be numbered among his visitors. Of late these informal receptions have occasionally been discontinued, owing to the great age and increasing infirmities of the poet; but he remains as ever the kindest and most accessible of the great men of our time. Amongst his own circle of familiar

friends, he is revered less as a father than as an ancestor. The title by which he is always addressed is that of "Master." Sometimes an ardent and youthful admirer will touch with his or her lips the valiant hand that has defended freedom as well as held the pen that wrote "Hernani."

Victor Hugo is dwelling to-day in the full glory of his own immortality. He has known all the honors that fame can bestow or that can be conferred upon immortal genius by world-wide enthusiasm and sincere admiration. Yet a shade of sadness hangs around this existence that else were so dazzling in its radiance, at the rising mists of evening dim the splendors of a summer sunset. All that he loved, with the exception of his two grandchildren, have preceded him to the grave. One daughter, the "Adele," whose birth was so joyously welcomed, alone survives of all his children, and she is a hopeless maniac, and has been for many years the inmate of an asylum. His friends, it is true, are many and devoted, but there is something inexpressibly touching in the aspect of that grand gray head, that has known more laurels than silvered hairs, bowed above the golden locks of two little children, the last of the race of the greatest poet of this nineteenth century.

A BIG JOKE.

New York World.

A broad-shouldered man was walking along Chatham street. He looked as if he was in great pain.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I'm in terrible agony! Got a boil as big as a watermelon on my calf. Can hardly walk. So long!" and the proprietor of Job's comforter moved off. And as he did so another gentleman came along and shook hands with his friend.

"I've got the biggest joke of the season on —. There he goes up the street. He was telling me how he was frightened by a dog this morning. Let's have some fun!"

The new arrival was "in for it."

"You walk up behind him, grab him

by the leg and bark like a dog. His nerves are all unstrung, and we'll have a big joke on him to see him jump."

"I'll do it," said the other, "and you walk on the other side and see me scare him to death."

The two parted to carry out the programme. The latest arrival proceeded after their mutual friend. Just as he got close up behind him he grabbed him by the boil and playfully barked, "Bow, wow, wow," just as naturally as a dog-show.

The broad-shouldered man went up in the air, while his face looked as if he had suddenly swallowed a tree full of per-simmons. When he came down he recited the alphabet backwards and then pointed his toe thirteen distinct times at his playful friend, slammed him up against a telegraph pole, mashed his hat over his eyes and then walked away looking as if he'd like to put the leg with the watermelon boil on over his shoulder and carry it home.

After the "dog" had pulled himself out of his hat he hunted up and down Chatham street for the man who had put the job up on him, but he couldn't find him, for he was looking over the cornice of a neighboring house and was bursting with grins.

RELAXATION.

Dio Lewis' Monthly.

Herbert Spencer says that Americans over-work, and suggests that we need a revised ideal of life. He would reverse the common belief that life is for work, and substitute "Work is for life." That is to say, we work that we may live, and therefore we should work no more than is necessary in order to live well. His idea will bear thinking about. Meanwhile, if the gospel of relaxation from labor when we have done enough were followed, there would be little danger of doing too much.

There are many ways of relaxation. One is by changing our occupation. There are some brain-workers who, when wearied of one kind of labor, take up another which calls into play faculties

which have not been exercised, and this is a method I heartily commend. But all cannot do this. Each must choose for himself, and choose as wisely as he can. At least make this your rule: to thoroughly relax the strain on your brain as often as is necessary, and keep within the limit of your powers.

Music, the drama, evening games that are light and call out pleasant conversation and repartee, varied physical exercises, change of scene, all or more may be used in their turn. Above all things take plenty of out-door recreation. Women live too much in the house, breathe too much bad air, and hamper their powers by it. If you get nervous and fidgety, ten chances to one, a few hours out of doors will cure you. Every brain-working woman ought to be in the pure air and sunshine all she can. Remember this, and to remember it, write it down in your note books, and on the tablet of your memories, where it will remain as long as you live.

In order to maintain a high degree of mental health, avoid every form of mental enslavement of the mind. What I mean by this is any bad habit, no matter what it is, that becomes a mastering passion. To be healthy, the mind must not be enslaved.

AN HOUR WITH WHITTIER.

The Quaker Poet at Home—Hale and Vigorous at Seventy-Six.

A writer in the Boston Herald describes a pleasant interview with the poet Whittier, at the latter's home in Amesbury, where he found his host in good health, and a man of seventy-six years. The writer describes the home and personal appearance of Mr. Whittier who greeted the visitor cordially. His fondness for Longfellow was everywhere apparent, and when this was remarked upon he said:

"Yes, we were warm friends. He was a delightful man and great poet. The last time he was here in my house he came with Senator Sumner and Charles Lenham, of Washington. We saw little of each other during the last few years of

his life. My health did not permit me to go about much. Not long before he died, he wrote for me to come and see him. I was not able to go at once; but, as soon as I could, I went to him. I was too late, however, for when I reached his house he was then unable to see any one, and soon after passed away. Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow and myself were always friends. There were no jealousies between us, and each took a pride in the work and success of the other. We would exchange notes upon our productions, and if one saw a kindly notice of the other it was always cut and sent him. Hawthorne I regarded as the greatest master of the English language. He was the superior of Addison. I never knew or read of a man who could build such beautiful stories in words that the humblest could understand. Emerson was not only a great writer, but a philosopher. Our relations were very close. He often visited me here, and I him. We saw more of one another than did Longfellow and I. Emerson has written some things that will live forever. They are 'The Problem,' 'Each and All' and perhaps twenty other pieces that I could name. He had a simple, easy way of writing that gave his work great power. My sister used to say that she liked him better than any man who came here, because he never talked over her head. That was really his strength."

The conversation then drifted into the methods of the great writers at work. Mr. Whittier said:

"I was unlike any or the rest, I think, for I never had any methods. When I felt like it I wrote; and I neither had the health nor the patience to work over it afterward. It usually went as it was originally completed. Emerson wrote with great care, and would not only revise his manuscript carefully, but I have often heard him say that he would frequently re-write the article upon the proof sheets. Longfellow, too, was a very careful writer. He wrote and re-wrote, and would lay his work by and then revise it. He often would consult with his friends about his productions before they

were given to the world. He, therefore, sent his work out as perfect as great care and a brilliant intellect could make it. I was not so fortunate. I have lived mostly a secluded life with little patience to draw upon, and only a few friends for associates. What writing I have done has been for the love of it. I have ever been timid of what I have penned. It is really a marvel to me that I have gathered any literary reputation from my production. Much that I have written I wish was as deep in the Red Sea as Pharaoh's chariot wheels. Much of the bread cast upon the waters I wish had never been returned. It is not fair to revive writings composed in the shadow of conditions that make even acceptable work impossible. In my early life I was not favored with good opportunities. Limited chances for education and a lack of books always stood in my way. When I began to write I had seen nothing, and virtually knew nothing, of the world. Of course things written then could not have been worth much.

"In my father's house there were not a dozen books, and they were of a severe type. The only one that approached poetry was a rhymed history of King David, written by a contemporary of George Fox, the Quaker. There was one poor novel in the family. It belonged to an aunt. This I secured one day, but when I had read it half through I was discovered, and it was taken away from me."

The poet laughed quite heartily as he recalled those early days and his first attempt to read something that was more suited to his youthful mind than the Bible or the history of King David.

"My first glimpse of poetry was when my old school-master brought a copy of Burns' poems and read from it at our house. My first real work was done when George D. Prentice was editing the Hartford Review, although I had written considerably before. I wrote and sent him a few things and he encouraged me. When he recommended me to take his place, the publisher wrote me and I went down. I had then seen practically nothing

of the world and for the two years I remained with the Review, my greatest effort was to keep the people from knowing how little I really knew. It was a providential opening, however, for it gave me a start. I wrote continually; but there was no market for the work. My anti-slavery convictions made my name valueless to any of the magazines; but, strange as it may appear, the Democratic Review was always anxious for my writings."

The conversation turned upon a comparison of the work of American writers with that of foreigners. Mr. Whittier said: "At no time has Tennyson written anything that surpasses the production of the best American poets."

This reference to Tennyson naturally turned the conversation upon Longfellow's poems again; and it was apparent that Mr. Whittier was very fond, not only of the man, but of his works. "'Evangeline' is a favorite with me," said he. "I think it is one of the most beautiful of poems. Longfellow had an easy life and superior advantages of association and education; and so did Emerson. It was widely different with me; and I am very thankful for the kind esteem that people have given my writings. Before 'Evangeline' was written I hunted up the history of the banishment of the Acadians and had intended to write upon it myself but I put it off and Hawthorne got hold of the story and gave it to Longfellow. I am very glad he did, for he was just the one to write. If I had attempted it I should have spoiled the artistic effect of the poem by my indignation at the treatment of the exiles by the colonial government."

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

Boston Traveller.

The keeper of the lighthouse at Atlantic City says of the semi-annual migration of birds: "They follow the Jersey coast all the way up or down in their flights. At night they fly high, and when they sight Absecon inlet light, which is 167 feet above the ground, they head directly for it. They seem to be attracted

as moths which flicker around a candle. If carried along by a heavy wind they dash against the big plate-glass windows surrounding the lens, and drop to the ground dead. The objectionable feature of the affair is that they spatter blood all over the glass. To prevent them from striking the glass the keeper has constructed a wire netting on the north and south sides.

Not long ago a large black duck, which was sailing along in a heavy storm, collided with the netting with such force as to cause a dent six inches square. He was a very dead duck when he reached the ground. When the weather is clear any number of small birds hover around the light at night. After resting on the railing surrounding the light they fly off into the darkness, but soon return again. Of various kinds of fly-catchers, he has captured about 500, besides thirty or forty thistle birds, five cuckoos, ducks, red-headed woodpeckers, reed and rail birds, gulls and snipe. One large specimen of the latter landed so violently against the iron netting that he plunged through one of the meshes and stripped himself of all his feathers as far back as the shoulders. He supplies his table constantly with birds caught and killed in this way.

GETTING EVEN.

New Haven Register.

"The last time I went to Boston," confided a thin, consumptive-looking traveler on the Eastern road to a fellow passenger, "the conductor grew monotonous. He insisted on examining my ticket at every station and grew restless as we passed watering troughs. This time"—the traveler continued, as he looked anxiously toward the car door—"we play a change of programme and the boxes are all taken." As the conductor entered with a pompous, "tickets, please," the stranger quietly presented a single trip ticket for the next station. The next time he entered the unknown handed him a mileage ticket, following it later with a sportsman's ticket for Labrador. As the conductor was passing him on the next

round, the traveler pressed an emigrant's ticket for Puget Sound into his hand and then tried to get him to take a first-class passage to Sing Sing with sleeper check. "Didn't I just punch a Puget Sound ticket for you?" demanded the astonished conductor. "Must have been another party, quietly replied the traveler, burying himself in the last Harper's. Again "tickets, please," echoed through the car, and the stranger confronted the conductor with a "Florida for the winter" excursion via the Richmond boats. "See here," said the enraged official, "What does this mean? I have punched tickets for you for all points of the globe. Haven't got a child's ticket to Patagonia or a Hong Kong cattle-show excursion, have you? If you give me any more tickets to punch, I'll punch your head." "Yes," replied the passenger, with painful dignity. "I usually travel on this," presenting a director's pass, "but we understand that passengers on your train get lame in the arms showing their tickets, and have no time to take in the scenery; so I am instructed to notify you that there is a good vacancy on the night freight unless we hear of improvement," and the director returned to Puck, and the frightened conductor passed two tramps 100 miles, not daring to call for tickets.

A HINT TO HUSBANDS.

Merchant Traveler.

Mr. Topnoody lighted his cigar the other evening, after supper, just before starting down town, and Mrs. Topnoody looked at him and said:

"You smoke good cigars, don't you, Topnoody?"

"I try to, my dear."

"I heard a lady say to-day her husband told her you smoked the two-for-a-nickel kind."

"The scoundrel!" said Mr. Topnoody, indignantly.

"I told her I knew you had better taste than that."

"Of course I have, my dear, and I'm glad you defended me. I smoke only the best, and these cost twenty-five cents apiece, wholesale."

"How many do you smoke a day?"

"I smoke only about half a dozen; but I give away enough to make it average as much as ten a day. There's nothing mean about me, my dear, in that sort of thing."

"Ten a day," said his wife, meditatively; "365 days in a year; 3,650 cigars a year at a quarter apiece amounts to \$912.50—Topnoody, I want a \$500 seal-skin sacque!"

"What! You shock me! Why, I can't afford it. I never wear any \$500 clothes."

"All the same, I'm going to have it, and if I have to select it I'll get one for seven-fifty, sure, Topnoody."

"But, my dear—"

"Don't but me, Topnoody. You may be a goat, 'but' I'm no target."

"Good heavens, woman, you'll bankrupt me with your reckless extravagance."

"You think I'm extravagant, do you?"

"Yes, I do; you are extravagant in everything, from your jaw clear around."

"Not everything, Topnoody."

"Name one thing you ain't extravagant in, and I'll give you a dozen seal-skin sacques, if I have to mortgage the house to do it."

"Will you? Well, I'll tell you mighty quick. I'm not extravagant in my admiration of a man named Topnoody, and I—"

Topnoody didn't remain over to hear the conclusion.

CREMATION OF THE FUTURE.

Modern Age.

It is not a disagreeable journey on which we now propose to take our readers. It is to witness the final disposition of a friend's remains in the ideal crematory of the future—science having already perfected the mechanical appliances necessary in conducting it in the way we describe. Our friend has died and through the usual announcements we learn that the last rites will be performed in the columbarium at a given hour. Repairing thither at the appointed time, we first pass through a grove of stately trees, the soothing murmur of whose rustling leaves brings peace and

quiet into the hearts of those who mourn and gather to pay the last tribute. Within the grove stands a massive building of gray masonry, whose architecture shows no striving after ornamental effect, and whose solid proportions give sense of eternal permanency. A few small windows in the simple frieze which crowns its walls do not destroy this effect and their plain stained glass clashes in nowise with the harmony of color between the sky, the gray stone of the Temple of Rest. About the Doric pillars of its portico, green vines twine fondly as though they, too, would do their share in robbing death of all its hideousness. To this place loving hands have borne the body of our friend. No coffin lends its horror to the journey from this earthly home to here, where eternal sleep awaits him. A flower-strewn bier gives poetic carriage for this short and final journey. Entering the broad portal, the soft deep notes of an organ charm the ear. The eye takes in a most imposing sight. The entire interior of the building is one impressive room, with walls, floor, ceiling, all of white and spotless marble. The view is not a dazzling one, for the light is subdued and comes in varied color through the windows at the top. On either side of the chamber stand a few memorial statues—real works of art—each one of them keeping alive the memory of some one who in his life was either good or great. Many of the marble slabs in the sides and floor of the temple bear in plain, sunken letters, a name and two dates. Behind or beneath them are niches containing urns where rest the pure white ashes of the beloved dead. On a simple dais in the middle of the room lays the body of our beloved friend. The hour has come, and about it are gathered those who knew and loved him while he lived. The scene, the surroundings, the subdued music of the organ, the absence of everything to jar upon the taste or senses, brings on a mood of solemn contemplation. No thought of physical corruption jars upon our memories of the dead. The opening words of the speaker are said, a hidden

choir harmoniously chants of hope and life, and now the end has come. With the words "ashes to ashes," a white pall is thrown over the dais and we have looked upon our friend for the last time. The dais noiselessly sinks from sight, a short hour is spent in listening to a funeral oration or in contemplation, until the dais, still covered with the pall, rises from below. The pall removed, we see upon the dais an urn—provided beforehand, and containing the ashes of our friend. This is now sealed into one of the niches and the ceremony is over. This is not pure imagination. Modern invention has robbed incineration of all its objectionable features. Never till of late years could the world well and simply solve the problem of what to do with its dead. The whole process can be carried on as we have pictured and without a single revolting feature in any part of it.

A CURIOUS WATCH CHARM.

New York Sun.

"That's an odd charm," said a reporter to a traveling companion on the New York Central railroad.

"So it is," was the reply, "and it has a story," holding up a curious oval object in which was set a compass. It formed a bowl about two inches in diameter, and was of a substance resembling fish scales, but of a rich opal hue. The edges were serrated, and within them had been placed a compass. "If you didn't know what it was," continued the owner, "you'd never guess, but not to keep you in suspense, it's the sucker of an octopus that attacked me once. If you remember, about four years ago, there was a rumor to the effect that valuable pearl fisheries had been discovered on the Alaska coast; in fact, a large jewelry house in New York displayed some large pearls that it was claimed came from that locality. It fooled a good many, as it turned out to be a dodge to start immigration, and it caught me for one. I secured five men, good divers, and started across the continent, and got there to find that it was all a swindle. There wasn't a pearl within 2,000 miles,

and to get my money back I went into the regular diving business, and after raising several vessels, we squared up and left.

It was during one of these trips that I got my charm. We generally went down in pairs, but this day we were working on a small smack that had sunk, and I took the first spell down alone, to see what was the matter with her. She was lying in about forty feet of water, some of her running gear afloat showing where she was. We anchored our sloop to it, put out a mooring, and in a few moments I was going slowly down. To feel that you are strapped to weights and going down to a depth where if a blow should cut your pipe you would be anchored for good, isn't pleasant, to say the least. In about five minutes I reached the deck, and as I wanted first to find out what had hit her, I walked forward, swinging myself round the shrouds and ropes. I swung off and I found that two of her planks had burst right out. She was loaded with pig iron, and I reckoned the sea had jerked the bottom out of her. Having settled this, I walked around her to the lee side, the bottom being a hard, clear sand, and there I easily stepped aboard and walked toward the hatch. It was wide open, and as I stepped near it I saw something that I took for a rope hanging over the coamings. Taking my boat hook I gave it a punch, and it seemed to fall off into the hatch. One of the main yards was hanging clear, and, taking it, I swung off and lowered myself into the hold to see if the iron had been with sand.

Down I went, my hook in one hand and the halyard in the other, and when near the bottom I let go. In a second I landed on a soft, yielding mass that, bound as I was, gave me a sickening sensation. It moved from under me, and in a moment I seemed to be surrounded by the flying arms of some hideous creature. They clasped my legs, wound around my body, and fastened about my helmet, gradually drawing me down and horrifying me so that for a moment I was utterly powerless. But at the first alarm

I had given the signal to draw me up, and having a large knife fastened at my waist, I attacked the monster, cutting it anywhere that I could strike. In a moment the animal had lifted itself so that its body rested against my chest, and it seemed to be about as large as a flour barrel, with legs extending out from it, like the legs of a spider. I hacked at it with my knife, my armor preventing it from biting or cutting me, and soon had the satisfaction of cutting it fairly in two, so that it partly dropped off, and I tore the remaining arms away. I was dragged to the surface with part of it, however, clinging to me. I was about exhausted with the work and nervous prostration, and if they hadn't unscrewed my helmet immediately, I should have dropped; but a few minutes in fresh air revived me, and in that time I closed my career as a diver. I don't think \$1,000,000 would have tempted me to go down again."

"And the charm?"

"This charm, as I said, was one of the suckers that lined the arms, and had so cut into the rubber part of my sleeve that it had been torn from the animal in the struggle, and as it was rich in color I kept it as a curiosity. When I reached the surface the men hauled up half the octopus with a boat hook. I tell you it was a fearful sight. The arms, when stretched out on opposite sides of the body, measured exactly twenty-seven feet from tip to tip. On their under sides were these suckers, each one a shelly cup with a saw-like edge."

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH.

Prof. Tyndall.

Now, let me utter one practical word. Take care of your health. There have been men, who, by wise attention to this point, might have made great discoveries, written great poems, commanded armies, ruled states, but who, by unwise neglect of this point, have come to naught. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat. What can he do there, but by every stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care, then, of the tim-

bers of your boat, and avoid all practices likely to introduce either wet or dry rot among them. And this is not to be done by desultory, intermittent effort, but by the formation of habits. The will has, no doubt, sometimes to be put forth in strength, in order to strangle or crush some special temptation, but the formation of right habits is essential to your permanent security. They diminish your chances of falling when assailed, and augment your chances of recovery when overthrown.

HIS BROTHER HAD THE ICE.

The Judge.

"Now," said drummer number one, as the train pulled out of Pittsburg, "I have a bottle of whisky. Let's sit down and have a real good time. I only wish we had sugar and ice; we could have some toddy."

"I've some sugar," said drummer number two, unstrapping his valise.

"And my brother has some ice," said drummer number three; "he's in the baggage car. I'll just step in and get some," and he did.

The toddy was brewed and rebrewed. The whisky bottle was a large one, the supply of sugar seemed inexhaustible, and number three made as many visits to the baggage car as the occasion demanded.

However, just as they were all feeling good, and were about to compound a farewell drink, number three returned empty-handed. "Very sorry, boys," he remarked, "but the baggage man says if I take any more ice off my brother he won't keep."

A REAL FRIEND.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which like the pine on high
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But like the winter's icy crown
Looks greener through the snow.
Oh, such a friend! He is in truth,
Whate'er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on its sea.

—Anon.

A MERE OUTLINE.

The above is the title of a poem published in the Indianapolis Journal by J. W. Riley and dedicated to a Terre Haute young lady. The poem is as follows:

Ah, help me! but her face and brow
Were lovelier than lilies are
Beneath the light of moon and stars
That smile as they are smiling now—
White lilies in a pallid swoon
Of sweetest white beneath the moon.
White lilies in a flood of bright,
Pure lucidness of liquid light
That overflows some night of June
When all the azure overhead
Blooms like a dazzling daisy bed,
So marvelous her face and brow,
Their beauty blinds my fancy now.

And there—the oval chin below,
Carved, like a cunning cameo,
With one exquisite dimple, swirled
With swimming light and shade, and whirled
The daintiest vortex poets know—
The sweetest whirlpool ever twirled
By Cupid's finger-tip—and so
The deadliest maelstrom in the world.

And O! bewilderment gone mad
And riotous!—what eyes she had!
Let any dew-drop soak the hue
Of any violet through and through,
And then be colorless and dull
Compared with eyes so beautiful!
I tell you that her eyes were bright
As noonday and as dark as night—
As bright as are the burnished bars
Of rainbows set in sunny skies!
And yet as deep and dark—her eyes—
And lustrous black as blown out stars.

MET HIS MATCH.

Philadelphia Call.

"Yes, sir," said the Western man, lovingly caressing his long hair and feeling of his hip pocket to see if his handkerchief was still there, "I have had some pretty lively times; have been a prospector, miner, government scout, cowboy, stage driver and trapper, and between times amused myself gunning for Indians and greasers on my own account."

"Been handled pretty rough sometimes?" ventured a pale-faced Eastern man on crutches and with one arm in a sling.

"Rough!" replied the Westerner, scornfully. "That depends on what you call rough. I have been chewed by grizzlies, scalped by Indians, nearly burned at the stake, shot and knifed dozens of

times, blown up once or twice, and on one occasion fell into a quartz-mill and run clear through before it could be stopped. I don't consider such little experiences anything, but perhaps you might call them 'rough.'"

"Not at all; mere incidents, not worth mentioning."

"Oh, indeed! Perhaps you know what a rough life is, then?" sneered the Western man.

"Yes, I do."

"And what might be your business?" grinned the Indian fighter, ironically.

"I," replied the pale-faced man, "have for the past ten years been a book agent. Permit me to show you the last great publication, only twenty-two volumes, elegantly illustrated, handsomely bound, sold only on subscription at \$5.75 a volume with 5 per cent. off for—"

But the Westerner had fainted.

A MAN WITH A SILVER SKULL.

Chicago Times.

One of the queerest curiosities on the globe is a man with a silver skull who is now visiting in Louisville, Ky. During a fiercely contested battle in the late war this interesting individual was struck in the head with a piece of shell, which tore away the entire top of his skull, leaving the brain most horribly exposed. Strange to say, he survived the terrible wound and a noted surgeon who was one of the physicians in attendance upon the lamented Garfield, succeeded in fitting a silver plate over the opening which shielded the brain, equally as well as the skull. This plate is about the size of a man's hand and works on hinges, and may be raised up and down at will. The re-skulled man does not experience the least pain, and as he wears a wig all evidence of a shattered skull is concealed.

LOVE'S LAST KISS.

Ah! love's last kiss is like latest strain
The dying swan has sung!
The first may bless with tenderness
And crown forever young
The lover and the loved. But not again
From human heart is wrung
Such dear delight, such agony of pain,
As this the kiss we ne'er may give again.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.

American Railroad Journal.

"There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous—a fertile soil, busy work-shops, and easy conveyance of men and things from one place to another." Thus wrote Bacon in 1617, while as yet railroads were unknown; even long before the day when the contract was made for "a rapid line of coaches" between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of 44 miles. The journey was to be made in three days, the round trip taking six days. If he had lived in our day, when railroads have made it possible to traverse the distance in less than a half-hour, would he not have said:—the prosperous nation is that nation whose railroad system is the most perfect.

The origin of the railroad is, by some writers believed to be unknown. There is in the British museum an Egyptian hieroglyphic which represents slaves drawing stones over a road like a primitive tramway. One writer would have us believe that a similar device was known in China many years ago. Whilst it is admitted that printing, gunpowder and many others things were familiar to the Chinese before they were known to western civilization, yet it is highly improbable that anything approaching a tramway, nearer than a palanquin, was known.

The earliest authentic mention of a railway occurs in the life of the Lord-keeper, Roger North, early in the 17th century. About 1670 a double parallel line of wooden beams was laid at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and large carts with four rollers, drawn by horses, were used to transport coal from the mine to the river. A flange placed at the side of the beam kept the carts from rolling off the rail. So successful was the experiment that other coal districts in England and Scotland followed the example. It was a great labor-scheme, for a horse that could with difficulty draw only 17 cwt. without the aid of this smooth road, could now, with ease, draw 42 cwt. This was the earliest tramway, the precursor of the steam railway.

The first improvement made on this tramway was the laying of iron plates on the wooden beams; this contrivance reduced the friction and made less wear and tear.

In the year 1768, and not, as some writers claim in 1740, rails made wholly of iron were used, and almost entirely superseded the earlier style; and in 1789, when William Yessop built the first public railway in England, at Loughborough, he introduced the edge rail of cast iron, and changed the flange from the rail to the wheel. The rails continued to be made of cast iron, in lengths of about four or five feet, until 1803, when an experiment was made, with malleable iron, with poor success, but upon a second trial in 1808, at Cumberland, they proved satisfactory.

During this time while so much was being done for the roadway, it must not be supposed that no changes were being made in the rolling-stock; small trains of two or three cars were now sometimes run, and vast improvements had been made in carriages. Up to this time the tramway had used horses for motors, and in some instances stationary engines, but men's minds had been constantly exercised to invent some method of drawing cars by means other than cable or animal power.

Richard Trevithick and Andrew Vivian, two Cornwall engineers, took out the first patent ever issued for a locomotive in the year 1802. In the previous year, however, Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia, moved a steam dredging machine a distance of one and one-half miles on its own wheels, with power furnished by itself. Evans had been ridiculed by scientific men, and when he advocated the steam carriage, they called it "Evans' steam mania," yet, notwithstanding the opposition, he had successfully built at the cost of \$3,700 a steam engine with a six inch cylinder and eighteen inch stroke. As far back as 1759 Dr. Robinson, of the Glasgow University, suggested to Watt the practicability of applying steam to wheel carriages, and in 1782 Murdock, the tutor of Trevithick, made a model of

a steam carriage; and considering this circumstance, it may be possible that Trevithick got his idea from Murdock. Watt, in his patent of 1784, describes a steam machine for drawing cars. All these steam carriages and appliances, however, amounted to almost nothing, so far as the public was concerned. It was not until 1804 that any really practicable locomotive was used. Trevithick in this year built a second locomotive which he used on the Merthyr-Tydvil Railway in South Wales. This engine drew a load of ten tons of iron ore five miles per hour.

From this date, 1804, until 1811, very little, if anything, was done to advance railroads; time and ingenuity were employed to invent some means to keep cars from slipping when going up an inclined plane.

Many and many were the appliances employed to get the locomotive to "bite." Elaborate systems of cog wheels, cars with hind legs, like grappling irons, all made for an entirely imaginary difficulty, for in 1811, on the Wylam railway, it was demonstrated that weight and friction were all that was necessary to draw loads up gentle inclined planes.

The first really successful engine was invented by George Stephenson in 1814. It ran six miles an hour, drawing thirty tons. Until 1829 there was little progress made, then Robert Stephenson built the "Rocket," which attained a maximum speed of twenty-nine and one-half miles an hour, with an average of 15 miles. In the United States the subject of railroads was carefully considered when the Erie Canal subject was broached. Stephenson advocated a railroad instead of a canal, but his idea was considered visionary. The first road built in America was in 1826, at Quincy, Mass., from the granite quarries to the Neponset River, a single track about three miles long, and an inclined plane of about 275 feet. This road was used for the transportation of granite only; the rails being like the earlier iron-plated tramway roads. During this year, 1826, charters were granted to the Columbia, Lancaster and Philadelphia Railway Company, and the Dansville and Potts-

ville Railway Company, the former on April 7, and the latter on April 8. In January, 1827, the Mauch Chunk road was begun, and in three months its nine miles was finished. The Mohawk and Hudson River Railroad also received its charter this year to run between Albany and Schenectady. February, 1828, saw the Baltimore and Ohio road chartered to carry passengers between Baltimore and Elkridge, and in 1830 it was opened for travel—the first passenger road in America. It was only fifteen miles long, and the power used was horses. In the summer of 1831 the Mohawk and Hudson opened for travel, they also using horse power, which they soon changed to steam power, using the first Stephenson locomotive imported into this country, the "Robert Fulton." It must not be supposed that the "Robert Fulton" was the first locomotive in America, for W. Howard, of Baltimore, in 1828, took out the first patent for a locomotive engine, and this same year Horatio Allen, engineer of the Carbondale and Honesdale R. R., took the first locomotive trip upon a road in America. The experimental trip was made across the Lackawaxen on a trestle-work thirty feet high, with a curve of 400 feet radius. So dangerous was the undertaking considered that upon his return unharmed, he was welcomed as one snatched from the jaws of death.

What a mighty change is this. In 1826 there was in the United States three miles of railroad; in 1880, 86,497. In 1763 the stage coach between Edinburgh and London took two weeks to accomplish its journey, in 1835 the distance was 48 hours; in 1849 the time was reduced to 12 hours.

A grade of 30 or 40 feet to the mile was considered very heavy, and 70 or 80 feet was reckoned impossible. A grade as steep as this was overcome by the use of a stationary engine. To-day, engines are in use that can ascend grades of 500 feet and more. The Mt. Savage, George's Creek road in Maryland, has an ascent of 140 feet, and at Sheffield, England, a road has a grade of 196 feet.

In the light of our experience, how foolish the protest of Wood sounds, who wrote in 1825, "Nothing can do more harm to the adoption of railroads than the promulgation of such nonsense as that we shall see locomotive engines traveling at the rate of 12, 16, 18 and 20 miles per hour."

Railroading, advanced as it is, is far from perfect. We can learn many things from across the ocean. Many things to adopt and many things to eschew. Let us learn to have cars like the twin palace cars on the North Western Railway, and do as they do, charge nothing extra for their use. Let us never develop such an elastic conscience as the French road which charges 45 francs (\$9.00) for sleeping accommodation, their coupe de lit for *one night*. Let us learn something of speed from England's three fast mail trains, "Wild Irishman," from London to Holyhead, where the mail is transferred to fast steamers, which make without difficulty twenty miles an hour, and at Kingstown is again put aboard the train and goes to Dublin; the "Mad Scotchman," from London to Edinburgh, which makes forty-seven miles per hour including the stoppages; and the "Flying Dutchman," a very significant name when we consider that the rate of speed is fifty-nine miles one furlong per hour. Surely the old Dutch captain never at his best doubled the Horn at this rate.

There is one thing the English can certainly learn from us, and that is how to check baggage. If there is one mighty abomination of English railway travel it is the system (if system it can be called), of handling luggage. Formerly the baggage was carried on top of carriages; so as to give the rain and soot unobstructed play upon it; but the tears and groans of tourists, over ruined goods, caused in time a reform, and now the baggage is placed in a compartment in the car. Upon arrival at the depot your baggage is given in charge of an official, who pastes upon it a ticket with your destination. Upon arrival at destination your goods are put on the platform, and going up you indicate which is yours, and it is

delivered without a question. There is absolutely no protection; any stranger can get your luggage as readily as you can yourself.

Before closing, I want to mention a matter which seems to always attract the attention of tourists. Everywhere on the continent the freight cars are marked by the military powers, with the numbers which the car will hold either in horses or men, thus, thirty-six men, six horses, etc. In case of emergency the general of an army can tell at once his facilities for transportation.

A REAL SCHOOLMASTER.

The Simple Frontier Story Told by One Wood-tick William.

Bill Nye in Puck.

"We had about as onery and triflin' a crop of kids in Calaveras county thirty years ago as you could gather in with a fine-tooth comb and a brass band in fourteen States. For ways that were kitten-some they was moderately active and abnormally protuberant. That was the prevailin' style of Calaveras kid, when Mr. George W. Mulqueen came there and wanted to engage the school at the old camp, where I hung up in the days when the country was new and the murmur of the six-shooter was heard in the land.

"George W. Mulqueen was a slender young party from the effete East with conscientious scruples and a hectic flush. Both of these was agin him for a promoter of school discipline and square root. He had a heap of information and big sorrowful eyes.

"So fur as I was concerned, I didn't feel like swearing around George or using any language that would sound irrelevant in a ladies' boodore; but as for the kids of the school they didn't care a blamed cent. They just hollered and whooped like a passle of Sioux.

"They didn't seem to respect literary attainments or expensive knowledge. They just simply seemed to respect the genius that come to that country to win their young love with a long-handle shovel and a bloodshot tone of voice.

That's what seemed to catch the Calaveras kids in the early days.

"George had week lungs and they kept to work at him till they drove him into a mountain fever and finally into a metallic sarcophagus.

"Along about the holidays the sun went down on George W. Mulqueen's life just as the eternal sunlight lit up the dewy eyes. You will pardon my manner, Nye, but it seemed to me just as if George had climbed up to the top of Mount Cavalry, or wherever it was, with the old school on his back and had to give it up at last.

"It seems kind of tough to me and I couldn't help blamin' it onto the school some, for there was half a dozen big snoozers that didn't go to school to learn, but just to raise Ned and turn up Jack.

"Well, they killed him, anyhow, and that settled it.

"The school run kind of wild till Feboowary, and then a husky tenderfoot, with a fist like a mule's foot in full bloom, made an application for the place, and allowed he thought he could maintain discipline if they'd give him a chance. Well, they ast him when he wanted to take his place as tute, and he reckoned he could begin to tute about Monday follering.

"Sunday afternoon he went up to the school house to look over the grounds and to arrange a plan for an active Injun campaign again the hostile hoodlums of Calaveras.

"Monday he sailed in about 9 a. m. with his gripsack and began the discharge of his juties.

"He brought in a bunch of mountain willers, and after driving a big railroad spike into the door-casing over the latch he said the Senate and House would sit with closed doors during the morning session. Several large, white-eyed holy terrors gazed at him in a kind of dumb, inquiring tone of voice, but he didn't say much. He seemed considerably reserved as to the plan of the campaign. The new teacher then unlocked his alligator-skin and took out a Bible and a new self-cocking weapon that had an auto-

matic dingus for throwing out the empty shells. It was one of the bull-dog variety and had the laugh of a joyous child.

"He read a short passage from the Scriptures and then pulled off his coat and hung it on a nail. Then he made a few extemporaneous remarks, after which he salivated the palm of his right hand, took the self-cocking songster in his left and proceed to wear out the gads over the various protuberances of his pupils.

"People passing by thought they must be beating carpets in the school house. He pointed the gun at his charge with his left and manipulated the gad with his right duke. One large, overgrown Missourian tried to crawl out of the winder, but after he had looked down the barrel of the shooter a moment he changed his mind. He seemed to realize that it would be a violation of the rules of the school, so he came back and sat down.

"After he wore out the foliage, Bill, he pulled the spike out of that door, put on his coat and went away. He never was seen there again. He didn't ask for any salary, but just walked off quietly and that summer we accidentally heard that he was George W. Mulqueen's brother."

SPICY CORRESPONDENCE.

Alexandre Dumas once received the following note signed by a French Count:

"Monsieur: I have the honor to propose to you to associate with me in the composition of a drama. Your name will figure by the side of mine; you alone composing the drama, and I alone defraying all the expenses of the first representation. You shall have all the profits, for I work only for glory."

Dumas replied: "Monsieur: I have never been in the habit of harnessing together in my carriage a horse and an ass. I regret then, not to be able to accept your very kind proposition."

The Count replied: "Monsieur Dumas: I received your note of refusal to unite our literary labors. You are at liberty not to understand your interest, but do not allow yourself in the future to call me a horse."

PITH AND POINT.

De chap dat am stoopin' ober hoein' out his tater patch ain't ap' to see all de leetle failin's ob his naburs.—*Life*.

A great many editors have lately been devoting themselves to defining the art and science of kissing. We shall not follow their examples, as we do not care to expose our ignorance on that subject.—*Lowell Citizen*.

And now a Connecticut woman appears who insists that she is 117 years old. It is a curious fact that after a woman has passed her hundredth birthday she ceases to have any false pride about her age.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

The reason why crops always turn out to be better than has been expected, is because many people always expect the worst, and some of them are mean enough to feel disappointed if their expectations are not realized.—*N. O. Picayune*.

Shut the door.

When winter's breeze
Denudes the trees
And nature settles down to freeze;
When round the door
The wild winds roar
And cold comes through the cracked old floor,
Our friends forget to shut the door.
—*Oil City Blizzard*..

"Algernon, I have a stitch in my side."
"I am not surprised, my dear. You were hemmed in by the crowd at the party last night." "No; I think I got it while basting the turkey." "You tuck too much pains over it." "Algernon, why will you persist in ruffling my temper in this way?" "Merely a biased notion of yours and furbelow my intentions."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"That poor fellow," said a temperance orator, pointing to a cripple, "owes his dilapidated condition to whisky." "You are wrong," replied a bystander. "That man is paralyzed, and I am certain that he never drank." "Oh, that really makes no difference in my argument," rejoined the orator, "for if he had been addicted to drink he would have been paralyzed sooner."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

"I suppose you often want something to fill up your paper with?" said a man, coming into a country newspaper office with a four-column communication on a patent, duplex, double-back-action harrow of his own invention. "Oh, no," said the man of the quill, "the paper is full enough. It is the editor who wants something to fill up with. This will make four columns and two sticks—forty-two dollars, please."—*Middletown Transcript*.

Heredity: "Do you believe in the law of hereditary transmission?" asked a gentleman of Mr. Popperman. "I do, most decidedly. I can cite a remarkable instance of it. My greatgrandfather had a positive squint in his eye. My grandfather squinted; so did my father, and this optical peculiarity has descended into my own family." "Oh, you must be mistaken, Mr. Popperman; you don't squint." "No." "Nor your little girl." "No." "Nor your little boy." "No. But my wife does."—*N. Y. Journal*.

OVER THE FENCE.

Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Slingonin put her head over the fence and thus addressed her neighbor, who was hanging out her week's washing:

"A family has moved in the empty house across the way, Mrs. Clothesline."

"Yes, I know."

"Did you notice their furniture?"

"Two loads, and I wouldn't give a dollar a load for it. Carpets! I wouldn't put 'em down in my kitchen. And the children! I won't allow mine to associate with 'em, you bet. And the mother! She looks as if she had never known a day's happiness. The father drinks, I expect. Too bad that such people should come into this neighborhood. I wonder who they are?"

"I know them."

"Do you? Well, I declare. Who are they?"

"The mother is my sister and the father is the superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school."

A painful pause ensues.

SMELLING THE TIME.

Bloomington Mail.

"I was plint mine frient. I can nicht see noddings. Dose light mit der day time ees shut out mit mine eyes, und I pe-von sat und treary old man. Vould you oplige me mit a watch, so Ich can tell how mineselluf dose dime mit ter tay?" The stranger, curious to know how the gray haired man could tell the time of day without seeing, passed him his watch. He put it to his nose and sniffed three or four times quite vigorously.

"It vast yust fuftsain mit der gluck," said the blind man, as the clock in the steeple struck the hour. The stranger was delighted. He took the blind man into Paul Finnan's Senate and bought him all the beer he could drink. Then he told Paul that the man was blind, and offered to bet him \$10 the old man could

tell the hour of the day by smelling his watch. Paul made the wager, and the watch was produced; but the old man shook his head sorrowfully, saying as he did so:

"I can nicht dell dose hour now. Too pat! Too pat; but dot hour vas not schmell mit himselluf now."

"Why, you old fraud! You smelled the watch and gave the exact time a little while ago," exclaimed the enraged loser.

"Yaw, I dole dose time a leedle vile ago; und ef dose down gluck vas strikin' mit himselluf now, like he vas den, I would dole dose hour mit der tay now, too; but dot gluck vas not strikin'."

The stranger paid his wager, and Paul set up the beer to the old man, while the loser went out in the back alley to club himself.

FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

Cherish faith in one another,
When you meet in friendship's name;
In the true friend is a brother,
And his heart should throb the same.

Though your paths in life may differ,
Since the hour when first ye met;
Still have faith in one another,
You may need that friendship yet.

O have faith in one another,
When ye speak a brother's vow;
It may not be always summer—
Not be always bright as now.

And when the wintry clouds are heavy,
If some kindred heart you share,
And have faith in one another,
O ye never shall despair.

Then have faith in one another,
And let honor be your guide;
Let the truth alone be spoken,
Whatsoever may betide.

Though the false may reign a season—
Doubt ye not it sometimes will;
Yet have faith in one another,
And the truth shall triumph still.

—Anon.



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A SERIOUS INCONSISTENCY.

No labored arguments are required to convince the average reader that self-interest is the controlling force in human affairs. There may be those whose acts spring from motives in which self is not considered. We are not unmindful of the fact that men are lauded for deeds of "disinterested friendship," and we are by no means disposed to question the assumption that there are men capable of considering only the welfare of others when appeals are made demanding the exercise of charity or special acts of good will. Nevertheless the truth remains that self-interest is everywhere in the ascendancy, asserting the mastery and giving direction to worldly affairs. Only those who indulge in utopian dreams anticipate at an early day universal agreement in matters pertaining to the general concerns of life, nor do we know that entire unanimity is desirable, even if it were attainable. It would be productive of monotony and stagnation. Energies would lie dormant,

and in the great calm that would follow the armies of progress would stand still and life would be robbed of its zest. We do not, therefore, anticipate the immediate development of any new phases of human nature. We take it as we find it, with its capabilities and possibilities and fashion such theories and practices as best subserve human happiness. We are by no means doubtful of the future, indeed, we are confident that the best will survive. In the grand march of mind certain eternal landmarks have been erected, axiomatic truths, self-evident and self-preserving, by which all men may steer—as for instance, "Honesty is the best policy;" courage is better than cowardice; and the climax was reached when it was laid down as the highest philosophy of living to "do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Professions without practice amount to nothing. The world looks to works more than to faith, and it may be said that self-interest is always consistent when in its manifestations it is honest and courageous in its regard for the welfare of others. It has been thought that railway corporations in some of their enterprises have disregarded some of the most self-evident propositions relating to their pecuniary welfare as also that of their employes. We assume, and doubt if any one will have the temerity to controvert the proposition, that railway corporations desire that their employes shall be sober men. The suggestion invites discussion. The business of running railway trains is one of constant peril to life and property. Only sober men ought to have charge of railway trains. The verdict should always be, when a railway train is wrecked and lives are sacrificed, that the disaster was "unavoidable." There should be no warrant for an in-

quiry in regard to the sobriety of those in charge of the train. The travelling public have an intensely vital interest in the matter. To know that sober men are in charge of a train plunging along at a fearful speed into the darkness is productive of a sense of security, for the absence of which there is no compensation. It would appear to be a most rational conclusion for railway corporations to demand only sober men for places of such trust, and this, as we have said, is their professed policy. But it is just here where railway corporations give marked prominence to a serious inconsistency, the outgrowth, doubtless, of a desire to make money without prudent consideration of possible consequences. Railway corporations demand sober men, and yet they rent portions of their depots to those who keep forever in view temptations to swerve their employes from the paths of sobriety. Railway depot saloons are to be found everywhere. It is at depots where conductors, engineers, firemen and brakemen congregate, and necessarily so, and at the depots, because of the inconsiderate policy of railway corporations, they are constantly confronted with inducements to drink. It does not help the corporations to say that men should be superior to temptation. We must take human nature as it is with its fallibilities, and it is treating the subject far more honestly to say that railway corporations, which profess to be opposed to the habit of liquor drinking, should be superior to the practice of tempting their men to drink. The inconsistency of railway corporations, in permitting saloons to be opened at their depots, becomes more seriously apparent the more it is discussed. To tempt a man to drink and then discharge him for becoming inebriated may be the right thing to do, but

the transaction, nevertheless, is indicative of traits of character that will not stand the test of severe scrutiny. We feel a profound interest in all subjects which relate to the welfare of railroad employes, particularly locomotive firemen. We would have them sober, industrious, and in life and conduct exemplary citizens. To this work we are devoting whatever of energy and ability we can command. We would remove temptations from their pathways, and it is these considerations which prompt us to invite the attention of railroad companies to the demoralizing influence of depot saloons. We discuss the subject from a utilitarian rather than a sentimental standpoint. An average railway train, we assume, is worth, engine, cars, etc., \$100,000. If with this, we assume, there are one hundred passengers on the train, each representing a money value of \$5,000, then the train as it moves along represents \$600,000. The railway companies are, therefore, eminently prudent in demanding that the men in charge of the train shall be sober men. That is consistency. It is self-interest, mapping out a policy which all prudent men will indorse. But, strange to say, these railway officials, that they may secure a few dollars in the way of rent, permit liquor to be sold at their depots, the consequences of which may be at any time the wreck of their \$600,000 train. That is not consistency—it is not in conformity with well established business theories; on the contrary, it is a policy which invites disaster and loss. It is a policy of peril. It is suggestive of danger. The saloon is a temptation to do wrong, when to do right is the supreme requirement. The gains of the saloon, at best, must be contemptible when compared with the vast in-

terests which they are liable to imperil. It is an exhibition of antagonistic self-interests, in which the minor factor of the business surrounds the major with incalculable dangers, and we are persuaded if railway officials can be induced to bestow upon the subject such thought as its importance demands they will see the propriety of abolishing depot saloons wherever it is in their power to do so. We are mindful of the social characteristics of railway employees. Meeting at the depot, soon to leave on their trains, a social glass, if it can be had near by, is likely to be taken, and, in spite of remonstrance, might in some cases be indulged. We would have it otherwise, and, therefore, urge railway officials to dispense with depot saloons, in doing which we feel assured they will be entitled to lasting gratitude, besides the act will be eminently consistent with their professions and a serious inconsistency will at once disappear.

TWO RAILWAY OFFICIALS.

Railway officials, of all men, should be liberal towards the public and their employees. To be arrogant and domineering is by no means a sign of greatness. Truly great men are liberal and sympathetic. The railway official who surrounds himself with unapproachableness, who is dictatorial, who refuses to listen to the complaints of the public, or the wrongs of his employees, might just as well make up his mind now that his days of usefulness are numbered. He is a fossil. He is a dead letter. Railway business is absorbing the best brain and muscle of our country. Great men, not small, are taking the lead. Men of great hearts, of brilliant intellects will grasp the reins, soon to drop from the hands of the arrogant fossil who styles himself a "Railway Magnate." Recently we had occasion to apply for transportation for our Organizer. The system of roads over

which the transportation was desired is presided over by one of these railway fossils. A man, great only in his own estimation. A big little man, who sent us the information that he had not the power to issue passes. He was not manly enough to be truthful about it. He had the power but not the will. Such narrow-minded barnacles as this man must go. Railways have no use for them. The public has no use for them. Railway employees have no use for them. Liberal men will come to the front. Men dignified enough to tell the truth, great enough not to be mean.

How different from the above was the action of a railway official who was great enough to be liberal; we clip the following from the Railway Advance:

"H. M. Hoxie, Vice President of the Gould system, is a man after one's own heart. He furnished a destitute family who had been robbed by a pickpocket of \$300, every cent they had in the world, with money and a free pass from East St. Louis to Kansas City. That is the kind of men that they are going to make railroad kings of some day."

When Mr. Hoxie was informed of the situation of the poor sufferers mentioned in the above paragraph, he did not hide behind a subterfuge; he did not say that he had no power to issue passes; he did promptly and manfully what he could to relieve these needy ones. The distance between his heart and his pocket was very small. As the Railway Advance says, "that is the kind of men that they are going to make railroad kings of some day." The arrogant fossils must go, the men of heart and brain will take their places. Honesty, dignity, liberality must be the watchwords of the future railway kings.

ARRESTING AN IMPOSTOR.

A certain fellow named George Goodrich has been palming himself off as a Brotherhood man, and as such he has been imposing on the unsuspecting members of our Order. He went to Chicago lately to practice his deception on a more extensive scale, but the brethren at the metropolis were not so verdant as he expected, and instead of basking in the sun-

shine of their hospitalities, as he hoped, they had him taken in charge by the police, and arraigned for fraud, as will be seen by the following from the Chicago Herald:

"George Goodrich, a fellow who pretends to hail from Rockford, was yesterday fined \$100 by Justice Thomas, of the Town of Lake, upon complaint of members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, William Mirine and William Orth, of Lodge 50, and George Healy, of Lodge 57, appearing as witnesses. Goodrich has been representing himself a member of the Order, and has been borrowing money upon the strength of it."

At Chicago a fine of \$100 means 200 days in prison, so it will be seen that Judge Thomas is not the special friend of bogus Brotherhood men.

The Chicago brethren did just right in the matter, and we not only concur in their action but congratulate them upon their fidelity to our Order in protecting its members from the ravages of such worthless scoundrels. This may be a lesson to impostors who prey upon the credulity of our members. Wherever they are caught let them be punished to the full extent of the law.

A TOUCHING EPITAPH.

Our readers remember the sad fate of the late Bro. Henry A Kleckner, of Terre Haute, who lost his life near Colfax, Ind., last November. A tree had blown across the track and derailed the train of which Bro. Kleckner was the engineer. The young hero remained at his post and although he was dreadfully mangled and survived the wreck several hours in perfect consciousness, no word of complaint came from his lips. He accepted his fate with heroic calmness and bore his agony without a murmur to the end.

A monument has been erected over his grave and Col. J. B. Maynard, who honors such examples of heroism with all his great soul, has written the following touching epitaph to be inscribed upon it:

A Brotherhood Brave, sleeps in this grave,
Who gave up his life, that life he might save.
Among the great names on fame's luminous scroll
He was the peer of the best, in greatness of soul.

Woman's Department

COMMONPLACE HEROISM.

The whole world desires an act of heroism. When a man performs some great heroic deed we forgive all his past sins. There is no one quality which is so universally appreciated. No matter how humble the individuals, all mankind will do him homage if, in some trying hour, he proves himself a hero. There is, apparently, more heroism among men than among women, because they have greater physical strength, stronger nerves and more opportunities. The field of battle which has inspired such noble deeds of daring; shipwrecks which have witnessed such grand acts of self sacrifice; fires which call forth all the valor and courage of one's nature; the terrible dangers and responsibilities of a railroad life; all present occasions that require the most sublime heroism; and never has there been such a call but that some man has been found ready to respond. These great but terrible opportunities do not often come to women, but there is no reason to suppose they would shrink from the ordeal. It is never doubted that women will sacrifice themselves for those they love, and their delicate feet have never feared to follow the path of duty, no matter how full of thorns.

When a supreme moment comes and the balance is trembling between life and death, a man's soul is filled with exaltation, with divine courage. He is more than a man, he is a God, ready to die for the race. While in this supernatural state he is capable of deeds that will excite the admiration of the world and render his name, and sometimes himself, immortal. It is a grand thing to die for one's fellow man. Verily, if a man does this, his soul should arise, clean and white, freed from every sin, purified, redeemed.

But there is another kind of self-sacrifice, the unnoticed, the unsung, the heroism of the common-place. Whether it is harder, to make, once in a life-time, a great sacrifice or to make, every day, for years and years, a small one? When the end comes, will not all the little ones, added up in the long record, equal the one that is surrounded with a halo of glory?

Life is so hard. Even as little children we grieve over our tasks and count the days that will release us from the school-room. And, in after years, we can go back and cover the little desk with tears in memory of the child who sat there in the long ago and dreamed of a happy

future. What is the mystery that makes the path of duty so rough and at right angles with the smooth and easy path of pleasure?

A man starts out in life full of ambition, energy, hope. He sees fame and fortune in the future. He marries young, children spring up about him, cares multiply and existence resolves itself into the common struggle for bread and butter. The man who can lay aside his hope of fame, take up the commonplace work of life and toil on cheerfully for those who depend upon him, he is a hero. The woman who can patiently bear the burdens that fall to every woman's lot, who can spend her days vibrating between the kitchen and the nursery, with no time for society, which she would adorn, no leisure for the books which she longs to read, if she can do this without murmuring, you need look no farther for a heroine.

The man who can see the fortune of years swept away by adversity and can bravely begin again at the foundation; the woman who, for some cause, is denied the joys of wifehood and motherhood and yet performs the many sweet and womanly duties that are still left to her, with a gentle and contented spirit, both exhibit a most beautiful heroism.

Every man has his own peculiar burdens. His business does not meet his expectations, his friends are not faithful, his writings are not appreciated, his wife is uncongenial, his children are a disappointment, so many, many things, they cannot be enumerated. And women have their trials, smaller and pettier than men's and, for this reason, so much harder to bear. For when a great trouble comes, we can call forth our strength, we can make a brave struggle, we can lean upon our friends; or if it be a terrible sorrow we can throw ourselves upon the earth and let it sweep over us, we can wring our hands and weep and exhaust our grief. And the world will have excuses for us and be patient with us and make no demands upon us because they understand and sympathize with our sorrow. But there are a thousand vexations, that rise to the dignity of grievances, and make existence almost unendurable. They are at our bedside when we awake in the morning, they retire with us at night and haunt our dreams. They are so small that, taken singly, they seem too trivial for a passing notice but, in the aggregate, they make up the greater part of life's unhappiness. We are ashamed of them, we despise them, but they sometimes gain the mastery. If a woman toils day after day in the narrow groove of her duties, if she feels that she has no recompense, if her husband is neglectful, if she

is worn out with children, let her not be discouraged or imagine she has no sympathy. The world is full of such women and each one, in her way, is a help to all the rest, for it does cheer and assist us to know that others have just such trials as our own and, like ourselves, are striving to bear them heroically.

O, this commonplace heroism that is all about us, more beautiful because it is so silent and unassuming. It is not the sudden impulse of a moment but the perfected result of years of toil and care, of longing and disappointment. These quiet, pleasant men and women that go in and out among us, day by day, apparently cheerful and contented, they are the heroes of life. Every one of them bears a secret burden, every one has a sorrow in his heart, but the public knows it not, except as it reads the story in the lines upon the face, the shadows in the eyes. That people do bear their troubles in silence and turn only a smiling face to the world, which has so much need of smiles, is, in itself, an act of heroism. O, my brother, O, my sister, faint and weary in the strife, take courage, for you are not alone. Your neighbors, your friends, all are with you though they may not speak.

IDA A. HARPER.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

IRENE AGAIN.

Goethe says: "The most original modern authors are not so because they advance what is new, but simply because they know how to put what they have to say as if it had never been said before."

Now, in reading this over I thought of Ida A. Harper. If I could write you nice, cheery pieces like she does, I could fancy you turning eagerly through the Magazine to find me, as we all do her. A member has given me such a flattering response, however, that I feel that already the white buds of appreciation are mingling with the green leaves of my little wreath. The number of members is increasing in the Lodge here, the boys are fast realizing that it is an honor to be member of the "Belle," and as they keep their ranks pure, their aims high, and their self-respect above reproach, those who are not members feel that they are excluded, and that the exclusion casts a reproach upon their morality. To be valuable, an institution must first be worthy, and appreciation is sure to follow. Member, do not sigh for polish or noble bearing. Be brave and do your duty. Carlyle says: "There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work; were he ever so benighted, forgetful of

his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair." Further on he says, "Know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a hercules!" Dear old Thomas Carlysle, for whom the world is so much better by his having lived in it, because he loved man for the nobleness that was in him, says again: "Labor is life, from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred, celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge,' and much else, as soon as work fitly begins." Every one in his own place, and let the world go round. So we fill each our own sphere, and try as we can to cast our mite for good. So we wives and mothers keep our hearts pure, our homes sacred. So live that the hearts of our husbands may safely trust in us, and our children rise up and call us blessed. For some of us the sweet memory of bright eyes, closed forever now, is a talisman of virtue and honor, which will ever recall to us the path of duty and bid us, as some sweet writer said, "Mother of angels tread lightly." Ah, the dearest treasures we ever owned are children from our sight, but more than ever present with us. More fortunate mothers have their little ones with them. Then so live that no act of thine may ever cast a reproach upon them, were they called to fill the highest places it is in the power of earthly mortals to hold, that we may say with Bryant in his *Thanatopsis*:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

IRENE.

GREENVILLE, TEXAS.

PERFUME OF A VIOLET.

I have searched the Magazine through and through for several months past, hoping to see something from Phoenix Lodge, No. 23, or from some of the wives and sisters of the members, but so far nothing has appeared, so I have ventured to say something in their behalf, hoping that others may follow. I have been a reader of the Magazine nearly two years, and with every number my interest increases in the Brotherhood, and every month the Magazine is

anxiously awaited and gladly received. I have a dear brother who is a member of No. 23, and I am very glad that he is a member of so grand and noble an Order. What a grand motto they have: "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry!" Surely by living up to that motto they will become better and nobler men. No. 23 has about forty-three members, all good men, and they are always ready to do their share of every duty that is required of them—with one exception—that of writing for the Magazine. I hope we shall hear from some of them soon. No. 23 lost one of her members a few days ago by an accident on the road, the first one that has passed into the Golden City since the Lodge has been organized. I think we, as mothers, wives and sisters, should be only too willing to cast our mite and show the boys that we are interested in the prosperity of their Order and to encourage them with loving, cheerful words in their good work, for a fireman's life at best is very hard and dangerous. May God bless the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and give them every success, is the wish of a fireman's sister.

VIOLET.

BROOKFIELD, MO.

MISSION OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

It is not by a rash and inconsiderate exposure of failings that the attempt to reclaim an erring brother is successful; neither for the sake of false peace must I compromise sobriety. Even friendship is too dearly purchased by winking at sin. A word spoken in season, how good it is. I would speak gently, kindly and courteously to the brothers of Beaver Lodge. I would tell you of the great love I have for the noble cause you have enlisted in. It is a great and glorious one. It seems as if with a mighty arm you have been made strong. From East to West, from North to South, your acts of benevolence have turned tears into smiles. You seem to go out of your way to be kind. A journey is not grudged if one aching heart is soothed, nor is your kindness dispensed through others. Your own hands heal, your own voices speak, your footsteps linger on the threshold of bereavement and at the home of the widow and orphan. Many sorrowing ones have felt the loving tenderness and unselfishness of your hearts. Brothers, let this spirit, this holy Christ-like mind be always in you as it was in your adorable Master. Continue to exercise your souls in loving sympathy with sorrow in every form, for it is a relic of Jesus, an image of the great sufferer, a shadow of the cross.

I would not write, as some have written, that you are the worst class of men in the world, nor would I commence to preach to you to keep out of the saloons, but would exercise more charity. I feel that you are all that is noble, brave, good and true. If there ever was a man that is tried, tempted and perplexed it is a locomotive fireman when he starts from home. He leaves all he holds on earth that is near and dear to him, perhaps never to see them again. As he steps upon the engine his toil commences, so many to please, so much to think of. It is a wonder to me they are as good as they are, but I would say to you, Be firm against temptation and try to please God.

Dear sisters, I speak to you as well as to the brothers. How much we can do for our dear ones if we are faithful to our precious promises. Ofttimes the kind warning of a wife has saved a lifetime of sin.

Now, I hear the train coming. It brings my husband safe home once more, and to-night as we gather around the family altar with our little ones about us we will thank our Heavenly Father for his kind and loving care over us. We will ask Him to keep the Brotherhood in the bonds of love, unity and peace, and to take their families under his guardian care and to ever preserve them from harm and danger. With many good wishes for the prosperity of the cause and the success of your valuable journal, I remain ever a true friend to the B. L. F.

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

LONDON, ONT.

BEACON LIGHT.

I have been a reader of the much loved Magazine for over three years, and having failed to see anything from Beacon Lodge No. 111, of which my husband is a member, I concluded to contribute a few lines.

I think it our duty, as wives of the "boys," to encourage them as much as possible in their noble work. The Lodge here has upwards of fifty members and seems to be in splendid condition. The boys gave their first annual ball December 6; it was largely attended and everything passed away very pleasantly. Several of the members have been promoted, but I do not know the names of any of them but Mr. J. M. Weaver, who sits royally on the right side of his engine (all smiles) and performs the part of a faithful engineer.

I will conclude a little letter by giving your readers a recipe for a "Lemon Layer Cake:"

Take one-half cup of sugar, one cup of butter, two and a half cups of flour, five

eggs beaten separately, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoon of cream tartar and one-half teaspoon of soda. For the jelly one cup of white sugar, two teaspoons of butter, two eggs and the juice of two lemons. Beat all together and boil until it is jelly. For orange cake, use oranges instead of lemons.

FIREMAN'S WIFE.

MATTOON, ILL.

THE TEXAS BELLE.

I have been reading the Magazine until I have become devoted to it, and I feel as though I should say something in the interest of the members of Texas Belle Lodge, No. 155, now situated at Greenville. I regard them as a fine body of men and an honor to the cause they represent. As for myself, I am no rail-roader, neither have I any relative, nearer than a brother-in-law, that is, but I have many true friends among the members of Texas Belle Lodge, and I feel as though I would be willing to make almost any sacrifice to encourage them in their grand work. No. 155 is a new Lodge and I have never ascertained the number of its members, but knowing mostly all of the men of which it is composed, I feel that it will a grand success in the near future. They are steadily on the increase, and as I have been told that they admit only the best of men into their Lodge, their success is fully assured. With every wish for the future welfare of the Brotherhood, and hoping that these lines may find their way into your valuable Magazine, instead of the wastebasket, I subscribe myself

Your friend,

JENNIE.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEXAS.

SEVENTH ANNUAL BALL.

Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, B. of L. F., gave its seventh annual ball at Market hall January 22d. Owing to the untiring efforts of Bros. Kilbane, Montgomery, Cox and Murphy, it was a most perfect success, both socially and financially. The ball-room was decorated in a manner decidedly emblematic of railroad life. Prominent among the decorations was a miniature locomotive. The programme consisted of a grand march, led by Bro. Cox and lady, who introduced new and unique figures, and twenty-four dances, which was danced out, and all went home in the "wee sma' hours," voting the ball one of the pleasantest they ever attended and the boys of "61" a royal set of entertainers.

A LADY FRIEND.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

UNITED.

Being deeply interested in the Order of Locomotive Firemen and not having seen anything in the Woman's Department from our Lodge, I desire to write a few lines to the Magazine, which is ever welcome in our home. The Order is a grand and noble one and well deserves the encouragement and co-operation of the mothers, wives and sisters of its members. Their motto, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, is one under which few men could fail to become better and more faithful husbands, sons and brothers.

United Lodge No 60, of which my husband is a member, is prospering finely under the supervision of Bros. George Cohner and Howard Reeder, as Master and Vice Master, and with Bro. Jos. Shepherd as Financier. With all the officers and members working in harmony with each other, they cannot fail to go onward and upward. Hoping they may meet with success in all their undertakings for the good of the Order and that God may bless them and the Order in general, is the prayer of

Yours, respectfully,

A WIFE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A PLAUSIBLE MOTTO.

I have been a devoted reader of your Magazine for several months, and as I have never seen anything from the "Evening Star, No. 112," and seeing so much encouragement for ladies to contribute to the Magazine, I think it the duty of some of us to say something to bring "her" into notice, and not allow her to remain in the back ground, so I have concluded to say a word in her behalf. The "Evening Star" is a wide-awake, thorough-going Lodge with fifty-four members in good standing, of which my brother is one. I think the B. of L. F. is a noble Order, one which deserves encouragement from every mother, sister and wife. I hope all members of this Order will always be encouraged to live up to the motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." The man who lives strictly by these is a noble man, and what calling is there stands so much in need of sober, industrious men as the one which calls men out to risk their lives in the discharge of duty? For fear of taking up too much space, I will stop, but, if this finds space in your columns, you may again hear from

PHOEBE.

MT. VERNON, ILL.

DECORATIVE NOTES.

Here are some suggestions for fancy work. Some place in the home is a win-

dow looking upon, possibly, an objectionable view, or may be the side lights and transom in the front hall can be improved. You will want salts, hot water, a brush, and perhaps a step-ladder. Make a strong solution of salts and brush the glasses with it while hot. This will make a charming crystallized screen or an imitation ground glass window. If you use sal ammoniac the crystallizations will be in straight lines; Epsom salts will give you four-sided prisms and Glauber's salts, six-sided ones. And again you might cut fancy figures and shapes out of white tissue paper and fasten them on with transparent gum, all over the glass.

Can you make wax flowers? If not you can buy pretty artificial ones. Cut cardboard into panel shape; or a round plaque the shape of a palette; cover with plush, and secure to it a cluster of flowers or buds; hang them on stems, tying the stems with pretty ribbon; another variety would be to make a large plush panel and upon it hang a decorated holly wood plaque. I think wax flowers so used are simply lovely.

Makesome friend a pair of pillow shams. You will want eight linen handkerchiefs for a pair; unite the squares with strips of insertion or pretty rick-rack; make a full edge of lace, line with colored cambric, blue or pink, and what could be prettier? Make the shams wholly of rick-rack if you have time; edge with lace and line with color.

Have you any idea what pretty things can be made from broom-sticks?

Take three of them, all one length, bore a small hole in the stick midway between the ends, pass a small curtain cord through them and tie them together, but not so firmly but that the sticks can fall into tent shape. Where they are to stand on the floor you will see the need of sawing them off again at an angle. Now get a piece of pine, circular, square, triangle-shaped or any shape you like; lay it upon your three crossed sticks and mark where the brooms touch the board, which is to be the top of the table. Maybe I forgot to say we were to make a table! Then bore holes into the top, whittle the ends of the brooms to sharpish points and thrust them into the pine top. Now get what is called gold paint and paint the three broomsticks carefully; cover the pine top neatly with plush or velvet. If put on any fringe let it be very, very handsome; where the gilded legs are tied with a cord you must now tie again with a wide ribbon to match, or prettily contrast with the top cover and fasten a cluster of false flowers in this knot of ribbon. There! Is not that pretty and simple? And again; take three broomsticks, bore

the holes much nearer one end and not midway of the handle; this you will see makes more a tent than the other; the other is more on the hour-glass shape order. The bottoms of these handles you must saw slanting as you did the others, and at the top of the sticks cut and whittle and shape some knobs or balls. Gild these as you do the others, tie them with a broad bright ribbon, but first fasten at the joining-place a basket of grasses, or a little hanging basket of growthy vines so that it falls well within the tent-shaped space, and what prettier for a "gypsy-kettle" can you ask?

Perhaps you would fancy the making of a work-apron? Make it of silk, or pongee, or what you like. I think one of darned net, lined with bright silk or cambric, would be quite pretty. Cut as an ordinary gored apron, allowing in length sufficient to turn up on the right side a deep pocket, about one-quarter yard. Of course the corners must be trimmed a little to follow the gored edge. Bind the top of the pocket with ribbon and also the edges of the apron, thus making the pocket close and secure. Put knots of ribbon at each top side of the pocket. If you make it of darned net you must line the pocket part as well as the apron. If of silk or such material, work in outline stitch at one corner of the pocket a spool of thread, thimble, pair of scissors, etc.; in the opposite corner some appropriate little line or rhyme. Use long ribbons for apron strings.

Now, I believe I have talked long enough for one time, but cannot quite go yet until I suggest to some of the smaller folks, the dear little girls whom I love so well, that they try making a "frost basket."

You will want wire, white wool and alum. Twist and turn the wire into basket-shaped affairs, or even into wreaths and crosses and open balls; wind every little, tiny bit of wire with the wool or zephyr. Cover some with rose-colored wool and some with blue, red and green; then dissolve alum in hot water in a bucket or tall jar, and put a stick across the jar or dish. From this stick hang your wire works, down into the hot alum water. Leave them alone for twelve or fifteen hours. Then see how you like them by gaslight. Some cute girl could make a lovely bracket in this way if she liked. Make the shelf or bracket of pasteboard, then make lots and lots of zephyr fringe; hang the fringe in the alum bath, and when crystallized fasten it upon the bracket abundantly, all over and around, and dripping in sparkling beauty over into space into loops and festoons. RALPH DOUGLAS.

MONEYLESS WIVES.

Woman's Journal.

Money is power, and there is no liberty for those who are forbidden to spend freely what is really theirs. Yet this is just the position of most women, even in families which are wealthy, enlightened, and in other respects liberal. In the village which was the home of Emerson, and has drunk deeply of his gospel of liberty, the leading ladies in the churches advocate holding fairs and festivals, on the ground that the women have no money of their own to give for any purpose.

I know a very sensible and economical lady who was never suffered by her husband, though he was a man of wealth, to have any money to spend, but was merely permitted to buy what she wanted on credit, under a liability of being closely questioned about the reason for her purchases. Even wives who have inherited money sometimes, cannot get hold of it except by coaxing or teasing their husbands. Nothing is commoner than for a woman to be obliged to explain why she wants more money, and to tell how she has spent what she had last.

It has been said that the only way a woman can get any money of her own is to become a widow. There is no doubt that many girls hurry into teaching, acting, authorship, or domestic service, simply in order to have money of their own, which they can spend without being questioned annoyingly.

Of course it is well for the members of a family to consult each other about expenditures of importance, but for a man to limit and question his wife to an extent he would not endure himself is tyranny.

Some restrictions may properly be imposed on children for their own good, and the interest of the whole family may require that the extravagance or carelessness of some members be closely checked; but regulations of this kind should not be enforced simply in the line of sex, or the wife and daughter subjected to any restraint not considered equally proper, in corresponding circumstances, for the husband or son. The only way to learn to spend money wisely is to have a regular supply sufficient for reasonable wants, and full liberty of expending it. The girls or boys who spend too much of their allowance to-day will not have enough to spend to-morrow, and will have the best possible instruction to economy. But people who can get money only by spending what they have and teasing for more are under strong temptation to spend as fast as possible.

Many a wife is kept in such ignorance

of her husband's resources that she never knows whether she is economical or extravagant. The result is that, if she should become a widow, she would not know how to use her property, or perhaps even how to keep it.

Many a girl has expensive and toilsome instruction in everything except in what she needs most of all to know; that is, how to adapt her plans and wishes to her income. This she cannot begin to do until she knows what her income really is. The only plan by which the members of a large family can live in such freedom from oppression as is necessary to that of pure love, is that of fixed allowances or shares in the joint income.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

A domestic journal for American housekeepers, will be sent *for one year free* to every lady who will send *at once* the names and address of ten married ladies or housekeepers and 24 cents in 2-cent stamps for postage. It is the best family paper in the U. S., and this offer is made only to secure names to whom to send sample copies, as we know every lady who *once* sees *The Housewife* will *subscribe for it*. Regular price \$1.00 per year. Send *to-day* so to secure next number. Address,

THE HOUSEWIFE,
Rochester, N. Y.

FUN AND CANDY.

It is impossible to have more fun these long evenings than by making candy *at home*. You can learn how to make every kind of fine candy sold at the best confectionery stores in the cities, from that valuable book, "How to Make Candy." *No home* can afford to be without it. Send postpaid for 30 cts (in one or two cent stamps.) Address, THE HOUSEWIFE,
Rochester, N. Y.

A LITTLE KISS.

If I should steal a little kiss,
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?
I tremble at the thought of bliss—
If I should steal a little kiss!
Such pouting lips would never miss
The dainty bit of plunder;
If I should steal a little kiss,
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?
He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may if he'll return it;
If I can read the tender sign,
He longs to steal a kiss of mine;
"In love and war"—you know the line,
Why can not he discern it?
He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may if he'll return it.

A little kiss when no one sees—
Where is the impropriety?
How sweet amid the birds and bees
A little kiss when no one sees;
Nor is it wrong, the world agrees,
If taken with sobriety.
A little kiss when no one sees,
Where is the impropriety?

Special Correspondence

Our Preamble.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

In the preamble to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas we find the following:

"For the purpose of effecting a unity of the Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas, and elevating them to a higher social, moral and intellectual standing, and for the promotion of their general welfare and the protection of their families, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has been organized. * * * With these aims and purposes in view, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen consecrates itself to the elevation of mankind.

This short extract contains within itself the true essence of Brotherhoodism, viewed from a Christian standpoint, and I never read it without feeling my heart expand within me, and sentiments of infinite and unbounded love, charity and benevolence imbue my soul. Inspired thus, I allow my *imagination* to take a flight into the realms of dreamland until she has conjured up before me a vision of all the children of Adam, irrespective of race, color or creed, elevated to a common standard and united in the bonds of one grand universal brotherhood, when *reason* whispers to dismiss the jade, and I discover she has been picturing impossibilities. Having dismissed the dizzy dame, I take *reason* into my confidence and together we peruse the Preamble, and I suggest: surely, the organization that has put forth this grand declaration of purpose must be one of the most wise, Christian, charitable and benevolent ever instituted since the foundation of Christianity itself. The staid and cold damsel answers that the words look well in print, and convey an agreeable impression to the mind when read, but admonished me not to be hasty in coming to conclusions, nor too apt to judge from outward appearances, but to probe around inside the ranks of the Order and see what hold these sentiments had taken on the hearts of its members, or if the Order in general was conducted on such a wise and charitable plan. I accepted the advice somewhat reluctantly, as I had already come to look on the Order as perfect in every detail; but I was young and inexperienced then, and years of hard toil, "hard knocks" and bitter experience have taught me to look at men and things in a different light, and I have concluded that perfection is something

very seldom attained in this world, and that men and things are not always what they seem. According to my idea, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is not perfect, though it is laboring hard to attain perfection, with every reasonable hope of success; and it is for the purpose of assisting it to succeed that I now write, and not with any idea of being captious, or assuming the role of a "chronic growler."

I am not perfect myself—far from it—nor do I possess "gall" enough to consider myself capable of steering the Order to perfection, but being a member, I consider that whatever interests the Order interests me; if it falls, I fall with it; if it succeeds in its mission, I share the honors, and we can each and every one of us, in our own humble way, assist in the good work of making the Order all our fancy first painted it. But to return to my text: The preamble states that one of the objects we are organized for is to elevate ourselves to a *higher social, moral and intellectual standard*.

It is a well known fact that our ranks are not recruited from the Sunday schools, nor are our members chosen from among the favored of earth, or the graduates of colleges; nevertheless, we possess the grit and common sense to take care of ourselves, regulate our own destinies, and push our organization forward to rank with the best.

We sometimes make mistakes, however, and I will point out a few, that we may learn to avoid them when we know them. In a certain Lodge, a short time ago, a certain young Brother was accused of committing a disgraceful act, and bringing odium on the Order. He was put upon trial, had counsel appointed to defend him, and got a fair and impartial trial, but the facts were proven and he was expelled. This proceeding was in strict compliance with the letter of the law as laid down in the Constitution and By-Laws, but how does it harmonize with the sentiment expressed in the preamble?

It was the culprit's first serious offense since becoming a member; his early associations were low and impure; he had none of the advantages of a moral or religious education, and being raised thus in a tainted moral atmosphere, with a mind predisposed to vice, we cannot wonder that he sinned, but how in the name of charity have we elevated him to a *higher social, moral or intellectual standard* by expelling him from our ranks the first time he commits himself? If he was too impure to be touched, why admit into the Order? But after you have admitted him, would it not be more

brotherly and charitable to make an effort to purify him before casting him out again? How often is this view taken when a brother has erred? Again how anxious some are to herald a brother's failings, not from malice, or that they detest the vice he is addicted to, being addicted to it themselves, but that they may elevate themselves in the eyes of others,—like the Pharisee—"thank God, I am not like my brother."

Think of Christ, clasping Magdalena to his bosom, and remember: "He that is without sin let him cast the first stone."

The Constitution and By-Laws are merely rules to be governed by in carrying out in practice the sentiment expressed in the preamble, so that all may work with a united purpose for the same end; and in enforcing a strict compliance with, and due observance of, the Constitution and By-Laws, we should never allow ourselves to be so far carried away by the letter of the law as to forget its spirit, and in our efforts to be legal cease to be charitable.

What is the use of a Brotherhood, and where is the necessity of giving to the world the declaration of purpose set forth in the preamble if we are compelled to wade through thirty-two pages of technical print to find out if we have a heart lying around loose in the recess of our anatomy.

"In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

More anon.

COMO, COLO. THOS. P. O'ROURKE.

Consistency.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

It is a common boast that under our constitution all men are equal, but in looking around over the field of our commonwealth, we find that this is not true, and that while it may be true that men are equal, to a certain extent, yet we have some privileged classes among us, who, in a great measure, usurp and appropriate to themselves certain functions and privileges, to the exclusion of the great mass of their fellow citizens. To be more particular, I would mention two of these classes, namely—the lawyers and the liquor sellers.

The lawyers, it seems, have secured such a control in the legislative, executive and judicial departments of both National and State governments as to give them almost a monopoly in filling the offices of all the different branches, and but few outside of the charmed circle of the law are permitted to hold and enjoy the emoluments of office with the pecuniary advantages to be derived

therefrom. However, as it has tritely been said, "The less you have to do with lawyers and law, the better you will be off," we will drop this class and proceed to the next.

The liquor seller, by virtue of a bit of paper, issued to him under a law made in his interest by the privileged class before mentioned, is also made "a privileged character," and can, and does, do with impunity, and under the protection of law, what others dare not do without rendering themselves liable to the terrors of the law, with all its penalties. The liquor seller takes the money, goods and chattels of his customers and gives them—liquor—and thus promotes intemperance, and, under sanction of law, he helps to perpetuate the greatest evil with which the country is cursed, for intemperance not only destroys the health, but inflicts ruin upon the innocent and helpless; it invades the family and social circle, and spreads war and sorrow all around; "it cuts down youth in all its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness; it breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health, death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers friendless, and all of them at last beggars. It produces fevers, feeds rheumatism, nurses the gout, welcomes epidemics, invites disease, imparts pestilence, embraces consumption, cherishes dyspepsia, and encourages apoplexy and paralytic affection. It covers the land with idleness and poverty, disease and crime; it fills our jails, supplies our almshouses, and furnishes subjects for our asylums; it engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots; it condemns law, spurns order; it crowds the penitentiaries and furnishes the victims for the scaffold; it is the life blood of the gambler, the food of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, the support of the midnight incendiary and assassin, and the friend and companion of the brothel. It countenances the liar, respects the thief and esteems the blasphemer; it violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy; it defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence; it incites the father to butcher his innocent children, helps the husband to kill his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal ax. It burns man, consumes woman, detests life, curses God and despises Heaven; it stubborn witnesses, nurses

perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine; it bribes votes, corrupts elections, poisons our institutions, and endangers our government; it degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, and dishonors the statesman. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and then, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and, insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at the ruin it has inflicted on the human race."

These liquor sellers, after being the means of creating all this misery and evil, are still received into society, and even into churches. Yea, there are secret societies who, by their laws, punish drunkenness among their membership on the one hand, and yet with the other hand extended in fraternal grip, they are "hail fellow well met" with the men who make drunkards.

I know of a Lodge (no matter what or where) in whose constitution and by-laws several clauses were adopted imposing the penalty of a fine for the first offense of drunkenness, suspension for the second case, and expulsion if again found guilty. In said Lodge there were a number of drinking men—men who would at times exceed the limits of moderation; there were also three liquor sellers members of the same Lodge. What would be more natural than for the drinking men to patronize their brethren in that line of business, and, perhaps, in the spirit of fraternity, patronize too liberally? You have thus the strange inconsistency of a Lodge punishing its members for assisting a fellow member in his business—a business, too, against which no objections are raised in the minds of a majority of the members—a business not prohibited to its members by the law of the Order, and yet a business at war with the cardinal principles of the Order, inimical to the welfare of its individual members and to the community at large. Of course, while landlords, tavern-keepers and saloon men formed a portion of the membership, the laws against drunkenness became almost a dead letter, and could not be enforced, and even the funds of the Lodge were misappropriated to pay sick benefits to a prominent member during a fit of "delirium tremens," produced by over-indulgence at the saloon of a brother. This evil is permitted to exist and work its baneful influence in every secret society I know of, except, of course, the temperance organizations and our own Brotherhood of Locomotive

Firemen and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

The poet has long ago declared, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," and the world applauds the sentiment to the very echo. No matter what a man believes and professes, if his acts are not in accord with his professions, he will not have the credence of the people; but when a man lives in full accord with his belief and consistent with his professions, he has the confidence of the community and is a power in the cause he is engaged in. Even so with our Brotherhood. We say to our membership, you must not be drunken; we say to them, you cannot remain in our affiliation if you, in any manner, engage in the sale of liquor; and what is the result? The world finds that we are consistent in our professions of sobriety and applauds our motto and its standard bearers.

Another remarkable result I must notice and then close this article, which is already too long, I am afraid. I attended the Centennial Exhibition and was present on the day when one of the secret societies had its parade, and I am sorry to say that many had cause to blush at the public display of drunkenness by many of its members, who forgot the principles taught in their impressive ceremonies, and brought disgrace on the Order they represented. I am proud to say, as a member of the recent convention at Denver, that I found no cause for a blush to mantle the cheek of any member at the conduct of our representatives; that, although many of our members are not total abstainers, yet they had enough regard for the Order and its principle, sobriety, to not allow themselves to get under the influence of liquor, and thus have we been able to reap new encomiums of praise from the good people of the "Queen City of the Plains." If some of the good brethren of No. 77 at Denver had been in the saloon business and had used their seductive arts to entice the visiting members into their places, I am a little afraid we might not have quite so good a record, so with "three cheers and a tiger" for "consistency," as it is practiced by our Order, I will close.

X. L. C. R.

HEROES.

Oh, yes; they are all around us,
And in every walk in life—
Heroes the best, that stand the test
In many an unmarked strife;
Heroes of home, of shop, of farm,
And at duty's call alone,
Though unaware of honor's share,
And by noisy fame unblown.

Contributors' Column

Scriptures from Latin.

CHAPTER III.

It came to pass after the brethren had concluded the meeting at the hall of the city and had refreshed themselves with the good things of the land, that straight way they went unto the Hall of the Patriotic Sons of America, and when the doors of the hall were closed and Frank, surnamed Arnold, had taken the seat of authority that the brethren proceeded to make laws for their people according as they had been commanded.

Now there were many of the brethren that were mighty in speech and learned in law, and they had with them much manuscript and written thereon were the wants of their people and they did read unto the brethren many things, and there were others of the brethren that had no manuscript but kept all things in their mind; they had fire in their eyes and when they spoke it had great effect upon the brethren, for they touched the hearts of all, being earnest in their convictions.

Now there was one surnamed Tucker, a brother of sound mind and good judgment, and in his hand he carried the constitution and law of the Order, and he would always abide by them, saying to his brethren, this is our guide.

And there was another brother surnamed Sullivan, a man mighty in speech and full of mirth, and oftentimes he would enter into discussions with the brethren and wax warm in his debates, but his heart was right and he always carried with him the good will of all the brethren.

Now there was a brother Charles, surnamed Elton, who had his dwelling in the land of the setting sun and was a tiller of the soil, a man of quiet ways but of good judgment, and he did many things pleasing to his brethren, and the brethren came to him for counsel, and he would speak with the brethren telling them to walk circumspectly, using great caution in all things, lest they do injury unto the people.

There was Mayo, the prophet, who, with no offense, would open his mouth and pour forth eloquence, until his brethren would spring from their seats in ecstasy at the mighty sayings, and when he ceased the hall was like unto a calm; after the terrible storm had passed over then Frank, surnamed Arnold, would arise and with a loud voice say unto the

brethren: Peace be among you, let us go and partake of refreshments, and while so doing, refresh also your minds, and the brethren would depart.

Now it came to pass that the brethren did make many laws that were good for their people, and each day much that was a credit to the brethren, and while the brethren were assembled making the laws, there were gathered with them many of the brethren of the Order, who came to see the things that were done and they sat within the hall, but were not permitted to speak, and there was among them one surnamed Tweedie, a dresser of hair and anointer of beards, who had his dwelling in the land of the Wabash and was a great favorite with all the brethren. Now there were within the city called Denver many members of the brethren called engineers, and there was one of their number surnamed Bradford, who was a friend to the brethren called firemen, and did many things that were pleasing in their eyes.

Now on the third day of the meeting while Samuel, surnamed Stevens, was speaking unto the brethren, behold, there came a rap upon the door of the hall and Frank, surnamed Arnold, caused the door to be opened, and behold, there appeared one surnamed Bradford, a member of the brethren called engineers, and in his hand he carried a parcel, and when he had spoken to Eugene, surnamed Debs, he was given a seat among the brethren and they marvelled at the action of Frank, surnamed Arnold, in allowing one not of the brethren called firemen to sit in counsel.

Now when the meeting was called to order, Eugene, surnamed Debs, arose and with a loud voice called one of the brethren, surnamed Tweedie, unto him. Now Eugene, surnamed Debs, was a man of stern looks, and when the brother drew near unto him there was a hard look upon his face and there was fire in his eyes, so much so that the brother, surnamed Tweedie, fearing him, prepared to defend himself, thinking that Eugene meant to do him injury.

Then Eugene opened his mouth and spake unto the brother, saying unto him: Brother, thou art a man beloved by all thy brethren and thy record is good, for many a year thou hast been an honored member of our Order and hast done great good, not only in our Order art thou known, but thy fame hath become known to the brethren called engineers and by them thou art held in high esteem; the brethren here in the city called Denver are much pleased with thee and have brought unto thee gifts to show thee how much they respect thee and it has pleased them to appoint me as the giver.

Then Eugene unloosed the parcel that had been given him by the brother, surnamed Bradford, and opened it and behold, there was within the wrapper a sharp instrument like unto a razor that had a blade of the finest tin, bright like unto silver and of huge dimensions, and a handle of soiled pine carved in a most beautiful manner, and the brethren raised a great shout while the brother handled the instrument, but he opened not his mouth, for he was much amazed and there was much enjoyment among the brethren that day.

Now when the excitement had subsided, behold, the brother of the order called engineers had fled, fearing lest the brother, surnamed Tweedie, would use his instrument upon him, and he was not seen all that day, but Tweedie was kept busy until a late hour.

Now on the twentieth evening of the ninth month of the reign of Frank, surnamed Arnold, there was a grand feast and ball given in honor of the brethren from afar, and the good people of Denver came to meet the brethren and the hall of the city was beautifully apparelled and most beautiful music was discoursed, and William, surnamed Hynes, and the rest of his brethren did make it pleasant for the brethren from afar, and all said with one accord: This is, indeed, a grand and goodly city, and long shall we remember the inhabitants thereof; and the brethren danced and made merry until the breaking of the new day.

Now there was within the city a place for refining gold, silver and precious metals, called a smelter, and the owners thereof did invite the brethren to visit the smelter and see the wonderful things therein. And there was a road of iron called the Union Pacific that had its course nigh unto the doors of the smelter and the officials of this road caused coaches drawn by horses of steam to be given the brethren, wherein they might ride unto the smelter and the brethren availed themselves of this invitation and went and saw much that was wonderful, and returned with hearts that were full of gratitude.

Now it was the last day of the meeting and when the hour for feasting was over the brethren assembled themselves together in secret to complete the work they had come to perform and it was well with them.

Now they were wont to elect a Grand Master to preside over them every two years, and this being the fourth year of the reign of Arnold, and his time for which he was elected having expired, the brethren said within themselves: Who shall be our leader for the coming year?

and they began to look about them to see who should be chosen.

Now Frank, surnamed Arnold, was a wise man and just in all things and much loved by his brethren, and they said among themselves: Why let this brother go? Has any one aught against him? Has he not served us faithfully all these years? And the brethren all cried with a loud voice: Long live Arnold! and he was elected again to be leader and all the brethren were glad. And they chose one of the brethren, Frank, surnamed Sargent, a man of much speech, who had his dwelling among the cactus of the desert and was little known among the brethren, to the office of Vice Grand Master, and when Samuel, surnamed Stevens, and Eugene, surnamed Debs, had spake unto the brethren encouraging words, they did choose the city called Toronto, in the Dominion of Canada, where dwelleth one Sidney, surnamed Vaughan, to be the place of the next meeting, and when the Godly man of the house had offered prayer, the brethren did bow their heads, and when William, surnamed Burns, had adjourned the meeting, the brethren wended their way to the House called the St. James and other places of abode and made ready for departure on the coming day.

Right and Wrong.

BY MALCOM MEREDITH.

III.

It is an old saying that "every closet has its skeleton."

"What is it not what seems to be,
What seems to be is not."

If we knew such a man's thoughts and emotions as well as he does we would not be likely to envy him the possession of wealth acquired by wrong doing, at least not if the penalty for the wrong done in acquiring it followed its possession. At least a part of the penalty for wrong doing is visited upon a man in this world. To illustrate what has been said, a brief history of the substance of part of one man's wrong doing and the penalty that overtook him will be given. In a thriving city of several thousand inhabitants a man began life. The ambition of his life was to become rich beyond all his needs, that he might gloat over his wealth and be envied by the less fortunate. His motto was "get what you can and hold to what you get." "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" never gave him any concern. Acquisitiveness, naturally large, was cultivated when it should have been restrained. Approbation being large occasionally he spent some money in ways which at first led

superficial observers to suppose there that benevolence was at least average. The only limit to the per cent. of return on money invested was that beyond which even necessity would rise in independence and refuse to submit to such extortion. A veritable Shylock in all but approbation. This ambition was realized. He became rich. Surrounded by luxury partly produced by that which belonged of right to others his life flowed along. He married. Children were born of that union. The law of inheritance is that "Like produces like." A faculty or tendency cultivated in the parent is increased in the child. Very large acquisitiveness, if uncontrolled by the moral faculties lead to wrong as it did in this case. A son born to these parents has been guilty of theft several times, and but for his father's means and position would ere this have paid the penalty to the law of the land for his legal wrong doing. Wealth has done much for that father, but it will never be able to rub out the record of his child, for which he is responsible, and save himself from days of wretchedness from which his money cannot shield him. This is only a sample of one out of many such cases that could be given. We hear a great deal about kleptomania, which is the name given to an act of a child of rich parents, which in children of those who are poor is termed theft. There is a great deal of wrong, caused by the influence of external surroundings, for which parents are not responsible. But in cases like the above they are. That "Like produces like" is a wonderful truth, to which man is no exception. Man's wrong doing "will find him out." In the form and face of many a man and woman is written not only the history of his own wrong doing but that of his ancestors. The moment a wrong is committed there starts on the wrongdoer's track a nemesis that will as surely overtake and punish him as that he has committed the act. A man can no more escape the just punishment for a wrong he does than he can the consciousness of his own existence.

"For pleasure or pain, or for weal or for woe,
'Tis the law of our being—we reap what we sow.
We may try to evade them, may do what we will;
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still."

Every act of our lives has been indelibly painted on the walls of memory's picture gallery. Over them may gather the dust and cobwebs of time, but when these are brushed away every scene of our lives will stand out in plain view before us. If any man doubts the truth of this let him sit down in the stillness of the night

and see how much of any period of his life he can recall. Every day of our lives we are painting pictures upon walls of memory the sight of which in the future must give us pleasure or pain. When we realize the truth of this we certainly need no stronger inducement to cause us to avoid wrong doing and try to do right.

Sooner or later, even in this world, retribution overtakes the wrong doer. "The mills of the gods grind slow but sure" is a motto which expressed the ideas of retributive justice ages ago. Because we do not always see the punishment is no reason it does not come. One of the last things any one who has committed a deliberate wrong is going to do is to admit it and acknowledge that he is being punished for that wrong. It has too much the appearance to him of hollowness enough and asking terms of submission. He smiles defiantly even while suffering the tortures damned souls are represented as suffering. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." If we knew the thoughts and emotions of men we would have no doubt about just punishment overtaking them for wrong. Look at the papers published in any large city and see how many whom justice has overtaken. Read there as a flash the history of long years of successful wrong doing until suddenly the lightning of justice strikes swift, sure and terrible. But thousands of lives drag their slow course along through weary days, months and years of agony which death, if the wrong doer believed would end all, would be eagerly sought as a relief. "The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace saith my God for the wicked."

Time is so short; eternity so long. Only a few, brief fleeting years and the longest life is done. Into the spirit world whither we are bound we cannot take the material evidences of prosperity. Gold and silver, deeds and mortgages, and houses and lands will all have to be parted with. But there will go with us to that spirit world the consciousness of the lives we have lived here. And "just as death leaves us the judgment shall find us."

In view of these truths it is well to keep before our mind the motto, "It is safe to do right; it is dangerous to do wrong." "For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

A PENNSYLVANIA plumber has joined a theatrical company. His specialty will be preparing the bills.

Miscellaneous.

Kate Shelley.

Buffalo News.

The name which appears at the head of this article is that of one of the bravest girls that ever lived. Her story has been told before, but recent events have given it renewed interest, for her heroic deed has been recognized in a way that makes her conspicuous among the heroines of history, and entitled her to the name here bestowed—the Grace Darling of the West.

A dispatch from Des Moines, Iowa, a few days ago, said:

The Legislature to-day presented Kate Shelley with an elegant medal and purse of \$200 for saving a train from destruction on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad on the night of July 6, 1881.

This is Kate Shelley's story in brief:

Just before nightfall, on the 6th of July, 1881, a storm of wind and rain of unusual severity descended upon the region around Boone, Iowa. In an hour's time the Des Moines river rose about six feet. So great was the velocity of the wind that many buildings were destroyed. Looking from her window Kate Shelley saw through the darkness and storm a locomotive headlight. A second later it dropped from sight, and she knew that the Honey Creek bridge was gone and that the train had fallen into the abyss. There was no one at home except her mother, her little brother and sister, and the girl knew that if the express train, soon due, was warned of the dreadful danger she must undertake the task alone. She hurried from the house into the storm; she gained the railroad track and made her way toward Molnongona, a station about a mile from Honey Creek, as fast as she could struggle against the terrible wind. To reach Molnongona it was necessary for her to cross the high trestle bridge over the Des Moines river, which was exposed to the full force of the storm and about 500 feet in length. She crept upon the structure; the wind, the rain, the thunder and the lightning were appalling. She nearly lost her balance, and just escaped falling into the swollen stream. She could not see a foot ahead of her. The darkness was intense, except when the dazzling lightning revealed the timbers and the surging and seething waters below. Knowing that not a moment must be lost, she crept from tie to tie across the high trestle. Having gained the ground on the further side she ran to the station and told her story in breathless haste and fell unconscious at the foot of the station-keeper. Telegrams were sent flying up and down the line notifying all of the loss of the Honey Creek bridge. The express came thundering along with many passengers on board and was stopped.

Miss Shelley was 13 years old at the time of the feat above detailed. She now is nearly 16 years old.

The railroad men are naturally a good deal more interested in the brave girl's achievement, and Buffalo Lodge No 12 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

have reason to be especially so. Mr. E. J. Gorham, a member of the Brotherhood in Perry, Iowa, has just presented the Buffalo Lodge with a fine photograph of Miss Shelley.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of Buffalo Lodge 12, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Tuesday evening, January 29:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby extended to Bro. E. J. Gorham, now of Perry, Iowa, for the beautiful picture of Miss Kate Shelley, the young heroine, who, finding a trestle over a deep gulf partly carried away by a freshet, procured a lamp and went in the direction of an approaching train, crossing a high trestle bridge at the peril of her life, making signals of danger, thereby averting a fearful accident and loss of life.

Resolved, That we fully appreciate this beautiful gift and will ever keep Bro. Gorham in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Gorham; also published in the Buffalo Sunday News and the Firemen's Magazine.

B. H. GREGORY,
A. L. JACOBS,
I. H. CROSMAN, } *Committee.*

The photograph of Kate Shelley was exhibited in the News office window last week and attracted the attention of thousands of persons—among them a clever Canadian newspaper writer now doing literary work in this city—Mr. R. Stewart Gibbs, of Toronto. Mr. Gibbs, who had heard the heroic girl's story, tendered to her, through the Sunday News, the following graceful tribute, which she will doubtless prize as one of the best memorials of her heroic deed:

Away in the wild West country

Where the Des Moines river flows,

In a little low-roofed cottage

There blooms a lovely rose;

As modest as that fairest flower

When its petals first unfold,

Was brave Kate Shelley, then a child

Of but thirteen summers old.

"Full many a flower," the bards declare,

"Is born to blush unseen,

And many a gem dark caverns bear

Of purest ray serene."

But Kate—Mongona's sweetest flower,

As fair as gems that shine,

Became by deeds in one short hour

A creature almost divine.

'Twas on a wild and stormy night

When rain in torrents fell,

And darkness hovered o'er the scene

Around that woodland dell.

The swollen river's angry tide

Rolled on in sullen gloom;

Its devastation scattering wide

Amid the thunder's boom.

A freight train rattled on the bridge

That spanned o'er Honey Creek.

The iron horse, with fiery eye,

Gave forth a piercing shriek.

Then headlong down the deep abyss

It plunged a helpless wreck,

And onward still the torrent rolled

With none its woe to check.

Kate Shelley saw the gleaming light

From her window in the cot.

She stood aghast with wild affright,

Then like a meteor shot

To seize her lanter and her cloak,
To face the pelting storm,
That she the soon due night express
Against this doom might warn.

For on that train, Kate Shelley knew,

Was many a precious soul.

She, fearing not the darkness, flew

Amid the loud thunder's roll.

Drenched to the skin, foot-sore and bruised,

Through the dark woods she ran;

Must all be numbered with the dead

Who'll try to cross that span?

Its culverts had been washed away

By the deep, mad rolling stream;

From far she heard the nearing train;

Of danger none did dream.

She reached the bridge, but could she cross

That broken structure frail?

Down upon hands and knees she climbed

O'er broken tie and rail.

Her heart beat fast, but not with fear,

Firmness was in her eye;

"Hark! hark!" she cries, "the train I hear,

I'll save that train or die!"

By superhuman strength she gained

The other side at last.

The locomotive's headlight gleamed,

She heard the throttle's blast.

To reach the little station, then,

No moment must be spared;

Oh! few among the bravest men

To do such deeds have dared.

Joy, hero heart, your goal is won—

That heart near ceased its beat;

She gave the warning, then she sank

Faint at the agent's feet.

The train was saved and many a soul

Can bless with rapture warm

The brave girl Kate, who saved their lives

"Through him who rules the storm."

Honor to brave Kate Shelley, then;

Long may she live to share

The plaudits of all noblemen

For brave deeds of women fair.

A generous praise and medals fine

The "Hawkeye" State soon gave

But none except a gift divine

Rewards an act so brave.

The Humber Disaster.

The following sermon was preached the Sabbath after the Humber tragedy, by the Rev. T. W. McVety, pastor of the M. E. Tabernacle, in Belleville, Ontario:

Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh. Mathew 24, 44.

The festivities of the season with large family gatherings and happy greetings of a merry Christmas and happy New Year have just closed. Appropriate sermons and earnest appeals have been proclaimed in all the churches. The solemn watch-night services have been observed, saying good bye to the old year, and all hail to the new. Resolutions have been made for renewed diligence, many thanksgivings offered for the blessings of '83, and many prayers for guidance for '84. The year opened with bright prospects and radiant hope, but scarcely have the joyous bells ceased ringing which ushered in the new year, when the funeral dirge

is heard in our land, and 4,000,000 of people, in every village, town and city in the Dominion, are overshadowed with gloom. Not only the queen city, where it occurred, but mothers' hearts and all hearts have been most deeply pained at the fearful Humber tragedy. Prayers have been going up in all the churches, and from all Christian hearts, that God would remember in mercy the sorrowing ones whose homes are mantled with darkest clouds, and whose hearts are bleeding at every pore. I will not recall very much of what you have all read. Parents have read the tragedy to their children with tender hearts, and the little ones have offered prayers in pearly tears. The mourners are the Dominion. All church distinction is lost for the time, and burning sympathy warms the nation's hearts. I am impressed in the first place that death is generally unexpected. "In such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh." That the people of the world, of this tabernacle, will die unexpectedly. The new year was a bright one; the second day of the year the world resumed its usual work. These men were all on their way at seven in the morning to the bolt and iron works. There were no children among them, no old people, they were all in the prime of life, not one sick, but all strong, and the mainstay of home. The old might be expected to die, or those burning up with some fever, but no one expected the hard working men with iron constitutions to die. The son bade his widowed mother good bye, the husband and father the wife, and kissed the little ones. The young man leaves the one he is soon to make his wife; the wedding festivities are being prepared; all with health and bright prospects step on board the train. They talk pleasantly as the train moves along as fearless of danger as we are at this moment. No presentiment all looks bright. The next moment a crash is heard, and twenty-five men are dashed into eternity without time to say "God be merciful to me a sinner." Scalded, torn and mangled, some of them not recognizable, a scene baffling all description. Not one minute, the last second has come, while others are writhing in agony indescribable. Such a death was the farthest from wife, child, mother, conductor, every one, but in that unexpected hour they were rushed into the jaws of death. One minute the car was full of life, hope, health; the next crushed, mangled, dead. I am further impressed that only part of the scene was here. Only part of it sent by the press to the homes of the Dominion, only part of it reported. We have read of the cabs

and busses bearing away the wounded, of the lifeless forms of many and their loved ones receiving the sad intelligence, of mothers, and wives and thousands of citizens being struck dumb at the scene. That is only the part of it. Here they were in their working suits; above they are in their robes. Here they are moving along in vehicles of death; yonder in chariots of love; here they mourn the funeral dirge; yonder the music of the skies; here warm lips are pressing marble brows amidst raining tears; yonder the loving and loved of other days break forth in ecstasies of welcome home. To the faithful in such an hour as ye think not there is promotion, the son of man cometh and conducts His own to the mansions prepared. "We say a man is dead here, the angels say there a man is born."

"They have reached the sunny shore,
And will never hunger more,
All their pains and grief are o'er,
Over there."

I am further impressed that watchfulness is the duty of all in authority. Conductor Barber was careless, yet I have no harsh words for him, no imprisonment. His position is a terrible one; the wails of widows and orphans, the blighted hopes, the terrible disaster is too much for one man to bear. To sum up the heartaches and suffering, and then so manly confess I did it, is too much for one man to bear. May God in mercy bless the bearer of such a load. I would not add one unkind word to such an unbearable load. He stood directing to their destination those who had confidence in him. The wisdom of allowing no rum drinker in such a responsible position is keenly felt in such a time. If great watchfulness is necessary in a conductor directing a car of men a few miles what watchfulness and care is necessary in parents conducting the home car over a dangerous route to safety? Who is training his little ones for the skies? Is a father who comes home at midnight with staggering steps and reeling frame a proper conductor? Is a man who will trample the religion of Jesus Christ in the dust and blaspheme a proper person to train his family to be "wreck in spirit and lowly in heart." What kind of men should our city authorities be? What kind of men our public teachers? Men of no uncertain sound. The carelessness of this one man ushered a car of men into eternity. What is the example of many parents doing? Norman McLeod said during the first year of his ministry, a mechanic whom I had visited and urged to the great duty of family prayer entered my study and burst into tears. "You

remember that girl, sir," said he, "she was my only child, she died suddenly this morning. I hope she has gone to God; but, if so, she can tell Him what now breaks my heart, that she never heard a prayer from her father's lips. Oh, that she were with me but one day again. How many parents in this land of prayer are there whose children never heard them pray. Whether the authorities will hold Conductor Barber responsible, or not, I cannot say, but this I can that the Bible and conscience and Almighty God will hold parents and authorities in state and church responsible. Many a home car with cushioned seats and wealth of state is dashed into vice and worldmindedness and a terrible future reeking with crime by wicked and careless parents. I am further impressed by my subject to-day that the greatest miseries of life are the result of being in the wrong place. This train was in its wrong place. Had it been in its right place all would have been well. The drunkard's misery, the glaring crimes of burglars and murderers bring agony of soul and torment unspeakable. The wails of the lost, "the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever," the prayer for rocks and mountains to crush the unsaved out of existence is all from wrong doing. The right way is harmony with God. This way holds in the one hand length of days and in the other pleasures for evermore. I am still further impressed that death is the poorest time to make preparation for eternity, because, in the first place, it is an unexpected time, "in such an hour as ye think not." If the good man of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have been ready; we don't know, hence we cannot be so successful. Not only poor because so unexpected, but because the circumstances are so unfavorable. What kind of a time is it to repent of the past when the scalded flesh is dropping from their agonizing frames? What time is it when our bodies are burning up with fever, or the whole constitution is breaking up? It is the poorest time because God's words say, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." And again "present your bodies a living sacrifice," not dying, but living. Death is the poorest time, and now is the best time. Now is the accepted time. You have the blessed assurance in the authority of God's word that he will accept you now. I am further impressed that the need of the hour in every home and in every heart is to get ready. "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh." There is a great uncertainty resting upon us. Not one

present knows where he will die, or when he will die, or with what disease he will die. It may be in a second, therefore God says be ye ready. What preparations candidates for parliament, and for the chief magistrate's chair make; what are our efforts to sit down with God upon His throne and reign with Him forever. Like the dashing of an unseen engine, or the dreadful avalanche, or a wreck at sea, many will be ushered into eternity. Every paper preaches the importance of being ready. How many have been destroyed by cyclones, on the cars, on the water, burning theatres? Almost every paper bears the sad intelligence of the loss of lives. Let the trains stand still, let money-making rest, don't make another investment until your soul mortgage is removed, until you have on the wedding garment. I would sound an alarm in clarion notes, I would raise the signal of danger, the catenacts of eternity, of unending misery are just before. *Stop.* Thousands are on the lightning express of sin down grade, hard to stop; they have gone so far that they are swept onward like helpless children. There is only one hope left for such. "Jesus is mighty to save." We are helpless, but help is laid upon one who is mighty. We endorse the sympathy expressed in Toronto that sums up thousands of dollars for the afflicted, the sympathy that the press has exhibited. The entire press of the Dominion practically exhorts its readers "to weep for those who weep." While ten thousand prayers have been besieging the throne of grace in behalf of the broken hearted, we would join our prayers once more that He to whom alone we can come for succor and for aid, who has a special promise to the widow, may at this time soothe the aching heart, wipe the falling tear, and amidst the bleeding hearts of the desolate homes, visit with the calmness of His peace, and the riches of His grace. Amen.

The Firemen's Magazine.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

No. 1, Vol. 8, the January issue of the Firemen's Magazine, for the year 1884, has been on our table for several days. That it has not sooner been noticed in our columns is not to be charged to any want of appreciation of its many and varied excellencies. The Magazine is the official organ of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada, which has now about 200 Lodges and more than 9,000 members. The Magazine has secured a monthly circulation of about 20,000, a success rarely, if ever before, achieved by a strictly brotherhood

publication. It is published at Terre Haute, now the residence city of F. W. Arnold, Grand Master; E. V. Debs, Secretary and Treasurer, and S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor, all the Grand Officers of the Order, except F. P. Sargent, Vice Grand Master, whose residence is in Tucson, Arizona. The growth of the Firemen's Magazine in circulation, affords most gratifying assurance of its popularity and influence for the welfare of the Brotherhood, to the interest of which the members labor with unflagging ardor. The Firemen's Magazine has a number of contributors, of acknowledged merit, the best known of whom, is Mrs. Ida A. Harper, of Terre Haute. Whatever may be the subject, this gifted lady selects, is embellished by the brilliancy of her genius and the cogency of her reasoning—and her contributions to the Magazine are worth more than the price of subscription. The editors possess the rare faculty of selecting for the pages of the Magazine articles, which instruct and elevate, and which add continually to its popularity and to the tenacity of its hold upon the regards of the Brotherhood and its readers generally, and so happily is the Magazine in all of its departments adapted to the wants of the Brotherhood, that it has become indispensable to its members; indeed, the popularity of the Magazine is so pronounced that the publishers have enlarged it for the current volume, adding to the number and size of its pages. We take special pleasure in commending the Firemen's Magazine, not only to railroad men, locomotive firemen and engineers, but also to railroad officials, and to all who take an interest in a class of men whose lives on the rail are in constant peril. The Magazine is devoted to the social, moral and intellectual advancement of locomotive engine men, and as the profits of publication are devoted to works of benevolence, it will be gratifying to know of its increasing prosperity.

WM. T. FIELD is rendering the Order good service at Livingston, Montana. He is active and energetic, and the new Lodge just organized there through his instrumentality promises to be a flattering success.

Press Comments.

Missoulia, Missoula, Montana.

Bonanza Lodge No. 194, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was organized by S. M. Stevens at Missoula on Thursday, January 10. The Lodge was organized with a charter membership of ten members, and elected the following officers: M. T. Fisher, Master; R. D. B. Stoddart, Vice Master; J. M. Lucy, Secretary; James Barbour, Financier. The object

of this association is well expressed in its chosen motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." The membership binds itself to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks in any form (a very excellent plank in a railroad platform) and to assist each other in securing employment; also to insure assistance in case of disability or death, to those dependent upon members for support. It is quite similar in intent and purpose to the objects of the United Workmen, but is necessarily limited to firemen and engineers. Bonanza Lodge will hold meetings at Masonic Hall, Missoula, every Thursday (for the present) at 1 o'clock P. M., and visiting brothers from foreign Lodges are invited to be present.

Fergus Falls (Minn.) Telegram.

S. M. Stevens, Esq., Organizer and Instructor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was in the city yesterday inspecting New Era Lodge No. 70, of Fergus Falls. Mr. Stevens informed a Telegram reporter that the growth of Fergus Falls had been remarkable since he last was in the city, about a year ago, and that New Era Lodge had developed to a corresponding extent, having nearly 80 members in good standing. Mr. Stevens further informed the scribe that the Brotherhood had already paid out of the Grand Lodge beneficiary fund the amount of \$65,000 for benefits to widows and disabled firemen. This is, perhaps, the cheapest plan of life insurance in existence, costing only about eighty cents per month, per member. Mr. Benjamin Parks, of this city, who, it will be remembered, lost his arm some time ago, will receive \$1,000. One of the good features of the Brotherhood is the earnest efforts put forth to discourage intemperance. Mr. Stevens left on this morning's train for Livingston, Montana, and from thence will go to Tacoma, Washington Territory, where new Lodges are to be organized.

Oregonian, Portland, Oregon.

S. M. Stevens, of Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Organizer and Instructor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and the Canadas, has instituted a Lodge of the Order in East Portland, which takes for its name "Colonel J. B. Maynard Lodge No. 193." The officers are as follows: Master, C. H. Remington; Vice Master, George M. White; Secretary, H. W. Hall; Financier, Charles Barnell; Conductor, John Dorsey; Warden, William Collister; Chaplain, H. W. Ingalls; I. G., B. F. Austin; O. G., Carl Anderson; Magazine Agent, C. H. Remington; Trustees, George M. White, B. F. Austin and H. W. Ingalls.

The principles and objects of the Order are set forth by Mr. Stevens in the Firemen's Magazine of recent date. He says:

"It is unfortunate for all concerned that the real purposes of our Order are so little understood or appreciated by the railroad officials. Some of them appear to think that a strike is sure to follow the organization of Lodges on their roads, when the real fact is that one of the chief objects of the Order is the avoidance of strikes through the settlement of all difficulties by arbitration. We teach sobriety, without which there would be no security for the property or precious lives entrusted to our care. We ask our brothers to put the interests of home and family before all else, and urge upon them the wisdom of providing for wife and children in case of accident or death. We urge the necessity of education to the end that neither the interest of the men or their employers shall suffer through ignorance. It is the chief aim of the Order to make its members good husbands and fathers, and good citizens, hence it cannot be hurtful to society or to the true interests of employers."

Livingston (Montana) Enterprise.

On Saturday afternoon Custer Lodge No. 191, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was organized in Livingston under the instruction of S. M. Stevens, who came here for the purpose. The officers of the new Lodge are W. T. Fields, Master; Fred. Foote, Secretary; Henry Depew, Treasurer, and Chas. Fitzpatrick, Magazine Agent. There were eighteen charter members.

The Order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was instituted ten years ago at Port Jervis, New York. Since then it has progressed rapidly, till now it has a total membership of 9,000 men and publishes at Terre Haute, Ind., a monthly organ called the Firemen's Magazine that has a circulation of 15,000. The object of the Order is mutual aid and protection. Each member receives in case of death or disability the sum of \$1,000, paid from the general fund. The moral improvement of its members is looked after by the Order, vice in all forms discouraged, especially the use of intoxicants, which are very properly considered something that locomotive engineers and firemen should not tamper with. Any engineer or fireman who has worked in railroad employ one year is eligible for membership, if he be a man of temperate habits, sound in body and limb. The Order is distinct from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, though the two work harmoniously for the common good. It is looked upon with favor by railroad officials throughout the country and even encouraged.

Mitchell (Dak.) Republican.

S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer of the Brotherhood of Engine-men, has been in the city a few days. Grand Organizer Stevens has organized a Lodge of the Brotherhood in Mitchell, with W. S. Crandell, Master; E. F. Hughes, Secretary; H. O. Conkey, Financier; Wm. McAvinney, Magazine Agent; Charles Woodward, William Smith, Aaron Murlin and T. B. Gunther. The Odd Fellows kindly allowed them the free use of their hall, where they will meet each week till other arrangements are made.

The organization is purely beneficial in its plans and workings. It was organized December 1, 1878, at Port Jervis, N. Y., and has commended itself by its fruits. It pays \$1,000 to the widow and children in case of death of the members, and the same amount when permanent disability is incurred. Those only are eligible who are known as engine men and have been such for as much as one year, and includes engineer and firemen. They now have upwards of 190 Lodges in working order, situated in all the principal cities of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and have an active membership of nearly 10,000.

All the subordinate Lodges are represented in a Grand Lodge, which meets annually. In 1881 it met at Boston, Mass., the year after at Terre Haute, this year it met at Denver, and next year will meet in Toronto, Canada. The heaviest average the members have yet paid to keep up their dues and insurance has been 80 cents per month, a sum they never missed. The report of 1881 and 1882 shows 29 deaths, 21 of which were violent, and the report of 1882 and 1883 shows 54 deaths, 34 of which were violent. This shows the hazardous business our railroad boys are engaged in. Surely the railroad men are the "heroes of peace." Lodges of the Order in the Territory are now established at Fargo, Huron, Mitchell and Mandan. There is a large membership of the Order in St. Paul, numbering at least 150. The Lodge in Mitchell is called "Ferguson Lodge," in honor of a popular engineer of that name. Mr. Stevens goes from here to one or two points in western Minnesota.



The Tramp's Travels.

In my last letter I gave you a few of my general ideas on the human race; I shall now try and mention what I saw of interest on my journey.

Leaving home one rather sultry evening (by the way the hired girl helped me out of the house with a stove poker while the pet poodle played croquet with my hard boiled hat) I boarded the cars when they came along and waited patiently the approach of the man of the blue coat and brass buttons, regularly called the "Con." When he came to me I explained that I was a poor (but honest manipulator of the inclination bar,—I was going further with my piteous narrative, but he passed on with a look of subdued grandeur, I calmly seated myself, lit my Royal Havana Lottery cigar, by placing it in contact with a sturdy German's pipe who sat in front of the location I had selected, and silently drifted away to the land of Morpheus. When the gray streaks of dawn began to dispel the sable mantle of night, which overspread grand old mother earth, I was suddenly aroused by a cuff from the "brakesie" who wished, in some slight manner, to attest his appreciation of the company's superior judgment in selecting him to wear their badge of "brass" by securing a seat for an aged lady of color, evidently on her way to market, but, as our conversation was rather limited, I could not say positively. We were rapidly nearing the great city on the Western confines of the Father of Waters, æsthetically dubbed "Saint Lewey. With a casual glance at my "Bradstreet" I saw the name of one J. Hackett of Peace(ful) associations and made haste to unearth him; in my ramifications among car shops, yard engines and switchmen, I discovered the pleasant little prince of good fellows Bro. Gibson, who induced McGill to make my acquaintance, and from this standpoint we took in the notorious city of the limpid stream. Its yearly fair was in progress—Bro Hackett took occasion to mention the "Veiled Prophet's" as a hollow mockery. I suppose he meant they were imitations of nature made by cloths and divers articles placed upon frames of wood and iron and gaudily bedaubed by some artist, whose fame has not yet sought the world. I do not think

the aforesaid artist will push it to a very prominent place in the near future. The D. S. of Aurora, was there also trying to sell some worthless quack article, calculated, no doubt, to "dwarf distance" to the grave; he was loud in his praises of the Prophets and all things in the beautiful city of St. Louis; he at last cornered a victim at a clothing store on Locust street—Knowing Dunphy's ability, I hastened to the Police Headquarters, but when I returned with an Officer, the Coroner had been sent for and the *Professor of Surgery* had moved further on—what a happy combination of wit and genius that fellow is; but, to more important matters. Having been quite handsomely entertained by the boys of Peace No. 109, and seeing all worth seeing in their city, I made preparations to continue my journey; it was long and tedious and I was glad when Welch of No. 176 kindly allowed me the use of his seat box from East St. Louis to Decatur. The way that fellow can shovel "carbon" on a fast express is a caution to corporations that make the time so fast and load engines so heavily. I rather pitied him, but the man who held the iron monster, with steady nerve and watchful eye, said "oh he's used to that kind of work," so I reserved my sympathy for the next man, and with a cordial handshake bade good bye to Welch and his mate at Decatur, and "tackled" another *lay-out*—they accepted the racket I gave them with good nature and at precisely 11:50 P. M., I picked myself up in *Towledo*, the home of Allan and Nesper—again my eyes feasted upon the broad expanse of waters, my soul was enraptured, I hastened to the beach, I sniffed the salt sea air again, it was the quiet hour of midnight, all was still save the ceaseless tooting of a caliope by some goslin Engineer, and the soft ripple of the waves as they broke their pretty forms upon the beach; my mind wandered back to my boyhood's home where I often spent many happy hours digging clams, I sought for indications of the aforementioned bivalve and found none now; Ah, happy thought, I would go in bathing and save a quarter. I tested the temperature of the aquatic fluid, it was lukewarm, I thought how the brine used to strangle me years ago; would it do so now? I would taste it and see, taking my drinking cup I prepared to imbibe. At the first swallow my soul awakened from its reverie. Bah! it was *fresh*. I allowed my mind to again traverse its proper channel—the vision like a frail goblet rudely dashed to the ground was broken by the sudden chill thus thrown upon my mental flight. Again I realized

that I was in the life and mournfully wended my way to a box car and sought sweet repose until dewy morn. I dreamed of X. L. C. R. and about the bright prospects he pictured, but I must take exceptions to his expression about shouting no more, because in my vision I could not see the top of the ladder, the three rounds of which are B. S. & I.

Yours Truly

THE TRAMP.

Along the Northern Pacific.

LIVINGSTON, MONTANA.

Thinking the members of our Brotherhood would like to hear how the Order is advancing in this remote locality, I now take the opportunity to let them know through the pages of our ever welcome visitor, the Magazine. Several months ago the brothers here from different Lodges saw the necessity of having a Lodge in this place, so we held meetings and finally came to the conclusion to send for a charter.

Previous to sending for Bro. Stevens there were several B. of L. F. boys sick, and one was very low with mountain fever; then we saw the necessity of a Lodge at this point.

Then, again, on November 29th, 1883, while we were enjoying ourselves at the B. of L. E. ball, we received the sorrowful news of Bro. Daniel Sullivan's injury. While cleaning the ash pan of his engine a runaway car came tearing down the mountain, running into his engine and demolishing her. In trying to escape he had both legs crushed so that amputation was necessary, and from the effect of which he died in a few days later. Bro. Sullivan was a member in good standing of Landmark Lodge, No. 128.

Then, again, Bro. Owen Kerron, who wished us a happy New Year, and was in the full vigor of youth, died after a few days illness on January 6th, 1884, leaving a wife and two little children to be cared for by this, our grand and noble Order.

Bro. Kerron was buried under the auspices of Custer Lodge 191, on Monday, January 7th, 1884. Bro. B. Johnson, of 76; Bro. J. Pelham, of 77; Bro. R. Reynolds, of 87; Bro. P. Thompson, of 50, and Bro. E. Cameron and E. McCormick, of 191, were pall-bearers.

Bro. Kerron was a member of Garden City Lodge, No. 50. The Brothers of No. 191 made Mrs. Kerron a handsome donation of one hundred and thirty dollars.

On December 29th, 1883, we were all made joyous over the arrival of Bro. Stevens, who organized Custer Lodge 191 with thirteen charter members, and I am

glad to say that she starts out under promising hopes and expectations, as there are a great many members to join here by card. The men here are Brotherhood men in every respect. I wish to make mention of some of our Brotherhood men; a word will not flatter them; they are Bros. Reynolds, of 81; H. H. Dupins, of 76; B. Johnson, of 76; D. Doyle, of 61, and several others. If any brother should meet them he will never forget them, and woe to any fraud who crosses their path. We have a nice little Lodge room, and meet every Wednesday afternoon. The brothers here think a great deal of our "goat," and are learning new tricks every week. Bros. Foley and McCormick think his horns are a little too blunt.

Business is very dull on our line (North-ern Pacific), but Brotherhood business is very good. We have a Lodge at the end of every division from St. Paul to Portland, Oregon.

The Magazine is a welcome visitor here, and is eagerly looked for and read. Our agent is working hard, with a great deal of help from the rest of the members, and the prospects are that a large circulation will be secured in this locality. Bro. Chas. Fitzpatrick is one of our tireless solicitors, and deserves great credit for the good work he is doing. Hoping that this may be a prosperous year to the Brotherhood I remain,

WM. T. FIELD.

Dominion Lodge.

TORONTO, CANADA.

As seldom anything is heard from No. 67, through our Magazine, our foreign brothers may think that we are housed up or buried in some big snow bank.

But such is not the case as we are still alive and exercising our best motives to the promotion and interests of our Order—for such it is, an organization that we cannot help but feel proud of, and if its members practice its teachings and principles, they are bound to make sober, industrious and trustworthy firemen and engineers. Now we have a nice little Lodge in Toronto, made up of 79 members of the very best kind. Bro. Vaughan is our Master and wields the gavel in good style and impresses upon the mind of every member the importance of our noble Brotherhood.

Bro. Duke McKenzie was over from Manitoba visiting his friends in Toronto, and has now returned in search of some blizzards in the Northwest.

Bros. Reid, Stuart, Donohoe, Fustline, Davis and Carroll are doing excellent work on the right side in the G. T. R.

yard, while Bro. Reddie on the right side and Bro. Platt on the left are doing justice in the C. V. R. yard at Parkdale. Bros. Joe Flood and Geo. Johnson have until lately been running on the T. G. B. Division of the C. P. R., but are at present running on the C. V. Division as they wanted some more good men on that Division. We think they have put the right men there.

I must not overlook our Magazine for 1884. We think it a book of much credit to our Order, and the editors deserve great praise for its edification.

Our Magazine Agent, Bro. Jas. Fawcett is wearing out his boots and finger-nails trying to swell his list large enough to carry the prize to Toronto and does not forget to impress upon the minds of our members the interest that each and every one should take in securing subscribers for our valued book.

Now that this is my first attempt I will not take up too much of your valuable space, hoping that some more of our members will show what they can do. With success to the Brotherhood, I am
Yours Fraternally

STOKER.

Morning Star Notes.

EVANSTON, WYOMING.

I take the liberty to ask a little space in the Magazine to inform you that Morning Star Lodge No. 88, is still alive and serving as best she can, the glorious cause of the Brotherhood. Our meetings continue to be well attended and the members are exceedingly prompt in the payment of their dues and assessments.

We have a set of first class men here and they seem to vie with each other in the matter of carrying out the principles of our Order. Several of the boys have gone over to the right side; among whom may be mentioned our friend Sam Blackham.

Bert Quinby is hostling in day time and Joe Krauss at night. Our Master, Joe Stevenson is the right man for his position and does credit to his Lodge. John Sights is Secretary and keeps the records in a creditable manner. L. E. Bemis has charge of the financial department and is fully competent to do justice to his work. Our Magazine Agent, Nat Gorman, is a "rustler" in every sense of the term and is determined to give our book a good circulation in the "Morning Star" district. With such officers to preside over us we are bound to thrive.

Wishing the Order all success in its glorious mission, believe me,

A. B. C.

Suggestions from a Friend.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Doing business at St. Joseph and being a constant reader of your valuable Magazine, I take pleasure in penning you a few lines, in which I desire to make a few suggestions in regard to your Order. The Magazine is an important factor in your work—it gives the members good advice and teaches them with good effect the principles of the Brotherhood.

Perhaps a few suggestions from a friend may not be out of order. I wish to call the attention of your members, or, at least, a certain portion of them, to the fact that we all have our faults. We must learn to be kind and forbearing with each other and not become angry simply because a fellow-man doesn't happen to believe as we do. To a certain few I would say: Do not expect too much from a friend simply because he may be in position to serve you. If you do, you will soon lose his friendship and gain his ill will. You may ask a favor and be refused. Remember that the refusal may be justifiable, and you have no right to get angry because the reasons for refusing the favor may be withheld from you. Favors cannot always be granted, neither can the reasons always be given with propriety.

A few words in regard to two of your round house foremen and I will close. Being well acquainted with them I can say that I know them to be perfect gentlemen in every respect. While on duty you should give strict attention to your duties and lay all other matters aside. Whatever difficulties you may have on the road you should seek to settle by honorable means. If you have a legitimate grievance, you should present it to the proper authorities in a respectful manner and you will be certain to receive justice. Yours, truly, Y.

The Prize Regalias.

DETROIT, MICH.

The prize regalias having been awarded to Rose City Lodge No. 45, I desire to return my thanks to the members of said Lodge for assisting me so faithfully in the contest. Among the many members who supported me so loyally I would like to make special mention of Bros. H. H. Burrus, Chas. Barnett, Joseph Gregory, James McMurray, P. Fitzsimons, B. Schimmelpfenig, Walter Saunders, Nat. Williams, Thomas Crowe, W. O. Schelly, Wm. Miles, J. M. Harris, B. F. Bass, E. W. Mills, John Hast, O. Schimmelpfenig, O. J. Holms, F. M. McReynolds, L. Hardison, E. Fitzgeralds, Thomas Mason, Edward Chamberlain,

M. Rice, Chas. Hill, B. Cumiskey, Chas. Decker, and last, but not least, John W. Scott who secured twelve subscribers for bound volumes. They worked hard and earnestly, and to their efforts I am largely indebted for securing the prize.

The members of Rose City Lodge are active workers in the cause and always succeed in what they undertake.

Again thanking them for their assistance and hoping that they may continue to serve the Order faithfully and well, I remain,
Fraternally Yours,
H. H. LINDENBERGER.

The Buckeye State.

LIMA, OHIO.

As nothing has yet appeared in the Magazine from Lima Lodge, No. 184, I thought a few words in her behalf would not be out of order. No. 184 was organized on the 21st of November, and the members have gone to work with a good will to make her a banner Lodge in every respect. We may never expect to have a very large Lodge, but it is our ambition to rank with the best Lodges of similar capacity. Our members are active and enterprising, and you may expect good work from them.

Bro. W. S. Thompson, our worthy Master, has been promoted from hostler to the right hand side of engine No. 22.

Bro. G. A. Greenland does credit to his office as Secretary, and Bro. Bert Myers is just the man we need to manage our financial affairs.

We have sixteen members on our roll at present, with several applications awaiting action. Only the right kind of men are admitted, for we want our record to remain unblemished.

The Lodge is under many obligations to Messrs. Garretson and Campbell for a handsome upholstered chair for our Master. It is an elegant piece of furniture, and the members are duly grateful for it. Wishing the Brotherhood long life and a prosperous career, I subscribe myself yours in the cause.
P. A. B.

Maple Leaves.

HAMILTON, ONT.

Maple Leaf Lodge No. 151 has been poorly represented in your pages, so I send a few lines to show we are alive yet. Organized 12th of March, 1883, we now number fifty members good on the books, and more wish to join as soon as qualified by service. Our success has been in a great measure due to our officers who have worked faithfully and deserve the thanks of every member of 151. Our first annual ball took place on the 15th inst., and was a decided success. Bro.

Allan deserves credit for arranging such a good program. Our express engineers are Messrs. Holt, McCue, Durdan, Knox, Hutchinson, Foster, Blackburn, Black and Moses, who are assisted on the left by Bros. McColl, Allan, Lee, Morgan, Broughton, Hall, Roberts, Wright and John Real respectively. The freight men are rather too numerous to mention in this letter; perhaps at some future time I may speak of them. Promotion among the boys of 151 has been slow, owing to several members of No. 117 (who were older than any here) being given engines here, but we look forward with hope 'till our turn comes. I quite agree with "Shorty" in January number of Magazine, about keeping engines clean, but sometimes it is done under difficulties, for instance, if there are twice as many men as engines and you see your own engine about once a week. Again, some roads supply tripoli, emory, acid or other materials for cleaning. Anything we get comes out of our own pockets, with the exception of some lamp-black for head lamp reflector. Perhaps in some future number "Shorty" will kindly tell us how to soften and clean brass well and easily. I think we will all be thankful to learn if we can. Since we organized Bros. Lee, Lovell and Roberts have had their policies transferred, having entered into partnership with three fair ladies of our city. They have our best wishes for their prosperity. Bros. Houseago, Tomlinson and Painter are each rejoicing in the possession of a new daughter. May they be a joy to their happy parents.

I think, Mr. Editor, you and your fellow workers should be congratulated upon having brought the magazine to its present state of perfection; also our Brotherhood for having such a medium for the expression of its views.

Hoping long life and prosperity may attend both, I remain yours in B. S. & I.
151.

Notes and Comments.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Perhaps a few lines from this point would not be uninteresting to your readers. W. H. Thomas Lodge was organized on the 6th of May last with fifteen charter members, and we are getting along exceedingly well. We have increased our membership to twenty-five, with good prospects of adding many more good men to our ranks. The Brotherhood, which is comparatively new here, is rapidly gaining in favor and all our members are proud to be on the rolls of membership. Before we were organized it was a rare occurrence for a fireman to remain here

six months, but now the boys are all holding out better, and this division has as good a lot of men as can be found anywhere. All our members take an active interest in the Brotherhood and I think that in another year we will have a good sized Lodge, and one that will take its place in the front ranks of the Order. Among our recent promotions is Bro. Trainim, of Bluff City Lodge No. 55, and Bro. Bateman, our worthy Financier. They are both doing good work. We are glad to see Bro. Bateman on the right side, as it was through his efforts that our Lodge was put in running order. Bros. Daly and Hackney are running switch engines at Henderson and Bro. Cunningham is serving in the same capacity at Edgfield. Our Master Mechanic, Mr. W. P. Pike, does the right thing by the men here and they all hold him in high esteem. Bro. Mansfield, of No. 10, made a flying visit some time since. Wonder what became of him?

While on a visit to Little Rock and Hot Springs some time ago, I had the pleasure of meeting Bros. Martin and Smith, of No. 31, and Bro. Condin, of No. 23. At Memphis, Tenn., there are many excellent men. I had the pleasure of meeting some of them, Bro. Nance in particular, to whom I return thanks for favors received at his hands. I also found a lot of good fellows at Little Rock. Nearly all the men on the Iron Mountain road belong to the Brotherhood and they treated me exceedingly well during my stay among them. I almost forgot to mention the marriage of Bro. Clark, our Secretary, which took place on the 27th of December. He has the best wishes of all the boys. Our worthy Master, Johnnie Hampton, is sad and refuses to be comforted. His girl hasn't gone back on him, but his feet are frost-bitten. We all appreciate the Magazine very much, as it seems to become more interesting with each number. Wishing the Brotherhood a long and prosperous voyage, I remain
Yours, fraternally,

CRANK.

In Search of Threlig Rhue.

TORONTO, CANADA.

Would you, in the interest of humanity, and the members of the B. of L. F. generally, please give me the name of the author of those lines headed "A Master in Love," in the January Magazine? I am sure you would be pardoned, if, by giving such information, you should be the cause of another name appearing on our assessment list. I have carefully examined in my "mind's eye" the character of each of the members of No. 67, but fail to find one that I can think suffi-

ciently guilty of composing such a canard upon an innocent brother. If it should be Reid, of 141, or Dilley, of 58, I could forgive them, feeling assured that the prickings of a guilty conscience would be sufficient punishment. Should it happen to be by the same author as "Scriptures from Latin," I might be able to control myself to delay vengeance until that article is finished (if he should live until that time.) To make matters worse, Bro. Fawcett, our Magazine Agent, is doing his level best to get subscribers for the medium of such a libel. I believe, too, that he is meeting with great success, which shows still farther the degeneracy of the age.

The new year not only shows a grand success in prospect for No. 67, but with it came several sad accidents in, and close around, Toronto. Bro. R. Jeffreys, the engineer on the freight train that collided with the passenger train and caused the terrible Humber disaster, and the death of twenty-nine persons, is rapidly recovering from his injuries.

Bro. Jas. Drummond, of Stratford, has just suffered a sad bereavement in the death of his brother, who was killed whilst jumping from a passenger train on his way to duty. He leaves a wife and one child, and was not insured. Everyone who knows the sterling qualities of Bro. Drummond, and he is one of the best workers we have in the Order, will sympathize with him. Bro. J. Kew, our Financier, has been sick for some time, but Jack is one of the "solids," and it will take a heap of sickness to incapacitate him from his Lodge duties. Several of the Stratford brothers are stationed in Toronto now, and if it is decided that they remain here, I should like to see their names enrolled on the books of 67. Such names as Lamb, Mingay and Ireland would be an acquisition, indeed. Times are dull here just now, and things all upside down, no man having any home of his own except the company's bunk rooms.

Sincerely hoping that our removal to Muddy York will prove an elysium, and that the new year will bring a still grander success to the Brotherhood than the one just passed. I am,

Yours fraternally,
SID. VAUGHAN.

Among the Black Hills.

LARAMIE, WYOMING.

I am happy to say that our Magazine is a most welcome guest in our household, and is read with much pleasure and profit; and now as Lodge No. 86 so seldom appears on the scene, and being as-

sured that Laramie looks quite as grand on paper as Boston, Chicago or Baltimore, I hasten to communicate a few words concerning our fair city, "Athens of the West" as we feel disposed to call Laramie by way of conferring a pet name upon this *loveliest* city of the plain.

I rejoice to announce the fact that Black Hills Lodge, No. 86, still exists, with a membership numbering about seventy-six all in good standing and several applicants on file, the applicants patiently awaiting the reception of the b.g. in the grand bump degree, which will be conferred in due time. There have been several merited promotions this winter. The boys are stepping over to the right side and are doing honor to their promotion in every instance. With Bros. Olson, Haskins, Ellis and James, and "Royal George" at the head of No. 86 we are not afraid she will go down.

"Dear George," as the boys and some of the girls are apt to call him, is now manipulating the throttle of a big sixty-five ton consolidated engine. By the way, you have to hunt around for some time to find him in the cab.

And now, dear editors and readers, wishing you the choicest heaven's blessings, I hasten my adieu, hoping that some of our more competent writers will step to the front and let us hear from them.
CAESAR.

Forty-Six.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

The ever welcome guest, the Firemen's Magazine, has reached our home in good order. We greet it with great pleasure, for its pages are bright and cheery and we scan them with appreciation and delight. In looking over the issue just received, I have failed to find anything from Capitol Lodge, and as I have a few leisure moments I thought I would say a few words in behalf of the members of No. 46. Though I am only a new member of the Brotherhood, I have a deep interest in its welfare, and I feel as if I should do something to promote its standing. No. 46, I am glad to say, is in a flourishing condition, and the prospects are that she will soon take her stand in the front ranks of the Brotherhood.

Nothing of interest has occurred here lately, except the marriage of Bro. Chas. Sauers who has donned the matrimonial robes, taking for a partner Miss Annie Weldon, a most estimable lady of this city. Our best wishes go out to them.

Hoping that the Brotherhood may always continue in the good work of benevolence, sobriety and industry, I remain

Yours sincerely,
SCOOP.



A Big Bonanza—The Missoula Lodge.

THE new regalias are very becoming to the Rose City boys.

GEO. HOWE, of Baraboo, Wis., is among the mountains of Montana.

J. H. SELBY and his co-workers keep the "Texas Belle" up in fine style.

THE members of C. J. Hepburn Lodge are well up in the work of the Order.

NORTHERN LIGHT LODGE has a surplus of eight hundred dollars in the treasury. Good!

FRANK MERCER, of No. 85, is holding down a good thing at Drummond, Montana.

SEBASTIAN, MILLER and Roberts, of New Era Lodge, No. 76, make a strong combination.

TIM FAGAN is just recovering from the effects of a whale story—"by a gentleman, I suppose."

J. A. GREMM's face beams with delight since his wife presented him with that eight-pound girl.

SOMEBODY, some time ago, mistook Bro. Mulvihill, of Kansas City, for a dude. Strange mistake.

GEO. E. HUNT and J. Cook, of the Pennsylvania railroad, have been promoted, and the members of No. 3 wish them success.

JOE WHEELER is still in the service at El Paso. It will be late in the season when Joe forgets his duties to the Brotherhood.

HARRY KELER organized the first Division of the B. of L. E. in old Mexico. He is a tireless worker in both Brotherhoods.

CALHOUN LODGE, No. 84, returns thanks to the officials of the C. & G. T. R. R. for the interest they manifested in their late ball.

MR. L. S. MEAD, General Foreman of the Union Pacific round-house at Helena, Montana, is very popular among his men.

A FINE pair: Vawter, of 112, and Ferguson, of 190; combined weight 500 pounds, engaged for one week at Toronto in September.

THE members of Bonanza Lodge desire to return their thanks to Mr. James Dickson, of Missoula, Montana, for his liberal donation.

PAT HARVEY, of No. 59, is one of the most popular engineers on the South Park Railroad. His friends are legion in that locality.

It is not likely that Mayo, the prophet of South Pueblo, will be absent from the next convention. He will have a pressing engagement there.

J. B. MAYNARD Lodge, No. 193, has been organized at Portland, Oregon. May her record be an honor to the grand old man whose name she bears.

H. E. BICKHAM, formerly of Louisville Lodge No. 23, has been admitted to Beacon Lodge No. 111, and bids fair to do good work.

BOB RODGERS, of No. 59, is a wide-awake member. To wear a Brotherhood badge where he is, without being entitled to it, takes considerable nerve.

ADOPTED DAUGHTER Lodge No. 3 returns thanks to the members of Falls City Lodge No. 103 for favors shown to Bro. John Phillips while in their city.

GEO. W. KNOX is the latest promotion of Cactus Lodge. If he does as well in the future as he has done in the past he will make a good record as an engineer.

A RELIABLE correspondent from Mosberly advises us that Bro. Frank Nebergall is to be "done up" shortly. There seems to be a "Dale" of talk about it, anyway.

INSTRUCTOR STEVENS speaks in high terms of the members along the Northern Pacific Railroad. Sprague and Mount Hood are composed of first class material.

THERE are few Lodges in the Order that are more harmonious and prosperous than Salt Lake, No. 178. Sanford, Tibbs and Tenney are a power in the land of Zion.

ALVIN SPARKS, of No. 68, and Gus Sherwood, of No. 82, rendered Instructor Stevens valuable assistance at the organization of the Bonanza Lodge, at Missoula, Montana.

M. R. FORNEY is one of the hard-working members of No. 145. Wherever he may be located he is found actively engaged in advancing the interests of the Brotherhood.

T. P. O'ROURKE is always ready to do his part when the Order requires his services. He is a firm supporter of our principles, and we fully appreciate his loyal devotion to the cause.

WM. ORTH, of No. 50, recently made a (Good, rich) donation to a traveling member in distress. Later on the boys had the t. m. locked in jail for fraud to further alleviate his wants.

THANKS to Bro. J. A. Tweedie for the beautiful shaving mugs presented to the Grand Lodge officers. If we only had his Denver razor now our tonsorial outfit would be complete.

WM. CLARK, of Landmark Lodge, No. 128, is a most faithful supporter of the principles of our Order. The unworthy had better steer clear of him, for they will find him on the lookout for them.

THOSE who have the good fortune to know Bro. Partill, of Magic City Lodge, speak of him as a genial, good fellow. He is now running an engine on the Oregon Short Line, west of Shoshone, Idaho.

By his good work Bro. J. B. Reed, formerly of Cedar Valley Lodge, No. 30, is making himself known in the Northwest. Mt. Tacoma Lodge will soon take her place among the best of them.

THE members of No. 61 feel under many obligations to Sheriff O. Gorman, of St. Paul, for kindly granting them the use of the court room for a special meeting on the occasion of Instructor Stevens' visit there.

THE Brotherhood men at Livingston, Helena and Bozeman, Montana, showed their sympathy for the widow and children of the late Owen Kerron, of No. 50, in a most substantial manner. May God bless them.

OUR Magazine owes a debt of gratitude to Bro. Thomas McKee, of Northern Light Lodge No. 127, for his earnest and successful efforts to increase its circulation. His record will compare with the best of them.

THE boys at Livingston, Montana, that make up Custer Lodge No. 191, are the right kind of material for Brotherhood purposes. If they don't make a glorious success of their Lodge, we are mistaken in our estimate of them.

IN the loss of his dear little daughter, who died January 13th, Bro. L. C. Hill has the sincere sympathy of all his friends. She was in her sixth year, and her future was rich with promise, had she only lived. May she sleep sweetly.

IT is with pleasure that we note the marriage of Bro. L. Lacey to Miss Daisy Baldwin, of South St. Louis; Bro. R. J. Johnson to Miss Lotta Haight, and Bro. John Blocker to Miss Theresa Bonnevillie, of St. Louis. May joy be with them all.

ROBERT DOPELL, Thos. Kendell, Wm. Miller, F. S. Strickland, J. M. Weaver, Wm. Ward, Ira Costall and Ed. Samson are among the promotions of Beacon Lodge No. 111. The boys at Mattoon are wide-awake and will keep to the front.

THE members of Falls City Lodge No. 103 return their sincere thanks to Mr. James C. Poston, attorney-at-law, Elizabethtown, Ky., for favors shown T. J. McGuire, financier, while adjusting the claim of the late J. E. Powell. Mr. Poston is held in high esteem by the boys.

R. J. JOHNSON, Andy Dumer and K. C. Donehew, of Industrial Lodge, No. 21, are running road engines, and J. D. Fisher, Chas. Bonneville, Chas. Gardner, F. Strottman, Geo. Van Lear and Jas. Wilson, of the same Lodge, are holding down the right side of yard engines.

AT a call meeting, held in a cabin at Heron, Montana, the following members were present: P. J. Ferguson, of No. 89; Geo. Welch, B. C. Loudon, F. Ether and B. C. Secord, of No. 133; Maurice Vetter, of No. 31; C. H. Mooney, of No. 21; H. W. Fomes, of No. 80, and S. M. Stevens, of No. 16.

CHAS. E. BULLARD, of Bay State Lodge No. 73, has taken the New England agency for Alexander's "Ready Reference," and is prepared to fill all orders promptly. It is a book filled with information for engineers and firemen, and commands a ready sale. Orders should be addressed to 32 Plymouth street, Worcester, Mass.

JAMES BROWNLEE, now a member of No. 127, formerly of 66, has been spending a few days among his old friends at Belleville. As a result of his visit, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Anna McKnight, a most estimable young lady of Belleville. The members of No. 66 extend their best wishes to the happy couple.

IT is always best to call things by their right name, and when we remember this we cannot blame our fair friend Carrie, because she got tired of being called John-son, for we all know that she is a daughter. As this condition of things was unendurable she called in assistance, and with the aid of a member of our noble Order and a friendly minister she was relieved of the obnoxious name and received a new one, even that of Opydye. We offer our congratulations and best wishes for a happy and long life to our worthy Bro. Vering B. Opydye, of Excelsior Lodge, No. 11, and to his bride, Mrs. Carrie Opydye, nee Johnson.

SOME of our good boys in No. 120 are being rewarded for their faithful service. The following members have been promoted: Bros. Wilson, Palmer and Yorkey, of the M. Y. C., and Bros. Haven, Kemp, Olds and Ackerman, of the N. Y. W. S. & B. railroad. They were good fireman, and no doubt will make good engineers.

JNO. S. MILLS, who has been running an engine on the Dakota division of the Northern Pacific for the past seven months, after which he took a pleasure trip through Texas, New Mexico and Colorado, has returned to his old home and Lodge at Danville, Ill. The boys are all glad to see John back again and hope he has come to stay.

AFTER an absence of about nine months Bro. J. Scott again graced Dominion Lodge by his presence. Being one of the old members of that Lodge, with a record full of honor, he was no unwelcome visitor. After spending a couple of weeks with the boys at Toronto, he returned to resume his position on the right side of one of the Canada Pacific road coal burners in North Toronto. May success always be with him.

THE members of C. R. Whipple Lodge, No. 142, have paid a handsome tribute to their able and efficient Financier, Bro. G. W. Nesper, as will be seen by the following from the Toledo Sunday News: "On last Sunday, at a meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, an elegantly engraved gold pen, holder and pencil was presented by the Brotherhood to G. W. Nesper, their efficient Treasurer. The holder bore the inscription, 'B. of L. F. to G. W. N.' The presentation was made by Joe Wood in a neat and appropriate speech, which was responded to in a few well chosen remarks by Mr. Nesper. The B. of L. F. is one of the best organizations in the city."

UNLESS Bro. Richard A. Trezise, of Excelsior Lodge, No. 11, desists, we shall be obliged to call him "Four-size," or even "Five-size," for we are sure he has "Three-sizes" now at home. In order to prove our statement we beg to refer him to the little woman whom he persuaded to become one of "Three-sizes," to the little maid May E., who now brightens his home by her childish glee and makes another of the "Three," and to the latest arrival, little Hazel E., the last and least of the Trezises. Never mind, Bro. Richard, about the sizes, even if there should be more than three, remember the old adage, "The more the merrier."

WE take pleasure in noting the marriage of the Misses Minnie and Lena Shelre, the accomplished sisters of Bro. J. M. Shelre, of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61. The following account of the happy event is clipped from an exchange: "On Wednesday evening a very pleasant wedding took place at the First Baptist church, where Miss Minnie, daughter of Munroe Shelre, and J. H. Jamar, clerk in the local department of the Manitoba road, were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. R. R. Riddell in the presence of a great many friends. In the interval before train time a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, and a wedding lunch served. When the guests had assembled all were surprised by the announcement, then first made public, that Dr. J. B. Little and Miss Lina Shelre had been united in matrimony on the preceding evening, Dr. Riddell performing the ceremony in the presence of the immediate family only. Mr. and Mrs. Jamar left at 7:45, and after a month's trip will return and take quarters at the Windsor. Among the many elegant gifts was a handsome water set, presented by the fellow employes of the groom in the Manitoba office."



THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Rock Islander.

The members of Twin City Lodge, No. 39, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, were the recipients of a fine wardrobe and inkwell at their last regular meeting from their wives, mothers, sweethearts and friends.

They recently procured a set of new regalia, and some of the members were heard to say that the next thing to get would be a wardrobe. The ladies were quick to see a chance for a surprise and acted accordingly. The movement was headed by Mrs. E. W. Mason, of Davenport, and Mrs. Geo. J. M. Colburn and Miss Hannah Waters, of Rock Island, assisted by the following named persons: Mrs. John Horne, Mrs. Ferdinand Mavity, Mrs. T. D. Egel, Mrs. Robt. Atkinson, Mrs. Jas. Cavanaugh, Mrs. Carl Bollz, Mrs. Wm. Hawthorne, Mrs. Ben Hawks, Mrs. Thomas Donahue, and Miss Emma Boyle, of Rock Island, and Mrs. E. Mitchell, Mrs. Jas. A. Nobes, Mrs. Fred Daly, Mrs. Wm. Kessell, and Mr. and Mrs. John McSteen, of Davenport. (Mr. McSteen is City Clerk in Davenport. His son is a member of the Brotherhood and runs out of Davenport.) Others contributed to the gifts, but were unable to be present.

The wardrobe is a fine black walnut of the portable pattern and was presented by Mrs. Geo. J. M. Colburn, in behalf of the ladies, as follows:

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF TWIN CITY LODGE, No. 39:—We learned that the long thought of and much talked of regalias have been received. We feel a deep interest in them, for whenever chance caused two or more of you to meet in our presence we were sure to hear regalia. "*Vini, Vidi Vici*," exclaimed the Roman Emperor. We say, "We come, we see, we compare." Yes, compare, and the only likeness that presents itself to our minds is a horse collar. We expected the goat would be collared, but presto, change, it is the members. We know of but one animal besides the horse that wears a collar of like form, but of course would not insinuate that you bear a striking resemblance to our long-eared friends. And yet we do not know that we could pay a higher compliment than to ask you to imitate their example. Their greatest fault is stubbornness. In your avocations of life it is necessary to cling to your opinions with a firmness which will carry them through, unless you can see they are wrong. As our aforesaid friends are patient, hard-working and persevering almost to a fault, so are you. Without these trials your labors would never have extended from ocean to ocean, and from sea to gulf. Your principles, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, would crumble to the ground were they not firmly supported. As you follow their track, whether in the dark night, the blinding storm, or the more pleasant surroundings of a peaceful home, may you always be sure-footed and true to the path.

As a token of our appreciation of your efforts in our behalf—for surely the maintenance of your Order affects us to certain extent—we ask you to accept this wardrobe in which to place your harness when the day's work is done, and with it may you look away all feelings of contrariness or disagreements that may arise while within these walls.

Mrs. E. W. Mason, of Davenport, then stepped forward and presented a fine glass double inkstand with the following remarks:

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF TWIN CITY LODGE, No. 39:—As my worthy sister has just presented you this elegant gift, I also, on behalf of the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts, present you this inkstand as another token of our regard. We appreciate your noble efforts to benefit and elevate yourselves and trust from it may be recorded noble and heroic efforts and good deeds. We feel that you have thus far been crowned with success, and trust that the years may add to your number and your prosperity.

The presents were received on behalf of the Lodge by Worthy Master E. W. Mason, who, while at a loss for words with which to make a speech, expressed a feeling of encouragement at this action of the friends of the Order. Admitting the success of the Order, although of not many years' growth, he knew he expressed the sentiments of all members in extending their heartfelt thanks for the fine presents, and thought all would coincide with him in an earnest endeavor to give a firmer support to the principles of the Order.

Past Master H. F. Carroll then expressed his sentiments by claiming that he felt like calling the ladies sisters, in fact he had done so ever since the Lodge was organized; he did not know as he could add much to what the W. M. had already said; he would try and live as closely in the future to the principles of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry as possible, and he felt sure that all members would do likewise; he was well pleased with the presents; they were a surprise to him, and in behalf of the members he accepted them as a token of approval and felt greatly encouraged by their presentation.

Financier G. J. M. Colburn was then called upon, but stated that as he was paid for talking money, and as the ladies had expressed their financial views pretty plainly, anything more on the subject would be unnecessary. The Worthy and Past Master had said much that he indorsed and he could but reiterate their promises and feel thankful for the token of appreciation thus bestowed.

Worthy Chaplain Jas. B. Lidders then arose and in his innocent and humorous way offered (not a prayer) a few well chosen remarks, expressing his entire surprise and heartfelt thanks for the fine presents, but was at a loss to state fully his feelings. He hoped it would prove an incentive to the members of No. 39 to continue worthy of the teachings and friendship thus shown, and felt sure that every member would endeavor to more fully merit them in the future.

At the close of the Worthy Chaplain's remarks an intermission of half or three-quarters of an hour was ordered, which was devoted to settling up the wardrobe and chatting pleasantly with each other. A committee was sent out for the editor of the Rock Islander, and returned with him, when introductions and a pleasant social chat took place with members and ladies, but he declined making any formal remarks. After the intermission the ladies retired after receiving a cordial invitation to return when convenient, not necessarily with a present, and the Lodge resumed its routine business.

Such occurrences as these are not thrown away. The boys do not value the presents at their intrinsic value, but feel greatly encouraged at the appreciation of their efforts, and if anything would stimulate them to greater exertions this will surely do it. Not only does it affect the members, but the acquaintances thus formed will ripen into friendship which might never have been formed but for this meeting, and which will have a tendency to promote a more united and interested feeling among the families.

The regalias were manufactured by M. C. Davis & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Locomotive Firemen occupy a high rank among the societies of this locality, and the Brotherhood is doing much to improve and elevate those engaged in their occupation.

HALL OF TWIN CITY LODGE,
No. 39, B. OF L. F.,
ROCK ISLAND, Jan. 27, 1884.

WHEREAS, The wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts kindly presented us with an elegant wardrobe in which to keep our regalia, and also presented us with a fine inkstand. Therefore be it

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be extended to the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts for so kindly remembering us.

Resolved, That we, the members of Twin City Lodge, shall earnestly strive to prove ourselves worthy of the friendship of these estimable ladies, which encourages us to live up to the teachings of our Order.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented for publication to the Rock Islander, the Davenport Gazette, and also to the Fireman's Magazine.

H. F. CARROLL,
GEO. J. M. COLBURN, } Committee.
JAMES B. LIDDERS,

AMUSEMENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The ball of Eureka Lodge No. 14 at Lyra Hall was a great social and financial success. Over two hundred couples were present and a most enjoyable time was had. Among the visitors were Bros. M. W. Jamison and C. Lang, of No. 52; E. Sherburne and Ed. Andrews, of No. 16, and Ted Sheehan, of No. 49. The Indianapolis Journal made mention of the affair as follows:

"The ball under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, given at Lyra Hall on Tuesday night, was much of a success. Excellent order prevailed, and the boys netted about \$150, which they will use in fixing up their hall."

The Eureka boys worked hard for the ball, and it is gratifying to know that success crowned their efforts.

MASON CITY, IOWA.

The annual ball of Cerro Gordo Lodge No. 29 was the most brilliant success of the season. We present the following account of the affair taken from a Mason City paper:

"The grand annual ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, at Opera House on New Year's eve, was a most gratifying success in point of numbers and social enjoyment. The Brotherhood were out in new silver-spangled regalia, presenting a fine appearance. The grand hall was tastefully decorated, mottoes of welcome, pictures, flowers, wreaths, and graceful festoons, presenting a beautiful scene, as lighted up by the gas jets. The music was excellent, the crowd large, and the enjoyment perfect. Something over 200 couples of railroaders and citizens were present, and a great many more tickets were purchased, in compliment to the Brotherhood, by parties who did not participate in the dance. We are glad to make note of this most successful affair, as the 'boys' never do anything by halves, and are fully entitled to a good time, after making such elaborate preparations. May everyone of the noble Brotherhood enjoy the New Year thus happily ushered in."

CENTRALIA, ILL.

The Champaign Gazette contains the following report of the late ball of New Hope Lodge No. 37:

"The ball given by members of New Hope Lodge, No. 37, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, at the Champaign Opera House, last night, was largely attended, and was pronounced one of the most brilliant parties in point of enjoyment and gaiety ever given in this city. The hall had been elegantly arranged for the occasion. In front of the center of the stage a locomotive headlight, 'No. 37,' gave forth in vivid colors, a 'welcome' to the guests. Immediately above it was suspended a wreath encircling the motto of the order, 'Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,' and on each side of the stage was displayed in evergreen letters the 'New Hope Lodge No. 37, B. of L. F.' On the walls were hung flags and banners, and portraits of the grand officers of the order, while a miniature pick and shovel, an emblem of the Order, was suspended from a chandelier. A number of guests were present from neighboring cities, and were most courteously entertained. About midnight a most sumptuous supper was served at Waugh's restaurant, after which dancing was continued until a late hour. The Eighth regiment orchestra furnished the music, and Dick Lupton acted as prompter."

ST. PAUL, MINN.

The St. Paul Globe speaks in the following glowing terms of the seventh annual ball of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61:

"The ball of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, at Market hall last night, was a great success in attendance, decoration and sociability, 1,000 dancing programmes having been given out on the floor, and fully 600 couples participating. The music was furnished by Stein's First Regiment band of fifteen pieces, and the supper was served by Stephen Burns, of the Market House restaurant, in elegant style. It is doubtful if it were possible to decorate the hall more gorgeously and beautifully than it was done last night. From each of the sky-lights were drooping lines of red, white and blue streamers which checkered the entire ceiling. On the back of the platform was a large flag centered with a locomotive headlight in full blast of light; while hanging in front was a mammoth letter B in evergreen, beneath which was the miniature engine 'Minnehaha' and beautiful wreaths and flower monograms. On the gallery end was mounted a locomotive bell with three headlights by the side and back of it, while the edifice was ornamented with 100 colored signal lanterns arranged in most fantastic designs, 200 small flags having on them the names of the six railroads centering in St. Paul, 200 small national flags and sixty framed pictures of locomotives. The mottoes, 'Welcome' and 'Welcome to our Visiting Brethren,' were very conspicuous at both ends of the hall, while on the sides were ranged the mottoes, 'Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,' 'Our Brotherhood is a Success,' 'Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.' There was a large attendance of guests from the different Lodges in the State and elsewhere, and the occasion was thoroughly complete in every particular."

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

The joint ball of the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. F., at Battle Creek, Mich., was a grand success, as will be seen by the following:

"The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Division No. 33, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Lodge No. 84, of this city, united Thursday night in their second annual ball and banquet. Those who had the arrangements in charge used their utmost endeavors to make the affair a most enjoyable one, and success may truly be said to have crowned their efforts. The Opera House was handsomely decorated with emblems of the

Order, and that all might readily find the headquarters for the evening, two headlights were placed in front of the door facing east and west on Main street. The interior decorations were most appropriate, consisting of red, white and blue lanterns, van and switch lights, flags and pictures, and presented a most bright and cheerful appearance. The festivities, which were opened at 8:30 o'clock with the grand march, were honored with the presence of his Honor, Mayor French, and the members of the City Council, with other city officials and many of our prominent citizens and their ladies, were noticed as participants on the floor of the hall, while a large crowd also filled the galleries as spectators of the gay scene. The music was furnished by Humphrey & Evans' quadrille band and nearly 150 couples participated in the dance, the dancing being kept up until the early morning hours. The programme of the dance was arranged with much ingenuity, the music in each being designated by terms exceedingly appropriate to the occasion, and were well understood by the 'boys.' The banquet was served at the Williams House, fifty couples being seated at a time. There were many guests present from abroad, a special train being run from Chicago to this city yesterday afternoon. The Brotherhoods may assuredly congratulate themselves upon the result of their second annual ball, and their friends hope for many repetitions of an entertainment crowned with such a signal success."

DENVER, COL.

The following account of the seventh annual ball of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77 is taken from the Denver News:

"The City Hall has contained many assemblages this season of a festive nature, but none that exceeded in youth, promise and brightness the gathering of last night. The occasion which brought it together was the seventh annual ball of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, whose National Convention was held in this city last summer.

The hall last night was neatly decorated with flags and mottoes peculiar to the Order, while the music for the programme of dances was the best the market affords, with John Lewis as prompter.

Among the prominent guests present was Mr. S. M. Stevens, of Terre Haute, Ind., the Chief Instructor of the Order, who has just returned from an official trip along the line of the Northern Pacific, during which he organized nine Lodges during the past forty days. Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77 is, according to Instructor Stevens, the third in size in the United States, being exceeded in point of membership by the Lodges located in Boston and Philadelphia. The present officers of the Denver Lodge are the following: Master, M. S. O'Rourke; Vice Master, C. D. Brook; Secretary, George Wilson; Financier, W. F. Hynes. The roll of active members contains the signatures of 120 young men, a portion of whom are full-fledged engineers. The other Lodges of the Order in Colorado are at Pueblo, Salida and Leadville, and all, like No. 77, are in a flourishing condition.

There were twenty-eight numbers on the dancing programme for last night, so that at an early hour this morning the voice of the caller was still heard in the land. The following committees had charge of the ball: Arrangement—C. D. Brook, E. LeBert, J. D. Williams, Robert McCormack, William Belden, Joe Berry. Reception—M. S. O'Rourke, P. Fitzsimmons, John W. Duggan, Thomas Veach, F. F. Desmond. Floor—William Baron, W. F. Hynes, Joe Berry, J. McGill, E. LeBert, George Hockinberger, George Wilson, Wm. Jordan, James Monahan, C. D. Brooks.

RESOLUTIONS.

FT. HOWARD, WIS.

At a regular meeting of Baldwin Lodge No. 189, held Feb. 14th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be and are hereby tendered to the Brooks Locomotive Works for two handsome photographs of their locomotives received from them.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the above firm and published in the Fireman's Magazine.

R. C. BELKNAP, } Committee.
ROBT. PARKS, }

ST. PAUL, MINN.

At a regular meeting of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Sheriff O. Gorman for the use of the Court House for a special meeting of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, held to meet our Grand Organizer and Instructor, S. M. Stevens.

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be presented to Sheriff O. Gorman, and that they be spread on the minutes of this meeting and published in the Fireman's Magazine.

F. W. DYER, } Committee.
S. J. MURPHY, }
J. H. KILBANE, }

HUNTINGTON, IND.

At a special meeting of Wm. Hugo Lodge 166, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge were the recipients of a kind favor at the hand of Col. J. C. Williams, the generous superintendent of the Chicago and Atlantic Railway, by granting us passes for the band between Chicago and Huntington for our ball on Christmas Eve, therefore be it

Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to Col. Williams for his kindness, and that we shall always hold him in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to Messrs. Bagley, Purviance and Robinson of Huntington, for their kindly assistance in making our first annual ball a success.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Col. Williams, that they be entered on our minutes, and published in our Magazine.

J. R. DICKINSON, } Committee.
GEO. H. MARSTON, }
HARRY VANDEVANDER, }

EL PASO, TEX.

At a call meeting of New Year Lodge, No. 135, B. of L. F., held on Friday evening, Jan. 11th, 1884, after the regular business was disposed of, the members were agreeably surprised by the presentation of two finely executed blue prints of locomotives built by the C. P. R. R., at Sacramento shops, handsomely framed, presented by Mr. B. Smith, road foreman of the C. P. & S. P. R. R.'s, for which we tender the following resolutions.

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be returned to Mr. B. Smith for so kindly remembering and so ably assisting us to beautify our Lodge Room.

Resolved, That we shall earnestly strive to prove ourselves worthy of this estimable gentleman's friendship which so much encourages us to do our duty towards the R. R. Company and the Brotherhood.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. B. Smith and also to the Fireman's Magazine for publication.

A. C. MAST, } Committee.
J. REDMOND, }
JOE S. WHEELER, }

FORT HOWARD, WIS.

At a meeting of Baldwin Lodge No. 189, held Sunday, December 30, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby extended to Mrs. R. C. Belknap, wife of our worthy Master, for the elegant frame for our Charter, which she presented to us as a token of her appreciation and friendly feeling for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Resolved, That we fully appreciate this kind gift and will ever keep it in grateful remembrance of the donor.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. R. C. Belknap and also published in the Firemen's Magazine.

C. PENROD,
R. PARKS,
E. KING, } *Committee.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

At a regular meeting of Franklin Lodge No. 9, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, At a regular meeting of the above named Lodge, held on the evening of April 27th, 1883, Edward Gimbey was expelled for non-payment of dues, and

WHEREAS, It having since appeared to the entire satisfaction of all concerned that said Edward Gimbey was unlawfully reported and consequently illegally expelled, therefore be it

Resolved, That this much of the columns of the Magazine be devoted to placing Edward Gimbey in the proper light in which he belongs, and be it further

Resolved, That the apology due and regrets of the members of Franklin Lodge be tendered Edward Gimbey for their innocent, yet illegal action, and that all reparation that lies in their power be made him.

E. L. COIT,
C. H. MASON,
F. W. ARNOLD, } *Committee.*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

At a regular meeting of Orange Grove Lodge No. 97, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge and the Brotherhood at large are hereby tendered to Col. E. E. Henritt, Div. Supt. and Mr. Jas. Velsir, Div. M. M., for their kindness in procuring transportation for Bro. Frank P. Shepardon and the remains of Bro. Munroe M. Smith, who died recently, while in the service of the S. P. R. Co. The Brotherhood was thereby enabled to forward the remains of our deceased brother to his parents in Needham, Mass. We also take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the many favors shown our organization in the past.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to both Col. Henritt and Mr. Velsir, also entered upon the minutes of this meeting and published in the Magazine.

CHAS. A. VOGELSANG,
HORACE J. MOORE,
W. J. GRANT, } *Committee.*

NORTH SPRINGFIELD, MO.

At a special meeting of Frisco Lodge No. 51, B. of L. F., the following resolutions of sympathy were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having pleased our Heavenly Father in His most infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed Bro. Thomas Robson, his engine turning over on Dixon Hill, Jan. 29th 1884; and

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Thomas Robson, No. 51 has lost one of its best members and the B. of L. F. a true and worthy brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we recognize the supremacy of and bow submissively to the

all wise Providence, it is with sincere regret that we part with Bro. Robson and "mourn with those who mourn."

Resolved, That guided by the power of love, we extend to his bereaved mother, brother and sisters our most heartfelt sympathy in this, their sad hour of tribulation, and commend them to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded heart and gives strength to bear the sad bereavement.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect we drape the Charter of our Lodge for the next thirty days; that these resolutions be placed on our minutes; a copy presented to his mother, and the same be published in our Magazine.

MARCY G. HALL,
FRED. BALL,
M. W. BURWELL, } *Committee.*

EL PASO, TEX.

At a regular meeting of New Year Lodge No. 135, held Sunday evening, January 13th 1884, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby extended to Miss Nellie G. Matthews, sister of our worthy Bro. J. B. Matthews, for the elegant book-marker which she kindly worked and gave to us as a token of her appreciation and friendly feeling for the B. of L. F.

Resolved, That we fully appreciate this kind gift and will ever keep it in grateful remembrance of the donor and her esteemed brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss Nellie G. Matthews and also published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. C. MAST,
W. P. SMITH,
C. E. WALKER, } *Committee.*

BEARDSTOWN, ILL.

At a regular meeting of H. B. Stone Lodge No. 122, B. of L. F., held Tuesday evening, Jan. 8th, after the regular business was disposed of the members were agreeably surprised by the presentation of a very beautiful and neatly worked motto, inscribed:

"Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." It is beautiful in design and finish and framed in an elegant frame. It is the work of Mrs. Flora A. Blodgett, the wife of our esteemed Brother, for which we tender the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be returned to Mrs. Flora A. Blodgett for so kindly remembering us.

Resolved, That we shall earnestly strive to prove ourselves worthy of this estimable lady's friendship, which so much encourages us to do our duty towards the Brotherhood.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on file and that they be published in the Fireman's Magazine.

S. A. WAYALL,
H. GREEN, } *Committee.*

GALION, OHIO.

At a stated meeting of Eclipse Lodge No. 107, B. of L. F., held Jan. 17th, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved Brother George Shoemaker, who met his death by a misplaced switch at Larmie Station on the C. C. & I. R. R., Indianapolis Division, January 11th 1884; be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Eclipse Lodge, No. 107, B. of L. F., extend to the bereaved family of Bro. Shoemaker our most heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement. While they have lost a devoted son, we have lost an honored member

of the Order of Locomotive Firemen whose memory will long be cherished by the members of No. 107; be it further

Resolved, That we extend our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy to Miss Jennie M. Lambert of Union City, Ind., whose bright prospects in life were blighted by the relentless hand of death. Miss Lambert was to have been united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Bro. Shoemaker in a few days—her sorrow none but God can console. Be it further

Resolved, That our Charter and Lodge room be draped in mourning for the space of 30 days, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Lodge, printed in the Firemen's Magazine, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family and Miss Jennie M. Lambert.

"Death has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side
Just in the morning of his youth,
As young as we he died.
We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod,
One must go first; Oh, may we all
Prepare to meet our God."

H. G. BECHHOLD,
J. FARNSWORTH,
M. DEAN,
C. MESS,
T. H. THOMPSON, } *Committee.*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

At a regular meeting of Orange Grove Lodge No. 97, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with profound sorrow we are called upon to announce the sudden death of Bro. Munroe M. Smith, on the evening of November 28th, after a short illness of one week. This blow, coming as it does, with such force causes us to see clearly how dependent we are for our daily life, reminding us "that in the midst of life we are in death," that our destinies are in the hands of Him "who doeth all things well."

WHEREAS, The intimate relations held by our deceased brother with the members of his Lodge, render it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his services and merits as a man, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of The Most High, we do not the less mourn for our Brother who has been called from labor to rest.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Smith, Lodge No. 97 has lost a brother who was always a true and cherished member, ever ready to succor the needy and distressed of the fraternity, prompt to advance the interests of the Order, an honest and upright man. That the S. P. R. R. has lost a trustworthy and competent engineer, society a good and useful citizen and his family a devoted son and brother.

Resolved, That to the family and relatives of our deceased brother, we hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of affliction. Feeling sensibly how far short all human sympathy goes towards filling the void made in their hearts, we would earnestly commend them to Him whose tender care can heal the deepest wound, who suffers not even a sparrow to fall unnoticed to the ground.

Resolved, As a token of our respect and esteem from our departed brother, that our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the parents and sister of the deceased and that they be published in the Magazine and entered upon the minutes of this Lodge.

The death of Bro. Munroe Smith cast a gloom over this entire community in which

he was so well known and respected. It came with especial force upon the members of this Lodge, following so closely upon the tragic death of Bro. Henry Amadon, and was almost as unexpected, as Bro. Smith had been confined to his bed less than a week, and on the afternoon preceding his death was quite cheerful, conversing with the Brothers who were his attendants and seeming quite hopeful, so that no particular concern for his safety was experienced by the brothers, although clearly realizing that he was yet a sick man. About 7:00 P. M., a marked change took place and he sank rapidly until he expired at 7:30 P. M. His last words as nearly as could be understood by those at his bedside was a request that flowers be planted over his grave. Then quietly and peacefully passed away a rare spirit whose many noble traits of character had endeared him to a large circle of friends.

Bro. Smith had been recently promoted to the position of engineer, yet had in the short time allotted to him proven himself to be a reliable and competent engineer and had gained the respect and confidence of his superior officers. As per action of the Lodge, his remains were embalmed and sent to his home in Needham, Mass., in charge of Bro. Frank P. Shepardson. Peace to his ashes.

CHAS. A. VOGELSONG,
H. E. MOORE,
WM. GRANT, } *Committee.*

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
1 Theo. Stevenfield.*		78 John Slatery.*	
3 E. W. Davis.†		78 J. L. Kisher.*	
3 J. J. Reddy.*		81 M. Whalen.†	
12 Jacob Brinckle.*		88 J. S. Hand.*	
15 Wm. Nowell.*		89 L. Algire.*	
15 D. Collins.*		89 John Kerns.*	
16 W. T. Davis.†		89 Frank V. Smith.*	
20 J. Shields.*		89 P. J. Freman.*	
20 Thomas Tracy.*		89 John H. Long.*	
30 C. O. Grassley.†		95 Wm. T. Ross.*	
35 Wm. Brown.*		97 J. Little.*	
36 Robert Merritt.*		97 F. Bell.*	
36 Preston Carr.*		97 C. Pitney.*	
36 Thos. McDermott.*		97 D. W. Jagnay	
41 Robert Rust.*		100 Joseph Sweets.*	
41 J. H. McGregor.*		111 George Griffin.*	
41 J. M. Hale.*		115 Harry Liverston.*	
41 E. W. Haskins.*		123 E. D. Lewis.*	
43 J. L. Quinby.*		126 Wm. Mallin.*	
43 J. Leach.†		130 H. N. Childs.*	
43 J. H. Ross.*		134 H. H. Hamilton.*	
50 J. V. Mountjoy.*		134 Wm. M. Fife.*	
61 R. D. Fete.†		135 Robt Kercheval.†	
59 James Ormsby.*		147 F. Neff.*	
67 W. B. Jarman.*		148 H. F. Messengale.*	
74 P. Griffin.†		154 Wm. Reese.*	
75 Geo. A. Fitch.*		173 George Bacon.†	
77 E. H. Walker.*			

* Non-payment of Dues.

† Contempt of Lodge.

‡ Defrauding Members.

|| Unbecoming conduct.

‡ Drunkenness.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
16 Jacob Romans.		45 A. C. Snyder.	
16 H. W. Smith.		71 Wix Watrons.	
20 Joseph Eustis.		89 P. J. Freeman.	
31 N. C. Beckfort.		116 John Pascoe.	
31 Frank McDonald.			

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., February 1, 1884.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a
statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the
month ending January 31, 1884:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 35 and 36.	Assess'ts 37 and 38.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 35 and 36.	Assess'ts 37 and 38.	Total.
1		\$33		\$33 00	66	53	\$41		\$44 00
2	\$20	10		30 00	67	10	40		50 00
3	14	107		121 00	68	4	44		44 00
4	5	26		31 00	69	4	32		36 00
5					70	12	23		35 00
6					71	11	37		48 00
7	3	13		16 00	72	6	69		75 00
8	16	35		51 00	73	3	37		37 00
9	5	18		23 00	74	8	35		43 00
10	6	50		56 00	75	37	91		128 00
11		87		87 00	76	13	50		63 00
12	15	96		111 00	77	79	86		165 00
13		78		78 00	78	8	81		81 00
14	19	88		107 00	79	9	18		27 00
15	12	33		45 00	80	2	56		58 00
16	8	109		127 00	81	2	48		50 00
17	8	20		28 00	82		108		108 00
18	7	33		40 00	83	4	51		55 00
19			\$35	35 00	84	3	57		60 00
20	2	28		30 00	85	3	25		28 00
21					86	9	48		57 00
22	7	26		33 00	87	1	23		24 00
23	4	33		37 00	88	9	44	\$45	98 00
24	1	41	30	80 00	89	1	41	41	83 00
25	6	31		37 00	90		11		11 00
26	9	46		55 00	91	11	20		31 00
27	1	88		89 00	92				
28		57		57 00	93				
29		41		41 00	94	4	63		67 00
30	21	17		38 00	95	27	66		93 00
31	15	56		71 00	96				
32	6	27		33 00	97	3	53	56	112 00
33	12	45	48	105 00	98	3	31		34 00
34	2	33		35 00	99	11	44		55 00
35	5	30		35 00	100				
36	10	44		54 00	101			87	87 00
37	3	55	53	108 00	102			31	31 00
38	3	73		76 00	103	9	38	40	87 00
39			64	64 00	104				
40	1	62		63 00	105	1	42		43 00
41	9	8		17 00	106	6	23		29 00
42		21		21 00	107	4	26		30 00
43			64	64 00	108	3	21	25	49 00
44	6	30		36 00	109	26	34	36	96 00
45	23	51		74 00	110		21		21 00
46	20	24		53 00	111	3	28		31 00
47	1	112		113 00	112	3	28		31 00
48		46		46 00	113	5	24		29 00
49	49	26	15	98 00	114	1	17		18 00
50		96		96 00	115		29		29 00
51		54		54 00	116		30	31	61 00
52		76		76 00	117		42		42 00
53	21	11		32 00	118	14	11		25 00
54	11	57		68 00	119		23		23 00
55	2	31		33 00	120	9	39		48 00
56	1	31		32 00	121	1	24		25 00
57	24	158		182 00	122	4	38	43	85 00
58		20		20 00	123	1	31		1 00
59					124	1	31		32 00
60	7	71		78 00	125	3	21		24 00
61	54	76		130 00	126		30		30 00
62			40	40 00	127		88		88 00
63	10	26		36 00	128	3	17		20 00
64					129	3	39		42 00
65	1	41		42 00	130	3	38		41 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 35 and 36.	Assess'ts 37 and 38.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 35 and 36.	Assess'ts 37 and 38.	Total.
131	\$10	\$28		\$38 00	162			\$61	\$61 00
132	1	15		16 00	163		\$15		15 00
133	2	14		16 00	164	\$1	26		27 00
134	3	11		14 00	165		4	19	23 00
135					166		16		16 00
136	5	10		15 00	167		20		20 00
137		23		23 00	168	5	24		29 00
138		29		29 00	169		32		32 00
139		12		12 00	170	4	12		16 00
140	1			1 00	171	3	12		15 00
141			\$38	38 00	172		23		23 00
142		66		66 00	173	6	22		28 00
143	2	19		21 00	174	1	14		15 00
144					175				
145	2	5	1	3 00	176				
146	2	5		7 00	177	5	14	1	20 00
147		14		14 00	178				
148	28		6	32 00	179	8	4		12 00
149	2	62		64 00	180	9	7		16 00
150					181		17		17 00
151		43		43 00	182				
152		12		12 00	183				
153			23	23 00	184				
154	3	13		16 00	185				
155					186				
156	1	26		27 00	187				
157		25		25 00	188				
158		30		30 00	189				
159	1	19	20	40 00	190				
160		25		25 00	191	3			
161				28 00			2		5 00

Balance on hand January 1 \$9,249 50

Received during month 7,775 50

Total \$17,024 50

By claims Nos. 82, 83, 84, 85, 86 and 87 . . 6,000 00

Balance on hand February 1 . . \$11,024 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

H. I. COFFIN.

H. I. Coffin will please correspond with the
Secretary of Gulde Lodge, No. 125.

HARRY DOWLING.

Harry Dowling, of Lodge 127, is requested to
correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

W. F. WINTERS.

W. F. Winters, of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 68,
is requested to correspond with the Financier
of his Lodge.

F. W. BROSS.

F. W. Bross is requested to correspond with
Fargo Lodge, No. 85, at once. The last heard
from him he was running out of Denver on
the D. & R. G.

BLACK LIST.

R. C. KERCHEVAL.

R. C. Kercheval has been expelled from
New Year Lodge, No. 135, on general prin-
ciples. He is a thorough-going swindler, and
will beat everybody that trusts him. For
further reference apply to the people of El
Paso, Texas.

D. E. HALBERSTADT.

This foul-mouthed blackguard has been
expelled from Chicago Lodge, No. 95, for de-
faming the Order and its members. He is
vulgar to the last degree, and we are author-
ized by his Lodge to give him a prominent
place in the black list.

W. E. MOTT.

Every member of our Order should remember the name of W. E. Mott, who has been expelled from Industrial Lodge, No. 21, for numerous outrages that he has perpetrated on our Order. He first stole over a hundred dollars from Lodge No. 21, but was "slick" enough to get out of it without being exposed. Later on he organized a Lodge at Palestine, where he pocketed all monies that the members paid him, and later still he organized a Lodge at Marshall, where he stole the charter fee, grand dues and all other monies that he was able to collect. He was discharged from the railway service on general principles, not the least of which was drunkenness. We do not know where he is at present, but we presume that he is looking for new victims to ensnare and defraud. He furnishes substantial proof of the truth of the doctrine of total depravity, and we caution every member of our Order to beware of him.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

We have had an extra edition of back numbers printed and we can begin all subscriptions for this year with the January number until further notice.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

F. W. Arnold	Grand Master
Terre Haute, Ind.	
F. P. Sargent	Vice Grand Master
Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.	
E. V. Debs	Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.	
S. M. Stevens	Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.	

TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman	Chicago, Ill.
W. F. Hynes	Denver, Col.
D. Ross	Stratford, Ont.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. J. Hannahan, Chairman	Chicago, Ill.
C. J. McGee, Secretary	Danville, Ill.
W. E. Burns	Chicago, Ill.
A. J. Reagan	Portland, Maine
A. H. Tucker	Mason City, Iowa

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

Geo. Utter, Drawer 853	St. Thomas, Ont.
Wm. Weiler	Port Morris, N. J.
H. H. Burrus, 123 W. 4th St.	Little Rock, Ark.
T. H. Vradenbough, 125 Main St.	
B. H. District	Boston, Mass.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45	S. Pueblo, Col.
C. H. Maul, 830 N. 40th St.	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436	Aurora, Ill.
Z. Moore, 715 Carroll St.	Keokuk, Iowa
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House.	Omaha, Neb.
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway	Toledo, Ohio
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St.	Evansville.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649	Elkhart, Ind.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.	
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.	
C. E. Barkman, Box 26	Master
J. L. Van Orden, Box 1386	Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1297	Financier
J. L. Van Orden, Box 1386	Mag. Agent
2. HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.	
Meets 2d Monday.	
H. S. Lawton	Master
T. B. Wardwell	Secretary
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I.	Financier
Harris Atwood	Mag. Agent

3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.	
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.	
J. E. Opp, 508 Grove St.	Master
G. Auchter, 202 Newark Ave.	Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St.	Financier
H. Freeland, 720 Jersey Ave.	Mag. Agent
4. GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.	
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.	
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St.	Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St.	Secretary
W. O. Small, 25 Tyng St.	Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St.	Mag. Agent
5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.	
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.	
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 853	Master
G. Johnson, Drawer 853	Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853	Financier
O. Dennes	Mag. Agent
6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.	
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.	
A. Platt	Master
Wm. Hearst	Secretary
A. C. Huestis	Financier
M. Findlon	Mag. Agent
7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.	
J. S. Black, 30 Sixth St., S. W.	Master
J. C. Graham, 819 D St., S. W.	Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St., S. W.	Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carroll St., S. E.	Mag. Agent
8. RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.	
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.	
J. F. Matthews, Box 376	Master
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99	Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78	Financier
C. C. Cook	Mag. Agent
9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.	
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.	
C. C. Colt, Commercial Hotel	Master
C. Mason, 15 N. Summit St.	Secretary
F. J. Kistler, 214 S. High St.	Financier
J. J. Lauer, Piqua Shops	Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.	
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.	
H. Holler, 17 Waring St.	Master
T. P. Smith, 29 Jessie St.	Secretary
A. H. Buse, 50 Brayton St.	Financier
E. M. Crain, 431 Lake St.	Mag. Agent
11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.	
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.	
B. Tindall	Master
P. Cummins	Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96	Financier
C. J. Rogers	Mag. Agent
12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.	
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.	
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St.	Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 385 Swan St.	Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St.	Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St.	Mag. Agent
13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.	
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.	
G. Hull, 163 Pacific Ave.	Master
R. Mulford, 212 Pacific Ave.	Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave.	Financier
W. Rhodes, 154 Whiton St.	Mag. Agent
14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.	
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.	
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washington St.	Master
W. T. Serees, Box 66, Brightwood, Ind.	Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St.	Financier
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St.	Mag. Agent
15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.	
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.	
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St.	Master
J. McTeer, 616½ Wellington St.	Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Selgneur St.	Financier
J. A. Gratrix, 4 Grand Trunk St.	Mag. Agent
16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.	
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.	
E. V. Debs	Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St.	Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St.	Financier
J. Smith, 205 N. 11th St.	Mag. Agent

- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Galloway, O. & M. Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Master
H. B. Sims Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 Financier
J. Van Buren Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 817 Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Secretary
W. Williams, Box 182 Financier
G. Morse Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; South St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kimmiswick, Mo. Master
J. D. Fisher, 6707 Minnesota Ave. Secretary
J. H. Clarke, 7915 Michigan Ave. Financier
W. Cushing Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. E. Bennett Master
G. C. Pittenger Secretary
R. C. Barnes, Box 370 Financier
F. W. Walker Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
Glen Ewing Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Secretary
H. E. Peters Financier
J. E. Powell Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran Master
L. Selling Secretary
J. Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Keeler Master
N. G. Wallace Secretary
C. H. Williams, Box 674 Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. Master
H. F. Walbrand, 127 9th Ave. Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
W. T. McGougal Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Andrew Struthers Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
C. W. Baskins, Box 824 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
P. A. Loveland Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Bruce Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
C. A. Clough, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 1401 Kansas Ave. Master
F. Johnson, 713 N St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
E. S. Clark, 1324 Commercial St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
E. G. Pearson Master
J. W. Hardesty Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Key Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
T. Briggs Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Master
F. Kitch Secretary
H. W. Stephens, Box 1297 Financier
G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
A. Schermerhorn, Box 123 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
W. Gascoigne Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Ernst, 159 Salem St. Master
J. D. Wright, 146 S. 4th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
G. H. Thomas, 123 S. 4th St. Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. McCormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Drummond, Box 247 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey Financier
O. Barker, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, Room 6, Davis Block, Davenport, Iowa Master
T. K. Holmes, Box 1223 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
C. H. Church Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ West Washington St. Master
C. Young, 911 West Mulberry St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
W. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1277 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. Financier
N. Caruthers, 2130 S. 8th St. Mag. Agent

44. **F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
J. Blason, L. Box 55 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 162 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
45. **ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. B. Crowe Master
W. O. Shelley, 723 West 4th St. Secretary
W. O. Shelley, 723 West 4th St. Financier
S. Knight, 206 Cross St. Mag. Agent
46. **CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Cunningham, Western Hotel. Master
E. McCormack, 1402 E. Wash-
ington St. Secretary
R. M. Goodwin, 730 Monroe St. Financier
J. Dorcey, Care Wabash Shops. Mag. Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Secretary
E. J. McQuirk, 1537 Wabash Ave. Financier
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Mag. Agent
48. **W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Cullen Master
G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
G. Gates Mag. Agent
49. **J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
F. S. Connon Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
W. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
50. **GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3931 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4620 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dear-
born St. Financier
J. E. Davis, 163 E. Harrison St. Mag. Agent
51. **FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
M. G. Hall, Box 98 Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
J. A. Dryden, Box 69 Mag. Agent
52. **GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Du Flone, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
A. Swadner, Box 638 Mag. Agent
53. **EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
R. H. Branch Secretary
M. Leavitt, Box 1172 Financier
G. W. Curry Mag. Agent
54. **ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 667 Secretary
G. A. Burnham, L. Box 23 Financier
Wm. Carlisle, Box 667 Mag. Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops. Mag. Agent
56. **BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 Master
O. F. Parker Secretary
W. E. Patterson, Box 84 Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent
57. **BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Bunker Hill District Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown, Mass. Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
58. **SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. W. Myers Master
G. B. Stratton Secretary
B. H. Estabrook Financier
J. P. Clark Mag. Agent
59. **ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 Master
R. J. Howard, Box 721 Pueblo, Col. Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 276 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col. Financier
W. Henthorn, Canon City, Col. Mag. Agent
60. **UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
61. **MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
T. Cox, 886 Rice St. Master
F. Maher, 188 Penn Ave. Secretary
J. M. Sheldre, 505 Robert St. Financier
B. Bradley, 663 E. 3d St. Mag. Agent
62. **VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh Master
S. J. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
63. **HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Homer Davis, Box 772 Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
64. **SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
W. H. Roberts Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Financier
A. Goodrich Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
J. Anseline Master
Wm. Bauman Secretary
P. G. Lindell Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
66. **CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry. Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Financier
J. Casey, G. T. Ry. Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. Master
T. Cunerty, 33 Hackney St. Secretary
J. Kew, 46 Tecumseth St. Financier
J. Faucett, 27 Soho St. Mag. Agent
68. **EAU CLAIRE; Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona,
Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis. Financier
C. Miller Mag. Agent
69. **ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer Master
N. J. Scott Secretary
F. W. Barr, Box 294 Financier
F. G. Lawrence Mag. Agent

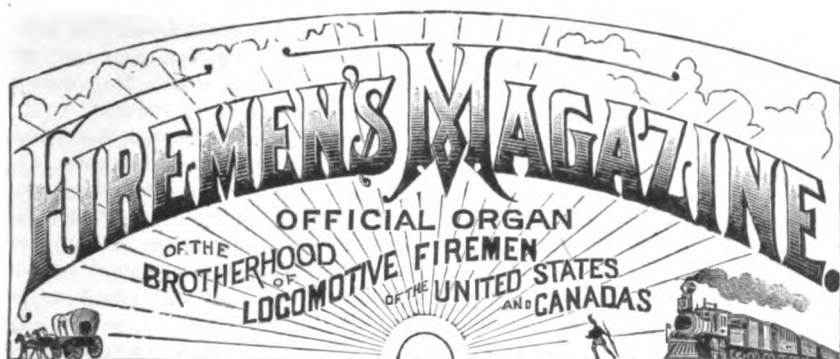
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
J. Allen, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
J. A. Canning, Box 504 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
C. C. Bunker Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. Master
W. Wiggles, 416 Washington St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 83 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. Financier
E. A. Shipley, Cor. 9th and Mulberry Sts. Mag. Agent
G. N. Herron, Box 18, Armstrong, Kansas Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 8837 Haverford St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1069 S. 19th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 532 N. 35th St. Financier
W. H. Guthrie Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Fall, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251 Master
G. Miller, Box 2 Secretary
G. Miller, Box 2 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
M. S. O'Rourke, 300 S. 11th St. Master
G. M. Wilson, 349 7th St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St, Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalla, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham Master
J. H. Nisewanger Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. H. Nisenanger, L. Box 994 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. E. Donnelly, Box 186 Master
D. M. Young Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
G. Goding, Box 252 Mag. Agent
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Secretary
W. Lincoln, Box 752 Financier
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, 327 Nicollet Ave. Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
W. E. Richmond, 820 13th St. N. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
J. T. Gaynon, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
R. L. Craig Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
J. Oxtaby, Box 1084 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
W. McNeill Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1796 Master
C. Jennings, L. Box 870 Secretary
A. H. Dixon, L. Box 870 Financier
F. B. Dalzell Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. H. Haskins, Box 302 Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
T. Lynch Financier
H. W. Smith Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart, Box 69 Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
T. F. Croake, Box 88 Financier
M. A. Noble Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson Master
J. M. Sights Secretary
L. E. Bemis Financier
N. Gorman Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
W. B. Taney Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
G. Batteiger Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge Financier
R. V. Dodge, Box 317, San Diego. Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
T. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops Secretary
C. N. Wyckoff, S. P. R. R. Shops. Financier
A. Detrich, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Spath, 39 Tollman St. Master
J. O. Geran, 147 West 8th St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 186 West Utica St. Financier
J. Hartigan Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Swartz Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
R. Gurley Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 Master
H. Gray, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 8d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
F. W. Clough, 303 Blue Island Ave. Master
J. Warn, 345 W. Fulton St. Secretary
L. P. Smith, 292 Fulton St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent

- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leibtag Master
D. W. Davidson Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shepardon, Box 72 Master
F. Horner, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
W. J. Grant Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
G. S. Cole Secretary
R. W. Shields Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round
House Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
G. Bowden, 89 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins Master
J. Fenwick Secretary
J. Fenwick Financier
W. H. Hummell Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
D. E. Hayes Secretary
F. S. Payne, 114 E. Locust St. Financier
C. M. Krull, 611 E. Locust St. Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. P. Farrer, 827 Churchill St. Mag. Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
W. M. Reardon Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
O. M. Crane, Box 76 Financier
Phil. Smith Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th
Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 235 Berrin St. Master
C. McCutchin Secretary
J. C. Herron, 524 Mulberry St. Financier
J. T. Quilivan Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
H. G. Bechhold Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
M. Glynn Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
J. C. McCabe Master
Wm. Davis Secretary
M. Heatherman, Box 23 Financier
J. W. Shea Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
L. Fisher, 2809 Adams St. Master
W. Davis, 8019 Atlantic St. Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 2926 Chouteau
Ave. Financier
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
J. E. Brown Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell Master
J. Toal, Box 111 Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
J. Dolan Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. Joyce Master
C. Sursa Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
W. C. Vawter Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
N. C. Grant Master
S. L. Bristol Secretary
G. L. Oram Financier
J. Davis Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 Secretary
J. Dunn, Box 625 Financier
A. Heenan Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between
36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between
19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and M¹/₂ St. Financier
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and M¹/₂ St. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson Master
H. R. Boucher Secretary
E. G. Hubbard, Box 154 Financier
G. H. Dawson Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 585 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 315 Grey St. Financier
R. Lister, Simcoe St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and
the last two Saturdays at 7 P. M.
W. E. Gymer, Richmond Sta. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Sta. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. Financier
H. Taylor, Richmond Sta. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
W. J. Gorham, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Master
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
J. M. Herman, 179 Gifford St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Master
F. Hamner, Box 492 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 35 Financier
O. C. Bennett Mag. Agent

- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline, Box 421 Master
S. A. Mayall, Box 242 Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 183 Financier
H. W. Henson Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. G. Andrews Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
E. G. Fox Master
Wm. Ralt, Box 356 Secretary
E. L. Gregg Financier
E. G. Fox Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
G. S. Tubbs Master
F. W. Snider, Box 1633 Secretary
M. Keillher Financier
J. T. Dutcher Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
J. C. Clark Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gilleece Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Wianapeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Thornton, Tecumseh House Master
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Secretary
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Financier
H. Lynes, C. P. Shops Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 55 Master
W. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Financier
C. E. Davis, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Hooper, Box 484 Master
P. G. Crippen Secretary
G. R. Tedford, Box 494 Financier
J. H. Coterill, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. Financier
J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
G. M. Ratcliffe, Box 450, Stevens
Point, Wis Financier
G. Shilling Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Box 10 Master
F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29 Secretary
W. T. Trusty, Box 37 Financier
J. McDonald Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. H. White Master
V. C. London Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
V. C. London Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Richford, Vermont.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
A. S. Morse Master
H. E. Wade Secretary
F. C. Langdon Financier
W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and
3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. S. Wheeler, Box 194 Master
D. B. Morrissey Secretary
A. C. Mast Financier
J. S. Wheeler Mag. Agent
J. Boyers Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. N. Johnson Master
G. Campbell Secretary
Wm. Alexander, Box 235 Financier
S. B. Laidlaw, M. Ry Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
P. J. Cook Master
A. Weygandt Secretary
W. T. Brown, Financier
F. Cooper Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Stow, Box 1287 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
G. W. Mills, Box 766 Financier
J. Guhn Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
E. Goble Secretary
E. F. Wright Financier
N. B. Whyers Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 136 Master
M. W. Higgins Secretary
W. H. Davis Financier
A. F. Duey, Box 23 Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
F. J. Penoyer, 178 W. Berry St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette
St. Financier
W. G. Lyons, 51 Melita St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M. and
every 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, Ft. Wayne, Ind Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
F. Bittman, 107 Erie St. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, 929 Wood st Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin Secretary
J. Norton, Box 448 Financier
J. Norton, Box 448 Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 186 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
W. Creighton, (178) Cor. McKinnie
and Travis Sts Mag. Agent

- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
R. J. McCool, Box 32 Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
L. E. Mayo Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
E. Freeman, 280 E. 10th St. Master
W. J. McColl, 328 Ninth Ave. Secretary
Mogull Call, 70 W. 92d St. Financier
J. H. White, 280 E. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
H. Hall, 93 Murray St. E. Mag. Agent
J. Reid, 143 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
W. D. Schellinger, Box 1244 Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willauer Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
Arthur Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Secretary
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Janders, Box 256 Master
H. C. Sory, Box 256 Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
W. J. Dunnivant Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Mallin Secretary
Chas. Weir Financier
A. L. Sterley Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Van Ronk, 124 Russell St. Master
B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
J. Hamlin, 521 Fort St. Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Hampton Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nash-
ville, Tenn. Financier
G. R. Ruffin Mag. Agent
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 1025 Chestnut St. Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
J. W. Galvan, 513 S. Main St. Master
W. H. Wilder Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison
St. Financier
F. L. Burtch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
G. M. Winegardner, Box 350 Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
J. F. Bristol Mag. Agent
- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
W. H. De France, L. Box 29 Secretary
J. N. Jennings, L. Box 29 Financier
J. W. Barker, L. Box 29 Mag. Agent
S. W. Kenward, L. Box 29 Master
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
G. E. Crider Master
E. A. Loughran Secretary
J. B. Gossage Financier
J. H. Crider Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Iry Financier
G. Edwards Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
P. Foster Master
G. H. Marston Secretary
C. Wyman Financier
G. H. Marston Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. Tucker, Box 134 Master
L. E. Ferguson, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Mag. Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2 P. M.
F. Stirnemann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
H. Loushay, Box 1179 Master
J. S. Lanning, Box 1053 Secretary
W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
D. Lawler Mag. Agent
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. H. Sulpher Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
A. S. Craik Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 224 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Financier
P. O. Toole, 60 Russell St., Hal-
ifax, Nova Scotia Mag. Agent
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Financier
J. P. Smith, Rochesterville,
P. O. Mag. Agent

- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
P. A. Neely Master
A. L. Parker Secretary
W. H. Farnsworth Financier
T. J. Welsh Mag. Agent
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
H. Kirchner, 518 Calder St. Master
H. S. Gingrich, 1412 Wallace St., Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
L. Friday Mag. Agent
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
J. S. Buckingham, Box C Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
F. M. Howard, Box C Financier
J. Adkins, Box 790 Mag. Agent
- 176. MAIN LINE; Chilton, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff, Box 374 Master
C. H. Porter Secretary
J. Hart Financier
A. F. Ely Mag. Agent
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
J. Redener Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 120 Secretary
C. H. DeWolf Financier
J. Foster Mag. Agent
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford, Box 1081 Master
C. W. Tenney, Box 1081 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, Box 1081 Financier
D. Love, Box 1081 Mag. Agent
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Mag. Agent
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaekel Mag. Agent
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Hobson Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sangeen P. O. Mag. Agent
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. A. Brown, 448 E. 18th St. Master
G. W. Miller, 229 W. 22d St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French Sts. Mag. Agent
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets every Tuesday at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Mag. Agent
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Thompson Master
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers Financier
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. R. Reeves Master
C. W. Bull Secretary
J. R. Conklin Financier
J. McGraw Mag. Agent
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Kerins, 416 31st St. Master
T. J. Scanlan, 3138 S. LaSalle St. Secretary
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Financier
M. Jordan, 3149 Hanover St. Mag. Agent
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Darigan Master
A. Richardson Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
H. Lyons Mag. Agent
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M. and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
J. Devine, Milwaukee Round House Secretary
W. McPhee, 880 Hubbard St. Financier
C. Billmeyer, 29 Diller St. Mag. Agent
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
R. C. Belknap, Box 186, Green Bay, Wis. Master
G. Hannahan Secretary
R. Parks Financier
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Crandell, Box 84 Master
E. F. Hughes Secretary
H. O. Conkey Financier
W. McAvinney Mag. Agent
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Fields, Box 16 Master
F. Foote, Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, Box 16 Financier
C. Fitzpatrick, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
E. Huggins, Jr. Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
J. B. Reed Mag. Agent
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Remington Master
H. W. Hall Secretary
C. H. Barnell Financier
C. H. Remington Mag. Agent
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 1 P. M.
M. T. Fisher Master
J. M. Lucy Secretary
P. J. Freeman Financier
M. T. Fisher Mag. Agent
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Buckley Master
W. J. Glennan Secretary
A. J. Will Financier
J. F. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Col.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
F. W. Hawks, Box 39, Como, Col. Master
C. F. Donovan, 227 E. 12th St. Secretary
A. A. Philliber, 1313 Poplar St. Financier
W. J. Armitage, Cadillac House, Mag. Agent
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
J. T. Sweeney, Box 12, Sabula, Iowa, Master
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 937 Center St., Racine, Wis. Financier
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
T. H. Sheppard, Box 181 Secretary
L. R. Sherman Financier
F. P. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
J. B. Mawby Master
John F. Crowe Secretary
D. Heuschman Financier
C. Batelle Mag. Agent



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THAT WOODPILE.

Youth's Companion.

"It's Miss 'Liza," said Sam, with a fresh explosion of laughter. "I came through the alley just now, by their back fence, and I heard the sound of a saw going in a queer, jerky way; so I put my eye to a knot-hole, and—what do you think? There was Miss 'Liza herself, working away with saw and saw-buck like a Trojan! It beats all the wood-sawing I ever saw. And the funniest part of it is, that she's rigged out in her father's old trousers and dressing-gown. It's a fact, Hal. Trousers! actually trousers!

Knowing Miss 'Liza, Harry saw the joke, and joined heartily in Sam's laugh.

"I want you to see her. Words don't do the subject justice. We'll climb up on the stable in Wilkins's lot, where we can get a good look into the yard. She'll have her back to us, and if we can keep from laughing, she won't know we are there."

The boys at once ran to the alley, and perched on the top of the low cow-stable, screened somewhat from view by a hay-rack, they had a fair view of the scene. Sammy Wilson had found so funny.

They saw a tall, gaunt, homely old woman, whose thin locks of grizzled hair were surmounted by a black bobbinet cap, tied with purple satin ribbon. She wore a pair of coarse gray cloth trousers, and over them was drawn a pair of large clumsy old boots.

The garment that covered the upper part of her body was a dressing-gown, de-

signed originally for a masculine wearer, —of a woollen fabric once bright with red and yellow figures, but now faded and discolored. It descended to her knees, and was large enough to have enclosed two women the size of Miss Eliza.

The sleeves were turned up so as to allow free play to the saw, which her unpracticed hands were drawing up and down with a jerky, irregular motion, that, with a great deal of muscular exertion, accomplished very little work.

It was a sharp November morning. There was a chill wind blowing that sent the purple cap-strings and the red dressing-gown flapping to the breeze with unpardonable familiarity.

Viewed philosophically,—as Miss Eliza probably viewed it,—the costume was not objectionable, being decent, comfortable and suited to her occupation. But Harry and Sam were not philosophers. What they saw was—a woman in trousers. Miss 'Liza in old Father Mansfield's well-known trousers and dressing-gown. There were the positive, comparative and superlative degrees of funniness to the boys. No wonder they laughed.

The Mansfields, father and daughter, were as familiar to them as the old school-house itself. As long as these sixteen-year-old boys could remember they had often seen old Mr. Mansfield hobbling around, stiff with rheumatism, half-deaf and half-blind, clad in that identical old dressing-gown.

It was only a few months ago that the old man had died, and Miss Eliza had

gone on living by herself in the little tumble-down cottage that, so far as the public knew, was their only possession. How she managed to "make both ends meet," was a problem the wisest gossips of the town had failed to determine; but she did do it somehow.

She kept out of debt, did not ask for help, and was, moreover, a respected member of society, a good church member, a teacher in the Sunday school, and the best of neighbors when sickness and trouble made her aid desirable.

In her tidy but cheap black dress, with a bonnet whose shape and texture a rusty crape veil charitably shrouded, she was a well-known figure to the boys; and old and homely as she was, neither her oddity, nor that of her father, in his baggy trousers and gay dressing-gown, had ever struck them as being particularly funny. It was the unexpected and ridiculous blending of the two old figures that opened their eyes to the comical points in each, and formed a combination that no boy's gravity could be expected to sustain.

For some moments they viewed the scene, suppressing by strenuous exertion their laughter. But at last, a smothered burst from Hal, chorused by a wheeze and a snort from the "Porpoise," betrayed their presence to Miss Eliza.

She started, gave an exclamation of dismay, and looking round, saw the laughing faces that were peeping down upon her. For a moment she looked bewildered. Then her face grew red up to the very roots of her gray hair, and a pained look was in her eyes, though she called angrily,—

"Be off with you, you young spies! What business have you up there?"

A fresh roar of laughter from Sam was the only answer.

"It's dreadful funny, isn't it, to see an old woman sawing wood? You'd think it funnier, I suppose, to see her shivering by an empty stove. Harry Lennox, I am surprised to see *you* doing so ungentlemanly an act. You ought to know better."

"It isn't the wood-sawing, Miss 'Liza,"

Hal managed to sputter out. "It's the dressing-gown—and the trousers;" and the two boys laughed until they were in danger of sliding off of the roof.

A grim smile began to relax Miss 'Liza's features. The merriment was rude, to be sure, but it was so hearty and genuine that it became contagious. "Get along with you!" she said, as she resumed her saw. "Go home and saw wood a while in petticoats yourselves, and see how you like it."

The boys clambered down and hurried off to school, the second bell ringing before they reached the school-house.

"The Debating Society meets to-night," Sam wheezed before they parted, "and of all the beautiful coincidences! The subject is 'Woman Suffrage.' I'll make a hit by discussing Miss 'Liza in trousers. Don't you speak about it, Hal, before the time comes."

Harry made no reply, and in spite of the hearty laugh he had lately enjoyed, his merry face was unusually grave as he went through his school duties that day. Somehow or other, now that Miss 'Liza and her saw were no longer before him, the fun of what he had witnessed was much less striking, and the vision of the purple cap-strings and red dressing-gown was much less vivid in his mind than the memory of the tired, care-worn old face, blushing with embarrassment, and the eyes that looked as if tears were not far distant from them.

The idea began slowly to dawn upon him that if Miss 'Liza wore an ugly and disfiguring garb, and sawed wood on a cold November morning, she did not do it as a matter of choice or pleasure. He began to think; and the result of his reflections was that when school was dismissed he hurried off in advance of his classmates, and instead of going home he went to the cottage of Miss Eliza.

His knock at the door was answered by the lady herself, attired now in her usual respectable black garb.

"Well, sir," she said sharply, flushing as she spoke.

Hal flushed, too, and looked very sheepish as he stammered out, "I've

called to apologize, Miss 'Liza. I was very rude this morning. I—I'm sorry, and ashamed of what I did."

Miss 'Liza's sharpness vanished. "I don't know that you have any need to be," she said, good-humoredly, "'specially now you have made your excuses. I expect I do look like a figure of fun in that morning rig of mine, but I never thought that anybody would be likely to see me in it. The dressing-gown has been a-hanging in the closet these three months, and of no use to anybody, and it's warm and comfortable, and handier than a woman's rig to do up the morning chores in; and then it saves better clothes, you see, and of course that's an object when folks don't have very many."

"Certainly,—of course," said Hal, the good sense of Miss 'Liza's explanations striking him forcibly.

"Will you come in?"

"Oh! thank you, no. I just stopped to tell you I didn't mean to be rude, though I know I was. If you'll excuse me, I'll be off now."

"Of course I'll excuse you. I'd have laughed myself if I had been in your place. La, child, how much you did look like your mother, just now!"

Harry's mother had been dead for many years; so long, indeed, that he hardly remembered her, and he had a good step-mother whom he loved dearly, who had never let him feel his loss. But still, the memory of his own mother was a dear and holy one to the boy, and in reply to Miss Eliza's last words he asked, quite eagerly,—

"Did you know my mother?"

"Oh yes, I knew her well," said Miss Eliza. "We went to school together. She was always a good friend to me, though I was older than she. When I saw that look of your mother's on your face, it brought back old times as if they were only yesterday."

"I am sorrier than ever, now, that I laughed at you," said Harry.

Miss 'Liza patted him gently on the arm. "Don't talk about it any more. We'll forget that it ever occurred. But, Harry, if I were you, I wouldn't go too

much with Sammy Wilson. He won't do you any good. You don't mind my saying so, do you?"

"Oh, no! Certainly not. I'm much obliged to you, and I'll remember,—I will, indeed. Good-by, ma'am;" and Harry pulled off his hat and took leave of queer old Miss 'Liza as respectfully as if she had been a duchess.

The "Phi Kappa Debating Club of Franklinville" was unusually well attended that evening. The meetings were attended only by the academy boys, the regular members of the society numbering about twenty. The subject of the debate that evening was a popular one, and the best speakers of the society were to occupy the floor, so that the little room above Mr. Flint's grocery store, in which the Phi Kappa held its meetings, was well filled.

"Should Woman Exercise the Right of Suffrage?" was the momentous question.

Jackson Gillespie, the best debater of the society, opened on the affirmative, while "Porpoise" Wilson, who, spite of his asthmatic troubles, was the society's readiest impromptu speaker, led the negative.

Gillespie did himself and his subject ample justice. He was concise, clear and logical, and brought forth his arguments one after another with accumulating force, until, when he took his seat, it was the almost unanimous opinion of his audience that the Purpose would be "nowhere."

Sammy took the floor. He was too sharp to try to attack the self-evident truths advanced by his opponent, and his line of defence was quite different from what had been anticipated. He merely presented the merits of his own side of the question, but so forcibly, and with so much humor, that in the laughter with which his "hits" were received, Gillespie's "clinchers" were almost forgotten.

Finally, after an ambitious description of the state of things, that must ensue when women were allowed to vote, Sam brought forward as an illustration of the evils he prophesied, the scene he had that morning witnessed. He told his

story well. Miss 'Liza was well known to every person present, and his description brought down the house. He took his seat amidst roars of laughter.

It was the custom with the Phi Kappa to allow any of its members to "offer a few remarks" after the regular debate was closed, and when Harry Lennox took the floor a moment later, he was well received; for, though not considered brilliant in debate, Hal was personally a great favorite with the club.

"In the few words I have to say to you," he began, "I shall not dwell upon the arguments presented on either side by the gentlemen who have so ably debated the subject of the evening. All that I wish to do is to make a few comments on the little incident so laughably used by Mr. Wilson as an illustration to enforce his position. I, too, witnessed the scene of which he has spoken, and can testify to the accuracy of his account. So far as I can remember he has, in the words of the immortal Shakespeare, nothing extenuated, nor has he set down aught in malice. His word-picture fully presented the scene we both witnessed—as he saw it, and it certainly was a laughable scene—from his point of view.

"I have a remembrance that at the time of its occurrence I, too, saw a place where the laugh came in, and that I laughed then as you have done in listening to his account of it to-night.

"But, gentlemen, another view of this scene was presented to me, which Mr. Wilson failed to notice, and which has made upon my mind an impression so much deeper than the other, that, with me, the funny part has been almost obliterated.

"From this second point of view, gentlemen, I saw before me a woman—a good woman—a kind, pious, modest, useful woman, and a woman who is also old, poor, friendless and lonely.

"She has grown old in a life of toil for the good of others. She has been throughout a long and useful life a good friend, a good daughter and a good neighbor.

"I saw this woman in her poverty-stricken old age, clad in clothes unsuited

to her sex, that she wore with reluctance, and shrunk from exhibiting herself in, and which dyed her cheeks with a flush of womanly shame when she knew that other eyes had seen her.

"I saw this woman, careworn, gray-haired, cold and weary, engaged in a task far beyond her strength, unsuited alike to her sex and age, and, to use her own words, I found it just as funny to see her sawing wood, as it would be to see her sitting, shivering, by a fireless stove; just as funny, and no more so.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, I tell you plainly that, instead of a smile, every man and boy in this town should have a feeling of regret when the picture is presented to them of this old woman, whom we all respect, sawing her own wood. And boys, I move that we resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole, to saw what is left of that cord of wood the first night we can find a chance to do the job without her finding it out."

A *furor* of applause followed this motion, in the first interval of which Sam Wilson arose, saying, "I will second the motion if I may be allowed to offer an amendment."

Harry signified his assent and Sam continued,—

"Gentlemen, I yield to none of you in my appreciation of the pathos of Mr. Lennox's remarks, but there is a point at which even my appreciation pauses. However willing my spirit may be, my flesh is weak, and for reasons which I am sure you will excuse me from speaking about, I decline to enter into an engagement to saw wood for Miss 'Liza or anybody else. The amendment I propose is that we resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole to saw Miss 'Liza's wood—or to hire somebody else to saw it for her. To testify my inclination towards the latter course, I contribute this silver dollar—the last of its clan—towards paying a wood-sawyer."

Sammy dropped the dollar in his hat, and with a significant wheeze passed the hat to his next neighbor. The Porpoise's heart was in the right place, you see,

though his skin and his manners were not over-dainty.

The hat went around briskly, and with right flattering results.

"We'll raise enough to buy her winter's wood!" cried Harry, exultingly, all pretense of Parliamentary forms having by this time come to an end, and the committee of the whole speaking as with one voice, i. e., all talking together. "The money shall go for that, and the wood-sawing shall be a gratis job in spite of the Porpoise. He shall do his part of the work by holding a lantern for the rest of us."

The amendment, was agreed to, *nem. con.* There came a night shortly after when, as she so often did, Miss 'Liza went to sit up all night with a sick neighbor. This was the opportunity which the Phi Kappa had waited for, and they availed themselves of it to such good purpose that when Miss 'Liza, sleepy and tired, came home in the gray of the morning after her night's vigil, the first thing she saw upon stepping out of her back door was a comfortable shed-full of good, dry hickory wood—sawed, split and piled—quite sufficient to last her through the winter.

Miss 'Liza pushed her spectacles high upon her forehead. "For the land's sake!" she cried; then, after a moment's meditation added, "If this don't beat all!"

She picked up an armful of wood and went in-doors again. She started her fire and stood gazing down at the comfortable, crackling blaze. "Sure as you're born, she said, addressing some auditor visible only to herself, "this is one of Harry Lennox's capers. He's got his mother's heart, as well as her face; God bless him—or anybody else who did it!"

Then Miss 'Liza sat down in her rocking-chair by the warm fire and indulged herself in a good, comfortable cry.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.—[Pope]

THE VENUS OF MILO.

The following was the manner in which this *chef d'œuvre* came into the possession of France: In 1820 a Greek peasant of the Island of Milo—the ancient Melos of the Cyclades—in digging the ground found it buried and broken in three fragments in a recess about seven or eight feet below the surface. The French consul at Milo was then M. Brest, whom the peasant informed of his treasure, and offered to sell it for a small sum. The functionary, who knew little about the fine arts, referred to M. Duval d'Ailly, commander of the French Government transport the *Emulation*, then at the island. The latter proposed to purchase the statue immediately, and remove it to his vessel. But this proceeding was too hasty for the formalist, M. Brest, who wrote a long letter to the Marquis de Riviere, ambassador for Louis XVIII, at the Porte. This communication was lost on the way, but, fortunately for France, M. d'Urville arrived at that moment in Milo to conduct a hydrographical survey. He saw the statue, recognized at once the value of it, and sent a special courier to the Marquis de Riviere. The ambassador dispatched Count de Marcellus to Milo, with instructions to effect the purchase. But all these formalities had taken time, and when the Count arrived in the island the Venus had been shipped on board a Turkish brig and was about to leave for Constantinople. He immediately applied to the primate, who, pressed by his insistence and even menaces, ordered the statue to be landed and sold at auction. This was what Count de Marcellus desired, and having become possessor of the treasure he started for France with it, and did not stop until he had reached Paris. He had bought it in the name of Marquis de Riviere, who transferred his bargain to Louis XVIII, and the king presented the statue to the nation. Such is the history of one of the most exquisite specimens of Greek art in the world.

SAID a North Side lady looking up from the paper: "Only think of it; we haven't had a caller for two days."

UNSATISFACTORY.

New York Mercury.

Nearly every man who goes into the noiseless interior of Arkansas comes away impressed with the people, and there have been many extravagant stories told of the squatters, but many of them that seem to be exaggerations are true. Several days ago, Colonel Mablesen, a well-known civil engineer, returned to Little Rock from a trip into the interior of Perry county, whither he went on business connected with a projected railway. As nearly as I can remember, this is the story of his squatter experience:

It seemed impossible to go among those hills and into those deep silent ravines without becoming lost. They are like the houses of a Quaker city, nearly all alike. One day, after several hours of aimless, not to say confused, strolling, I came upon a small log house where the large trees were so dense that in many places they touched each other. I was alone, having left all of the men at the camp, and the sight of an old fellow sitting on a log near the house was not unwelcome, I assure you.

"How do you do?" said I, advancing.

"Not much," he replied, looking at me carelessly.

"I have charge of a surveying party out here and while wandering around have lost my way."

"Whut sorter party?"

"Surveying party."

"Never heard o' one afore. Heard o' shindigs an' infares, but never heard o' a surveyin' party."

"You misunderstand me. It is not a dancing party of men, as you seem to suppose."

"Whut is it then?"

"A party of men engaged in making out a line for a new railroad."

"They don't dance, then?"

"No."

"Ain't much o' a party, I mus' allow. Wouldn't be kotch at one o' 'em," and he turned loose a mouthful of tobacco spit.

"I would like some information concerning the location of my camp. It is just to the left of Mason's creek, about

one mile from where it empties into the river."

"Whar the camp empties into the river?"

"Oh, no, the creek."

"So the camp don't empty inter the river."

"Certainly not."

"It's the creek that does the emptyin'?"

"Why, of course."

"An' yer wanter know whar the camp is?"

"That's it."

"Waal, it's on the creek, yer say?"

"Yes, on the creek."

"About a mile from the place whar she empties?"

"Yes."

"Waal, I reckon it's thar."

I looked at him long and earnestly, but I could no more explain his intentions nor solve the curious problem of his countenance than I could have vanished in the air.

"But, sir," I continued, "I want to know where the creek is."

"W'y, it runs 'long by the camp."

"Oh, I know that, but I want to know how to find the camp."

"Go ter the creek."

"But hang it, I want to find the creek."

"Go ter the camp."

I looked at him again, long and earnestly, but his face was as grave as the shadow of an owl. "Now, look here, my friend."

"Am lookin' thar."

"I am very anxious to get back to camp. Night is coming on and the men will be uneasy about me. I don't see what good you will derive from playing with me. I have never harmed you in the least, and why do you persist in confusing me? Now, if you please, tell me how I can find my way to the creek."

"Stranger," he replied with a solemn air, "yer seem ter know more 'bout the camp than I do. You've told me more 'bout it than I ever woulder knowed ef yer hadn't'er come long. Ef yer wanter get back thar, yer'd better travel; that's all I know 'bout it, fur I don't meddle with no man's business. Ef yer goes

this way, yer mout come ter the creek, but then agin yer mouten't; an' ef yer go that way, yer mout come ter it, an' then agin yer moutent. I al'ers make it a pint never ter gin a smart man advice, an' it 'pears ter me that yer's got more sense than I have. Good-day, sir," and he walked away, leaving me no wiser than when I first began to talk to him.

SYMPATHY.

Philadelphia Call.

"Well, how do you feel this morning, old man?"

"Bad. I have the worst cold you——"

"Had a cold myself last week; nose all stopped up, and pains——"

"You ever saw. I never got a wink of sle——"

"Pains in my back, and my bones——"

"Sleep all night. Took three glasses of hot whis——"

"Bones ached till I thought I should go wild. Had Dr. Beans called——"

"Whisky, but they didn't do me any go——"

"Called, and suffered terribly——"

"Good, and now I'm going to——"

"Well, so long, old fellow; I'll see you again soon."

The moral of this is, dear reader, if you have a cold, say nothing about it. It interests nobody but yourself.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"How much do you charge for the pants, anyhow?" asked the rural customer.

"Dot makes some difference off you wants dem vor Suntay or efery tay," replied the vender, studying his subject carefully. "If you wants a cheap bair vor efery tay, dot bair vill be two tollar, but if you wants dem bants for Suntay, dey vill pe fife tollar und a helluf. Subbose you dakes um vor Suntay und ven dey vas a little vorn, you vears dem vor efery tay. By dot you save two toller on a fife tollar bair of bants!"

Against which argument the countryman had nothing to offer, and the transaction was closed.

THE TRIPARTITE ALLIANCE.

"Some folks is jist too smart to live," said the old man, as he puffed hard at his clay, and wiped a tear from the end of his nose.

"Anybody been trying to swindle you?"

"Waal, it looked that way. A New Yorker came down and bought a farm next to me and he hadn't been there a week before he proposed a pool."

"On what?"

"On milk and butter. He proposed to put in fifteen head of cattle agin fifteen of mine, hire the milking done, and divide even on the sales of butter."

"That looks fair."

"So it does, and I was ready to go into it, when my old woman hinted that I'd better go over and see his stock. I went."

"Well?"

"Waal there was fifteen head, jist as he said; but, bless my stars, if he hadn't counted in a bull, two stags and a steer to offset four of my cows which average fourteen quarts of milk apiece a day! I've read a heap about pools, but this is the highest I ever come to having one bite me."

THE throne of England, so splendid when covered with silk, velvet and gold, is in fact only an "old oak chair" over 600 years in use for the same purpose. Its existence has been traced back to the days of Edward I. The wood is very hard and solid; the back and sides were formerly painted in various colors, and the seat is made of a slab of rough-looking sandstone, 26 inches in length, 17 inches in breadth, and 19½ inches in thickness, and in this stone lies the grand peculiarity of the chair. Numberless legends are told in connection with it, the truth probably being that it was originally taken from Ireland to Scotland and served in the coronation of the early Scottish kings.

Of all the actions of a man's life his marriage does least concern other people, yet, of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.—[Selden.]

WIT AND PLEASANTRY.

Small boy: "Pa, did you know ma long before you married her?" Pa: "I didn't. I didn't know her until long after I married her."

Among the tombs: Stout party—"Well, Pat, how's trade?" Grave digger—"Poorly, sorr, ontirely; shure we haven't buried a livin' sowl this three weeks!"

An exchange asks was there a man so utterly vile and degraded whom some woman could not be found to pity and forgive? We guess not; but, dear friend, what on earth have you been doing?

Married men have nothing to say in disapproval of the "shingled bang." As a rule, a married man doesn't care what his wife does to her own hair, so long as she keeps her hands out of his.

A conversation that ma did not hear: "Pa, I was reading to-day where it says that a woman's tongue is her sword." "Yes, my son; and just think of all the nations that have been put to the sword!"

"Yes," said a fashionable lady, "I think Mary has made a very good match. I heard her husband is one of the shrewdest and most unprincipled lawyers in the profession, and of course he can afford to gratify her every wish."

"Never mind, you young kid, I'm going up to see your mother about this." "That's all right," yelled back the small boy, "you just go right along up there. Pa filled a man full of buckshot the other day for going to see my ma."

"Man and wife are one, are they?" said she, "Yes; what of it?" said he, suspiciously. "Why, in that case," said his wife, "I came home terribly tipsy last night and I feel terribly ashamed of myself this morning." He never said a word.

Together they were looking over the paper. "O my, how funny," said she. "What is it?" he asked. "Why, here's an advertisement that says, 'No reasonable offer refused.'" "What's so odd about that?" "Nothing, nothing," she replied, trying to blush, "only those are my sentiments."

"Were you in the late war?" asked a veteran of a badly demoralized citizen, who came hobbling down the street on a crutch. "I don't know how late you mean" was the sad reply. "She gave me this one last evening before tea."

An exchange tells of a Chicago young man, who in a rash moment, told his girl that if she would hang up her stocking on Hallow E'en he would fill it to the brim with something nice. When he saw her stocking he was undecided whether to get into it himself or buy her a sewing machine.

"Johnnie, did anyone have the croup in your house last night?" "Dunno! What made you ax me?" "Well, I saw a light in the house long after midnight." "Oh! that's my sister! She has something down in the parlor awful late every night, but I don't know whether it's the croup or not."

The New York Journal is asked: "If a youth is engaged to a young lady whose father 'shuffles off,' what is the youth's place at the funeral?" This is a somewhat difficult question to answer; but if the youth were to "shuffle off" there would be no trouble to determine his position at the funeral. He would fall in immediately behind the clergyman.

Montaigne—who is now deceased, we believe—said: "There is no torture that a woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty." But we don't believe a woman would suffer the torture of seeing her husband come to the opera with a strange lady, when he told her, as he left the house in the evening, that he would be down at the office until midnight and she need not wait up for him. Not more than once.

Professor Flower has been discussing the nature and value of whalebone in two very lengthy lectures. He is, of course, a bachelor. In the course of time, or whenever he arrives at that period of discretion at which a man marries, his wife will be able to tell him more about the value and use of whalebone than he can find out in a month by meditating on a whale's mouth.

RELATIVE SIZE OF STATES.

Chicago News.

The figures commonly employed to indicate the area of the several states of the union have been found to be incorrect, and the census bureau has issued an extra bulletin correcting the prevalent errors, so far as it is possible to do so from the data at hand. According to the old estimate, the area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is 3,026,494 square miles; according to the new estimate it is 3,025,600, of which 17,200 are coast water of bays, gulfs, sounds, etc.; 14,500 are made up of the areas of rivers and smaller streams, and 23,900 of the areas of lakes and ponds. There remains a total land surface of about 2,970,000 square miles. Virginia in the old estimate has a total area of 38,348 square miles, in the new 42,450, including a total water surface of 2,325 square miles. It is of interest to observe the wide contrast in area between California, with her 158,360 square miles, and Rhode Island, with 1,250; or between Massachusetts, with 8,315 square miles, and Texas with 265,780. Arizona has 113,000 square miles of surface, Colorado has 103,925; Dakota, 149,100; Montana, 146,080; Nevada, 110,700; New Mexico, 122,580; Delaware has 2,150, and the District of Columbia, 70. New York, which has 49,170, is not as large as North Carolina, which has 52,250, and lacks nearly 10,000 square miles of Georgia.

A TURN FOR TRADING.

In a collision on a western road, not long ago, a woman was sent through the top of a car and landed at some distance in the brush.

"Did any one see anything of a red-headed man?" she asked raising herself on her hands and looking around in a dazed sort of a way.

"Dressed in a black suit and a plug hat?" inquired a physician, who was examining her for broken bones.

"That's him. He was my husband," replied the woman, eagerly. "What's become of him?"

"I am sorry to say that he is no more," answered the doctor, with emotion.

"He had a big black satchel," moaned

the woman. "Has that been found?"

"I think that is safe," returned the physician.

"Then I am all right," murmured the woman with a sigh of relief. "He was a drummer, and there is over two hundred dollars' worth of rolled gold jewelry in that bag. If you will be kind enough to bring it, I will open up and see if I can't induce the uninjured to patronize a poor, lone widow. Think there's a market around this wreck for that sort of thing? Wouldn't you like to go in and start a raffle for, say, fifteen per cent. of the profits?"

And the last seen of the speculator she was sitting beside a man with a broken leg, pointing out to him that he had better take home a pinchbeck necklace, if he wanted his wife to forgive him for not taking out an accident policy before starting out on such an evilly managed road.

PERE HYACINTHE'S GESTURING.

New York Letter.

But it must be said that Pere Hyacinthe speaks French beautifully. His articulation is precise and careful, and anybody who understands French at all can follow him readily. His oratory is a flood of earnestness enforced by constant gesture. He makes a dozen gestures in a single sentence. I do not know any American orator who indulges in half so much action. He addresses the mind through the eye. Now he stands on tip-toe, apparently trying to draw hieroglyphics on the ceiling with his finger; now he cuts the air horizontally with his hand, as if beheading a foe; now he shakes his open hand menacingly, now holds it out appealingly; now he drums in the palm of his left hand with the fingers of the right, argumentatively; now he "saws the air" but all of his numerous gestures seem graceful. It is astonishing how, with such redundancy of action, he never falls into the weak, the trivial, nor the grotesque.

ONE ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.—[*Publius Syrius*.]

HABIT, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—[*Augustine*.]

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Burdette.

Do I believe in luck, my son? Indeed, I do, in bad luck. I think there is no such thing as good luck. I do not believe that a lazy, ne'er-do-weel sort of a man ever stumbles into a fortune or climbs into fame by mere good luck, for if he does, he doesn't hold his fortune any longer than he is getting it. No man is born lucky. But I believe some men are born unlucky, and I will tell you why my son. I have often observed:

If a young man spends more money on neckties than he does on books, he is pretty apt to be unlucky in his literary ventures.

If a young man attempts to make a living by sucking the head of his cane and playing billiards, he is liable to be unlucky in his business ventures.

If a young man habitually breakfasts at 10 o'clock, he is unusually unlucky in his efforts to obtain the position of cashier in the new bank.

If a man takes half a minute to his prayers and an hour and a half to dress, he is unlucky in spiritual life.

If a man goes to his father every time he wants a dollar he develops into an unlucky merchant, with more assignees than salesmen.

If a young man on the road plays billiards all night and swings cocktails all morning, he is unlucky when he tries to sell goods in the afternoon.

If a man buys his clothes on credit, and has a little bill at every furnishing store and restaurant and livery stable in town, he is a very unlucky man on the first of January.

If a young man studies art exclusively at the variety theatre, he is a very unlucky artist.

If he drinks Tom and Jerry all New Year's day to "swear off" on, he is a very unlucky reformer.

If he goes to college with three Greek books and five ponies, he is a very unlucky student.

If he scoots out of town because a note

is falling due, if he will not sow because the wind blows nor reap because the sun is hot, if he fishes on all fair days, and sits on a cracker box at the corner grocery and smokes on all the rainy days, if he complains because the world slights him, and stands with his hands in his pockets, and waits for quail and toast to drop into his mouth, if he spends more money for street car fare than for walking shoes, if he works while he eats, and rests while he works, if he is the last man at the store or office in the morning, and the first to leave it in the evening, if he rigidly insists on every one of his holidays and kicks against every minute of overwork, if his boys do all the chores and his wife builds all the fires, if he is lazy and selfish and shiftless, then my boy, he is an unlucky man. Bet every cent you can raise, and offer big odds, that Bad Luck, with a big B, will haunt that unlucky man all the days of his life.

But:

If a man raiseth up in the morning with the "pissel tree and harp," if he spends more time in the bath tub than he does on a green and yellow necktie, if he can talk at the breakfast table about what he has already seen in the morning paper, if he gets to the office the first man after the porter, if he isn't afraid to dust his own desk, if he weareth a coat with glassy elbows until he can buy a new one, if he knoweth more about the petition he is drawing up or the goods he is selling than he does about a trotting horse, if he can sweep out the store as well as the porter or run up a column of figures as fast as the book-keeper, if he knows every lawyer and merchant in town, and never saw Sullivan or Tug Wilson in all his life, if he knows what he wants to be, and bends every energy of mind and body to attain his point, who works more than he sleeps and reads more than he plays billiards, that man, my boy, is born to Good Luck, as the sparks to fly upwards. And now go to work, my son, and work as though you believed in luck, and had got into a secret of the stars, and knew how to shape the destiny of at least one lucky man in the world.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS.

How the Little Giant Got His First Office—Lincoln in the Legislature.

Omaha Bee.

The slight form and peculiar step of a little old man, with a silk tile on his head and a cloak hanging from his shoulders, are familiar to the eyes of many of our citizens who have seen this personage on the street day after day. That man is Rev. Mr. Fisk. A veteran of the Mexican war, a former member of the Illinois legislature in the earlier years of that State, later, the district attorney in New Orleans, educated both in law and theology, his three score years and ten have seen some very interesting chapters.

In a casual meeting the other day, he opened his life at one of these chapters, and read a page or two.

"Know Douglas—Stephen A.? Yes, indeed. I knew him when he was a young man. He had just opened a law office in Jacksonville, Ill., and I was studying with him. All the law books he had were borrowed from Mr. McConnell. I presume you noticed in the papers a while ago about McConnell, who got to be a very old man, being killed in his office. That was the same McConnell. Well, Douglas was struggling along at the time, and wasn't much known.

He was the easiest man to make friends, however, I ever saw. He could go into a crowd and in five minutes he would have them all captivated by him. One morning as I came into the office Douglas stood with a letter in his hand, and was looking at it intently, thinking about something. He broke out finally with: 'I have just got a letter from Vandalia, saying that they are going to elect an attorney general day after to-morrow. If I had a horse and a little money I would go down there and see if I could get it.

Vandalia was then the seat of government, and was seventy-five miles from Jacksonville. I told him, "Well, there's that old gray horse of mine, and I've got about \$8, and if that will do you any good you're welcome to the horse and money.' He thanked me and accepted my offer. 'Go catch your horse and I'll go.' So I

got up the horse and Douglas started. He had about twenty miles to go before he struck the prairie, and then there was twenty miles of straight prairie. He had to ride through this in the darkness of night, but he wanted to get into Vandalia as soon as possible. Well, he not only got there, but he got elected. It was the first office he ever held. After that he kept rising from one position to another, just like so many stair steps going up stairs."

This incident of Douglas' early start naturally brought up the name of Lincoln, so closely associated with that of Douglas.

"Lincoln? I was a member of the legislature two terms with him. He was from the adjoining county. He had served one term when I took my seat. I remember the first time I saw him. I thought he was the most awkward, uncouth young fellow I ever saw. He arose in his seat with some document in his hand, and as he addressed 'Mr. Speaker,' and held the paper aloft in a bony hand attached to a long, ungainly arm, his whole manner was such that I wondered to myself what in the world that county was thinking of to send such a fellow to the legislature. But as he went on talking there was so much clear sense, such sound judgment displayed, that it became evident why they chose him, and after years with the history of which you are familiar, showed that they were right."

HOW BULL RUN WAS LOST.

A Major's Mistake Which Gave the Day to the Confederates.

Boston Globe.

We now know that McDowell had about 28,000 men and forty-nine guns; that the Confederates on the field were 32,000, with fifty-seven guns; that at the critical moment in the afternoon Elzey arrived with 1,700 men and two additional guns, while less than 15,000 troops participated in the attack.

It was past noon when Burnside, driving the Confederate pickets before him, reached Mathew's house. East of the house in the woods the conflict began. Evans having thrown his command into

position, Bonham joined him, and Bee, Bartow and Jackson with their brigades made all haste to take position along the turnpike.

The story can be told briefly. Stand with me at the Henry house. We are on Confederate ground and can see the whole field. It is a mile across the ravine to Mathew's—clear, open ground. The batteries here by the hour can sweep the plateau on which Hunter has deployed. His attack is vigorous. His lines extend east and west of the Sudley road. Evans and Bonham are driven across the turnpike, and Tyler crosses Bull Run just above the bridge, advances and joins Hunter. Sherman and Keyes press toward the Henry house. In the field, twenty rods east of the house, Bee's line begins to waver. He shouts to his men, "See Jackson standing like a stone wall," and the name becomes historic. A moment later he falls. Two small pines mark the spot. A little on the Confederate side, due south from the further, and we come to the spot where Bartow fell. The house, in the edge of the woods by a rail fence, is Jackson's position.

It is 3 in the afternoon. The Confederates have been driven nearly two miles, and the tide of battle is turning against them. The road to Manassas is filled with fugitives, and Jefferson Davis, riding towards the field, hears woeful stories of disaster.

Down from the plateau north of the turnpike rumble Griffin's and Rickett's batteries, the horses upon the gallop. They go into position at the foot of the hill and hurl shells upon the Confederate lines. Griffin suddenly sees a body of troops in gray on his flank, rams home grape and canister and wheels his guns.

"Don't fire!" It is the order of Major Barry, commanding the artillery. "They are your supports."

"They are Confederates."

"No, I know they are your supports."

Griffin wheels his guns towards the Henry house. The next moment there is a roll of musketry and his own and Rickett's horses and men go down, and Ricketts himself. It is Elzey who has left the

cars at Garrisonville four miles distant, and who has arrived upon the field at the moment when he is most needed. There is a short struggle, but the tide has turned. The great mistake of Major Barry cannot be retrieved. The Union army has lost its aggressive force, and the retreat, which ends in the rout, begins. In the councils of the Almighty it was to be as it was.

A GIVE AWAY.

Austin News.

An unbleached Austin domestic in the employment of the Pettigrew family was caught very nearly in a lie not long since. Mrs. Pettigrew sent her with a note to Mrs. Col. Percy Yerger. After having been gone an unreasonably long time, Matilda returned.

"Did you take that note to Mrs. Yerger?"

"Yes, mum, but she was done gone down town to make some calls."

"Then you left the note with the servant?"

"Leff de note wid de sarvint?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"No, mum; de sarvint was done gone out, too."

"If the servant wasn't there, how did you find out that Mrs. Yerger had gone out calling?"

"How did I—yes, mum—I jess spicioned she had gone out callin', bekase how thar war nobody at home? De house was done locked up, an' de shutters was turned down, so I brung de note home."

"Well, go right back now, and see if Mrs. Yerger has not returned."

"Yes, mum, but—"

"But what?"

"I don't know whar she libs."

THE roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them, and they are only roses which do not return their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.—[Blair.

It is a species of agreeable servitude to be under an obligation to those we esteem.—[Queen Christine.

True dignity is never gained by place. And never lost when honors are withdrawn.
—[Massinger.

ABOUT LOCOMOTIVE RUNNERS.

American Railroad Journal.

The recent death of the venerable Peter Cooper carries one's mind back to the time when there was scarcely a locomotive engineer on the American continent. We now have at least 1900 in active service in the United States, besides some hundreds who have retired from the profession. The rapid development of the American railway system has brought to the front this most remarkable class of men, and as they serve the public in a position of greater responsibility than any other man living, a little time and space may be profitably devoted to a consideration of some of the characteristics that enter into the general make-up of those remarkable men, their habits and requirements in the olden time as compared to the present, etc.

In the early days of railroading it was necessary that a locomotive runner should be a thorough mechanic, able to construct and repair the wonderful machine he was in charge of. This was necessary from the fact that none but the builder understood its workings, and he must needs superintend the repairs as well as its performances on the road.

After a time locomotives became more numerous, and repair shops were necessary, which were put in charge of the oldest builders and mechanics. The rapidly increasing demand for runners made it necessary to promote the oldest and most reliable firemen, until it became the established custom to recruit the engineers from the ranks of firemen. The latter, being the assistants of the former, soon come to a thorough knowledge of the machine and its workings, and could handle it on the road as skillfully as he who fashioned it. And for a quarter of a century the supply of firemen was drawn from farms and workshops, and as fast as experts were needed to preside at the throttle, they were selected; those of longest service having the preference, their other qualifications being satisfactory. These qualifications consisted of steady habits, a thorough knowledge of

the construction of the machine, its management under all circumstances while on the road, good judgment and a cool head in all cases of emergency. It was not necessary for him to be a practical machinist or thorough scholar. If his engine gave out on the road, he could use all the tools within his reach as skillfully as the master mechanic were he present. If repairs were needed, it was taken to the shop, and if the runner was not needed on the road, he assisted in the repairs, which made him more familiar with the parts, and gave him something of a theoretical knowledge in addition to the practical which he had already gained. In this way he became master of the machine without serving his time as a machinist. He had to pass no soul-harrowing examination on matters not pertaining to his calling. His capacity was measured by the results of his efforts, and when they were satisfactory there was no other consideration. In some instances, in after years, the finest mechanics have left the shops and become runners, and others have been sent out for a time when the "old man" was temporarily short of a runner. In most all instances they proved lamentable failures as engineers, and the best runners then, as well as to-day, are promoted firemen. It is not meant to say that a machinist cannot make a good runner, but he must first have a road experience, and singular as it may appear, a young man who has served in the shop until he is a finished mechanic, cannot as readily learn to handle a locomotive skillfully, as one whose experience has been solely on the foot board. Some of our best mechanics cannot be induced to run an engine which was built, re-built or repaired under their supervision on its trial trip, preferring to place it in the hands of a practical runner. To learn to handle a locomotive skillfully is like learning to play the violin. It requires a certain control of the nerves and an acuteness that can only be acquired by early practice, and the man who longs to become a first-class locomotive runner and spends too many of his early manhood days in other employ-

ment has lost his opportunity. There are instances of thorough mechanics making skillful runners, but they are rare. Nor do all firemen make good engineers. There are hundreds of them who can never get above the ordinary duties of firemen, but are highly satisfactory in that capacity. Formerly a wide-awake young man of keen perceptive faculties and good judgment could take charge of a locomotive after firing a year or so, but the present practice on some roads is almost discouraging to the aspirant to the throttle. They must fire for several years; then several years running a switch engine; then a long time on a construction train, and finally on a way freight, after which they are promoted to a through freight; another raise takes them to a local passenger run; and if they survive all this they may possibly reach a through passenger train. Most of these roads require a year or more of service as brakeman before commencing as fireman. And as though all this was not enough, another feather is added in the shape of an examination for color-blindness. The length of time that these men must serve in the line of promotion varies on different roads, but the shortest periods would consume a man's best days before he reaches a seat on the coveted engine. And it is not at all probable that these roads are provided with a class of engineers that are superior to those on other roads which promote men according to their peculiar fitness for the position, regardless of the time served. It is not only right and proper, but it is a duty that the railway officers owe to the public and themselves, to exercise the greatest care in the selection of locomotive runners. But they should always bear in mind that they are *not made—they are born*; and unless nature designed them for engineers, a life time devoted to training will not make them experts. Nature makes the engineer and he is fitted for his duties by training. He is born to the world a rough diamond as it were, and he must be polished by training and experience, but it is by no means necessary to wear him out in the polishing process to

make him a model engineer. The locomotive engineer must not only be able to control his machine, but he must have perfect command of *himself* under all circumstances. Otherwise he is a child in the hands of a giant and is in constant trouble from the most trivial happenings, many of which would have been averted by a control of all his faculties. If he is nervous, fidgety and uneasy, he labors harder than his engine, and they both fail to perform their duties in a satisfactory manner, and the engine runs him. In order that a locomotive perform satisfactorily, it is necessary for the engineer to be always cool and self-possessed, and "let the engine do the work," while he superintends things.

The writer once knew a very fine mechanic who thought to improve his health by running a locomotive. He was an expert in the locomotive shop and had some road experience. He was given a light passenger run, but somehow he was generally behind time. When he found he was a little behind he would "fret and foam, worry and stew and perspire, and it broke him all up," as the boys had it in the round house. He would drench the machine with oil, and yet there was always something "getting hot," and there was no end to his trouble and the trouble he gave others; but when in the shop he was at home; cool, calm and collected, and there he was master of the locomotive. The man who ran "opposite" to him left a farm, and after serving as fireman until he had become an expert in making flying switches and "kicking" cars about the yard without smashing things, and gained all the knowledge *necessary* for a skillful runner to know, he was promoted to the throttle. Nature had done its share for him and he was an engineer. He was always on time at "the tick" and there were no outward signs of excitement under any circumstances. He went about his duties as though he were a part of the machine and could not keep from doing the right thing at the right time, and all without apparent effort. Train hands, station men, and residents along the line always calculated on his

being on time, and never took the chances of his being a second late. Snow drifts seemed as nothing in his way, and he was indeed a wonder as compared to the shop man. His cool, cheerful presence was refreshing to those around him, and it somehow impressed them with an idea that when he was around nothing could go wrong. He never spoke while on duty unless it was necessary, and then, in a gentle and impressive voice and manner, he crowded a great deal into a very few words. He sometimes gave rather snappish answers to strangers who would persist in asking all sorts of questions, but was usually good natured, civil and friendly, but wanted to be let alone when on duty, and was a fair specimen of the average American locomotive engineer.

They are a distinct type of men; made so by nature and the peculiarities of their calling. They never lose sight of the great responsibility resting on them, or of the danger that besets them on every hand, and "eternal vigilance" on their part is the price of their safety and that of the rest of mankind. In 1880, locomotive runners in the United States carried 294,000,000 tons of freight, and 270,000,000 passengers; about equal to handling the entire population five times. And, according to statistics, the safest place for us mortals is aboard a passenger train. True, we have railway slaughters, but they are rarely the fault of the engineer; and on how many occasions have they laid down their lives to save the hundreds behind them, who were unconscious of danger? Strong, robust, honest, faithful to his trust, we place our lives in his hands, trusting to his skill, and there is no manlier man than the locomotive runner.

BEAUTIFUL BUT USEFUL.

Boston Herald.

A party of four Italians—two diminutive women and two lusty, dirty and vicious looking men—attracted a great deal of attention on Cornhill, yesterday, and the action of the men called forth not a few vigorous and uncomplimentary remarks. The smaller of the women was

loaded with a multiplicity of small household articles and was actually staggering under their weight, while the larger woman carried upon her not ill-shaped head a large, roughly made wooden chest, bound with strong iron bands. It was plainly as heavy as it looked, and it looked heavy enough to require the strength of two men to transport it any great distance. While the women patiently struggled along under the great weight of their ungainly burdens, their lazy, rascally-looking male companions walked leisurely behind them, with no heavier burdens to bear than the paper cigarettes which they were industriously smoking. A hardy-looking countryman who stood in the door of a neighboring gunshop, grasped his fowling piece as though he would like to fill the indolent brutes full of shot. Had he done so, he would no doubt have had the sympathy of all the onlookers. Italian women may be beautiful, but the Italian man knows how to make them useful.

RAYS OF LEARNING.

"The generous heart
Should scorn pleasure which gives others
pain."—*Thompson.*

Happiness is like the statue of Isis,
whose veil no mortal ever raised.—
[*London.*

Give freely to him that deserveth well,
and asketh nothing; and that is a way of
giving to thyself.—[*Fuller.*

I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.—*Paley.*

He whose first emotion, on the view of
an excellent production is to under-value
it, will never have one of his own to show.
—[*Aikin.*

He who seldom speaks, and with one
calm, well-timed word can strike dumb
the loquacious is a genius or a hero.—
[*Lavater.*

Consult your friends on all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsels may then be useful where your own self-respect might impair your judgment.—[*Seneca.*

AT NIGHT.

Here is one of Thackeray's pleasant touches: "It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence was peopled with the past—sorrowful remorse for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and grief rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that long since ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight,

wreathed under the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch here and there in what might be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it."

DEFECT in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth.—[Emerson.

BABY'S LETTER.

Here in this casket you may behold
Something more precious to me than gold,
For the crumpled scrap of paper there,
Inclosing a tress of soft, bright hair,
And penciled over so cunningly,
Is my wee grandson's letter to me,
Where, not in vain did his Babyhood
Struggle to make himself understood.

A world of odors, and light, and song,
Such as to infancy belong,
Seem part of this letter; for, don't you see,
He is just as sweet as a baby can be.
To think the darling—you needn't laugh—
Marked lines like these at a year and a half,
With his blessed own little dimpled hand,
And sent them to me out of Babyland!

His words still few, he scarce has met
The fitting ones for his purpose yet,
But the love in his all-loving breast
Beyond expression is here expressed.
These comical crooks and awkward angles,
And twisted lines, like thread in tangles,
Are riddles, riddles that grandma guesses
To be storms of chokingly close caresses.

And what was ever more plain than this
Circle, his mother labels "a kiss."
A prophecy of love's new romance,
Bringing the old to remembrance.
This letter shows clear as a heavenly ray,
The angel side of my mortal way,
And crowned, I behold my grandboy stand
On the sunniest summit of Babyland.

—Louise V. Boyd.



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DELINQUENT MEMBERS.

It was said by a French writer that "If any person actually knew all that is thought and said about him, he would be ashamed to walk the streets in open day." The French writer referred to evidently had in view neighborhood gossip and idle talk of loungers, or the reptilian tongue of slander. Manifestly he did not have in his mind a class of persons who, by their constant neglect of duty, studied disregard of obligations, repeated violations of law and base ingratitude to their fellow-men, deserve denunciation. Such people know that they are odious in the sight of society. They are walking, talking, breathing cheats. The "Good Book" says "there is a time for all things." We accept the precept as absolutely true. We know there is a time to sing, to dance, to be glad. We know, too, there is a time to weep, to condole, to bring into action every faculty of brotherhood, benevolence and sympathy. We know there is a time to organize Lodges of Locomotive Fire-

men—a time to invite our fellow Enginemen to rally under the banner of our benevolent Order. We could extend the catalogue of what we know and of what the world knows in regard to times and seasons to do certain things, right and proper in themselves, but, if the list were to extend across the continent, it would not include a time when it would be proper for a member of a Locomotive Firemen's Lodge, if in health and at work, to become delinquent in his dues to his Lodge. If he is a man, if he has honor, integrity and self-respect, if he is fit to associate with gentlemen, if he is worth burying when he is dead, he will not be delinquent, he will not permit himself to be advertised as such in the Firemen's Magazine. He will not permit himself to be dunned for his Lodge dues. He will not shirk responsibility. On the contrary, he will pay as he goes. The honor of his Lodge and the prosperity of the Brotherhood will be as dear to him as the apple of his eye. Its growth, its dignity, its renown, will be his pride and his glory, and he will make sacrifices that its influence and importance shall be such as to confer the largest possible benefits upon its members. If he is devoid of such sentiments and ambitions, if he takes upon himself obligations intending to violate them, if he regards constitution and by-laws as of no binding force, if he neglects his duty and evinces a purpose to make the Brotherhood subserve only selfish ends, then he becomes an impostor, a rogue, a knave, a dead-beat, a vagabond, utterly unworthy of respect or recognition, and should be treated as a self-made outcast. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen sought by its Constitution to discourage delinquency on the part of its members, as will be seen by the following

sections. Section 4 of Article 5 reads as follows:

"Any member failing or refusing to pay an assessment within the time specified in its issue, shall stand suspended from all benefits of the Order until such arrearages are paid."

That is explicit. It means just what it says. It is not worth while, in dealing with the subject, to mince matters. We have said that there is a time for all things, and this is the time for plain talk in regard to the obligations of the members of our Order, and in this matter of plain words we cannot do better than to quote Section 3 of Article 6 of our Constitution. Here it is:

"The dues of a member of this Lodge shall not be less than three dollars per year, payable monthly. Any member failing or refusing to pay the same for the space of ninety days shall be reported in open Lodge by the Financier, and the Master shall declare him expelled and direct the Secretary to cancel his name from the roHs and notify the Grand Secretary of his expulsion, with the date and cause thereof. His name shall then be stricken from the Grand Register and his insurance policy cancelled."

Now, what are the facts? We are having constantly thrust before us an extended list of members of various Lodges who are delinquent, and whom the Financiers are continually dunning to keep them from being expelled and their names "stricken from the Grand Register." We have before us a list of sixteen delinquent members who are requested by the Financiers of their Lodges to correspond with them, which means simply "pay your dues to the Lodge." Such published lists are a disgrace to the Order. They constitute a standing dishonor. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is a benevolent organization. It has a grand mission, and right royally has it responded to every obligation to its members. What is the secret of its success? We answer, the honor, the integrity, the noble ambition and the fidelity of its non-delinquent

members. These noble and faithful men have paid their dues promptly, and when a brother has fallen every demand that he had upon the Brotherhood has been promptly met. Delinquent members would have seen our noble Order wrecked long ago if its interests had been committed to them. Fortunately the Constitution provides a remedy for delinquent dead-beatism. It will be found effective if put in force. Delinquent members in a Lodge are demoralizing members, their conduct and example is pernicious to the last degree. They constitute a vicious element. They are worse than worthless, they are contaminating. A man who has to be persuaded to perform a plain duty, the man who has to be coaxed to be a gentleman, is not worth having in any organization of honorable men. If they are of any value in the wide world, it must be as "stiffs" in a dissecting room. The time has fully come to put the Constitution of the Order in force against such members. They can never be of any value to the Brotherhood. This, we know, is plain talk, but not too plain. We have an abiding faith in the future of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, but our faith is founded on the members of the Order who pay their dues. Delinquency is death. A habitually delinquent member of a Lodge is a sty in its eye, an ulcer in its ear, a dead weight upon its back, and should be removed. If there ever was any necessity in our Order for such men, it was for the purpose of counting their noses. Their hearts were never with us, and their hands never contributed to the advancement of any interest of the Brotherhood. We have carried such cattle long enough, and the time has come to expel them from the Lodges. Let the work begin and go bravely on

until our beloved Order shall be able to say in the pride of its honor that delinquency and dead-beatism no longer stain its escutcheon.

TWO HUNDRED LODGES.

On the 26th day of February, 1884, Great Southern Lodge No. 200 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was organized at Meridian, Miss., and took its place in the bright constellation of stars which revolve in their shining orbits around the Grand Lodge. In contemplating the event, we confess to sensations bordering upon ecstasy, to a pride born of success, of struggles, of sacrifices, and of triumphs. The retrospect is inspiring. There has been from the first faith, hope and charity. With the pioneers of the Brotherhood there were exhibitions of will power, which laughed at impossibilities and wrested success from the grasp of fate and compelled fickle Fortune to make the Brotherhood a favorite. We have marched across the continent. From far away Maine, down through New England into Victoria's land, where reigns, in the majesty of her womanly virtues, the Mother of Kings, by Niagara and the Lakes, sweeping onward across the plains, overleaping mountain barriers and halting only in obedience to the thunder tones of Pacific billows, our grand Brotherhood has built its citadel Lodges on every plain and elevation until, numbering Two HUNDRED, they stand monumental evidences of the invincible heroism of our Brotherhood. We invite our brethren of the Order to the satisfaction of contemplating the majestic display of Lodges. There they stand—from No. 1 to No. 200—without a blank. Housed in those Lodges are TEN THOUSAND

men as true to obligations as the needle to the pole. They are equipped, big-hearted, big-souled men, ready to do and to dare, with courage that never falters—true to themselves, true to their comrades—keeping step to the muffled drum-beat of hearts that are strangers to fear, they stand pledged to make the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen forever illustrious in the annals of fidelity to obligations and to win for it victories in the future, in comparison with which the past shall be only the shadow of triumphs. It is worthy of note in this connection that the two hundred Subordinate Lodges of the Brotherhood are in perfect accord with the Grand Lodge. There is not a discordant note. There is not only mutual confidence and respect, but esteem and friendship—better still, there is brotherly sympathy. What of the power of Two HUNDRED Lodges and TEN THOUSAND men, thus banded together to push forward a work, which has for its supreme purpose the welfare of all? What seer shall map out its brilliant future? It is not required to call for soothsayers and astrologers. Day by day the future shall unfold our destiny. We know that on February 17, 1882, Lodge No. 101 was organized, and that now—two years having intervened—Lodge No. 200 is in line. One Hundred Lodges have been organized in two years. Taking such monumental facts into consideration we ask, What of the future? When and where shall Lodge 300, 400 and 500 be organized? We do not know. But this we know, the Brotherhood is marching steadily toward such conquests. Our Magazine is rapidly growing in favor with the Brotherhood and with the public, and before the close of 1884 we anticipate a monthly edition of 25,000 copies. It is standing by the Order, and the Order

is standing by the Magazine. It is a welcome visitor to the home of every Fireman and is contributing its full share in the good work of promoting the welfare of the Order. In contemplating the future of our Order we are naturally led to the consideration of railroad construction. We have now something more than one hundred thousand miles of railroads, but, large as the sum total may seem, it is only a beginning. With the increase of railroads our Order must increase in numbers and importance, and it is well said that "with railroads come Lodges of Locomotive Firemen, and that every spike that is driven is a harbinger note of the growth of our Order." We have reached the point where the necessity for our Order is universally conceded. It is beneficial not only to its members, to the travelling public and to railroad owners, but to society at large. It inculcates sobriety, industry, economy and fidelity to trusts. It labors to make homes bright and happy. It seeks the welfare of all, and when a new Lodge is organized society may, with eminent propriety, rejoice with the Brotherhood. And now, with Lodge No. 200 organized and equipped for work, we start out with bright skies and favoring gales for further conquests.

Our hearts are light,
Our hopes are bright,
Our daily task is keen delight,
Our faith is strong—
Lark-like our song,
And triumph shall our joy prolong.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence does not mean lavish expenditure of money. The biggest spend-thrift may be a mean man at heart. He spends his money lavishly simply to gratify himself, while the truly benevolent man spends it where it will do his fellows good. Benevolence does not consist in

putting your hand in your pocket and giving heedlessly to the first charitable object that presents itself. The benevolent man is a wise man and a kind man. He not only gives his money, but his heart also. He loves his fellows and sympathizes with them. The benevolent man is not jealous. He does not turn green with envy because some one is getting along faster than he is. He rejoices in the success of his friends.

Benevolence is modest. It don't give five cents with one hand and beat a drum at the same time with the other. Benevolence consists in helping each other along. The benevolent man helps his comrade to promotion and don't call those above him "stuck up" because they have reached a little higher position. Brothers let us rejoice in each other's advancement. Don't sneer at a man because he is a little ahead in the race of life; the sneer don't hurt him and it shows your envy. The envious man is always unhappy. In this big world of ours there is room for all, and in our ranks true benevolence should mean help and sympathy for all.

HARMONY AND GOOD WILL.

We are gratified to say that a strong bond of friendship exists between our Brotherhood and the Order of Railway Conductors. This is right and should be so. The same splendid purposes brought both Orders into existence, and they are practically one organization. The members are taught obedience to duty, sobriety and self-respect, and it is evident that with such a mission they will not only thrive, but meet with the approval of all right thinking men. Mr. C. S. Wheaton, of Elmira, N. Y., is the Grand Chief of the Order of Railway Conductors. We have a letter from him in which he expresses himself as follows: "I must congratulate you upon your success as an Order, as it stands to-day the strongest of all Railway Orders, and I hope it will continue to grow until every reliable locomotive fireman is gathered within its limits. Your Magazine is a most worthy

periodical and should meet with a cordial support."

We thank Mr. Wheaton for this generous compliment. It goes to show that he is not only interested in the success of his own organization, but in all others that are engaged in the good work of improving the condition of railroad men. Our members will appreciate the kind words of Mr. Wheaton. He manifests a generous spirit toward his co-workers that ought to be universally emulated. It is too often the case that envy and jealousy arise between organizations of our kind and prevent them from harmonizing. This is wrong. Each Order has a right to make the best of its opportunities and the one that meets with the most success is deserving of the highest tribute.

Let us profit by the generous example of Mr. Wheaton, and work together in harmony and good will.

THE CLOVER.

Some sing of the lily, and daisy, and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summer-time throws

In the green grassy lap of the medder that lays

Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunshiny days;

But what is the lily, and all of the rest
Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his breast

That was dipped brimmin' full of the honey and dew

Of the sweet clover-blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover field now,
Er fool round a stable, er climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back, jest as clear and as plain

As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again:
And I wander away, in a barefooted dream,
Where I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam

With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love

Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weepin' above.

And so I love clover—it seems like a part
Of the saddest sorrows and joys of my heart;
And wherever it blossoms, oh, there let me bow

And thank the good God as I'm thankin' him now;

And I pray to him still for the strength, when I die,

To go out in the clover and tell it good-bye,
And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom
While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

—Benj. F. Johnson.



Thankfulness.

BY OLD RELIABLE.

There are times when the spirit of joyousness is a sure gauge by which we may test the hearts of those around us. When the faces of the multitude are all alight with the golden sunlight of happiness and gratitude, he who stands in the midst with a lowering brow, in nine cases out of ten, has a bad heart; he who gives utterances to lugubrious sighs and doleful deprecations is a pitiful misanthrope; and he who slinks away with scowls and ugly eyes is capable of villainy. Joy, like sorrow, victory, like defeat, try men's souls, and indicate, with pretty reliable precision, their attitude in the scale of social and individual purity and goodness. There are times for laughter and times for tears, and the good heart recognizes the one with as quick sympathy as the other, so another excellent test of character is found in the quality of these different emotions, as manifested when they seem to be demanded. These are the times to detect deceivers and hypocrits. Few of them are so accomplished in wearing the well-fitted mask that their real faces do not sometimes glare through it with a terrible vividness. An ordinary student of human nature can discover them when the occasion presents itself. The hand that touches ours coldly, rather than clasps it with a warm, firm grip; the stereotyped smile, the vacant look, the precise words, that sound large, but mean nothing; these make an honest soul shudder with a chill like that we feel when a snake glides out from beneath our feet with slow, sinuous motion, glittering, beady eyes, and venomous tongue darting out with spiteful thrusts. What a relief it is to turn from such a repulsive combination of unmistakable traits to the man who looks you straight in the eye, with a face eloquent with friendly gladness, and whose every word speaks volumes of ingenuous feeling. Those who are thoroughly selfish or thoroughly bad, those who are frivolous and vain, those who harbor beneath a fair exterior a capability for dispicable meanness, can have no real sympathy with any prevailing spirit of joyousness. They can smile, indeed, and reach out their hands for the choicest of heaven's gift, but, at the best, they only hang upon the remote outskirts of joy, because their lives are not attuned to its noble chords; they have no

innate appreciation of its simple honesty. Ah! there is laughter so hollow that the louder it is, the more mocking are its echoes; and there are tears which, fall fast as they may, repulse every sense of bereavement. But it is unwise to be even momentarily disturbed by such reflections. Human nature, as a whole, is either tolerably good or exceedingly bad, according to the standpoint from which we are pleased to view it, just as some eyes see the sky always cloudy or threatening storm, while others discern the sunshine resolutely through foul and fair weather alike. On this very principle depends our enjoyment of the various bounties supplied to us by a beneficent Providence, and those innocent pleasures in which it is permitted to us to indulge. For all these should be a deep, a sincere and a religious thankfulness. A thankful heart cannot be but a happy one; to promote thankfulness is to promote happiness, and it is one of the beauties of our nature that we may always, if we will, find something—nay, much to be thankful for. Since this time last year there have been changes, many of them grievous; bereavements, many of them terrible; few have escaped them—ay, few indeed. But the mariner who is saved from the wreck, when he is safe on shore, warmed, clothed, fed, remembers the fearful night of storm only as a dream. He may have clung all that night to a slender spar, overwhelmed by the great waves, chilled to the marrow, threatened every moment with death, and despite all this, and the scars and wounds of that fearful battle for life, his heart swells with gladness, and he has no words but those of praise and thanksgiving.

BRAVE MEN.

How many brave men around us,
The soldier, noble and true,
The engineer at the throttle,
And yes, there's the fireman, too.

The sailor on the broad ocean,
The captain above his crew,
The President of a nation,
And yes, there's the fireman, too.

Yes, there's many brave men around us,
That are ready to dare and to do,
Men that would perish for others—
But so would the fireman, too.

No king above his kingdom
Could be braver and nobler than he,
The fireman, ready and willing,
What more could anyone be?

Oh, many brave men have perished,
Have found an early grave,
Have perished, mangled and scalded,
The lives of others to save.

But God remembers his people,
He'll reward the brave and true,
He'll remember up in Heaven
To reward the fireman, too.

—*Evelyn Ashley.*

Woman's Department

FAMILIARITY.

There is no one thing which will more certainly break up a friendship than too much familiarity. No matter how close the tie, how strong the affection, it will not admit of too great an intimacy. These sudden and violent attachments, that spring up between people, are apt to be of short duration. They are like a fire made of shavings. There is a homely old saying that "You must summer and winter with a person to find him out," and, like most ancient proverbs, it is just as applicable to the present generation as it was to the past, and will be to the future. True friendship is like a valuable building; it must have a substantial foundation to begin with, and each succeeding stone must be of good material and carefully laid. But it is possible to undermine even such a structure as this. And so the warmest of friendships may be destroyed by a subtle enemy, and this most often takes the form of excessive familiarity. Every one of us, even the most genial, finds it necessary to surround himself with a certain reserve, as a sort of self-protection, just as we consider the walls of our own home a barrier against the public, which shall secure us privacy when we wish to be alone. But there are many people in the world who have no respect for such feelings, and, strange as it may seem, the most annoying in this respect are sometimes to be found among our most intimate friends. They presume upon our affection to excuse them. They call when they know we are busy; they take more of our time than we can afford to spare; they come in without knocking; they offer advice when it is not asked; they jest upon the most delicate subjects. In short, they commit a hundred offenses which we would rebuke in a stranger, but dare not even resent because the offender is a friend. Friendship is so beautiful and precious a quality we cannot be too careful of it. No degree of intimacy can excuse one for disregarding the simple rules of etiquette. If one would keep his friends, he must always be a little too much reserved rather than too intimate, and make them long to have him nearer instead of wishing he was farther off.

All of these remarks apply with even greater force to lovers, and especially to girls. In courtship we expect men to be somewhat ardent and to make demonstrations, but there can be no more serious an error than for a girl to meet these ad-

vances even half way, and much less should she herself offer them. Every one of us has known of instances where a man was very much interested in a girl and intended to marry her, but she was so very demonstrative in her affections he became disgusted and withdrew. This is plain talk, but it is true. A woman loses everything by too much familiarity. It is natural for men to appreciate most highly that which it has cost them an effort to obtain, and particularly does this apply to a sweetheart or a wife. So many girls have an idea that, after they are positively engaged to be married, there is no need of any further restraint. What a dangerous mistake. A girl should never lay aside her maidenly reserve. There is not a man living but will say he admires a woman infinitely more who will not permit familiarity. It is not necessary that she should be cold or prudish or disagreeable, but simply that she have a certain degree of womanly dignity which shall say, "Thus far and no farther." It is impossible to declare just what constitutes familiarity. Each girl must be the judge of that for herself. But if there should be a mistake either way, let it be on the side of reserve. No woman was ever sorry for being too prudent, but, oh! how many have regretted being too familiar. The lover of to-day may be only the friend or mere acquaintance of to-morrow. It is the imperative duty of every woman to so conduct herself, that, whatever may be the relation he shall assume in the future, she shall possess his entire confidence and respect.

It seems almost absurd to intimate that there may be too much familiarity between husband and wife, but this is not impossible. The nearer and dearer the relationship, the more carefully should we guard it from anything that will disturb its harmony. There are so many things in married life which tend to break down conventionalities that people are apt to grow careless and indifferent in regard to them. But there are certain formalities which married people cannot well afford to neglect. It is a mistake to grow careless in conversation, to make no effort to entertain one another, to use coarse language, to omit all pretty compliments of speech. It is a mistake to become indifferent in regard to manners toward each other, in company, around the fireside, at the table. It is a mistake to grow careless in dress and appearance, either at home or abroad. It is a mistake to throw off all restraint over one's disposition and temper. And it is a mistake to lay aside all modesty and reserve simply because you are considered as "one." These errors are common to many mar-

ried people; and are the result of familiarity. Where there is unusual amount of affection and congeniality they may cause no perceptible difference in the sentiments, but in ordinary cases they sometimes produce that feeling which the old adage tells us familiarity breeds. Law, religion and public opinion may compel a husband and wife to live together and conform to all the outward observances, but they cannot oblige them to love, respect or admire one another. Whether they do this or not depends entirely upon themselves, and there is no class of people in the world who should try so hard to live peaceably and happily as husbands and wives. They should make this a subject of careful study, and neglect nothing which will help to promote married felicity. They owe this not only to themselves, but to the general effect it will have upon society and to the influence it will exert over the lives of their children. IDA A. HARPER.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open door
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide
With feet that make no sound upon the floor.

We meet them at the door way, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.
—Longfellow.

The haunted house, the mystery of the town, had been built by a gentleman of wealth for his private residence. It was a beautiful house of the Queen Anna style—and the artisan's taste and skill was manifested in the papering, painting and frescoing. The grounds were a marvel of loveliness. The green house was one of the finest I ever saw, and, in fact, everything about the premises was indicative of elegance and refinement. The owner, a man of culture, brought his youthful and beautiful bride here and installed her mistress of his home and heart. Their honeymoon waned and as months went by, although they lived peaceably and happily together, as nothing had occurred in their quiet home to cause people to think otherwise, and the servants—that class that possess the secrets of many a family—had never seen or heard anything to the contrary previous to the lady's death.

After a time the wife suddenly died. The funeral was conducted in as public a manner as funerals usually are in families occupying the position in society that they did. There seemed to be nothing of a suspicious nature in the sudden

death—for there are many diseases that flesh is heir to that calls us away without the slightest premonition, and moreover the high social standing of the family was sufficient reason for not suspecting any wrong doing. After the funeral the husband did not remain long in the house. All the surroundings were so painfully associated with the dead that no one thought strange that he should dispose of his household effects and leave the sorrowful place. After the home had been broken up and the servants discharged there were mysterious whisperings among the servants, of the house being haunted, but people said that ignorance and superstition were so predominant among servants as a general thing, and there was nothing thought of their strange gossip. The house was for rent and the owner soon found a tenant for so beautiful a place, but the family did not remain long. Soon another took the place, but they left after the first month. The house remained vacant for some time, and the owner offered it free to any one that would keep it in repair.

We had just moved in the village and were in search of a house, when the landlord with whom we were boarding told us of this place, and of the advantageous offer. As the house was new, it would not require much repairing and it was such a desirable place for we had driven past it the evening before I went to look at it. I was in my room reading when my husband came in all smiles and said in his cheery way, "Guess whom I met on the street this morning." I was a stranger in the village; how could I possibly guess whom he had seen. "No other than your old school-mate, Ellen Garret, and now that lets me out going up to see the house that you went into ecstasies over last evening. She will be here at 4 o'clock p. m. sharp, and will be happy to accompany her old friend to the villa—that is what they call it here." I was so rejoiced to meet Ellen and glad to have her company to explore the house that it drove all my homesickness away.

Prompt to the minute my friend came and we were soon on our journey of only a fourth of a mile to the house. I had heard nothing of the "whisperings of the servants," consequently had formed no preconceived opinions of the place unless they would be of the most pleasant nature. We talked of old school days, of pleasant memories, of those that had married and those that had died, as we slowly walked, and the click of the key turning in the lock brought our conversation of old times to an end. Mrs. Garret seemed to be familiar with every part

of the house, from attic to cellar. I thought nothing of it, for most likely she had been intimate with the family of the owner. As we walked from room to room there seemed a sense of oppressiveness to come over me, something imperceptible in the air. I could not attribute it to poor health, for I was feeling so well. Was I growing superstitious? I laughed at the idea—there was nothing tangible, only a strange mystery pervaded the whole house. I had, nevertheless, made up my mind to take the house, and so expressed myself to Mrs. Garret. She suggested that we go on the veranda and rest, as there was a rustic seat, and we would have such a fine view of the surrounding country. I laughingly told Mrs. Garret of the odd thoughts and feelings that I had experienced while in the house.

You can judge of my consternation, and dismay, when she said, "do not take the house, for it is haunted." All the families that have lived here since Mrs. Vinton's death could not remain but a short time. I was the last tenant, and when I came, I thought it would be such a novelty to live in a haunted house, and was determined to vanquish the ghosts but found that there was no use in trying to battle with phantoms. I acknowledged my inability to cope with them and ignominiously retreated.

There was one amusing incident occurred with an Irish servant connected with our ghostly guests. I had sent Nora to the sitting room for Robbie's cup. We were taking tea. We heard a scream, and Nora came running in with eyes staring wildly, and a look of horror in her face that told plainly that she had seen something frightful. When she had recovered sufficiently from her fright, she exclaimed, "Och! the dirty baste, mum, when I would be afther driving him out, he jest went all to nothing." I had to hunt a girl the next day.

I never questioned the servants concerning the strange phenomenon, but had no doubt they had seen and heard things that had frightened them away, for none would remain with me but a short time.

Had my friend been the victim of some hallucination? I remembered in our school days what a fearless girl she had been; nothing seemed to frighten her then. When accused by the Professor of any delinquency, how adroitly she would meet his accusation and assume such an air of innocence, self-possession and dignity, that those of us that knew of her pranks almost fancied her innocent.

While we were attending boarding

school, of which her uncle was principal, I had witnessed some of her daring deeds, that no one could doubt of her bravery. One night the picket guard reported that there had been mince pies baked that day, and Ellen volunteered to go down in the cellar and get some. She was gone so long that we feared the Professor had captured her. When she returned she told us the cause of her delay was that she had run into the outstretched arms of a large pig that her uncle had purchased and hung up in the cellar. Here she hesitated, and we had our suspicions that she had fainted. "But," she added, "I got the pies."

I asked Mrs. Garret how the ghosts appeared. She replied: "There never were any manifestations or hallucinations only on dark, dismal days, and if there had been continued pleasant weather, they would appear at twilight. Their visits were periodical. There would come in the door a magnificent St. Bernard dog; he was a noble looking fellow, black as night, with the exception of a white star on his forehead. He never molested any one, but would go direct to the hearth and lie down on the rug. Robbie would seem delighted and clap his hands in great glee, but if he went to him and put out his little hand to caress him, the dog would vanish in thin air. That is what Nora saw, and caused her fright. Robbie would look up at me on such occasions in wonder and alarm, and say in a disappointed way, "Where has doggie gone, mamma?" It would require all my self-control to look unconcerned, and I could only mentally repeat his question, and wonder where he came from. I could also hear the rustling of a lady's silk dress distinctly in the hall, but no sound of a footfall accompanied it. The dog and the rustling silk came simultaneously. It perplexes me yet when I think of it, and it really annoys me to think I could obtain no clue to the mystery. I confess I began to grow nervous on dark days, and my sleep was also disturbed with unpleasant dreams. All my investigations proved ineffectual, and there was nothing left but to vacate the premises, which I did with many regrets for you see what a lovely place it is."

The sun was nearing the western horizon. The birds were twittering in the shrubbery or hopping on the ground to get a morsel of food before seeking their leafy perch—all things seemed so beautiful and bright without, when I involuntarily glanced through the open door and there hung a shadow and a fear, a sense of mystery the spirit daunted, and said as plain as whisper in the ear, "The house is haunted." As we arose to leave

the place I asked where was Mr. Vinton? She replied that she saw him occasionally, but he was very reserved and had few friends—rather repelled than sought acquaintance. We locked the door and left the place to its utter loneliness, and I have no means of ascertaining if the curse has ever been lifted from the villa.

EMILY WHEELER.

PEORIA, ILL.

BOTH BROTHERHOODS.

Although I am an engineer's wife, I have an interest in both the Engineers' and the Firemen's Brotherhoods, and I have often thought that I should give the boys of the scoop a few words of encouragement. I wish to congratulate the members of Overland Lodge, No. 123, on the splendid success of their ball, which I had the pleasure to attend. I can safely say that I never attended a larger or a more pleasant gathering, or one conducted in a more creditable manner. No intoxicants were sold or indulged in and this reflects credit on the boys and shows how well they live up to their motto, which is "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." I was impressed with the benevolence of the boys when I saw the bountiful supply of good things they had in store for their guests—also with their industry, by the beautiful appearance of the room, and with their sobriety, by the sober and respectful appearance of every member. The Brotherhood has my best wishes for its continued success.

AN ENGINEER'S WIFE.

GOOD WILL.

Having been a reader of the Firemen's Magazine for over three years, and not having seen anything from No. 52, and not wishing to see her fall behind the other Lodges, I myself concluded to write a few words for the valuable little book, which I enjoy reading very much. What bright and cheerful letters the lady contributors write—it makes one happy to read them. The Good Will Lodge is in good working order, and my earnest wish is that it always will prosper. When we consider the noble aims and purposes of the Brotherhood, we cannot help but indorse them. The men seem to be thoroughly in earnest in their work, and they should be encouraged in all their efforts to further the interests of their cause. Many needy widows have been relieved and many orphans have been comforted by the Brotherhood, and we hope it may be so more abundantly in the future. May God bless and prosper the B. of L. F. ENGINEER'S WIFE.

LOGANSPOUT, IND.

THE LUNCH PAIL.

If the editor will kindly give me space in the Woman's Department, I would like to say a few words on the subject lately introduced, viz: "How to Prepare a Lunch." This is an important subject to the wives of most railroad men. Her suggestions are good, no doubt, in some cases, as there are "many men of many minds," but out here in Iowa, in the winter season, I think something more substantial would be required. With my experience, I would suggest a liberal supply of bread and butter, with as much variety in meats as possible; pie, of which I consider mince and apple most substantial. In the line of cake, I would recommend layer cakes—cocoanut, lemon, orange, chocolate, fig and jelly. The addition of pickles, cheese, or something of the kind is not objectionable, but I do not consider them the main thing by any means. Usually the object of the "lunch pail" is economy, and often lunch is prepared for the round trip, and in this case the object is to get as much nutriment, or, in other words, muscle, in the food prepared as possible. The lunch pail I fill is a capacious one. About one-fourth is taken up with the coffee can, which is considered a very essential part of the lunch; but there is still room for three or four good meals, but I never waste any of that precious room with cups or glasses of anything. Now I should like very much to hear expressions of opinion from other sisters for mutual benefit. If this does not find its way into the waste basket, I may come again, and tell the sisters how I wash that inevitable "oversuit," that all who do their own washing have a knowledge of. With a hope for the prosperity of the Brotherhood and Magazine, I am yours, for "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,"

WIFE OF A RAILROAD MAN.

SUGGESTIONS FROM ALEXIA.

I ask space for a few week suggestions to the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the young men who compose Alexia Lodge. I, with several others (I might say all others with the exception of two or three), have been very negligent in doing anything toward helping them adorn their Lodge room. Miss Maggie Given and Mrs. Soog have put the rest of us to shame by each contributing a tasty motto. Now there are forty-two members composing this Lodge, and if each member had one interested party to give him some little article of adornment, forty-two different articles ought to do considerable toward livening up the place. I know of a great many of

the sisters and sweethearts who are very handy at fancy work and are always making something to beautify their own homes. Now, girls, take a little of your spare time and make something for the Lodge room—a tidy, table scarf, a handsome banner, a pair of window lambrequins, or for those who have not the spare time to make anything themselves there are numerous small bric-a-brac they can buy in the way of a bracket, a bouquet stand, a pair of statuettes, a fancy ink-stand, a pair of picture frames, a pair of vases (and occasionally send a bouquet to put in them), or any one of the small fancy articles that adorn your rooms at home and your fancy deems advisable. Some one man say, "They have no Lodge room of their own." What better incentive could they have to strive for one than to have a nice lot of articles to put in one. Anyway, let us furnish the articles and see what they will do toward getting the room. Try and make it as cheerful and cosy as possible for them that may not find some more desirable place when they should be attending their meetings. These few suggestions may prove beneficial to some of the other Lodges, and if so, this letter will not have been in vain. Before I close I must say a few words for the January number of the Magazine. It is always good, but it fairly excels itself in this number. Its general make-up is first class, excellent paper, type, composition, etc. We predict a brilliant course for '84. In the words of Rip Van Winkle, "May it live long and prosper."

ALEXIA.

MAKE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

It has been nearly a year since I contributed anything to the columns of the Magazine, but thought I would now write a few words on this subject: "Make the best of everything." Yes, everything! There are a great many cares and troubles that a railroad man's wife is subjected, but by always looking on the bright side of everything, and remembering "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good" we can keep ourselves cheered up, and the mountains of trouble as we approach and overcome them are great only in our imagination. There are great trials and small ones, and often the smaller ones by their multiplicity and constant recurrence are more harassing and harder to deal with than the blow which by its very force deadens our sensibilities.

Oh the misery and suffering there is in the world! We see it about us on every side, both real and borrowed trouble; and so many seem happy only when their minds are dwelling on the

trouble of the past, present or future. Put aside all such thoughts, and seize your happiness while it is within your reach. If we cannot have things just as we would like to, let us do the best we can and with a contented mind make the best of what we have. We cannot always go when we would like to, live where we would like to, or have our meals, etc., as regular as clock-work, but if we do not let our minds dwell on these things, and provide ourselves with plenty of good, cheerful reading to keep our thoughts busy during our spare moment, we will at least have made the best of everything. I see the new Magazine is larger than it has been before, and am heartily glad of it, as therein we find plenty of good, instructive reading. It is a pity it isn't printed weekly instead of monthly.

I earnestly wish the Brotherhood and all members of it every success that is attainable.

MRS. M. E. W.

FROM A MOTHER.

I feel it to be my duty as the mother of one of your noble Order, who has passed away from earth to the Grand Lodge on high, to give you some slight encouragement—if words coming from a sad heart can be called such.

I have been a reader of your valuable Magazine for two years, and have witnessed with pleasure and the greatest interest, your noble efforts to elevate your readers.

My dear boy was a constant reader of the Magazine and never failed to let mother read it before he placed it on file. He was a steady and faithful member of your Order until death.

I hope the wives and mothers of the dear boys will all urge upon them the necessity of belonging to the Brotherhood as it is for their own best interest to be members of an order that so firmly upholds temperance and industry.

For my part I shall consider it a duty I owe my dear son to advance the interest of the Order whenever and wherever I can, and I hope that every Fireman may become not only a subscriber, but also a reader of the Magazine, for I consider it the best edited of any laboring man's journal that I have ever read, and I know that God will bless you in your efforts to lead your fellowmen in the right road. To the members of Eclipse Lodge No. 107, I would offer the most heartfelt thanks of myself and family for the noble and manly way in which you endeavored to lift the burden of sorrow from our hearts on the occasion of the death of our beloved son, and although we are bowed down with grief at

the loss of an idolized son and brother, we can never forget the love and respect shown him. Also the kindness in every delicate attention to us as a family.

Dear boys, you know how much George loved mother and sister and we thank you in his name. The little brothers and sisters still ask if God will not let brother George come to see them for "just a little while." Their little hearts are aching for the brother who was so much to them.

Boys, I do hope that you will remember Father Biddle's appeal to you on that sad occasion—"Be ready." May God bless you and bring us all to a home in Heaven is the prayer of your friend

MRS. J. A. SHOEMAKER.

GALION, OHIO.

PORT HOWARD.

As I am the wife of a member of the Guiding Star Lodge No. 130, I thought I would write a few lines to the Magazine, not having seen anything from our ladies for some time. The Lodge seems to be in a prosperous condition, numbering fifty members. My husband is an active member and I do all I can to intensify the interest he takes in this work. The Magazine is a source of much pleasure to us and I take delight in reading it to my husband when he comes in from the road, tired and worn. May God always bless the noble Brotherhood is the earnest wish of

U. P. F.

POETRY FOR LADIES.

No art of talking, witty or wise,
Will settle the coffee or make the bread rise,
No doctrine or creed since eating began,
Was known to regale a right hungry man.
Great thoughts gleam in gravey, and nations
are to last

On billows of soup, and finally lost.
Then do not rebel, but with good common sense,

Submit to the stomach's omnipotence,
And enter the ranks of the housekeeper's strife,

And descend as your mother did, to every day life.

If you'd learn to keep house as slick as a knife,

Subscribe at once for THE HOUSEWIFE.

The HOUSEWIFE will be sent on trial for one year free to every lady who will send immediately the names and addresses of ten married ladies or housekeepers, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage. Address

THE HOUSEWIFE, Rochester, N. Y.

SWEET THINGS CHEAP.

You can make all kinds of fine and fancy candy at small expense by simply following directions, as given in that valuable little book, "How to MAKE CANDY," which will be sent to any address upon receipt of 30 cents in one or two cent stamps. Address,

THE HOUSEWIFE, Rochester, N. Y.

Miscellaneous

Union Meetings.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The beautiful hall of Garden City Lodge No. 50 presented a charming appearance on the occasion of the union meeting that was held Saturday evening, February 12. The hall was filled to overflowing and consisted largely of the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the members who testified to their interest in the cause by their enthusiastic appreciation of the proceedings. Among the distinguished guests in attendance we noticed Mr. R. H. Chamberlin, the popular Superintendent of the Rock Island Road; Mr. E. W. Kenyon, the Foreman of the C., R. I. & P. Round House; Mr. Burton, the Foreman of the Chicago and Atlantic Round House, and many prominent members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

The Chicago and Hayden Quartettes had also been secured and acquitted themselves with great credit, much to the delight of the large audience.

Mr. F. W. Arnold, Grand Master of the Brotherhood, was appointed Chairman and called the meeting to order shortly after 8 o'clock. The following was the programme of exercises:

Opening Medley Hayden Quartette
Address Grand Master Arnold
Recitation—"Our Brotherhood's Success,"

Miss Emma Broadbent
Duet—"The Larboard Watch,"

Messrs. Thomas and Martin,
of the Chicago Quartette

Address E. V. Debs
Song Hayden Quartette

Address E. W. Kenyon, Esq.
Song Chicago Quartette

Address Past Grand Master W. E. Burns
Song Hayden Quartette

Address Wm. Hugo
Song—"Simon, the Seller" C. C. Lefler

Recitation—"Too Late for the Train,"
Miss Dickerman

Address Mr. Burton
Song Chicago Quartette

Closing Address J. J. Hannahan
Address Wm. Darlington

Song Hayden Quartette

Mr. R. H. Chamberlin, the genial Superintendent of the Rock Island Road, was called on and responded in a few well chosen words, expressing his high regard for the Order and his thorough appreciation of its principles.

The addresses of Messrs. Kenyon and Burton, the respective Foremen of the Rock Island and the Chicago and Atlantic Round Houses, were expressive of their high appreciation of Brotherhood principles and Brotherhood men and were noted with satisfaction by the members.

The remarks of Mr. Wm. Darlington, Supervisor of the Town of Lake, were enthusiastically received. Mr. Darlington is thoroughly in sympathy with our Order and expresses the warmest friendship for its members.

The quartettes rendered excellent service and added materially to the success of the meeting.

The recitations of the Misses Broadbent and Dickerman were rendered in faultless style and were well received.

Grand Master Arnold explained the aims and purposes of the Order thoroughly and had the closest attention of the audience from the beginning to the close of his address.

Past Grand Master Burns delivered one of

the best speeches of the evening. His address was carefully prepared, showing much originality of thought, and was delivered in excellent style.

Wm. Hugo, of No. 14, spoke with his usual earnestness, making a touching allusion and paying a high tribute to the late Bro. J. H. Brewer, who lost his life in the bridge disaster near Indianapolis.

The closing address of J. J. Hannahan was a happy effort and commanded the closest attention of the vast audience.

The meeting was one of the most delightful we ever attended and reflects great credit on the members of Garden City Lodge. The audience was one of rare refinement, and we were proud of the opportunity to meet with so many noble people.

A remarkable feature of the affair was that not a single person left the hall during the entire evening, although every inch of available space was packed. The people seemed anxious that the programme should be extended still farther, although it was after 11 o'clock when the exercises closed.

ELKHART, IND.

The Union Meeting held at Elkhart, Ind., Sunday, February 17, under the auspices of Prospect Lodge No. 162 was a great success. We cannot give a better report of it than will be found in the following from the Elkhart Journal, the proprietors of which are warm friends of our Order:

"The beautiful little hall of Prospect Lodge No. 162, of this city, was filled full yesterday, the occasion being an open union meeting. Besides a majority of the Brotherhood of this place, the meeting was attended by a number of citizens and engineers and conductors, representing the Brotherhoods of Engineers and Conductors. Master E. K. Cole called the meeting to order at half-past two o'clock. After stating the objects of the gathering he introduced Mr. F. W. Arnold, Grand Master, who, in the course of a short address, stated the following facts: When the annual convention, which met at Denver last year, adjourned, the Order had a membership of 7,337. It now numbers 10,091, an increase in four months of 2,754. The total number of Lodges was at that time 178. The total number now is 200, an increase of 22 Lodges. The Firemen's Magazine, a 64 page monthly publication, had at that time a circulation of between 5,000 and 6,000. It commenced the year 1884 with over 17,000, with a fair prospect of reaching 25,000 by next September. These are startling facts, and show the prosperity of the Brotherhood. After Mr. Arnold had closed his address, Mr. Harkness, yard-master of the Lake Shore at this place, was called on, but excused himself, saying he had come to learn. The next gentleman called up was Mr. McVicker, of the Lake Shore engineers, who made a neat little speech and closed by assuring the Brotherhood that he stood ready at all times to do whatever might be in his power to assist them. Mr. McVicker was succeeded by Mr. Eugene V. Debs, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Order and Editor of the Magazine. He took occasion to dwell at length on the tenets of their Constitution, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. He mentioned the following as an illustration of the benevolence of the Order. When the annual convention met last September there was a surplus in the general treasury of \$19,000. Now it had so happened under their Constitution that claims to the amount of \$13,200 had become void, owing to neglect on the part of some of the officers of the different Lodges. This clause in the Constitution was repealed and enough money, \$13,200, appropriated out of the general treasury to pay all of these claims. Among these claims Mr. Debs mentioned that of the two young girls at New Paris whose brother had

died in California, and to whom Mr. Cole, as recorded in the Journal at the time, took a check of \$1,000 a short time ago. He commended the members of the Order to especial regard for the tenets of sobriety and of industry. He said that he believed industry meant honesty, and that he had the uttermost contempt for a dishonest man. Mr. D. H. Christophel was then called on and responded with a congratulatory speech, and was followed by Mr. E. C. Bickel, who made a few happy remarks. William Hugo, of Indianapolis, Financier of Eureka Lodge No. 14, made a few well chosen remarks, and was followed by a number of others. Master Cole was then called upon and closed the meeting with the following: "The objects of our Order have been so fully explained to you all this afternoon by our worthy Grand Officers and visiting brothers that it would be useless for me to attempt anything further. However, I wish to explain the object of these union and open meetings. They are called for the purpose of bringing together the members and friends of the Brotherhood, that they may become better acquainted among themselves and with the principles on which we are founded. We are not, as you have been told before, a body of men bound together for the purpose of antagonizing capital, but we are bound together by a more sacred and honorable tie—that of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. It is by these three virtues that we thrive as we have done and still expect to do in the future. Our past has, indeed, been a glorious one, but our future will still be more bright, for the world has come to know who and what we are, and of the good and noble work we are pursuing, and have throughout the United States and Canadas extended to us a most generous hand. It was only this morning that I, with Bro. Debs, was called to the bedside of a brother in a dying condition, who is the only support of a widowed mother and of an aged and feeble grandmother, and ere now he may have passed away. Who will care for these dear ones he leaves behind? How easily answered, The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. They will watch over and protect his as their own. They shall not want, they shall not suffer as long as there is one single dollar left in the treasury. God and the people will prosper and protect as noble an organization as ours. Thanking you one and all for your attention at our meeting I assure you it shall ever be the honest endeavor of our Order to merit the respect and esteem of each and every one of you and of the world."

The audience consisted largely of members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and of the Order of Railway Conductors. Many prominent business men were also in attendance. The people of Elkhart understand the purposes of our Order and are alive to its interests. In their midst a Lodge of our Brotherhood cannot fail, for it is supported on every side by their generous and sympathetic approbation.

In the evening a closed meeting was held and the regular order of business was exhausted. We must commend the officers and members of Prospect Lodge for the efficient manner in which they perform their duties. They are without question the finest working Lodge we have ever visited.

On Monday we paid a visit to the sisters of the late Bro. Hugh Cline, of Golden Gate Lodge No. 91, who reside at Waterford Mills, where a pleasant afternoon was spent. They speak in high terms of the good work of our Order.

On Monday evening an open meeting was held for the benefit of the ladies who could not be present the day previous on account of the inclemency of the weather. The mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the members have adorned and beautified the hall of Prospect Lodge so that it compares

with the nicest we have ever seen, and in many other ways have they contributed to the advancement of the cause.

The meeting was largely attended by the fair sex and a very pleasant evening was spent.

The members of No. 162 are active, earnest and wide-awake workers in our ranks, and we regard them as an honor to the Brotherhood.

VINCENNES, IND.

Sunday, March 2, will be remembered as a red letter day in the history of Old Post Lodge No. 17. The union meeting was all that could have been expected and accomplished its purpose to the utmost satisfaction.

Delegates were in attendance from Milwaukee, Chicago, Danville, Indianapolis, Lafayette, East St. Louis, Evansville and Terre Haute.

The meeting was held at Odd Fellows' Hall and was called to order shortly after 2 o'clock p. m. E. V. Debs was elected Chairman, and W. S. Kerlin, Secretary.

The order of business was taken up and the work of the Order thoroughly reviewed. All delinquents were expelled and new officers were elected for the residue of the term. The meeting continued until after 7 o'clock and was one of interest and profit throughout. Old Post Lodge No. 17 is now on a solid basis and will take her place among the active working Lodges of the Order.

In the evening a grand banquet was tendered to the visiting brethren, which was served in fine style at the Grand hotel, under the auspices of Old Post Lodge.

The tables were laden with all the delicacies of the season and afforded everything that could be desired to replenish the inner man. C. A. Cripps presided as Chairman, and at the proper time introduced Mayor Shouse, of Vincennes, who in a neat speech welcomed the visiting firemen to the hospitalities of the city. He was responded to by Grand Master Arnold, who, in behalf of the Order, returned thanks for the magnificent reception that had been tendered the visiting members. Grand Master Arnold then delivered an address upon the aims and purposes of the Order, which was listened to with careful attention. Wm. Hugo, of No. 14, then made a brief speech, in which he set forth the benefits of the Order in a manner creditable to himself and the Order. J. F. O'Reilly, of No. 16, next responded in a well worded address, after which Chas. Bennett, also of No. 16, took the floor and appealed to the members to be true to their financial obligation, and thus add materially to the success of their Lodge. Among the distinguished guests were Mayor Shouse, of Vincennes; Master Mechanic Donaldson and Foreman Hack; Lengthwait and Grant, of the O. & M.; Mr. Ike Lyons, of Vincennes, and a number of prominent members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The banquet, for which we are indebted to the generosity of the Old Post boys, was a most pleasant and successful affair. It was highly enjoyed by the large number of guests in attendance, who did ample justice to the rich viands that had been prepared for their benefit.

UNION MEETING NOTES.

Stevenson and Hazel make a strong combination at Elkhart.

Ed Cole presides over Prospect Lodge with commendable ability.

The Danville delegation at Vincennes was a credit to Hercules Lodge.

As a Financier, P. A. Hamilton, of No. 162, has no superior in our Order.

Old Post Lodge will now do to tie to. Every dead-beat has been dispatched.

McAuliffe and Holbrook had a long ride to Vincennes. Distance did not daunt them.

"Bench" Tweedle, of No. 14, is a necessary part of our Order. He did good work at Vincennes.

The recitations of the Misses Broadbent and Dickerman at the Chicago meeting were superb.

The delightful vocal music of the quartettes at Chicago "still charms the listening ear."

W. S. Kerlin, of Evansville, is an old wheelhorse in the cause. He is ably assisted by his co-workers.

Master Mechanic Donaldson, of the O. & M. at Vincennes, is eminently the right man in the right place.

The members of No. 50 stand right up to the duties of membership. They are made of the right stuff for Brotherhood purposes.

Mr. McCann, of the *Elkhart Journal*, is one of our warmest friends. We had the pleasure of meeting him on our visit to Elkhart.

We were much pleased to see Mr. Burton at the Chicago meeting and hope to see his genial face at all our Union gatherings.

F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44 contributed its full share to the success of the Vincennes meeting. Some of her solid material was there.

The banquet at Vincennes was one of the most pleasant affairs we ever attended. It was gotten up in fine style and was a credit to the Lodge.

Hayes and Clough, of No. 65, helped with willing hands to replant the Old Post. Willoughby and Wright, of Lafayette, were also there.

The members of C. J. Hepburn Lodge are entitled to our thanks for the recognition of our travelling card over the E. & T. H. for the Vincennes meeting.

E. W. Kenyon, foreman of the Rock Island round house at Chicago, is just the man for the position he occupies. His men are sure to receive justice at his hands.

The delegates from Milwaukee, Chicago, Lafayette, Indianapolis, Danville, East St. Louis and Terre Haute represented their Lodges ably and creditably at the Vincennes meeting.

Wm. Darlington, Esq., Supervisor of town of Lake, was one of the prominent guests at the Chicago meeting. His remarks were full of meat and were much appreciated by the boys. We want just such men for our friends.

R. H. Chamberlin, Superintendent of the Rock Island, is a man after our own heart. He is one of nature's noblemen, and we are proud of the honor of his friendship. No Brotherhood man will ever prove false to the friendship of such a man.

John Robinson, Esq., the round house Foreman of the L. S. & M. S. at Elkhart, is a staunch supporter of our cause. He took particular pains to make our visit pleasant and agreeable, and we are under a thousand obligations to him for his courtesy.

Among the many noble fellows we met at Chicago, none stand higher in our estimation than Horace Broadbent, the popular Rock Island engineer. He is one of the broad-gauge men and as big as the Royal Gorge. The time spent in his company will never be forgotten. He is as genial as a summer morning, and "to know him is to love him."

A Precious Souvenir.

While at Elkhart, Ind., recently, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John Robinson, the veteran foreman of the L. S. & M. S. round house. Mr. Robinson is an old and experienced locomotive engineer, and has devoted the best years of his life to the locomotive department. His system of dispatching engines is the most perfect we have ever seen while all other departments in his charge indicate careful management in all their varied details. Mr. Robinson is a model foreman and no better man could be found for the responsible position he holds. He is kind to his men and they in turn are warmly attached to him. While at Elkhart we learned of a very interesting event in the early railroad life of Mr. Robinson in which he saved a train from what seemed inevitable destruction. The event is narrated in the *Elkhart Review* as follows:

"Learning incidentally that Mr. John Robinson, of this city, recently appointed foreman of the L. S. & M. S. round house, and engine dispatcher, was the possessor of a watch and medal presented him while a railway employee in England for averting a disaster on his road, and believing that a narration of the event would be of interest to the public generally and to Mr. Robinson's friends especially, we sought an interview with the gentleman, and gained an account of the disaster in connection with his part in it. In 1861 Mr. Robinson was fireman on the Portsmouth express, a train on the London & Southwestern Ry., and running from London to Portsmouth. Behind Mr. Robinson's train only five minutes was a train of 18 coaches containing passengers returning from London to their homes in the suburbs. Parallel with this track was another belonging to the same road, over which the Southampton express, a train of 14 heavily loaded coaches coming from the opposite direction and running from Southampton to London, came every evening, punctually, and met Mr. Robinson's train at a station called Malden. Between 5 and 6 o'clock on the evening of the 28th of January, 1861, while bowling along over the road between 40 and 50 miles an hour, the engineer, Elijah Cooke, and Mr. Robinson suddenly felt the engine sway and jerk, and knowing instantly that something was the matter with the train, Mr. R. sprang to the brake and undertook to set it. Just then however, the tender jumped the track, and parted from the engine, barely allowing Mr. R. time to pull himself back to the engine when the tender turned over and rolled down a steep embankment a distance of 25 feet, while the coaches were strewn about promiscuously on the track and in the ditch, the shrieks of the injured and frightened passengers filling the air. Neither engineer nor fireman had spoken a word, but at this juncture Mr. Robinson touched the engineer on the arm and said "Let us go ahead, and stop the Southampton express." He then crawled out over the engine, which had no running-board, over the 7-foot drive-wheel, and changed the lights, white and green, indicating the Portsmouth express, to two red lights which indicated danger, and succeeded in halting the train but $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the disaster. They informed the conductor and engineer of the wreck and told them to approach the scene cautiously. They did so, and found a coach of the wrecked train lying

immediately across the track, and an investigation discovered Dr. Bally, second physician to Queen Victoria, lying under it, crushed to death, while between 30 and 40 passengers were more or less injured. In the meantime Messrs. Cooke and Robinson had taken their engine on to Kensington to relieve it of its fire, which threatened to explode the boiler, as it had no water supply since parting from the tender. And as fitting accompaniment of their presence of mind in saving the Southampton express from inevitable destruction, was the act of Matthew Matthews, conductor of the wrecked train. When his car rolled down the embankment he extricated himself, relighted his lamp, and ran back, and stopped the train which followed them at an interval of but five minutes, thus averting another calamity. The passengers of the trains thus saved, by the cool headed employees of the road, opened a subscription list at the Mansion House, London, for a period of 30 days, free to all who might desire to contribute, and at the end of that time a committee distributed the money secured as they thought most judicious, Messrs. Robinson, Cooke and Matthews each receiving a watch costing fourteen sovereigns apiece, and bearing an appropriate inscription. Mr. Ra.'s watch is inscribed, "This watch, together with 26 sovereigns, is presented to John Robinson, stoker, by passengers traveling on the London & Southwestern Railway, for his presence of mind at the time of the accident on the 28th of January, 1881." The presentation took place at Waterloo Station, in the presence of 2000 persons, with appropriate addresses and responses. The directors of the road, appreciating their obligation to these men, then presented each a solid silver medal, with ten sovereigns each to the conductor and engineer and five sovereigns to the fireman, Mr. Robinson, the inscription on whose medal reads, "For duty ably done," the same as on the other medals. Many of the friends of those on the trains, and other admirers throughout England sent substantial gifts to the gentlemen in recognition of their acts, and the watch and medal which are carefully retained by Mr. Robinson he places beyond value. They can be seen in Frank Sell's show window to-day and to-morrow in the morocco cases in which they were presented to him. They are well worth inspection."

New Lodge Room.

The engineers and firemen at Denver have followed the good example of uniting and fitting up a Lodge room, as will be seen by the following from the Denver Republican:

"The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, held its first meeting yesterday afternoon in their new hall, No. 379 Larimer street, which has been fitted up by this organization and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Division 188, for the joint use of both Lodges. It had been expected that the engineers would meet yesterday afternoon in conjunction with the firemen, and that some action would be taken by them with respect to the maltreatment of Engineer Gardner by the Mexican Government, and the prompt and successful demand by the American Government for his release. But very few of the engineers were present, and it was determined to postpone their meeting until Wednesday night, when the subject will be considered. The firemen, however, held their regular session, initiating several members.

The hall, into which the two Brotherhoods have moved from their old quarters in Holladay street, is handsomely furnished with

walnut rostrums and desks, and contains all the conveniences of a first-class Lodge room. The floor of the hall, which is 60x20 feet, is covered with brussels carpet. Mottoes appropriate to the peculiar tenets of the Order adorn the walls, while on one side of the hall hang three banners bearing the coat-of-arm of the United States, Canada and the Republic of Mexico, in each of which countries the two societies have members.

Both Brotherhoods are flourishing financially, and are increasing rapidly in membership. The firemen have just organized a local benevolent society in their Brotherhood and have lately paid their first assessment."

Reception to Grand Master Arnold.

Vigo Lodge, No. 16, took advantage of its ninth anniversary by tendering a reception to Grand Master Arnold and his estimable lady. The following account of the affair is given by the Terre Haute Express:

"Nine years ago last night Vigo Lodge, No. 16, B. of L. F., was organized in this city. Since then the Lodge has had many ups and downs. The Grand Lodge has been on the verge of toppling, but the strong hands and willing hearts of the brothers, guided by their sagacious officers, have piloted the Order into a safe haven, and it is now one of the most solid and substantial organizations of workmen in the United States. Its members are numbered by the tens of thousands, all good, honest 'Knights of the Throttle and Scoop.' This organization has done much for the advancement and prosperity of our city. Its grand officers are located here, its well-known magazine is published here, and the name Terre Haute is known wherever a fireman resides in North America.

Turner Hall was the scene of gayety last night. The brothers of Vigo Lodge desired to celebrate the ninth anniversary of the Lodge, and at the same time tender a reception to Grand Master Arnold and wife, who have recently removed here. By nine o'clock the hall was filled with firemen, their wives, sisters and friends.

Dancing and conversation were indulged in till eleven o'clock. Those present were called 'to order,' and Mr. Eugene Debs, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Order, spoke for a few moments. There were many homes that would be shadowed in gloom but for the Brotherhood. Out of the twenty-one who organized No. 16, nine years ago, only four are now on the list. Some have proved false, others have died—some in the quiet of home, others have met their death on the rail, at their post of duty, in the tangled wreck. The Brotherhood has caused a great change for the better among the firemen. The locomotives are now in charge of a different class of men than nine years ago. He was glad to see the heroes of the throttle and scoop, and was glad to see them with their wives, mothers, sisters and friends. Their Order was a grand one. It was the widows' friend and the orphans' home. He paid a tribute to Grand Master Arnold and wife, and extended the welcome of the Lodge.

Mr. Arnold spoke briefly in reply. He was glad to meet so many of them, and hoped that 'old acquaintance' would begin from that time. He had been treated kindly since he came here, liked the people, the city, and the members of the Lodge.

Miss Crookshank recited 'Sleeping at the Switch,' and was loudly applauded.

Refreshments were then served, after which dancing was continued till a late hour to the music of the Apollo band."

Scene in Yard-Master's Office When Business is Light.

BY J. O. S.

Wealthy but honest Train-man.—"I say, Mr. Yard-Master, when is my run out?"

Poor and lazy Yard-Master.—"That is, my dear sir, a clear case of doubt!"

Posted Train-man.—"Ah, yes! Have a cigar?"

Needy Yard-Master.—"I will fire you right out!!!"

One Word.

Accident insurance is no longer an experiment but an almost absolute necessity. Especially is this the case with men who hold positions on our railroads. In a recent list of four hundred and forty-three accidents, sixty-nine were freight brakemen, one hundred and seventeen were engineers; fifty-five firemen; fifty-three were yardmen and switchmen and forty-five were bridge builders and the balance were divided among passenger and freight conductors, carpenters, machinists, etc. On January 30th, 1884, Hon. W. R. McKeen issued an order placing the Western Life and Accident Association upon the T. H. & I., and T. H. & L. R. R.'s, since which time the general agent, Mr. J. H. Yundt, has done some considerable work among the employees of the two roads. We are glad to bear cheerful testimony to the sterling good character of the Western Life and Accident Association, having intimately known several of its officers and incorporators for many years. The Hon. John Caven has been for years and is now closely allied to many of the leading enterprises of Indianapolis. The Treasurer, Norman S. Byram, is one of the oldest and most esteemed business men of Indianapolis, standing as he does at the head of the largest wholesale dry goods house in Indiana. Mr. James T. Layman is vice-President and is senior member of the large wholesale hardware house of Layman, Carey & Co. Mr. I. N. Pattison, the efficient City Treasurer of Indianapolis, is in the Directory, and the management of the association has been placed in the hands of a most estimable gentleman, A. C. Jones, Esq., who is straining every nerve to make the credit of the association an honor to the State. We learn that the association is taking risks at better figures than the old companies; that they are paying their claims equally as promptly, and that they are more liberal in amount of weekly indemnities.

These characteristics of the Western will certainly bear good and abundant fruit in the near future.

VIRTUE'S FAME.

Like a quivering, crystal bubble,
Floating on the summer's air,
Is a maiden's fame for virtue,
Jewel of all jewels rare.

But a breath—and gone the bubble,
Never more to be the same;
But a whispered word of scandal—
Gone the maiden's spotless fame.

False may be the direful rumor;
Pure in heart may be the maid;
But a heartless world will whisper,
And the forfeit must be paid.



The Tramp's Travels.

When I awoke from my slumber in a Wabash box car in the Toledo yard, I made my toilet as well as circumstances would permit, and after eating a hearty meal of sturgeon at a *dago* restaurant, I wended my way towards the L. S. & M. S. *deppo*. I accosted a knight of the scoop named Nesper, found him agreeable, and noontide found me in Detroit, bidding friends of a few hours' duration a safe journey home. I sought the levee, and producing a package of twine from my grip, I made a hook of a darning neelee by bending it over my cigar and proceeded in a business-like manner to procure my dinner from the Detroit river. Having gathered in three splendid lampreys, I abstracted the inner case from my watch, and having dressed the *rops* of the finny tribe, built a fire of matches, and holding my improvised sauce-pan on the hind leg of a grasshopper, cooked my dinner. After dinner, feeling greatly refreshed, I sought out the passenger depot, and seeing a yard engine playing billiards with some coal dumps, I halted until they passed near enough for me to gracefully swing my No. 15's onto the step, and saluting the driver with a profound *salaam*, presented my "photograph." He gazed at it with an air of deep solemnity and touched it gently, for fear it might endanger his job, I suppose. Then, after a long and painful (for me) pause, he returned it with a sigh of relief and whinily said: "Partner, I don't know much about that—is it a pass of some kind?" "What, don't—don't know anything about the Brotherhood? Where have you lived the past ten years?" His only reply was, "I never worked anywhere only on the Central." I left him in disgust and mentally remarked that he had better stay where he was, for he would not get a great ways from home if he started away. Crossing the river I met Brothers Kelly and Baird, of No. 5, and finding myself again among friends, my spirits resumed their usually pleasant status. My stay at Windsor was brief, but pleasant. McAndrews had the terriers out that day shifting ballast from the gravel pit to the track, and as he was helping the fireman make some new-fangled *dope*, I did not see him when I passed his "lay-over" place. Before I close I desire to "puff" our Magazine.

It is the motive power of our Brotherhood, and as an evidence of good firemen we must keep its jacket at all times attractive and scour it inside every trip. The bands that hold it together must be brightly polished and the steam gauge always show a hundred and enough to get to the end of the run with. We must rustle our own fuel and water, and from the looks of the last issue, I am strongly of the opinion that the Order can furnish both in abundant quantities. Many enginemen still seem to doubt our mission, and we must never fail to improve every opportunity to impress upon them the objects of our Brotherhood. By so doing we express our earnestness in the cause we have espoused, and by thus showing an unbroken front to the enemy, they will sooner or later succumb to the inevitable and become our friends. Our principles must be fully explained, and no man should be censured for daring to uphold as honest an enterprise as I claim our Brotherhood is. It is organized to alleviate distress, and not cause it; to care for fatherless little ones and educate them. What, I ask, is more honorable than this? By the way, the "Scriptures from Latin" are good and the author ought to sign some name to them; if he cannot find one I would suggest "Blondy." I am bound for Europe.

Fraternally yours,

THE TRAMP.

The Prize Regalias.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

The prize for 1883 consisted of a handsome set of "Officers' Regalias" to be given to the Lodge securing the largest number of paid subscribers to the Firemen's Magazine. January 9th, 1884, the prize was awarded to Rose City Lodge, No. 45, of Little Rock, Ark. The contest for the prize was a long and interesting one, owing to the great number of good Lodges in our Order. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is credited with having as good Lodges as any secret society in the United States. At the beginning of the year when the prize was offered it was some time before No. 45 decided to enter the contest. Bro. H. H. Lindemberger was our Magazine Agent and one of the very best in our Order. After No. 45 entered this contest Bro. Lindemberger determined that his labors as Magazine Agent, should not cease until the officers of No. 45 were wearing this prize, the handsomest set of regalias worn by the officers of any society in Little Rock. Success crowned our efforts, and we are now clothed with the fruit of our industry. We do not expect to en-

ter into the contest for Magazine honors this year, but we are content to retire with the laurels of last year. We hope the competition for 1884 may be more interesting than that of 1883, and that all Lodges may take an active part in the contest.

Every Monday evening we can be found at the Engineers' Hall, in meeting assembled, where our beautiful regalias lend enchantment to the surroundings, and all brethren of the Order in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

—Fraternally yours,

H. H. BURRUS.

Aurora Miscellany.

AURORA, ILLS.

As it has been a long time since I have seen anything in the Magazine from No. 80, I will contribute a few lines if you think them deserving of a place in its pages. In the first place, I wish to inform you of a villainous assault that was made upon our Lodge property. Some one was mean enough to break into our Lodge room and then break open our fine new secretary, of which we were so proud, and purloin therefrom about two dollars worth of stamps, besides ransacking the books and papers. After they went through our secretary they broke into that of the engineers in a like manner. We wonder what could have been the motive of these marauders, as they did not molest any other property, although several other Orders meet in the same hall. Fortunately they left our records and seal, and as there were no traveling cards in the secretary, our loss is not very alarming. Still we regret very much the ruin of our secretary, which was a very fine one. Bro. Goding, our model Financier, who was injured at Streator while running a switch engine, is rapidly recovering. Bro. Bexon is suffering with a severe attack of rheumatism, and right here, brothers, let me say that you should always remember a brother in distress. When a brother is sick we should visit and encourage him and render him all the assistance in our power. It is for this purpose that we are organized, and under no circumstances should we forget our obligations to our sick and distressed brothers. Among our recent promotions may be mentioned Bros. Gass, Scobille, Roberts, Rollins, Johnson, Petrie, Ritter and the world-renowned Dr. Dunphy. Our membership is steadily increasing, and the names of more than sixty faithful members are now enrolled on our books. We are not so eager to grow in numbers as we are to maintain a proper standard of manhood among our mem-

bers. Thus far we have never had occasion to expel one of our members, and I hope we never may have. Every fireman should congratulate himself upon having the privilege of joining our noble Order, and once admitted, he should never betray it. While they are consistent unto its teachings, if misfortune should overtake them, they will have willing friends to come to their rescue; should envy traduce their good names, the Brotherhood would throw its protecting mantle around them and shield them from all harm.

Fraternally yours,

BALDWIN.

Progress at Galesburg.

GALESBURG, ILL.

This is a beautiful little city with about 18,000 inhabitants. It being a railroad centre, a great many of the Brotherhood meet here and hence we have one of the finest Lodges in the state. Our Lodge is growing steadily in numbers at every meeting.

Bro. Green is able to be out after a long siege of sickness. He is very grateful to the brothers for their kindness and attention, and appreciates more than ever the value and benefits of an association of men banded together for the common interest and welfare of each other.

Bro. J. L. Weeks is still throwing diamonds on engine 171. Bro. Gus Peterson is on the passenger once more. Bro. R. H. Lacy made himself a present of a feather bed this recent cold snap—he ought not to enjoy it alone. Bro. Alexander thinks 54 a daisy, and there is but one object he likes better and that is his girl. That is right, stick to it, George. Bro. South, of engine 99 is on deck as usual. Our worthy Secretary is always on time, unless he takes snow drifts into consideration. Bro. U. Grant Westfall still holds down the left hand side of No. 12. Bro. Phillips is running the 324 and Bro. Al. Bartell the 175. Bro. B. J. Bartell intends to go west in the spring, on a wild goose chase to "Pike's Peak, or bust." Bro. Botsford was taken on surprise last Friday night by quite a number of the young people gathering in for a good time. At 12 o'clock refreshments were served and were enjoyed very much by all.

FIREMAN.

Lake Breezes.

CHICAGO, ILL.

I have watched the Magazine carefully to see if some of our members would not have the courage to make a start in the interest of our Lodge, but being doomed

to disappointment I have taken it upon myself to let you know how our "boat" is sailing with her gallant crew. If these few lines are worthy of space you may "set them up" and if not you may consign them to the waste-basket without a sigh. With Bro. Murphy as Master, Bro. J. Devine as Secretary, Bro. McPhee as Financier and "Sister" Chas. Billmeyer as Mag. Agent, our little boat was launched and is sailing along in the waters of prosperity, with as jolly a crew aboard as there is afloat. Brothers who are all working heart and hand to make 188 second to none in the Brotherhood. Our meetings are held on the first and third Sundays at 9:30 A. M., and on the second Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Bro. W. McPhee, we are sorry to say, was called to his home in Canada last week by the sad death of his father. Bro. McPhee has the heartfelt sympathy of the brothers here in this his sad hour of affliction.

No words of praise can be good enough to offer to "Sister" Billmeyer for the good work he has done, and is doing to advance the subscription list of the Magazine, and it is our private opinion, publicly expressed, that the brother who receives the prize this year, won't have to look back far, before he sees "Sister" Charles following close in his smoke, as he is finishing his "run" for the prize. Well, as it is nearly time for me to set sail, and start for a trip over the "Raring-taring Pacific" I will gently lay aside the pen and prepare myself for the task. If the winds are fair, and the old "mill" stays on the rail, everything will be well, and while thus occupied my heart goes out to those who are doing likewise. Ever wishing success to our noble Brotherhood, I remain

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From Mount Tacoma.

NEW TACOMA, WASHINGTON TY.

Under the brow of the grandest mountain in the United States, and one from which our newly organized Lodge (Mt. Tacoma No. 192) takes its name, I cannot repress my enthusiasm for our grand Brotherhood, and I feel as though I had a right to enough space in the Magazine to say to our sister Lodges, East and West, North and South, that we are in full sympathy with them and that, although hundreds and thousands of miles separate us, we are nevertheless as one family in full accord, in harmony, with a common object in view. A member of Cedar Valley Lodge No. 30, I have a full appreciation of the benefits of the Order, and only a short time was required to infuse the spirit among the N. P. boys of Tacoma, and the result is that under the deft and

skillful hand of our Grand Instructor, S. M. Stevens, a splendid Lodge has been organized that will, if properly managed, be a credit to the Order. The simple fact of our being organized is a matter of self-congratulation, but we must not think that our work ends here. Far from it—we have just begun, and if we would reap the benefits of the Brotherhood we must bend all our energies to the cause and do our full part of the work. We must make our meetings so profitable and instructive that each member will take an interest in them. This cannot be accomplished by a few, but each one should understand that a share of the responsibility rests on his shoulders, which, as a faithful member, he should discharge to the best of his ability. In our Order we do not want sluggards—we want only those who will assist us in building up a Lodge that will be a credit to the cause. On our rolls we have the names of men who are determined to make a good record for themselves, and when they are fairly started you may look for good reports from them.

I cannot refrain from speaking a deserving word for our Organizer, Mr. S. M. Stevens. If any one deserves credit he certainly does, for he is an active and faithful servant of the Order. He has splendid abilities and is thoroughly in sympathy with our mission. Furthermore, he is a perfect gentleman.

Several of our members have been promoted, among whom may be mentioned B. Kenny, E. Huggins, M. Lemay and your humble servant, and, if reports are true, a couple more of the boys will soon have charge of the throttle.

I wish to return thanks to many members who have assisted us, among whom are the N. P. boys, particularly those of No. 86. We are ready to reciprocate their favors whenever they chance to come this way. I should like to receive suggestions from correspondents as to their idea of exercises that might be introduced in our meetings to make them pleasant and profitable to the members.

Yours, fraternally,

J. B. REED.

Wages of Young Engineers.

SPRAGUE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Not having written anything for the Magazine for a long time, I thought I would try my hand, although I am aware that the standard for publication of letters is much higher than it formerly was.

You must allow me, Mr. Editor, to pass a little compliment on the ladies who write such interesting letters for us in the Woman's Department of the Magazine. When I sit and read the letters, so full

of kind, cheering and loving words, I often think, "There are kind hearts everywhere."

There is one thing I wish to speak of through the columns of our Magazine, as I believe it is one place in which to ventilate our grievances, and that is in regard to the promotion of firemen to engineers and the promotion of their pay at the same time. It is a usual custom on most roads to pay a young engineer a lower scale of wages for some two or three years than is paid to other men who are doing the same work. I, for one, fail to see the justice of this thing. When a man takes out an engine and does the work that is required, with all its dangers and responsibilities, I believe that man deserves just the same pay as any other man doing the same class of work. I will allow that for switching there may be a less rate, but for road work I think the newly promoted fireman deserves the same wages as the old-timer. Take for instance the back part of a train; when a brakeman is promoted to conductor he receives conductor's pay, and I fail to see why it should not work both ways. I often think that many promotions are made as a means of cheap labor, and cheap labor, where skill, courage and physical strength are necessary, is to be condemned.

Sprague Lodge is booming along like the country we live in, and its success can only be attributed to the worthy officers who are at the head of it. They take great interest in their work and, therefore, it is bound to succeed.

Hoping our great Brotherhood will continue in its grand work, I now remain

Yours, fraternally,

H. ABBOTT.

Reaping the Harvest.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

It is just a year since New Year Lodge, No. 135, was instituted by Rev. F. P. Sargent, who now occupies the honorable position of Vice Grand Master. We started with nine charter members, a rather small beginning, but the seed fell on rich soil and sprung up, and has yielded a rich harvest. At this writing we have fifty-four members, with new applications coming in at every meeting. We have had to expel a few who have proven false to us, but we do not miss them. They have taught us to be more careful in our investigations, and to examine carefully into the worthiness of an applicant before admitting him, and now only those are admitted who can bear the test of a vigorous investigation.

Our hall has been made very attractive

through the liberality of our members and friends. A fine lot of locomotive photos and some very fine blue prints, elegantly framed, adorn the walls. The S. P. brothers have donated us a beautiful copy of the Holy Scriptures; the T. P. brothers an elegant altar cloth; Miss Nellie G. Matthews, a handsome book-marker; Bro. Boyers, a hat rack; Bro. Wheeler, a neatly painted motto of an Order painted on glass, and Bro. Forbes, of No. 94, a very handsome chart.

Bro. Boyers deserves great credit for the efficient manner in which he has circulated the Magazine. He has been all over the land of the cactus and the dark-eyed Senoritas, sowing the literature of an Order broadcast among the natives. He is an earnest and devoted worker in our cause, and we feel duly proud of him. Our officers are eminently the right men in the right place; they attend to their duties promptly and faithfully, and the members have all confidence in them.

I must not fail to give thanks, in behalf of our Lodge, to Mr. Jno. Bonner, Master Mechanic of the S. P. R. R., for the many favors he has shown us. He is very kind to us, and always listens with a willing ear to any grievances we may have to present to him. Such men are a credit to the corporations they serve. We will soon have a new hall, jointly with the B. of L. E. I am glad of it, as the old location is not very favorable—but any port in a storm. With many good wishes to our brethren all over the land, I remain.

A ONE WHEELER.

Good of the Order.

NELLSVILLE, OHIO.

So much has been said regarding the good of the Order and its growth that I, with my slight stock of expression, find it a task to add anything new. But "the half has ne'er been told" and I sigh for the pen of a Plutarch to add lustre to the theme. How the heart of every true Brotherhood man should swell with joy at the noble delegation that turned out to the convention of '83 and the wonderful increase in the last three months. What other Order has gained 800 new members in the same length of time? Every member counts just the same as cents make dollars, and if you want dollars in the relief fund help put them there by bringing in a new member upon every occasion. If you see a good man that you think will make an exemplary member, or, better still, an "ornament to the Lodge," have no stone unturned in an honorable way, of course, to bring him into the Brotherhood.

I would say a few words in regard to

the lodge at Mattoon, Ill., No. 3. Her members have wisely named her "Beacon," and she is true to her name. Her light is broadcast and bright. For geniality, hospitality, and general goodness, her members cannot be excelled. That they adhere strictly to the motto, B. S. and I., is well attested. To Bros. Mac, Miller, Kendall and others I extend my heartiest thanks for favors received.

The Eclipse Lodge of Galion, No. 107, is as flourishing as any one could desire, and she is made up of first class men.

With the best wishes for all the Lodges and the Order in general, I remain

Yours fraternally,
WILL P. SCHEETS.

Danville Letter.

DANVILLE, ILLS.

As there seems to be no one to report the progress of our Lodge, and to note the promotion of our members, I have assumed to act as their correspondent for the Magazine.

Bros. Dan Callahan, George Washburn, John Croake, and others, have gone over to the right side, and are doing good work. Bros. Booth and Jack Warren still hold the 21 down. Bros. Haley and Shuster are taking good care of the Rodger.

George Shuster, our popular Financier, is doing good work on the right side. The Beecher snow drift kept Bro. McMahan away from his girl longer than was agreeable, but he got there in due time.

Our Wabash boys must not be forgotten. Bros. Baldwin, Flaherty, Burns and Pat O'Brien are at the throttle, and they get over the road in good order. A friend at my elbow desires me to ask Bro. Barlow's girl what time it is.

The boys on the C. & E. I. are making good time, and are contented and happy. They are well pleased with their superintendent, Mr. Lyford, and their master mechanic, Mr. Cook, who treat them with the utmost kindness and consideration. For fear I am taking up too much space, I will come to a close.

Fraternally yours,

HARRY.

Hymenial.

CORNING, N. J.

About one week ago invitations were issued for a most brilliant affair, which took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Jan'y 22, at 11 A. M. The contracting parties were Bro. J. L. Krebs, our worthy Master, and Miss Annie Schaffer, one of Corning's most highly accomplished young ladies, attended by a cousin of the bride,

from New York City and a brother of the groom. The reception was held in the evening at the residence of the brides' parents, about three miles from the city.

The house was handsomely decorated with evergreens and cut flowers. The parlor was arranged for dancing, McGeorge's orchestra occupying one end and rendering fine music for the occasion, accompanied by the F. B. C. Co., of which the groom was an honored member. The dancing was kept up till the wee' hours of the morning. Evergreens draped the walls from every corner of the room. A handsome chandelier (a present from the band) was suspended from a star in the centre, and a horse-shoe of flowers with the letters K. and S. in gold, graced the walls. The groom was attired in the usual becoming style and the bride wore an ox-blood silk, handsomely trimmed with point lace, diamond ornaments.

The relatives and most immediate friends of the contracting parties, about two hundred in number were present. The presents were too numerous to mention, but among them we noticed an elegant clock, a present from the B. of L. F. They tell us that Delmonico was lost, but judging from the refreshments that were served, we are inclined to think he had found his way to the Schaffer mansion 'ere the guests arrived. Flowers skillfully arranged adorned the table. After ample justice had been done to this elegant repast the guests reluctantly took their departure.

It should be remembered that this is but the closing scene of a drama of some duration. From our knowledge he has every prospect of being happy and this assurance gives us true pleasure. With every wish for their true happiness, I close.

Yours Respectfully,
G. R. QUICK.

Minor Mentions.

VAN HORNE, IOWA.

Thinking that a few lines from here would not come amiss, I will proceed to give you a few "pointers" on the situation. The Brotherhood is well represented on this line, there being members here from Lodges, 27, 54, 124 and 138. All of them are first class men, and an honor to the Order. Bro. Owens, who has been laid up for some time in a Chicago hospital, is once more among us. We are glad to see "Shorty" home again.

Bro. Pullford, for a long time day hostler at Savanna, has taken the scoop again. Bro. Lathram is back from Wisconsin, where he has been visiting his parents. Bro. Griffith, the ladies' man, has earned

the reputation of being the "captain" on roller skates. Bro. Quinn has moved from here to Perry, and we expect, of course, that he will now join Pilot Lodge. We all regret very much to lose Tom. Bro. McGuire has severed his connection with the St. Paul and joined hands with the N. P., and we wish him success. Hoping that the present year may be one of prosperity to the Order, I am, as always,
E. X.

Prosperity of Eau Claire Lodge.

ALTOONA, WIS.

It is a long time since Eau Claire Lodge No. 68 has been represented in the Magazine, and I take advantage of an opportunity to say something in her behalf. We are in our glory now, and prosperity smiles on us from every side. We have an elegant hall of our own, and a stove, for which we receive fifteen dollars per month. We rent our hall to the Order of Railway Conductors, for which we receive fifty dollars per year. The B. of L. E. will soon have a Division here, and will probably use our hall. It is furnished in elegant style, and our members are very proud of it. We have fifty-eight members, and new applications are coming in at every meeting, so the outlook for us is very flattering. Our worthy Master, Bro. W. L. Botsford, has gone into the grocery business. All success to him.

Bro. Edgell, our Financier, keeps the boys in line. Bro. Cuddy has taken a partner for life, and during the holidays he paid the boys a visit. Bro. Kennedy has gone to Toronto to bury his brother, and in his affliction he has the sympathy of all members. Bros. Leahy and Montgomery, of No. 61, are with us, and are getting along all right. Our list of runners is as follows: Bros. Ackerly, Botsford, McKay, Corrigan, Fitzgerald, Stimson, J. Keating, S. Keating, J. Kennedy, Lawrence, Bowen, Winters, Walk, Babington, White, Dumphy, Killeen, Frazer, Cuddy, Sparks, Miller, James and Thompson; Bros. Hannigan, Lavell, Carey, Kingsbury and Bresman are dispatching, and the rest of the boys are doing well, and will "get there" in due time.

Yours fraternally, D.

A Terrible Storm.

MAPLE RIVER JUNCTION, IOWA.

It was a fearful night on the road. The lightning darted its forked tongue from pole to pole, illuminating the dome of heaven with its wierd and blinding glare, and the mighty peals of thunder rolled down the dark cuts reverberating from side to side with a fearful roar,

dying away down the track to be succeeded by others more deafening and fearful until it seemed as though the foundations of the universe had been rent asunder. With the exception of those who were on duty, the members of No. 25 were wrapped in slumber deep and sound which nothing could interrupt but the rap and sonorous voice of the caller at the bed room window, coupled with a dig in the ribs from the sharer of his bed.

After some hours, the fury of the storm abated, and nothing will compare with the glorious day which succeeded it, without it is the present prospects of the Brotherhood. Connecting Link, No. 25, being a branch of this noble order, is striving to do her duty; her membership is gradually increasing, and her members, with the exception of a few are in good standing. Quite a number of the boys have been promoted this last fall and winter, thanks to Foreman of Boone shops, Mr. Jos. Cockfield, who seems to be taking an interest in the welfare of the boys, most of whom are members of the B. of L. F. Although at present there is a little difficulty existing we hope it will be bridged over in the near future, and all move off harmoniously as of yore.

Space will not allow me to make mention of all the boys separately, but will merely state Craney McCraw is P. A., and for a good square meal go to Bro. Dick Pike's. No more at present.

Yours in B. S. & I.

W. A. C.

P. S.—This storm happened in my mind.

Fort Worth.

FORT WORTH, TEX.

As I have not seen anything in the Magazine concerning No. 83 and having a sincere desire to keep up the good work, as I think it is our duty, and it should be a pleasure for us to say something for the good of the Order, and I know of no better way than to express ourselves through the columns of our valuable Magazine. To begin with, I desire to let the readers of the Magazine and the rest of the fraternity know how our Order is prospering in Texas. We were organized two years ago with a very small membership, but the right man was put in the right place and we have been working hard and we have overcome obstacles which have been the ruin of many a Lodge. We are gradually working our way to the front, though we have not increased in membership as fast as some Lodges, yet we are satisfied with some sixty odd members that are an honor to our Order. The society of young ladies and gentlemen do

not deem it derogatory to their dignity to level themselves with our fraternity, and they are always anxious for us to give our annual balls and parties, and regret that we do not give them oftener. Our new hall is furnished in first-class style. It is a two-story frame building, and was built by subscription among the members of our Lodge. The lower floor is rented as a grocery store and the upper floor we have nicely furnished as a Lodge room, and we let Div. 187, B. of L. E., use our hall with us, in return for their kindness to us in our infancy. The management and construction of our hall was superintended by our most worthy financier, Capt. O'Malley, and I shall say with pleasure that Bro. O'Malley deserves great credit for the untiring energy he has shown in accomplishing his object, and also in the faithful discharge of his duties. I also wish to heartily thank Bro. Debs for his kindly visit, which was highly appreciated by all who heard his good instructions, for they were delivered with such a tenderness of voice, and there was such a marked sincerity in his tones that we were proud to grasp him by the hand and call him brother. His words were deeply felt, and since his visit our officers and members have taken a deeper interest in our meetings, and it is more of a pleasure than a strict duty for them to attend our meetings. Our officers thoroughly understand their duties, and our Lodge works smoothly and nicely. We are proud of our Lodge, and we hope to make her one of the best in the Brotherhood in every respect. TRINITY.

A Good Joke.

LONGVIEW, TEXAS.

I have a good joke on one of our members that is too good to let go without mention. I will give it to your readers as Bro. Brown, our night foreman, gave it to me. The company has adopted a system of calling in trains from the east by the switch engine whistle—that is the incoming trains have to stop outside the yard limits until signaled to come in by far blasts from the pony whistle. At present the weather is very cold, and after the yard men get through with their work the pony takes its stand near the round house. Bro. O. E. Turner was on shift last night, and after the usual work was over the pony took its accustomed stand and Bro. Turner went to lunch. You all know what elegant lunches our brothers on the switch engines feast on; when they get through they are very tired, for it is no easy task to masticate such lunches. So when Bro. Turner got through he laid down to rest himself, and

was soon fast asleep. Bro. Brown went over to have a little chat with him, but found him fast asleep and a train coming over the hill. Bro. Brown quickly took some waste, and stuffing it in the whistle he awaited further developments. As soon as the incoming train called for the pony signal, Bro. Turner awoke and pulled his whistle, but there was no sound. He sprang around from the foot-board to the tank and directed his fireman, Bro. Gibson, to be quick and get some waste and coal oil with which to thaw out the whistle, as it was frozen solid.

I will leave your readers to judge of the truth of Bro. Brown's story; for my part I am inclined to the opinion that some parts of it will not bear the light of investigation.

Bro. Turner is a bright and wide-awake fellow, and I can only attribute this episode to the evil effects of those "lunches," which, in my judgment, are sufficient to drive any man to desperation.

X. Y. Z.

Eagle Rock.

SPRING HILL, MONTANA.

Thinking that a few lines from the members of No. 113 would be acceptable, I have concluded to write you a few lines in their behalf. All the boys are getting along well, especially Boomerang, who has got away from Beaver Canon and now runs the 25. He has got to be a good boy since the M. E. preacher went to firing for him. Gifford, the white-haired boy, runs the 27. He is an elegant dandy, but raises Cain with the Magrifonian wipers that work at night. I advise him to look out for them. The passenger men are Else on the right and "Mike the Blood" on the left of the 32. "Pretty" Andrews is on the right and the "Kid" is on the left of the 30. Maynard and Farmer are on the noble 44, and Wickwire and Bomer are on the 33. Daisy Dean runs the 10, and you can bet she is a good one.

Baker has got back from Butte. The boys all know what he was there for. He is on the right of the 23, and Patsy Bolliver is on the left. Frost runs the "Maid of Erin" on the snow-plow, and knows just how much steam to give her. Dan Rollins thinks that he is solid with the school marm. She spoke to him the other day when he had his Sunday clothes on.

Some of the members of 41, 85 and 128 are here, and are first class Brotherhood men. They are the right kind of material for Brotherhood purposes, and it is a pleasure to meet and know them.

B. S. & I.

Mitchell, Dakota.

MITCHELL, DAKOTA.

As Ferguson Lodge, No. 190, has been organized nearly three months, and as yet nothing has appeared in the Magazine to indicate that we are alive and at work, I thought I would advise the many readers of our valuable book of our prosperity. We organized December 16th, 1883, with a charter membership of seven; our register now shows sixteen names, and the applications of several others are now before the Lodge. Our Lodge, like many others, conceived the idea of having a ball, which took place on the evening of February 22d, and was a marked success in every particular. One hundred couples of Mitchell's best people, besides many from a distance, graced the occasion with their presence. The hearty support rendered the boys by the good citizens of Mitchell was no surprise to them, for they are never lacking in their support to all good and worthy objects. Another evidence of the regard maintained for the Order is the support given the Magazine, there being nearly forty copies received at this office. Our worthy brother, Geo. Ferguson, for whom our Lodge is named, though very modest in bearing, is a general favorite with all who know him. I might mention Bro. Tom Comfort, but he is well known as the leader in everything which promises a good time, and consequently he is in constant demand by the fair sex. Bro. Wm. McAoinney having changed his residence, has now an opportunity to display his talents as a letter writer.

Bro. Chas. Woodman gives as his excuse for getting married so soon after joining the Brotherhood that he wanted to have someone to make his policy payable to. The happy couple will reside in Mitchell. As I can think of nothing more of interest at this time, and begging pardon for the space occupied by so poor a letter, and promising to do better next time, I will close with best wishes to the Brotherhood.

W. S. C.

Standard Lodge.

DETROIT, MICH.

As Standard Lodge, No. 158, has never occupied a space in the Magazine, I take this opportunity of writing a few lines. Although we have not been organized quite a year, our Lodge is in a flourishing condition, and we hope in time to make it one of the finest in the Order. We gave our first annual ball October 17th, at Merrill Hall, but through the neglect of one of our members no account of it was ever sent to you for publication. Those that were there give the boys great

credit, and say it was the finest ball given in Detroit for years. Some of the incidents that have occurred since our organization are the promotions of Bros. Finlay and Noble to the right-hand side. Past Master Hamlin was very sly about taking a partner, but the boys found it out all the same, and when questioned about it he promised to open a keg of nails, but the boys have never seen even a tack. Never mind, Bill, you're a jolly good fellow, and we wish you and your bride joy and prosperity through life. Last, but not least, was the mysterious disappearance of Bro. Broughton. He was missing for over a week, and the boys were beginning to feel uneasy about him, but he turned up with one of the fair sex on his arm, and we now know that he will be well taken care of. Freddie, the boys wish you and your bride much joy and happiness through life.

Fraternally,

F. V. R.

Mutual Assistance.

MOBERLY, MO.

Being a reader of the Magazine, I have wondered that the members of No. 54 are so dilatory about writing. We do not wish to have our sister Lodges think that we are asleep or dead, so it becomes us to say or do something to show that we are still in the cause.

Our officers are among the best, and attend strictly to their duties. Our Master cannot be excelled and the same can be said of our Financier. I am prompted to say that all of our members should work together in harmony and peace.

We cannot afford to be selfish, for we not know how soon we may need the assistance of our fellow-men.

Then again we should at all times live up to the principles of our Order—we should be benevolent, sober and industrious. We cannot tell how soon we may take our last ride, for danger lurks everywhere on the rail and we should at all times be prepared to receive our summons. As Geo. W. Smith says in the January Magazine, we should assist and protect each other in every emergency. Life is uncertain, and while we live and have health and strength we should assist others, so that when misfortune overtakes us we may not be uncared for.

Mount Hood.

THE DALLES, OREGON.

So far as I know there has not yet appeared any communication in the Magazine from this Lodge, and I thought I had better do something in that direction in

order to awaken, if possible, an interest in some of our more able writers. Mount Hood Lodge was organized last June and we now have twenty-eight true and faithful members. As business is dull at present some of our boys are "laying off" and taking a little trip. Among those that are away are Bros. Geo. Ferguson and Lute Ferguson, the former our Past Master and the latter our Secretary. They have both gone to California. Bro. Tucker is Master now. He has been on the right hand side all summer, but is now hostler. Bros. Thompson, Vanhees and Williams are also absent. They have gone East and it is rumored that Bro. G. Thompson's mission is to secure some one to assist him in holding down the left hand side. Bro. Frank Langdon has "gone and done it." He caught one of San Francisco's beauties, Miss May' McNeil, and we wish them a long and happy life. We are in a good financial condition, and our outlook is very encouraging. Our members are all in earnest and promise to build up one of the best Lodges in the Order. Yours, fraternally,

DUDE.

Across the St. Lawrence.

STRATFORD, ONT.

I have long thought of writing a letter to the Magazine to speak a word or two for old 38, the old reliable, the "Banner Lodge" of the Dominion of Canada. Although but little is said about 38 in the Magazine I must give in my testimony that its members are a band of good men and true. A living, active power in our Brotherhood, demonstrating to all that there is a grand reality in our professions of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry"—that our principles are sound, and that the foundations of our Order are secure and will last as long as honest labor shall last and as long as the spirit of mutual help, sympathy and love for our fellow-men shall abide in the breast of man and we know that these things can never fail as long as the world stands. Our meetings are well attended and the intelligent and spirited discussions are sure evidences of the deep and lively interest taken in matters concerning the Lodge, each member contributing some sparkling suggestion, some germ of thought bearing upon the matter in hand, all of which summed up goes to show the subjects in all their various bearings, making up one grand whole, and thus we arrive at a solid understanding.

We have several "Constitution and Rules of Order" boys among us who keep us constantly in the straight line of our Constitution, no matter how hard it may

sometimes seem. All honor to them, for they are a power for good in making our meetings and transactions orderly, dignified and law abiding. I might also say that 38 ever recognizes the fact that to be abreast of the times our watchword must be progress. To stand still in the ever recurring onward march of events is only to fall backward and lose our identity in the oblivion of the past.

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant.
Let the dead past bury its dead.
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

Why shall we stand aside idle and careless when so much earnest and important work is to be done. So many grand results to be worked out. So many aching and sorrowing hearts to be cheered, encouraged and helped, when we may, ourselves, want this sympathy, help and encouragement at any moment. No, we must not stand idle and unmoved. We must each member "act well our part, for there all the honor lies." Let us then each of us take some part (if only a small one) in the glorious work which lies before us and let us re-echo the words of Longfellow:

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

My thoughts have wandered a little and I must now return to Avon Lodge No. 38. A few months since we furnished our Lodge with a full supply of officers' and members' regalias, sufficient to furnish every member with full honors, and make all feel that they are in an assembly of bright and dignified array. Our regalia is very handsome and we all feel proud of it; we obtained it from M. C. Davis & Co., of Indianapolis, Ind., whom we can recommend for prices, quality and style. The Master's chair is now filled by that old Veteran in the Lodge service, Brother James F. Drummond, and we one and all say it is well and ably filled, too. The finances of the Lodge are in a first-class condition and with coffers well-filled, we feel able to hold our own against all emergencies. The financial affairs are in the trusty hands of Brother George Nursey, who looks well to the interests of the Lodge.

Great changes have taken place among us during the past six months. The Grand Trunk R. R. have converted their main line and the Great Western division into what is virtually a double track, for through freight between Sarnia and Toronto and between Sarnia and Buffalo, the up track being the main line and the Buffalo divisions of the Grand Trunk and the down tracks the main line and

loop line of the Great Western division. This makes long stretches for the boys to work on, the Buffalo and Sarnia road being 391 miles the round trip and the Toronto and Sarnia road being 347 miles the round trip. Among the boys, this has got the name of "running round the horn." These arrangements have scattered many of our members, some being now transferred to Sarnia and others to Toronto, and we look back with regret to our short division and to the time when we all clustered round the good old Banner Lodge of Canada, No. 38. But though some are absent from us we know they are with us at heart and co-operate with us as far as possible. Among the missing ones we regret to say is Bro. F. Mingay, who has gone to Toronto. He was unanimously elected Financier through several successive terms and wielded the quill with an ability and success that gained for him our highest praise and our unbounded confidence, which were ever treasured and deserved by him. At sight of little Fred coming we always began to dive into our pockets for the needful, for we knew when he presented his little bill that he meant business.

Among the latest of those who have tied the wonderful knot for weal or woe are Bros. Jas. F. Drummond, Geo. Mettler and Wm. Hutton.

I am glad to see that our Magazine is still going onward, ever progressing with the development of the Order, until it is now a grand exponent of the principles of our Order.

I must now turn aside from those pleasant scenes and reflections and record some sad events that have recently occurred in our midst, causing many sad and aching hearts, calling forth our sympathy and making us feel, indeed, that we know not the day nor the hour when we might ourselves be called to our last trip in our hazardous calling, and clearly showing us the necessity of providing for our loved ones and for our own eternal welfare.

On the 2d of January, 1884, Bro. Richard Jeffery was running engine 270 from Sarnia to Toronto, over the Great Western division. He was running light, with Geo. Barber as conductor. It was snowing and a cold and stormy night, and as this was Bro. R. Jeffery's first trip over this part of the road he was relying upon conductor Barber to pilot and direct him, and by some unaccountable mistake the suburban train and dummy engine from Toronto was completely forgotten and a terrible collision occurred between The Humber and High Park, a few miles out of Toronto, at 7 a. m. Twenty-six passengers were killed instantly or died from

injuries received in the burning wreck and a great number were severely injured. The engineer and fireman got off unhurt. Bro. R. Jeffery's fireman was killed and Bro. Jeffery narrowly escaped with his life, but received some terrible cuts and injuries. He is, however, doing well and we hope he will soon recover. Bcth Bro. Jeffery and Geo. Barber were arrested on the charge of manslaughter, but Bro. Jeffery was allowed bail on account of his injuries. Conductor Barber was acquitted, but Bro. Jeffery's case is not yet settled. We have every reason to hope he will be acquitted. The members of Avon Lodge, No. 38, have made vigorous and successful efforts to help him in his trouble and defend his case. A few days after this Mr. John Drummond, engineer, the respected brother of our worthy Master, Brother James F. Drummond) met with a sudden death at Toronto. He was going down to Toronto, passenger from Stratford, and jumped off at the round house, when he slipped and, falling under the wheels, lost both his legs and died on arrival at the hospital. The heartfelt sympathy of the members of Avon Lodge is with our respected Master in his sad affliction.

I must now conclude, with brotherly greeting to the members of the B. of L. F.
W. E. BROOKER.

Frontier City.

As No. 92 has been poorly represented, I will undertake to let you know how she is progressing. We have twenty-five sturdy members on our rolls and we hope soon to double the number.

Our ball was a grand success and every one was well pleased with it. The hall was beautifully decorated and reflected great credit on the Lodge. A special train was run from Syracuse to Oswego for the occasion, free of charge, through the kindness of Superintendent W. B. Phelps. About twenty-five couples were present from Syracuse, among whom were Bro. Flannigan and lady and Bros. Vrooman and Herman. Bro. Flannigan and lady were first on the floor and were complimented on being the most graceful dancers in attendance. A grand supper was served and all the tables were well filled. I would say for the benefit of Willie F. that if he would not dance so much at the next ball he attends, his refreshment bill will not be so high. We wish to return thanks to the members of No. 120 for their kindness; also to Superintendent W. B. Phelps and Master Mechanic James Buchanan for their assistance, and last, but not least, to Shandy Maguire for his courtesies to our Lodge.

STOKER.

A Little Jaunt.

CLINTON, ILL.

During a lull in business, I took a little jaunt, and I am delighted to say that I found Brotherhood men everywhere. I met members of Nos. 14, 36, 48 and 184 and they all treated me with the utmost courtesy. We do not realize the benefits of the Brotherhood until we begin to travel around and meet the many noble men who belong to it and who are ever ready to render us any assistance in their power. I am proud to be a member of the Order, and I shall always do the best I can to advance its interests.

J. C. GREGORY.

Brainerd to the Front.

BRAINERD, MINN.

I wish space enough to say that No. 81 is progressing finely under the present administration. J. W. Brown, as Master, is the very man we need. When he brings down the gavel we all know he means business. We now number fifty-five members, including the world-renowned Harry Barnes, who says that he is proud to be one of us. When pay day comes Bro. Lincoln, our Financier, is among us with hand extended, and the boys know there is no use "kicking," for they have got to come down with the cash.

Bro. Boedecker has been running a switch engine, but owing to slack of business he is temporarily taking a rest. We should all like to see "Boe" at the throttle with a regular engine again.

C. B. W.

Just in Time.

NEW YORK CITY.

The first number of Vol. 8 of our little Magazine is at hand and I have scanned its pages from cover to cover. I admire the color of its new coat very much, and still more its enlarged form and its improved contents.

It is my purpose to say something for "Just in Time" Lodge, as she is one of the youngest daughters of our noble Order and scarcely able to speak for herself. She is but ten months old and yet she gives every promise of developing into one of the largest and best Lodges in the Order at an early day.

On March 11th, 1883 she was brought into existence with fourteen charter members. Charles A. Wilson, assisted by about thirty of his brothers of Washington Lodge No. 13 did the work and they did it well. They learned the "Just in Time" boys a lesson in the workings of our Order which they did not forget, but

have been trying to improve on ever since. In August last we placed in the Master's chair Brother Edward Freeman, who has executive ability of a high order. He is ably assisted by Brother Ed Lowms, as Vice Master, and Brother Wm. McCall, who is a good and efficient Secretary. Our Financier, Brother Mogul Call is the best man we have got for that position and, like the Secretary, he has held his office since the beginning of our Lodge. Our Magazine Agent, Brother John White, will speak for himself before the close of the year. He is going for one of the prizes and he never gets left.

We have over one hundred members in good standing and among them are some hard workers and capital good fellows. Our bank account shows a balance in our favor of over four hundred dollars, after paying out sick benefits to the amount of over one hundred dollars during the last three months.

Before closing I would like to thank all my brothers of "Just in Time" Lodge for their kind attention to me through a severe spell of sickness. I would also return thanks to Brothers Herbert Miller and Miner Keys, of Lodge No. 13, and George Lippincott and James Leahy, of No. 3, also to my valued friend Mr. Jos. E. Taylor.

With best wishes for the continued prosperity of the Order, I subscribe myself,
Yours fraternally,

OWEN GILLEN.

Fergus Falls.

FERGUS FALLS, MINN.

Having some leisure time I thought I would write a short letter for publication in the Magazine. I would state that New Era Lodge No. 76 is still in a flourishing condition, and we are still improving our membership list at a good rate. We are now permanently established in the B. of L. E. hall and are having very interesting meetings. Our Lodge has purchased a very handsome Secretary for our Financier, Brother George Miller, (known to the boys as Sitting Bull), for he is constantly sitting and waiting for the monthly dues from the boys. I should not forget our Worthy Master, Brother George Sebastian, (nick-named Captain Jack), a noble representative of the Order. I must also mention Brothers James Lenahan, Edward Burke, B. Dreelan, F. A. Chapin, Fred Bates and others that I cannot call to mind, who are among the best elements contained in our Brotherhood.

I failed to mention Brother J. W. Clark (commonly called Baldy) an old Engineer that has enlisted in our Order, a staunch worker and a fit example for our younger

brothers. I should also mention Brother B. W. Johnson, also an old engineer and a hard worker for the interests of the Brotherhood and every other institution that tends to elevate the workingman. Our Lodge, at a regular meeting held January 20th, presented Brother W. R. Roberts a handsome gold watch chain with charm attached, for services rendered at the time when No. 76 was very near sinking. I am happy to state that we have overcome all our difficulties and are in a fair way to prosperity.

MOSES.

A Scooper Scooped.

Though the "pay car" of the T. & St. L. railroad has not been seen in this section of the moral vineyard since the first of November last it has had but little effect upon "Cupid's airy darts" among the brave "Knights of the Scoop" doing service upon its line, as is evidenced by the uniting in marriage on the evening of February 28th, Mr. Wm. H. DeFrance, one of the bravest of the brave and the handsome young widow, Mrs. Katie Morris, and the promise of other like events at no distant day. Mr. DeFrance is a faithful member of Aetna Lodge No. 163, of the Brotherhood of Firemen, of this city and has filled the responsible position of Secretary for some time past, and his host of brothers and friends join in wishing him many long days of happiness as a benedict, and that his greatest runs in the future will be little ones and very profitable.

Both Billy and his happy bride are originally from St. Louis.

Scoop.

JONESBORO, ARK.

Burial of John Brewer.

LA FAYETTE, IND.

If you will grant me a little space in the Magazine, I will give you a brief account of the burial of the late Bro. John Brewer, of this Lodge.

The burial took place on Sunday, the 3d of February. The members of Tippecanoe Lodge, No. 36, met at their hall and were joined by many members from sister Lodges, who came to assist in performing the last sad rites at the grave of the departed brother, who came to his death in the bridge disaster on the L. N. A. & C. R. R., near Indianapolis, on the 31st day of January. Bro. Brewer was faithful and true in all his walks through life. He was a kind husband, a gentle father and an unfaltering friend. His untimely death is a matter of deep regret and profound sorrow to all his friends. He was cut down in the very prime of life, in all the strength of his manhood

and this makes his death the more deplorable. He was generous, to a fault, and had the good will and high esteem of all who knew him. His devotion to our Order inspired the members to a warm and brotherly love for him. On the day of his burial every face indicated the deepest sorrow, and the brethren followed the remains to the cemetery with heavy hearts. At the grave, Bro. F. B. Alley officiated as Master in behalf of our Order, and Bro. Barnhill as Chaplain and the ceremony was performed in a very impressive manner.

Bro. Brewer is laid away to his last, long sleep but his memory will be kept green in our hearts and we will seek to emulate his many good traits of character. As a Brotherhood man he had few equals and no superior. We all looked to him for advice and encouragement, and never in vain. He was as true to our Lodge as the polar star is to the mariner.

In behalf of Tippecanoe Lodge I return thanks to the members of Nos. 14, 52 and 63, who met with us on the sad occasion. We are also indebted to Eureka Lodge, No. 14, for five views of the wreck, which we shall hang in our Lodge room with Bro. Brewer's photograph in the centre. To the bereaved wife of Bro. Brewer we offer our tenderest sympathies. We hope she may find comfort in the thought that her dear husband "is not dead but only gone before." The little children also have our deepest sympathy and we commend them to Him who will be a father to the fatherless.

J. D. W.

IN MEMORIAM.

Respectfully dedicated to the memory of the late J. H. Brewer, of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36.

Dead, dead, at prime, in mid career cut down
Natures ennobled son, we mourn our loss,
But glory in thy gain, yet was it sad to see
The great destroyer lay thee low in death,
Just on the verge where glory's race begun
With all thy graces in their bloom and pride.
With all the light and majesty of mind
In just proportions blending in thy soul;
Yet thy name to virtue and to honor dear
In spotless beauty lingers with us still.

The blest array
Of manly virtues that around thee shone
And dwelt within thy heart—thy deeds
Of kindness, soul of love and tongue of truth
May well awake the minstrel's harp
To pour a requiem o'er thy earthly tomb.
Thou' brief thy bright career,
Thy virtues and thy aims may well endear
Thy name and memory to countless hearts,
And throw around each thought of thee
Love's bright eternal tinge.
But I must mourn; my bosom bleeds
O'er sever'd ties of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,
And 'tis no sin o'er virtues such as thine
To breathe the prayer of love, and pour
The soul's dispassionate praise.

There is a sadness in the winter's breath
That whispering, comes to play among the
tombs

A melancholy sadness. Not a leaf
But has a voice of sorrow to my ear.
And not a yellow blade but tells
A solemn tale of ruin to the heart.
I've felt this sadness oft, but not as now,
For shadows of the grave are on my soul.
I call upon thee brother, but thy name
Dies on the winter's wind—no answer comes.
Alas the "Silent City" is thy home,
The clod thy pillow and the grave thy vest;
I will not weep, but memory
Will draw such glowing pictures of the past:
So life-like on the canvas of the soul
That the poor lonely heart must bleed or
break.

I scarcely dreamed
That days so bright, so full of joy,
So marked with sweet affection would so soon
Be changed to dark and sad, and from the page
Which deathless friendship keeps, be dashed
forever.
Would that I could draw the veil aside
That hangs between the world invisible and
this—
How it would cheer my heart to see thee there,
Robed in God-given regalia, while from thy
harp
Rolls the rich anthems of unbounded joy.
Sweet spirit, fare thee well,
In memory's secret chamber all thy worth
Will fadelessly be treasured. Other days,
When life was bright and hopes were high,
Will never lose aught of their hallowed tinge
Until I strike, like thee, a harp
Of never ending melody.

—W. B. W.

LA FAYETTE, IND.

San Antonio, Texas.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

I have looked in vain for a few lines from Davy Crockett Lodge, No. 145, for several months, and at last I thought I would "break the ice," thinking that this might prove a "starter" for them, for although we have lots of "good stuff" in No. 145 we seem to be minus literary talent.

Our Financier, Bro. Gallagher, is the right man in the right place, who stirs the boys up in the duties of membership and we feel that our success is due to his many efforts in our behalf. Bros. Lucid, Forney, and Lytten are firing on the Houston division, and consequently are unable to attend regular meetings. J. J. Shaughnessy, is firing on the Gonzales main line, while Dan Denton is running the 81 on construction. Bros. Forbes, Cody, Smith and Cooley are firing ten-wheelers. Bros. Stout and Wallace are firing passenger on the El Paso division and Bro. Seaman is running the 104 and says she is a "dandy." Bro. Ben Gadley is hostler in the day yard, with plenty of grief. Bro. Norton talks of turning Bro. Gadley over to some Sunday School superintendent to reform him as he goes to the skating rink and stays out late at night. Bro. Baker, of No. 94, is firing the 94 on regular freight. Bro. Moss, of

No. 35 is firing extras, with prospects of a regular engine. Bro. Brown, of No. 45, is running the 86 on the gravel train. Bro. Ed. Waldow, of No. 8, looks coaxingly at the steam guage on the 97. Bro. Toner, of No. 140, is on the extra list. Bros. Rosett, Kelley, and Halderman are away from us, but, nevertheless, their hearts are with us.

Thinking that I am taking up too much space in your valuable Magazine I will close, hoping that in the future some of the other boys will write.

HERCULES.

Anchor of Hope.

MOBERLY, Mo.

Not seeing anything in the Magazine from Anchor Lodge No. 54 for some time, I thought I would try my hand, and send a few items.

Our Master, B. Nebergall, is on the right of the 299 and giving good satisfaction on the road. Brother Fleming has been promoted to a freight engine, and is having good luck. Brother McCallan is running on the road also.

Brothers Harvey, Hamilton, Browning and Price are giving good satisfaction in the yard. Brother Price is the happy father of a bouncing baby boy.

Brothers O'Brien, Carlisle and Bently are hostlering in the day time and seem to be well satisfied to have the privilege of getting three square meals and a night's sleep every twenty-four hours.

Brother Waterhouse was rather sly about getting married, but it's all right, Billy. We all wish you and your young wife health, prosperity and happiness.

X. Y. Z.

OPENING OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Half a world behind each back,
Pilots touching, head to head,
Facing on the single track
Half a world behind each back;
This is what the engines said,
Unreported and unread.

With a prefatory screech,
In a florid western speech,
Said the engine from the West
I am from Sierras' crest
And if altitude's a test
Why I reckon it's confessed
That I've done my level best.

Said the engine from the East,
They who work best talk the least.
Suppose you whistle down your brakes,
What you've done is no great shakes;
Pretty fair—but let our meeting
Be a different kind of greeting;
Let these folks with champagne stuffing,
Not their engines do the puffing.

Listen where Atlantic beats
Shores of snow and summer heats,
Where the Indian autumn skies
Paint the wood with wampum dyes,
I have chased the flying sun,

Seeing all he looked upon,
Blessing all that he had blest,
Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivifying heat,
All his clouds about my crest,
And before my flying feet
Every shadow must retreat.

Said the Western engine, whew!
And a long, low whistle blew,
Come, now, really, that's the oddest
Talk for one so modest.
You brag of your East, you do.
Why, I bring the East to you;
All the Orient, all Cathay
Find through me the shortest way,
And the sun you follow here
Rises in my hemisphere;
Really, if one must be rude,
Length, my friends, a'n't longitude.

Said the Union, don't reflect, or
I'll run over some Director;
Said the Central, I'm Pacific
But when riled I'm quite terrific,
Yet to-day we shall not quarrel,
Just to show these folks this moral,
How two engines, in their vision
Once have met without collision.
That is what the engines said,
Unreported and unread,
Spoken slightly through the nose,
With a whistle at the close.

—Bret Harte.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

This is her shadow, nothing more;
The eyes that wear no smile for mine,
The silent lips that laughed before,
The hair without its wave and shine,
This mask that shows no spark divine.

How calm and cold it looks at me;
Her eyes were full of shade and sun;
A look that rippled like the sea
Across whose breast the light winds run,
A gleam, a cloud, a tale begun.

This is the veil her soul put on
To run the weary ways of earth,
And when her brief, bright face was won
She laid it down beside her hearth
A worn-out thing of little worth.

It is not she that fronts me here,
This speechless aspect still and cold;
I knew her fair, and sweet and dear,
A clinging girl whose heart of gold,
And hands that clasped with tender hold

Was it a gentle prophesy,
This slight, transparent mold of clay,
To let the loving 'round her see
How soon that soul must flit away,
That fluttered, paused, but made no stay.

"Not here, but risen." Oh, angel song
Still falling soft on hearts that weep!
This is the dead, whose ashes long
Her master's messenger shall keep
Safe in earth's last, undreaming sleep.

But she who wore this mortal guise
Has fled beyond our tearful sight;
Joyful and strong, serene and wise,
She lives upon the hills of light,
And waits us on that heavenly height.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

LOVELY WOMAN.

Charmer and comforter of life;
Sweet cousin, sister, sweetheart, wife!
She ever finds a channel of complaint,
And stems its current like a martyred saint.



THE S. and A. boarding house at Tucson proved to be a very successful failure.

TOM SHEPPARD is still in the field of action. Norwalk, Ohio, is now in line.

CHAS. HALL, of No. 77, has been united in marriage to Miss Nellie E. Cronin, at Ellsworth, Kan.

G. E. TAYLOR, of No. 39, has taken a partner for life. We wish him health, wealth and prosperity.

R. LEE, of No. 151, feels very important since his wife presented him with that beautiful little girl.

MILES SPARKES and B. SPARKES, of No. 129, have been to Independence, Kan., on a visit to their parents.

MARTIN MITCHELL and M. L. Hastings, of No. 39, have committed matrimony. May good luck attend them.

H. J. FRICK has quit railroading for the present and is going to try matrimony and farming near Buffalo, Iowa.

ROBT. MARTIN has presented W. F. Hynes Lodge No. 48 with a handsome ballot box, for which the members are truly grateful.

JAS. GRIFFIN, of No. 39, can now be found on No. 113, having changed with John Carney. John is not yet a "Twin," but expects to be soon.

H. J. FRICK, of No. 39, and Miss Susie Kautz have embarked upon the matrimonial sea. May they encounter nothing worse than "little squalls."

C. H. REMINGTON is Master and Magazine Agent of the Lodge at East Portland, Oregon, and may be put down as a "rustler" in either capacity.

J. B. MAWBY renders the Order good service, no matter where he is located. He has just secured the organization of the Lodge at Youngstown, Ohio.

THE members of Pacific Lodge No. 173 return thanks to E. B. Mayo, of 59; C. H. Maul, of 75; Zeb Moore, of 93, and E. K. Cole, of 162, for favors received.

ED. MARVIN and T. K. Holmes, of Twin City Lodge, have the sympathy of our members in their affliction. They have each lost their mother recently.

THE Lodge at Youngstown, Ohio, starts out under very favorable auspices. Instructor Stevens reports the members among the best he has ever admitted to the Order.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN Lodge No. 77 boasts of thirty-six members promoted during the year 1883. There are now ninety-two engineers on her roll of membership.

THE marriage of Bro. John Hafner, of Lodge No. 129, to Miss Mary Duggan, occurred at Wrightstown, Wis., recently, and the members extend their congratulations.

JOHN DERCY, of No. 193, is admonished to "let up" on boarding house tragedies.

A YOUNG man by the name of Eugene V. Trucks has been added to the family of Bro. Ben. H. Trucks, of No. 20. We rejoice in the acquisition all around the board.

WM. M. LINDEMAN and H. C. Randall, of Eureka Lodge No. 14 are requested to give us the benefit of their late "valentine" experience. "A bit of pleshaw you know."

JOE JOHNSON has been elected to fill the vacancy in the Worker's chair of W. F. Hynes Lodge No. 48, caused by the resignation of J. Cullen, who was called away from this city.

F. M. ARMSTRONG, of No. 173, is requested to explain where he got that new style coffee mill, also the patent lamp that burns water. An early answer will oblige an inquiring friend.

JOHN O'MALLEY says that those members of No. 83 who are so backward about paying their dues and assessments are respectfully invited to get out of the Lodge, as they are not wanted there.

NEW YEAR Lodge No. 135 returns a vote of thanks to Mr. D. McKenzie, Superintendent, and to Mr. J. G. McCuen, Master Mechanic, of the Mexican Central, for favors shown to the Brotherhood.

THAT suggestive smile on the face of Irv. Ackerman, of No. 120, is caused by the advent of a bran new boy. Irv. now rides on the right side of the 125. He says the cigars will be plenty on "pay day."

C. G. HALL, of No. 77, who was struck by a telegraph pole while leaning from the cab of his engine on the Union Pacific railroad and seriously injured, has been awarded damages in the sum of \$3,000.

At a regular meeting of Mineral King Lodge No. 129, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Bro. W. H. Blake for the faithful and efficient manner in which he had discharged his duties as Financier.

HENRY COCHRAN, J. Adams and Geo. Southerland are veterans in the cause of the Magazine. They are able assistants of Bro. Henry Lyne, of Winnepeg, who has started out to secure five hundred subscribers.

WE are requested by Bro. C. G. Hall, who was injured some time ago on the U. P., but has about recovered, to thank the brothers on the U. P., C. & N. W. and C. & G. T. for favors shown him on his homeward trip.

E. H. WALKER, of No. 51, was married on the 12th of February, to Miss Dixie Calvin, a very popular lady of Neodesha, Kan. Bro. Walker is one of the leading members of No. 51, and the boys all wish him much joy in his new departure.

THE rite of baptism was performed on Maud Ellina, the little daughter of Brother and Mrs. J. C. Edwards, of Boston, on the 14th of February, in the presence of a large number of friends. We were kindly remembered with beautiful cards announcing the event.

WE are glad to know that our friend Wm. Weller, of No. 11, is reaping such substantial rewards of his trip to the late convention. The mountain breezes seem to have agreed with him, for he has grown so corpulent that his most intimate friends scarcely recognize him.

P. B. SCANLAN attended the ball and banquet of Evening Star Lodge No. 112, and speaks in high terms of the happy event. He says the boys treated him with the utmost courtesy and that he feels under many obligations to them for the evening enjoyment they afforded him.

H. H. LINDENBERGER, the veteran Magazine Agent of last year, has been presented with a magnificent silver water service by the members of Rose City Lodge, No. 45, as a token of their appreciation of his faithful service in the interest of the Magazine. Elsewhere will be found his letter of thanks.

A. M. KINGSBURY, of Altoona, Wis., writes: "Our hall is one of the finest in the city. It is used by the Brotherhood of Engineers and also by the Order of Conductors. We have plenty of good material to draw from, and by the next convention we will make a good showing."

THE members of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, has organized what is known as a "Mutual Aid Association" for the local relief of their sick and disabled members. It is conducted on thorough business principles, and promises to be a creditable as well as a successful enterprise. The Rocky Mountain brethren are abreast with the times.

MR. O. H. DORRANCE, the popular and gentlemanly Division Superintendent of the Kansas Pacific railroad, has endeared himself to our members by his many acts of kindness to them and their friends. He has counsel and consideration for them in prosperity and adversity, and he can rest assured that such things are not lost upon our members, but are warmly received and appreciated.

GEO. GODING, the very efficient Financier of Self-Help Lodge, who was injured on the road some time ago, is rapidly recovering. His many friends, including the members of his Lodge, recently made him a present of a purse of money as a substantial token of their sympathy, for which he returns to each and all of them his grateful thanks. There is not a more deserving member in the Order than Bro. Goding.

THE St. Paul Sunday Morning Herald heads off Bro. P. H. Fitzgerald, of No. 261, as follows: "P. H. Fitzgerald, an old time member of Minnehaha Lodge, B. L. F., now an engineer on the Missouri Iron Mountain road, is in the city. He says he returned to take in the dance Friday evening, but the boys say a certain St. Paul young lady might give a different reason." Give an account of yourself P. H. The boys have got an eye on you.

MARRIED, on the 26th of February, at the residence of the bride's mother, in East Nashville, Tenn., Mr. William Powell, of Chattanooga, Tenn., to Miss Mollie C. Bledsoe, sister of William Bledsoe, Fireman on the L. & N. R. R. and a member of Lodge 159. The happy couple took the train for Chattanooga after making a short stop at Wartrace, Tenn., to visit the groom's mother, who is a sister of the noted Confederate chieftain John H. Morgan.

HARRY KELER has left Big Springs, where he has been located several years. He has a record as honorable as any man that ever stood upon a footboard, and his numerous friends in Texas will deeply regret his removal. Both Brotherhoods owe him a debt of gratitude they will never be able to pay, for he has served them with a devotion that has scarcely an equal on record. He is a Brotherhood man from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, and we wish him success in any enterprise in which he may engage.

GEORGE R. TEDFORD writes as follows: "While on a recent visit to Baldwin Lodge No. 189, we were much pleased with the meeting and the ease with which Master R. C. Belknap handles the gavel—he is the right man in the right place, and the members are alive to the interest of the Order."

W. D. SCHELLINGER, the popular Secretary of No. 153, has been married to Miss Anna McCormick, as will be noticed by the following: "At the residence of the bride's parents in Canton, Thursday evening, February 7th, 1884, by Rev. J. A. Minter, Mr. Wm. D. Schellinger, of Ft. Scott, Kan., and Miss Annie, daughter of J. V. McCormick. Canton is deprived of the society of one of her best young ladies. Miss Annie was a blessing to her home, devoted to her parents, brothers and sisters, to her church and its principles. She didn't sacrifice principle at the shrine of fashion or so-called public sentiment of popularity. Her home will be in the future, as it has been in the past, made pleasant and happy on account of her presence. The bridegroom is to be congratulated in gaining the affection of so excellent and worthy a young lady. They leave to-night for St. Louis and will make their home in Ft. Scott, Kansas. May Heaven's blessings ever be with them." Marriage and promotion came together, and we congratulate Bro. Schellinger on his prosperity. He is a deserving young man in every respect and an honor to our Order.

For Firemen's Magazine.

A RETROSPECT.

DEDICATED TO C. E. ON HIS TIN WEDDING.

My ancient friend, some years ago,
When you and I were young,
We talked of weddings, gold and tin,
And others—strewn among

The hapless years of mortal man,
Like fates with visage grim,
Whose tithes were burdensome and great,
Wherein no Seraphim

E'er sang; where weal and woe
Mixed in unequal parts
To such degree that we did vow
To shun young Cupid's darts.

Since then the curtain on life's stage
A few times down has rolled,
And then again been lifted up
On scenes both new and old.

The shifter of the scenes—he knows
That vows are never kept;
He calmly listened to our vows
And then as calmly slept!

Ten years ago this festive night
Seemed quite an age ahead;
But, looking back with softened sight,
Only a day is dead!

My hands are strong to welcome yours;
And yours! Ten years are naught—
A ripple on the sea of life—
An earnest, solemn thought!

—A. D.

COLUMBUS, O.

Firemen's Magazine Department

SOME QUEER OFFICERS.

Under the above caption P. H. S. of North Platte, Neb., presented us with the following compilation which is given to our readers for the first time.

As the author is of a very modest nature, we are not at liberty to disclose his name, but we wish to add that we are in no measure responsible for the article. Some of our Lodges are found to have queer officers as follows:

No. 1, has a bootblack (Shiner) for Financier.

No. 2 has strong (Powers) Magazine Agent.

No. 4 has a (Small) Financier.

No. 7 has a darkey (Black) for Master.

No. 8 is blessed with a (Hogg) for Financier and a (Cook) for Magazine Agent.

No. 10 has a (King) for Magazine Agent.

No. 12 fears her Master and Magazine Agent as he is a (Crossman.)

No. 13 is possessed of an undivided (Hull) for Master.

No. 19 boasts of a (Bean) for Master.

No. 21 has a parliamentarian (Cushing) for Magazine Agent.

No. 22 (Burns) for a Financier and has a pedestrian (Walker) for Magazine Agent.

No. 23 have (Eaton) for their Master, a (Cooper) for Financier and a (Ray) of light for Magazine Agent.

No. 25 has a (Wood) Financier.

No. 29—If the Master's wife were to take cold he would (Tucker) under his arm and take her to (Loveland, Magazine Agent.

No. 32 has an Englishman (Brittan) for Financier.

No. 38 has a (Young) Magazine Agent.

No. 39 has a Master (Mason) a (Church) for Magazine Agent.

No. 40—A (Young) Secretary.

No. 43 has a (Mann) for Financier.

No. 45 has a (Crow) for Master and a dark (Knight) Magazine Agent.

No. 47—The Secretary (Burns.)

No. 51 has a (Frame) for Master and a (Hall) for Secretary.

No. 52 has a (Green) Secretary.

No. 53 has a (Rich) Master. I will (Leavitt) to the Financier.

No. 54—They say the Financier does (Burnham.)

No. 56 has a (Frame) for Master.

No. 57 has a (Spurr) for Master and a (Green) Magazine Agent.

No. 59 has a (Hill) for a Master.

No. 60 has a (Shepherd) for Master and Magazine Agent.

No. 62 has a (Cobb) for Secretary. They got (Hisbed) for Financier and Magazine Agent.

No. 63—How her Magazine Agent does (Krauel.)

No. 64—The Financier is so (Cutting.)

No. 67—Give us the (Kew) for Financier.

No. 68 has a (Miller) for Magazine Agent.

No. 69 has a Financier who will (Barr) out all delinquents.

No. 71—The Secretary is in the (Canning) business.

No. 72 has a (Colton) the list as Financier.

No. 73—How they do (Dodge) the Secretary. I have often heard of hog lard, but never before of (Bullard) the Financier.

No. 74 has a (Hurley) for Financier and a (Herron) box for Magazine Agent.

No. 75 has a (Taylor) for Master and a (Drinkhouse) for Secretary.

No. 76 has a (Miller) for Secretary and Financier.

No. 79 has a (Young) Secretary, with a (Shield) for the Financier.

No. 80 has an (Earl) for Master.

No. 81 has a (Brown) Master.

No. 83 has a (Baker) for Master and the happy land of (Gaynon) for Secretary.

No. 84—The vote for Master resulted in a (Tighe).

No. 87 has a (Hart) for Master and a (Noble) Magazine Agent.

No. 88—Such (Lights) for a Secretary, while the Financier (Bemis) with delight.

No. 90 has to (Dodge) three of them.

No. 94 has a (Gray) Secretary and a (Sargent) for Financier.

No. 96 has (Sheets) for its Magazine Agent.

No. 97 has a (Shepardson) for Master.

No. 98 has a quarter of a bushel (Peck) for Master. They are well supplied with fuel, having (Pole) for Secretary, and are well protected by (Shield) the Financier.

No. 102 ought not to cause the Financier so much (Payne).

No. 104—What was their Master (Reardon)? Financier says (Crane).

No. 106 has a (Barker) for Master. They say a loud one never bites.

No. 109 has a (Fisher) for Master and (Leathers) for Financier. The Master takes hold of the Magazine Agent by the (Gill).

No. 110 has a steep, rugged (Craig) for Master.

No. 112 has what a Dutchman would call water (Vawter).

No. 114 has two ex-prize-fighters (Duna and Heenan).

No. 121—Their Financier must be (Quick).

No. 122 says we (Mayall) be Secretary.

No. 124 has a sly (Fox) for Master.

No. 126 fitted up (Chambers) for its Financier.

No. 127 draws (Lynes) for its Magazine Agent.

No. 130—Another sly (Fox) for Master.

No. 131 is never broke as long as it has a (Shilling) for Magazine Agent.

No. 133 has a (White) Master and a Financier that does (Wishard) for prompt payment.

No. 136 has a (Cook) for Master and a (Cooper) for Magazine Agent.

No. 141 has (Lions) for Magazine Agent.

No. 143 has a good (Hall) for Master—the Financier is (Small).

No. 146—What is (Woodworth) Secretary?

No. 150 has a (Hood) for Financier and a (Baker) for Magazine Agent.

No. 151 has a (Hale) for Master.

No. 155 has decided on a (Price) for the Magazine Agent.

No. 157 says (Weir) all right as far as our Financier is concerned.

No. 160 is well supplied with beer, having a (Brewer) for Magazine Agent.

No. 162 supplies the Master's office with Cole. The Secretary is a (Winegardner.)

No. 164. The girl nearly (Crier) self to death for the Master and Magazine Agent.

No. 165 has a very strong Secretary (Powers) and a (W. Iry) Financier.

No. 167 has a high (Wall) for Financier to keep delinquents in.

No. 168 has a (Stirneman) for Master.

No. 171 has a whole (Forrest) for Financier. Their Magazine Agent is a mere (Toole.)

No. 172 could not get along without their (Porter) for Magazine Agent.

No. 174 hasn't got Robinson Crusoe but they have got that man (Friday) for Magazine Agent.

No. 175. The idea of a hind quarter of a hog bucking (Buckingham) for Master.

No. 176 expects much of its officers and yet their Master and Magazine Agent (Doolittle.)

No. 182 has a (Brown) Master, a (Miller) for Secretary and a (Canfield) for Magazine agent

—reminds me of my back alley.

No. 183 has a (Shepard) for Master. Take good care of the flock, as you have (Moses) the Financier, to help you.

No. 185 has a (Bull) for Secretary.

No. 186. I wonder if we can get on the other side of (Jordan) the Magazine Agent.

No. 187. We will all pull for the (Shore) Magazine Agent.

No. 188.—The Secretary is (Divine.)

PRESENTATION.

John A. Tweedle, the popular Master of Eureka Lodge No. 14, was recently made the recipient of a handsome clock by the members of his Lodge. The presentation occurred while the Lodge was in session, and the speech, in behalf of the members, was made by Past Grand Master F. B. Alley, as follows:
Brother Tweedle:

I have here in my hand a paper containing a matter of considerable importance, and this Lodge should take immediate action with regard to its contents. Your actions in the past have been under discussion among the brothers for some time and they have concluded that some official notice should be taken of the same, and no better time than the present to bring this matter up. At their request it has fallen to my lot to call you to "time." I do not mean "hard time" or "past time" or "supper time," but the good old original "time" that is represented by face and hands—not one that has "seen better times" but one operated by wonderful internal mechanism and points to the swiftly flying moments as they pass into eternity, and strikes, not like a pugilist, but as an annunciator, warning you that you are surely passing toward that bourne from whence no traveler returns, and to prepare for that great Judgment Day, when Gabriel's trump shall summon you to appear and give an account of the "lost time" that was at one "time" placed to your credit as "capital" to begin business with and exchange for "filthy lucre," worldly goods and "such," and to enable you to seek in "ample time" your future security from the inevitable doom of the sluggard. To have your headlight burning (not with a blossom) before "leaving time" and ready to make "fast time" in the race of life. This should be so placed that its beaming face and silvery tones will give you "timely notice" that "time is money," while following your usual avocation of "buzzing" your customers, that their "time is limited" and that you should be brief in your efforts to slay them by "kind words" (not the kind of words, but the quality) and that you should get through with them in "due time," provided your "feet didn't slip or the razor break." Bro. Tweedle, I hope when you gaze on its face and extended hands, that it will prompt you to always be ready like it, at the "proper time," to extend the hand of friendship and charity toward an erring or needy brother, and, as Master of this Lodge, to open and close the same with equal regularity. And, sir, when you read the inscription in letters of gold on the glass, that every letter is only additional evidence of the esteem in which you are held by your brothers. By the by, my dear brother, I overlooked a little matter in this connection. Allow me to disclose to you this "timely warning." I had almost forgotten the "original." (Here a large regulator is brought from the ante-room) and present to you this clock as a slight token of our esteem and regard. Place it where you can, at a glance, tell how near you have "guessed the time." Always let your face be as frank and open, your habits as regular, your judgment as correct, your voice as pleasant, your frame as solid, your gait as steady, your honor as bright, your head as level and upright, your general appearance as pleasant

to contemplate as this same "piece of time," and you will always be at peace with yourself and an ornament to society. What do you think we are spending this "precious time" for? Why, sir, to better enable us to express our appreciation of your efforts these many years to perpetuate the welfare of our Brotherhood, and we hope you will continue on the same line of duty with the same impartial judgment in all matters pertaining to the Order. [The following verses were then read amid much merriment, and Bro. Alley announced that there were 167 verses, for sale by the yard:]

And now in your business we wish you success,
So that on rent day you won't have to guess
Where the "wherewith's" to come from,
where the dollars and dimes
Have been hid from your vision these very
"hard times."

But you can go down in your pockets and
grasp with your hand
As much gold as would fill the box used for
sand
And be able to say to some brother that is
poor:
I'll "see" you one dollar and give you ten
more.

Then when shaving your customer, be brief
as you can;
Don't stop to do chinning, but scrape away,
man,
For the moments are precious, they've not
time to stay,
But slick up their "spit curls" and rush them
away.

And when you have finished (the expression
is thin),
Just pull down their vest and wipe off their
chin:
Brush the hair off their teeth, the moss off
their back,
Hello "next" with a vim—don't take any
slack.

And Bro. Jack, take "time by the forelock;"
Look out! Old "Father Time" is reaching
out for your foretop—
Just give him the grip and throw him the
sign,
Tell him your chair's vacant and that you'll
reign

Your chance to some brother who wishes to go
Before the last of the beautiful snow;
Then point to the clock, say it isn't time yet,
But pick up his old bones and "get up and
get."

And now, my dear brothers, if you'll forgive
me this rhyme,
I'll never commit another such crime.
Great Scott! What patience! I declare I will
try—
There, now, look what I've done! Made Bro.
Jack cry—
That does settle it, I will write never more,
But hope to meet you all on that beautiful
shore.

Bro. Tweedle replied in appropriate words, thanking the members cordially for the elegant testimonial of their friendship and esteem. Bro. Wm. Hugo followed with one of his characteristic speeches, saying many things in harmony with the happy occasion. The meeting was one of pleasure and profit, and will long be remembered by those in attendance. Bro. Tweedle is justly popular with his Lodge, for he has always been an earnest supporter of the principles of the Order.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret and profound sorrow that we chronicle the death of Bro. John Brewer, of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36, who was killed in the White river bridge disaster, near Indianapolis, January 31st. He had charge of the engine, but had gone back to the baggage car to get a drink of water, and, strange to say, the engine went over the bridge safely while the train was precipitated into the water below, and among the victims that perished was brave Brother Brewer, as noble a man as ever trod an engine deck. He was dreadfully burned, and when his remains were rescued could scarcely be identified.

He was buried Sunday, February 3rd, and the following account of the funeral is taken from the LaFayette Morning Call:

"The funeral of the late John Brewer, the ill-fated Monon engineer, took place yesterday afternoon, and was very largely attended. The funeral cortege left the sad little home on North Sixth street shortly after 2 o'clock, and proceeded to the Baptist Church, where services were conducted by the Rev. Alexander Blackburn, which lasted for nearly an hour. At the conclusion of these exercises, the long line of carriages and vehicles, filled with sorrowful friends, and preceded by a large representation of Brotherhood of Firemen and Engineers, and several lodges of I. O. O. F., headed by the Cornet Band, moved slowly to Greenbush Cemetery, where the remains of the prominent, big-hearted railroad, the affectionate and loving husband and father, were deposited in their last resting place."

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of which he was an old and respected member, attended the funeral in a body and numbered sixty-one members, many of whom had come from Indianapolis, Logansport and Danville to pay their last tribute to their departed brother. Eureka Lodge No. 14, had twenty-three members in attendance. Past Grand Master F. B. Alley officiated as Master and Marion Barnhill, as Chaplain, and conducted the services at the grave in behalf of our Brotherhood. Thus ends the mortal career of John Brewer, a man who had as many friends and was as much beloved as any other member of our Order. He was with our Brotherhood from the first, he helped to cradle it in its infancy, he stood by it in its adversity, he advocated its principles in sunshine and storm, he was true to its interests in every hour of its existence, he was the embodiment of its teachings, he loved its members and they loved him.

His death is mourned by every man who knew him, and his loss will be keenly felt by our Order.

Let us hope that his sleep may be as sweet and his repose as perfect as his life was just, and generous and brave.

AMUSEMENTS.

MT. VERNON ILL.

There may have been revelry in Belgium's fair Capital on a June evening in the early part of this century, wherein the sons and daughters of Mars and Venus shone conspicuously in the mazy dance, but we Egyptians think the "Knights of the Throttle and the Scoop" can claim equal brilliancy for their first ball, given here on the eve of the anniversary of the birth of our country's paternal ancestor, for while the former concluded with the clash of arms and the slaughter of brave men, with us everything went merry as a marriage bell. Matron and maid vied with each other in the festive enjoyment of the occasion and the adornment of their person. It is indeed difficult to tell who carried away the palm for grace and beauty. Among the matrons the sweet lady-like grace and unpre-

tentious demeanor of Mrs. R—d., the matronly charms of Mrs. John B., the matured grace of Mrs. John B. These and others all had their admirers. Amongst the young ladies, there were several from McLeansboro whose names, unfortunately, the writer knoweth not. Miss Pool, of this town, and the lovely Miss May Russel, of Mattoon, were universally admired.

R. B. Scanlan, the Master of No. 163, struck Mount Vernon that evening and participated in our enjoyment. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and mottoes appropriate to the occasion, while head-lights and innumerable colored lanterns gave a beautiful effect to Stratton's handsome hall. Prof. Beaver's Orchestra Band, of Centralia, furnished the music which was of a delightful and inspiring character, and gave universal satisfaction. Their caller, Lawrence Hoffman, is affable and painstaking, and being a very large man with a larger voice he can be seen and heard all over the room. He and our Jumbo make a good team, in bulk being large enough to down Boston's noted pug, yet they are as gentle as cooing doves.

Bro. Vawters, our Master of ceremonies was as busy as that famed Hibernian insect which was all over, yet was never there, and he looked as sweet and unassuming as a pansy.

The committees all did their work well, but to Brothers Dray and Breman, a great measure of our success is due.

The dancing was kept up until four A. M., and not a single contretemps occurred to mar the harmony of the evening.

And now a word about No. 112. She is scarce twenty months old yet has about sixty good paying members who are thoroughly in sympathy with the Order. We have just purchased new regalia at an expense of sixty dollars which is so handsome that we have to lock it up to prevent the boys wearing it when they go to see their girls.

MASON CITY, IOWA.

The annual ball of Cerro Gordo Lodge No. 29, B. of L. F., took place as usual on New Year's eve, and completely eclipsed, in point of elegance and social enjoyment, all their former entertainments. This was owing in a measure, to the enterprise of our estimable townsmen, the Parker Bros., in erecting during the past season, an elegant and commodious Opera House. Having a suitable place in which to give a ball, the "boys" saw that the details of the affair must correspond, and therefore set to work with a determination to give an entertainment worthy of the place and the patronage of our most respected citizens. To insure the attendance of friends of the order along the line and make financial success certain, Mr. G. W. Sanborn, Superintendent of the Iowa and Dakota Division of the C. M. & St. P. road was called upon and expressed his willingness to grant free transportation to those wishing to attend the ball. Of this gentleman's generosity in behalf of our Lodge and the Order in general, it would be the pleasure of the writer to speak at length; but fearing that some, not acquainted with the facts might think it simply an attempt to flatter a railway official we refrain. To those acquainted with Mr. Sanborn, it will be needless to say, that any such attempt would be unavailing and would meet with the displeasure such an act always merits. The invitations, one thousand of which were judiciously distributed, were a neat "side-fold" lithograph card from the Robinson Engraving Co., of Boston, the first page of which was embellished with beautiful and appropriate railway scenes. Added to this was a display of typographical work complete in every detail and perfect in every impression. This part of the work was alone under the able management of Mr. Clint P.

Shipley, whose ability and experience as a job printer, are evidenced by the uniformly good work which is sent out from his office. The thanks of our Lodge are due and are hereby respectfully tendered to him for the trouble and pains he took to furnish us something appropriate at a cost that defies competition in this country. The programmes were printed on side-fold, gilt-bevelled, double programme cards, trimmed all round with heavy satin fringe with short cords and tassels for fastening. Attached to this by a silk cord, was a tufted pencil neatly wound round with silk floss. These were from the well-known firm of S. D. Childs & Co., of Chicago, whose reputation as first-class stationers is unquestioned. This programme outfit was conceded by all to be the most beautiful and complete ever presented to the Mason City dancers. The decorations formed no small feature of the entertainment. These were mainly from the house of Jos. Abrahamson & Co., decorators of New York and Chicago, and consisted of festooning, shields, mottoes, plumes, etc., added to which were pictures of locomotives and railway scenes. To enter into a detailed account of the arrangement would take too much of your valuable space, so I will only note one or two features. Immediately over the centre of the stage in an elegant frame was placed the Brotherhood Chart, and suspended below it was a monogram compound of the initial letters of the Order, the letters being formed from sprigs of evergreen on a white ground. For this we are indebted to our lady friend, Mrs. Dr. Harris, who presented it to our Lodge. The music was furnished by the Western Quadrille Band of Waterloo, Iowa, and gave splendid satisfaction, and the way they wafted the audience through the mazes of thirty different dances showed that they could not be intimidated by a long programme. In justice to Mr. Franklin, the prompter, we would say that his "honors all" rang out as clearly and distinctly for the last change as for the first.

The ball was attended by the people of Mason City and many of the friends of the "boys" along the line of the road. In the fore part of the evening the members of our Lodge appeared in full regalia, which, in connection with the flutter of gaily colored programmes and elegant costumes made a very showy and striking appearance. It was estimated that not less than five hundred people attended the ball. Among the guests were Superintendent G. W. Sanborn and family, Assistant Superintendent E. Pennington and wife, General Foreman T. A. Fraser and wife, and leading business and professional gentlemen of the place, with their wives and families. In short the people of Mason City gave us a complete ovation, showing by their presence that they appreciated our efforts as a benevolent institution as well as our efforts to have a first-class ball. In conclusion, the Committee of Arrangements, on behalf of the Lodge, wish to tender their most sincere thanks to their friends for their able assistance and liberal patronage. The net proceeds of the ball were about one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

The complimentary reception of Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, was a pleasant affair, as will be seen by the following from the Sunday Morning Herald:

"Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, gave a complimentary reception to its members and friends at Pfeiffer's hall on Friday evening. About one hundred couples attended. Among the many members of the B. L. F. present we noticed the following: Wm. Gallup, Steve Keating, George N. Bailey, A. B. Smith, R. West, J. R. Emerson, M. L. Gladstone, J. F. Maher, F. H.

Fitzgerald and William Thomas; also Master Car Builder Hill and Foreman Ed. McFarland of the St. Paul & Duluth shops. Great credit is due John H. Kilbane, Frank Maher, P. V. Murphy, J. F. Lahey, John J. Maher and D. W. Larock, committee on arrangements, for the excellent arrangement of affairs and tasteful decorations of the hall. The programme consisted of eighteen numbers, and the floor was finely managed by Messrs. John H. Kilbane, Charles Montgomery, P. V. Murphy, Frank Maher, Thomas Cox, F. W. Dyer, B. Bradley, Frank Hulme, A. Leighton, Wm. Roope. The hall was gaily decorated with red, white and blue bunting, and on the walls were placed emblematic pictures of the order with flags representing the different roads entering St. Paul. On the stage rested a miniature locomotive over which hung the monogram of the order, "B. L. F." worked in evergreen. In the upper part of the hall was the motto "welcome;" at the lower end were banners inscribed "Our Brotherhood," "Minnehaha welcomes her friends," "We ring a welcome to our visiting B. of L. F." Suspended from the chandeliers was the regalia of the Lodge. At 12 an excellent supper was served, the credit of preparing the same being due to Mrs. John H. Kilbane, Mrs. B. Bradley, Miss B. Murphy and Miss Hinkens, and the ladies may justly feel proud of the many flattering compliments received. Mr. Steve Murphy, the popular president of the division, contributed his full share to the enjoyment of those present. The occasion was one of the finest the winter has seen and adds fresh laurels to the boys of Minnehaha."

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

Cactus Lodge No. 94, has the reputation of excelling in the terpsichorean art and of giving the most brilliant and sociable balls at Tucson, and this year the boys nobly sustained their reputation as will be seen by the following from the Arizona Star:

"Owing to a press of other matter and the unexpectedly large attendance at the ball given Tuesday evening by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the Star could not complete its notice of the brilliant affair by adding the names of the prominent persons in attendance. It therefore at this date presents the names, the very large attendance and the brilliancy of the occasion seeming to justify dictate the step. Masonic Hall was crowded to an extent that it has never, perhaps, been crowded before, on a similar occasion, and the decorations were of the most elaborate, appropriate and ingenious nature. The motto of the Brotherhood was conspicuously and beautifully displayed and the general effect was of the most attractive character. The elegant gold leaf letters 'Welcome,' the work of Mrs. F. P. Sargeant, Mrs. Clara Dixon and others whose names could not be learned, were much admired and added immensely to the general contour of the arrangement of the hall.

Among the prominent persons present, so far as the reporter could learn, were the following: Harry Edgerly, Miss A. Neville, Jose Melino, Albert Smallwood, W. H. Prince, F. C. Owen, O. M. Osgood, Harry Sipsey, Miss L. Coker, Mrs. Frank Mason, O. J. Brown, E. Shatto and wife, Mrs. A. B. Kidder, E. P. Van Kuren, L. F. Soto, Miss S. Appel, Miss S. Rusk, Julius Goldbaum, H. Gardner, Miss S. Gofshiel, E. N. Fish, Mrs. J. H. Martin, H. Waldensteln, J. P. Lonergan, Mrs. Louis Martin, David B. Fonda and wife, Mrs. W. Sutton, W. H. Sturges, E. Lockwood, J. J. Blinkhorn, C. H. Howe, Miss A. Schreiber, Miss F. Healy, Ernest Lohman, Mrs. George Armstrong, C. Schofield, D. H. Armstrong, Miss M. Armstrong, William Allen and wife, Miss R. Cota, F. C. Franco, Charles O. Franco, W. G. Foyce, C. W. Barker, F. A. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. White, Pierce Ford, Miss May

Stochham, L. Gifford, Miss Salcido, James B. Moore, E. F. Smith, Mrs. C. K. Lambie, Miss Sarah Ladin, Miss Josie Schreiber, Ed. Kunz, E. A. Ray, Miss Kittle Fitzgerald, Miss Mary Fitzgerald, Henry B. Burns, Geo. H. Bogan, Mrs. R. T. Mellus, Frank D. Simpson and wife, Frank Ward, Fred Fleishman, Charles H. Starr, Miss Grace Davidson, Thomas North, Lon Holladay and wife, A. V. Grossetta, Mrs. F. J. Warren, Miss B. H. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bement, Mrs. D. A. Samplow, Frank Marony, Miss Sarah Appel, Dora Goodsell, Knox Corbet, R. T. Briggs, Miss Clara Dixon, Chas. A. Siegfried, Miss Annie Dixon, John Louchian, Miss Vasquez, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. J. W. Bruce, Michael Nugent, Jacob Godel and wife, Mrs. H. Mathews, F. A. Smith and wife, Mrs. J. Tevis, J. C. Spahr, Miss B. Tevis, Andrew Anderson, George Smith and wife, R. T. Miller, Miss Reid, C. M. Burkholder, Miss J. Wagy, J. R. Thomas, Miss N. Ezekiel, S. Lulley, Mrs. Marcus Ezekiel, T. E. Jones, Mrs. H. Kaufman, Isidore Gotthelf, Thomas Lee, Mrs. Smallwood, Miss Soto, Miss J. Holloway, Miss D. Smallwood, Miss Etta Woodsworth, Miss Emma Mellus, Miss Effie Pierce, Miss May Greenleaf, Miss Ida Calloway, C. B. Dugan, F. E. Calsch, John Zimmerman, M. Lindsey, E. F. Brown, Geo. Hoker, J. H. Martin, J. N. Saxe, J. L. McKinney, W. H. McKnight, R. Maloney, Ed. Murray, A. Ardis, J. H. Stoker, W. Houseilbe, A. Knox, Chas. W. Wilcox, Chas. Smith, A. W. McQueen, Ed. Bowers and wife, Miss Emma Pierce, A. Howard and wife, T. Thompson and wife, Frank Dietz.

The supper, which was gotten up by Mr. Paul Moroney, Jr., proprietor of the popular Cosmopolitan hotel, was one of the finest ever prepared in the city, and received many complimentary encomiums from the gay party which made up the brilliant assemblage.

The music was furnished by Prof. Worbes, the talented leader of the Sixth Cavalry Band, and the musicians selected by him for the orchestra were the best in the band, and reflected great credit upon him as a leader and master of the art.

The members of Cactus Lodge No. 94, did themselves, their friends, and the city an honor on this occasion, and reaped innumerable compliments from every quarter."

MITCHELL, DAKOTA.

The Mitchell Republican contains the following account of the First Annual Ball of Ferguson Lodge, No. 180:

"The ball given by Ferguson Lodge No. 180 of the Brotherhood of L. F. on the evening of Washington's birthday was a success financially and socially. About two hundred tickets were sold and near a hundred couples were present. The music by Layton's Orchestra was fine and the decorations and mottoes, beautiful and appropriate. Pictures of George and Martha Washington flanked the greeting "Welcome." "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," the talisman of brotherhood was also conspicuous wrought in evergreen. Color lights were suspended from the chandeliers. The headlight from engine No. 202 sent a glow of bright light down the hall. On one side a couple of coal picks and on the other coal shovels were crossed and fastened to the wall. The entire length of the hall was needed to accommodate the dancers. Spectators filled the long rows of chairs and every available foot of standing room. A bewildering array of elegant costumes rendered the scene brilliant in the extreme. The success of the occasion was largely due to the floor managers, Messrs. Comfort, Ferguson, Smith and Hughes. The railroad company's officers and employees from the Superin-

tendents Sanborn and Pennington down, did every thing possible to contribute to the success of gathering. The train dispatcher had a number of extra freight trains come in so as to enable the train men to be in attendance.

Visiting members of the Brotherhood with ladies were in attendance from Sanborn, Mason City, St. Paul and Brainerd. Conductors Geo. McCullough, Chancey Coleman, P. H. Kinney and W. B. Jacobs were also present.

The supper was served at the Bradley House, and was a banquet in every sense of the word. Audible guttural sounds could not be restrained by the tables, suffering as they were under the weight of good things provided by the popular caterer Somers. All feasted royally, and more than the historic twelve baskets were gathered up at the close.

The Order of Brotherhood of L. F. is a worthy one if its objects and aims as published and its motto are a guide to interior workings. May the Brotherhood meet with as 'signal' success in every line as in their social undertakings."

NEWARK, OHIO.

Taylor Lodge, No. 175, gave their first annual ball on the night of January 24th, at Wilson hall. A very large crowd was present, there being over one hundred couples on the floor. Every one seemed to enjoy himself and dancing was kept up until the small hours of the morning. The floor committee did very well and deserve the thanks of the Lodge. The boys wish to return thanks to their Master Mechanic, Mr. E. L. Weisgarber, and also to their worthy foreman, Mr. Thomas Taylor, after whom their Lodge was named, for accommodating the boys by letting as many off as possible. Both gentlemen were present and seemed to enjoy themselves. The boys also wish to return thanks to Mr. Taylor for the beautiful chart which that gentleman caused to be painted for them for the occasion, which bore the emblem of the Order, the motto, and name of the Lodge and number, beautifully arranged on canvas. Also to the ladies for arranging those beautiful rosettes for the members to wear on the occasion. The check clerk, Bro. Stone, deserves mention for the credible manner in which he took care of the "wraps." It was a success, both socially and financially, in every respect.

MADISON, WIS.

"The second annual ball of Elmo Lodge No. 42, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—composed of firemen on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad—was held at Odd Fellows' hall last evening and was a pleasing success. Any one might have surmised that a Firemen's or Engineers' ball was in progress in the hall, even from the street, as a great glaring headlight was placed in the two third-story corner windows in the Tenney building, and shed their rays of light up Main street and down South Pinckney and King streets. Upon either side of these headlights was a red lantern, the whole affair reminding one very strikingly of the real locomotive. The hall was appropriately decorated with colored lanterns which hung from the ceiling, and with a large flag which was festooned along the ceiling in the center of the room. About 100 couples were in attendance and a right merry time was had. Music was furnished by Faust's band and a programme of twenty-six numbers was danced. Shortly before midnight, intermission was taken, during which refreshments were partaken of at Morgan's restaurant. As soon as intermission was announced, Mr. Michael O'Laughlin was presented by his brother members of the Lodge, with whom he is de-

servedly popular, with a handsome gold chain. Soon after midnight, dancing was resumed, and continued until an early hour this morning."

ELKHART, IND.

The Elkhart Journal reports the ball of Prospect Lodge, No. 162, as follows:

"The ball given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen last night, was a success financially and in all other particulars. The dancing floor was kept full of a merry and decorous crowd of those who enjoy the art, and all went merry as a marriage bell until the night was well spent. Water's orchestra furnished the music. Elsewhere will be seen a card from the committee, of thanks to the citizens and those who patronized the ball. The second annual ball of the B. of L. F. will be looked forward to with pleasure."

The card of thanks referred to is as follows: "The members of Prospect Lodge, No. 162, desire to express their most sincere thanks to Mr. John Robinson, our estimable and accommodating round-house foreman, for the many favors he has shown us in the past few days, and also to the many other people who have so ably assisted us in perfecting our arrangements for our ball, and to all who patronized us so liberally."

UNION MEETING.

An open union meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will be held at Indianapolis, Ind., under the auspices of Eureka Lodge No. 14, Thursday, April 17th. All members in good standing, and their families, are invited to be present. An interesting programme has been prepared for the occasion, to which the general public is invited. Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and their families are especially invited to attend.

W. J. SCREES,
Secretary.

J. A. TWEEDIE,
Master.

RESOLUTIONS.

WINNEPEG, MANITOBA.

At a meeting of Northern Light Lodge No. 127 the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we extend a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Beattie of Fort William, for their kindness to Bro. W. R. Stretton during his late illness, and that this resolution be spread on the minutes of the Lodge and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. G. JONAH,
T. FENHALE,
S. CANTY, } *Committee.*

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

At a special meeting of Challenge Lodge No. 66, B. of L. F., held February 17th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby tendered to the members of J. Scott Lodge No. 136, B. of L. F., particularly to R. N. Johnston and T. Pratt for their kind attention to Bro. M. Sheehan while suffering from injuries sustained at the recent accident at Port Hope.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the members of the above Lodge and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

W. J. LOGAN,
T. ELLIOTT,
P. FLAGLER, } *Committee.*

LONGVIEW, TEXAS.

At a regular meeting of Star Lodge No. 70 the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having been the good fortune

of this Lodge to be presented by Mrs. Plummer, wife of our Past Master, Bro. George Plummer, with a beautiful and costly Bible, as a token of her appreciation and friendly feeling for the welfare of our Lodge; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we fully appreciate her kindness and that we will ever keep and cherish the gift, knowing that a careful perusal of the same will be beneficial to each and every member.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Plummer and that they be published in our Magazine.

J. H. ALLEN,
H. YARBROUGH,
R. HUNT, } *Committee.*

MARQUETTE, MICH.

At a regular meeting of S. M. Stevens Lodge No. 150 the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with heartfelt sorrow that we are called upon to announce that death has once more invaded our ranks and taken from our midst Bro. Thomas Deforest, who died in this city on February 2d, and,

WHEREAS, From personal acquaintance, we mourn the loss of our brother as an earnest supporter of the principles of our Order and one whose life was always in accordance with our motto; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the decree of Divine Providence, we deeply deplore the loss, and shall fondly cherish the memory of our departed brother. In the death of Bro. Deforest, S. M. Stevens Lodge No. 150 has lost one of its most exemplary members and conscientious supporters, his companions a staunch and faithful friend and society a benevolent, sociable and honored man; and be it further

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved mother and to all the kindred of the deceased brother, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of distress. While feeling that we cannot relieve their sorrow, we trust that they may be enabled to bear with patience, resignation and servitude our mutual loss; and be it further

Resolved, That, as a token of respect and esteem for our deceased brother, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions, with the seal of the Lodge attached, be sent to the mother and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JAMES O'REILLY,
CHARLES REED,
JOHN CHATTAM, } *Committee.*

LA FAYETTE, IND.

At a regular meeting of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36, the following sentiments of bereavement were expressed in behalf of the Lodge with regard to the death of the late Bro. John H. Brewer:

A life—a year—what are they? The telling of a tale—the flashing of a meteor—a bubble seen for the moment on Time's horizon, dropping into eternity.

Death, the dark camel that kneels at every man's door, has visited us and borne hence one of our members. Again we are called upon to pay a tribute of respect to a departed brother. John Brewer is dead! It is a figure of speech—a formula of mourning to say that his death comes to us all as a personal bereavement. In his death the State has lost a worthy citizen, the community in which he lived a true and generous friend, the corporation for which he was working a faithful employee, steadfast to every trust and attentive to every duty, the Order a brother and a friend, the wife a devoted husband and the children a kind and indulgent father.

But no word of ours can assuage the grief

of the stricken ones—we can only condole with them in the great sorrow that overshadows them, and proffer them the sympathy and friendship of our Order, which has for one of its fundamental principles the care of the widow and the orphans. And we commend them to that Kind Father of us all, who taketh note of the falling sparrow and who doeth all things well.

And may we, who have for our motto "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," as we drape our hall with the emblem of mourning, not forget the duties we owe the living. May we remember that:

Our lives are rivers, gilding free
To that unfathomed boundless sea,
The silent grave,
Whither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.
Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill,
Where all are equal, side by side—
The poor man and the son of pride
Are calm and still.

W. H. WILLOUGHBY, }
CHAS. F. BAXE, } Committee.
GEO. E. SMITH, }

LETTERS OF THANKS.

FERGUS FALLS, MINN., March 3, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of New Era Lodge No. 76.

DEAR FRIENDS AND BROTHERS: For the beautiful watch chain and charm you have presented me, I return a thousand thanks. Coming as it does from those I love, I appreciate the gift all the more. I feel proud to be one of you for the reason that you are an honor to yourselves and the Order. Let our watchword be onward and upward until we can exclaim Excelsior. I pledge myself anew to your interest and to the Brotherhood at large, and whatever I can do to advance your interest, I will do with pleasure. Again thanking you for your generous gift, I remain
Fraternally yours,

W. R. ROBERTS.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Jan. 19, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN—I have this day received of Frank X. Holl, Financier of North Western Lodge, Division 82, a draft for one thousand dollars, (\$1,000) insurance policy of my late husband, James H. McCann. Please accept my sincere thanks. I also return my thanks to the Firemen for their kind sympathy in my sad bereavement. May God enable them in the future, as he has in the past, to care for the widow and orphan, in my heart felt wish.
Yours respectfully,

MRS. OLIVE MCCANN.

SACRAMENTO, CAL. March 3, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I wish to acknowledge through your Magazine the receipt of draft for \$1000, the amount due me on my disability claim. The draft was presented to me by Brother Charles B. Dilly, Financier of Sacramento Lodge No. 58. Permit me to tender to the Brotherhood my sincere thanks and gratitude and more particularly to the officers and members, of Sacramento Lodge No. 58, for their kindness and attention. May our Lord watch over our Brotherhood and deliver its members from affliction is the wish of
Your grateful brother,

PATRICK O'CONNOR.

LOGANSPOUT, IND., Jan. 27, 1884.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

The undersigned committee of Good Will Lodge, No. 2, wish, through the columns of the Magazine, to tender their sincere thanks to Lodges 47, 50, 95, 186 and 188, of Chicago, for their kind assistance at the funeral of our late Bro. John Gorman.

CHARLES POLK, }
WM. McDONALD, } Committee.
ARTHUR KNILL, }
E. H. LAING, }
W. H. GREEN, }

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Feb. 15, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: We have this day received, through Mr. L. L. Hood, Financier of S. M. Stevens Lodge, Marquette, Mich., the sum of one thousand dollars, the above amount being due us on the policy of our son Charley Witt. Please accept our most sincere thanks for the prompt payment.

Respectfully yours,

CHRISTOPH WITT,
ANNA WITT.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Dec. 4, 1883.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIR: Please accept the sincere thanks of myself and family for the brotherly attention paid to my deceased son, at Beardstown, also upon his arrival at Minneapolis, and his burial at Mendota. I also return my heartfelt thanks for the draft for \$1,000, which I received as payment in full, on the policy of my deceased son.

That the Lord may always watch over you in your divine mission of charity is the prayer of the mother of your deceased brother.

Respectfully yours,

AVIS M. CLOUTIER.

WATERFORD MILLS, IND., Jan. 15, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIR: Your draft of one thousand dollars on the Park National Bank, of New York, was received by us this morning, through the hands of Mr. E. K. Cale, of Prospect Lodge, No. 162. May the noble Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen forever live to continue the good work they have so nobly done for the past ten years. Golden Gate Lodge, No. 91, have our heartfelt thanks for the interest and sympathy they have shown us and for the care of our dear brother Hugh, while sick and alone in a strange land. May Heaven bless them and theirs and every member of the Brotherhood throughout our land is the most earnest prayer of

EVA AND DELLA CLINE.

FORT GRATIOT, MICH., Jan. 10, 1884.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIR: I desire to express my sincere and heartfelt thanks to you for your kindness to me during the illness of my husband, A. H. Matthewson, and for the respect you showed him by burying him under the auspices of your Order.

I also acknowledge the receipt of a draft for \$1000, being the amount of the beneficiary certificate my husband held in your Order. The prompt payment of this claim is fully appreciated, and I shall always gratefully remember your kindness to me. Hoping that the Brotherhood may continue to prosper and that it may always be a blessing to widows and orphans, I remain

Yours respectfully
ANNIE L. MATTHEWS.

BEARDSTOWN, ILL., Jan. 18, 1884.

To the Members of H. B. Stone Lodge, No. 122:

DEAR BROTHERS: Accept my sincere thanks for the beautiful ring presented to me inscribed "B. L. F." I appreciate the gift more than words can express, and I shall hold your generosity in grateful remembrance. Hoping that you may never have cause to regret this beautiful token of your esteem, I remain yours fraternally,

GEO. HERTLEIN, Master.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 15, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77:

DEAR SIRS: I had intended on my arrival in Washington to write you through the columns of your Magazine, but owing to various hindrances I could not do so up to the 14th of December, at which time I was taken quite ill with typhoid pneumonia, from which I am now slowly, and I trust surely, recovering. Trusting you will, therefore, excuse my long and enforced silence, I will now say that your great kindness to my dear son, Benj. D. Abell, during his last illness, your loving sympathy, your many acts and thoughtful attentions to me in my great sorrow, have so won my heart that I have adopted you all as my boys. Words are inadequate to express the gratitude I feel, neither can money or feeble praise repay you. God only can, and he surely will, compensate you for such nobleness, such disinterested and unmerited kindness as was shown me by all of you, nor can they ever be effaced from my sorrowing memory as long as life shall last. As soon as my health and the weather will permit I will probably return to Denver, where I hope to be of some little service to some or all of you. Therefore, tendering you my heartfelt gratitude and sincere affection I bid you all adieu until I arrive at my adopted home, when I hope to be the happy recipient of a call from the boys of 77. But if no more on earth we meet, I trust will meet in heaven. Your ever true and faithful friend,

LYDIA S. BUTTON.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

PASS WORDS.

The quarterly pass-word for the quarter beginning April 1st, has been sent to all the Lodges, and any Lodge having failed to receive the same will please notify the Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

QUARTERLY REPORTS.

The quarterly report of the Secretary and Treasurer of the Grand Lodge for the quarter ending February 29th was mailed to all Lodges on the 10th of March. Lodges failing to receive the same will notify the Grand Secretary.

NOTICE TO FINANCIERS.

Financiers are hereby notified that there will be no assessment for the month of April, as there is a sufficient surplus in the beneficiary fund for the payment of all claims. Collections on delinquencies should be reserved until returns are made for the May assessment.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

TO LODGE CORRESPONDENTS.

We are having more Lodge correspondence sent in than we can possibly publish, and we are compelled to request some of our cor-

respondents who write on subordinate Lodge affairs, to be more brief with their articles and not to write too often. Our desire is to give all Lodges an opportunity to be heard, and this can not be done if a few consume all the space.

TO TRAVELING MEMBERS.

We are in receipt of many letters from members who have been out on a visit, requesting us to thank certain Lodges and members in their behalf for favors extended them. We must decline all such requests for the reason that the space in our magazine can be used to better advantage. If a traveling member conducts himself properly and proves worthy of the courtesies of the Order, it is far better than to return thanks through the Magazine. We desire to publish only such matter as will be of interest to our readers.

BLACK LIST.

T. D. CONNORS.

T. D. Connors has been expelled from Eureka Lodge No. 14, for dead-beatism and drunkenness, and we are authorized by his Lodge to publish him as unworthy of recognition. He has left his bills unpaid and is devoid of principle or honor.

JAMES TAYLER.

A certain James Tayler, who claims to belong to Beaver Lodge, No. 117, has been at New York and other points, representing himself as a member of our Order. Notice is hereby given that the said Lodge has no member by that name, and that the above individual is a fraud and an impostor.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

M. N. WHALEN.

M. N. Whalen is requested to correspond with Mount Oury Lodge No. 140.

HARRY DOWLING.

Harry Dowling of No. 127 is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

T. W. WELCH.

T. W. Welch, of Wm. F. Hynes Lodge No. 48, is requested to correspond with his Lodge at once.

C. MURRAY AND M. BIRNEY.

Bros. C. Murray and M. Birney, of No. 48, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

ABSENT MEMBERS OF 83.

C. O. Miller, James Robertson, N. B. Wicks, Harry King and H. T. Dunn are requested to correspond with the Financier of Lodge No. 83 as soon as possible.

ABSENT MEMBERS OF 63.

James Kelroy, P. J. McCarty, Geo. McReynold, E. J. Coyle and E. F. Kennedy, of No. 63, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

ABSENT MEMBERS OF NO. 85.

All members of Fargo Lodge, No. 85, whose addresses are unknown, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge at once and avoid trouble.

MEMBERS OF NO. 70.

The following members of Lone Star Lodge, No. 70, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge, viz: Jacob Strehlan, John McQueen, John Sullivan and Ed. Howard.

JOHN QUIMBY.

Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of John Quimby, a wiper or fireman, who left Grand Island, Neb., going west, about ten months ago. Address E. Quimby, Beatrice, Neb.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., March 1, 1884.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a
statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the
month ending February 29, 1884:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 87 and 88.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 87 and 88.	Total.
1		\$31 00	\$31 00	68	\$7 00	\$41 00	\$41 00
2	\$23 00	22 00	45 00	69	\$22 00	45 00	67 00
3	13 00	99 00	112 00	70	2 00	38 00	40 00
4	3 00	27 00	30 00	71	6 00	30 00	36 00
5	8 00	17 00	25 00	72	10 00	25 00	35 00
6				73	11 00	42 00	53 00
7	4 00	16 00	20 00	74	6 00	66 00	72 00
8	14 00	41 00	55 00	75	37 00	37 00	74 00
9	16 00	21 00	37 00	76	20 00	37 00	57 00
10	11 00	53 00	64 00	77	41 00	100 00	141 00
11		87 00	87 00	78	26 00	53 00	79 00
12	22 00	99 00	121 00	79	38 00	75 00	113 00
13		79 00	79 00	80		83 00	83 00
14	14 00	81 00	95 00	81	14 00	26 00	40 00
15	12 00	33 00	45 00	82		55 00	55 00
16	18 00	112 00	130 00	83	12 00	51 00	63 00
17	15 00	22 00	37 00	84		110 00	110 00
18	4 00	30 00	34 00	85	2 00	52 00	54 00
19				86		52 00	52 00
20	6 00	29 00	35 00	87	3 00	23 00	26 00
21	2 00		2 00	88	15 00	52 00	67 00
22	8 00	25 00	33 00	89		23 00	23 00
23	5 00	37 00	42 00	90			
24				91		10 00	10 00
25	7 00	32 00	39 00	92	1 00	18 00	19 00
26	13 00	54 00	67 00	93		21 00	21 00
27	4 00	90 00	94 00	94		40 00	40 00
28	2 00	54 00	56 00	95	6 00	67 00	73 00
29	1 00	42 00	43 00	96	42 00	63 00	105 00
30	13 00	19 00	32 00	97		35 00	35 00
31	20 00	62 00	82 00	98	7 00	29 00	36 00
32	1 00	25 00	26 00	99	7 00	44 00	51 00
33				100	5 00	21 00	26 00
34	3 00	32 00	35 00	101			
35	6 00	31 00	37 00	102			
36	17 00	47 00	64 00	103			
37				104			
38	11 00	82 00	93 00	105	1 00	43 00	44 00
39				106		22 00	22 00
40	5 00	90 00	95 00	107	2 00	28 00	30 00
41	5 00	8 00	13 00	108			
42	5 00	27 00	32 00	109			
43				110	1 00	21 00	22 00
44	3 00	25 00	28 00	111	6 00	27 00	33 00
45	49 00	52 00	101 00	112	19 00	37 00	56 00
46	38 00	33 00	71 00	113		20 00	20 00
47		115 00	115 00	114	5 00	21 00	26 00
48		44 00	44 00	115		31 00	31 00
49				116		6 00	6 00
50	2 00	91 00	93 00	117		42 00	42 00
51	4 00	54 00	58 00	118	12 00	8 00	20 00
52	1 00	74 00	75 00	119		24 00	24 00
53	20 00	26 00	46 00	120		40 00	40 00
54	26 00	64 00	90 00	121		19 00	19 00
55	3 00	33 00	36 00	122			
56	3 00	27 00	30 00	123	68 00	4 00	72 00
57	32 00	152 00	184 00	124	2 00	31 00	33 00
58	2 00	20 00	22 00	125	2 00	22 00	24 00
59		85 00	85 00	126			
60	8 00	77 00	85 00	127			
61	44 00	67 00	111 00	128			
62				129			
63	25 00	28 00	53 00	130		38 00	38 00
64		34 00	34 00				
65	5 00	47 00	52 00				

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 87 and 88.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 87 and 88.	Total.
131	\$4 00	\$21 00	\$25 00	157			
132	10 00	21 00	31 00	158	\$1 00	\$22 00	\$23 00
133	16 00	23 00	39 00	159			
134	4 00	6 00	10 00	160		26 00	26 00
135		44 00	44 00	161		27 00	27 00
136	7 00	9 00	16 00	162			
137		23 00	23 00	163		15 00	15 00
138		29 00	29 00	164	1 00	23 00	24 00
139	6 00	16 00	22 00	165		19 00	19 00
140		40 00	40 00	166		13 00	13 00
141				167		19 00	19 00
142	1 00	67 00	68 00	168	2 00	27 00	29 00
143	2 00	17 00	19 00	169	1 00	35 00	36 00
144	55 00		55 00	170	10 00	20 00	30 00
145	3 00	14 00	17 00	171	1 00	8 00	9 00
146	10 00	8 00	18 00	172		23 00	23 00
147		14 00	14 00	173	6 00	28 00	34 00
148				174	10 00	24 00	34 00
149	5 00	76 00	81 00	175	1 00	14 00	15 00
150		34 00	34 00	176		10 00	10 00
151		45 00	45 00	177	6 00	21 00	27 00
152	8 00	13 00	21 00	178	47 00	22 00	69 00
153				179	12 00	19 00	31 00
154	3 00	11 00	14 00	180			
155		17 00	17 00	181		18 00	18 00
156	1 00	28 00	29 00	182			

Balance on hand February 1 . . . \$11,024 50

Received during month . . . 6,949 00

Total . . . \$17,973 50

By claims Nos. 88, 89, 90, 91, 92 and 93 . 6,000 00

Balance on hand March 1 . . . \$11,973 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
3	Joseph Norsett.*	68	W. J. Ford.*
3	Wm. Lawrence.*	70	G. A. Brewer.*
12	Frank Ayers.*	70	Oliver Dennon.*
14	Justice Hogan.*	70	Bailey Patton.*
15	Chas. Costigan.*	70	Chas. Houghton.
18	Arthur E. Gould.*	71	D. Rich.*
21	Wm. E. Mott.†	76	D. W. Shore.††
22	L. E. Beckley.*	79	A. Sinclair.*
22	J. J. Ely.*	82	Chas. Jackson.*
25	J. B. Reed.*	95	D. E. Halberstadt.†
25	A. Wiley.*	96	Gco. Proudfoot.*
46	Wm. Marsh.†	96	Jacob Mass.*
49	James Maroney.*	100	J. M. Martin.*
53	Frank Leason.*	100	Henry Hammers.*
54	J. J. Burke.*	110	D. H. Bauman.*
54	L. Shepherd.†	116	L. G. Clark.*
54	A. Fender.*	120	A. A. Cummings.††
54	M. F. Widgeon.*	121	J. Holdren.*
57	Joseph M. Taylor.*	145	Powell Voits.*
59	A. N. Russell.*	149	John T. Fox.*
61	Joseph Laundry.*	149	Wm. Hickey.*
61	Frank Gillen.*	153	George Jones.†
61	M. Early.*	177	L. J. Lottler.†

* Non-payment of Dues.

† Stealing.

† Defrauding Creditors.

* Dead beat.

† Drunkenness.

†† Defrauding members.

† Defrauding Lodge.

† Contempt of Lodge.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

- F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Ind.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

TRUSTEES.

- W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

- J. J. Hannahan, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
C. J. McGee, Secretary Danville, Ill.
W. E. Burns Chicago, Ill.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

- Geo. Utter, Drawer 853 St. Thomas, Ont.
Wm. Weller Port Morris, N. J.
H. H. Burrus Knobel, Ark.
T. H. Vradenbough, 125 Main St.,
B. H. District Boston, Mass.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 S. Pueblo, Col.
C. H. Maul, 830 N. 40th St. Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. Dunphy, Box 438 Aurora, Ill.
Zeb Moore, 715 Carroll St. Keokuk, Iowa
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Omaha, Neb.
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Toledo, Ohio
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Evansville, Ind.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Elkhart, Ind.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 1308 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
J. L. Van Orden, 72 Court House Place,
Jersey City Heights, N. J. Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday.
H. S. Lawton Master
A. P. Green, 97 John St. Secretary
H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. Financier
Harris Atwood Mag. Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. E. Opp, 506 Grove St. Master
G. Auchter, 202 Newark Ave. Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. Financier
H. Freeland, 720 Jersey Ave. Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Master
M. B. Alley, 13 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 25 Tyng St. Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 853 Master
G. Johnson, Drawer 853 Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
O. Dennee Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
A. Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestls Financier
M. Findlon Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
J. S. Black, 497 C. St., S. W. Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St., S. W. Financier
F. A. Childs Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Matthews, Box 376 Master
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
C. C. Cook Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Colt, Commercial Hotel Master
C. Mason, 15 N. Summit St. Secretary
F. J. Kistler, 214 S. High St. Financier
J. J. Lauer, Piqua Shops Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
T. P. Smith, 29 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 50 Brayton St. Financier
E. M. Crain, 481 Lake St. Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. Tindall Master
P. Cummins Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 90 Financier
C. J. Rogers Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 395 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Hull, 183 Pacific Ave. Master
R. Mulford, 212 Pacific Ave. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
W. Rhodes, 154 Whiton St. Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washington St. Master
W. T. Screes, Box 66, Brightwood. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St. Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. Master
J. McTeer, 816½ Wellington St. Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Seigneur St. Financier
J. A. Gratrix, 4 Grand Trunk St. Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
J. Smith, 205 N. 11th St. Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. A. Gallaway Master
J. H. Cook Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
H. M. Hogan Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Master
H. B. Sims Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 Financier
J. Van Buren Mag. Agent
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 317 Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Secretary
W. Williams, Box 182 Financier
G. Morse Mag. Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL; South St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kimmswick, Mo. Master
D. F. Fisher, 6707 Minnesota Ave. Secretary
J. H. Clarke, 7915 Michigan Ave. Financier
W. Cushing Mag. Agent

- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. E. Bennett Master
G. C. Pittenger Secretary
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Financier
F. W. Walker Mag. Agent
- 23. PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
Glen Ewing Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Secretary
H. E. Peters Financier
J. E. Powell Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran Master
L. Selling Secretary
J. Wood Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Keeler Master
N. G. Wallace Secretary
C. H. Williams, Box 674 Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. Master
M. F. Walbrand, 127 9th Ave. Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
W. T. McGougal Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Andrew Struthers Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
C. W. Baskins, Box 824 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
P. A. Loveland Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Bruce Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
C. A. Clough, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Johnson, 713 N St. Master
F. Johnson, 713 N St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
E. S. Clark, 1824 Commercial St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
E. G. Pearson Master
J. W. Hardesty Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Key Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheslier Financier
T. Briggs Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Master
F. Kinch Secretary
H. W. Stephens, Box 1297 Financier
G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. Schermerhorn, Box 128 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
W. Gascoigne Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Ernst, 139 Salem St. Master
J. D. Wright, 145 S. 4th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
G. H. Thomas, 128 S. 4th St. Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. McCormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Drummond, Box 247 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey Financier
C. Barker, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, Room 6, Davis Block, Davenport, Iowa Master
T. K. Holmes, Box 1223 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
C. H. Church Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 71 1/4 West Washington St. Master
C. Young, 911 West Mulberry St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
W. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1277 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. Financier
N. Caruthers, 2130 S. 6th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. AENOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
J. Bisson, L. Box 55 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 162 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. B. Crowe Master
W. O. Shelley, 722 West 4th St. Secretary
W. O. Shelley, 722 West 4th St. Financier
S. Knight, 206 Cross St. Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Cunningham, Western Hotel Master
E. McCormack, 1402 E. Washington St. Secretary
R. M. Goodwin, 730 Monroe St. Financier
J. Dorsey, Care Wabash Shops. Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Secretary
E. J. McQuirk, 1537 Wabash Ave. Financier
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Johnson Master
G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
G. Gates, 423 Race St. Mag. Agent

49. **J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 500 Master
F. S. Connon Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
W. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
50. **GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3891 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4744 Indiana Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. E. Davis, 163 E. Harrison St. Mag. Agent
51. **FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
M. G. Hall, Box 90 Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
J. A. Dryden, Box 69 Mag. Agent
52. **GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Du Flone, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
A. Swadner, Box 658 Mag. Agent
53. **EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
R. H. Branch Secretary
C. M. Leavitt, Box 1172 Financier
G. W. Curry Mag. Agent
54. **ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 667 Secretary
G. A. Burnham, L. Box 23 Financier
Wm. Carlisle, Box 667 Mag. Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
56. **BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 Master
O. F. Parker Secretary
E. Stewart Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent
57. **BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Bunker Hill District Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St.,
Charlestown, Mass Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass Mag. Agent
58. **SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. W. Myers Master
G. B. Stratton Secretary
B. H. Estabrook Financier
J. P. Clark Mag. Agent
59. **ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 Master
R. J. Howard, Box 721 Pueblo, Col. Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 276 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col Financier
W. Henthorn, Canon City, Col. Mag. Agent
60. **UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
61. **MINNEAPOLIS; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dyer Master
F. Maher, 193 Penn Ave Secretary
J. M. Sheire, 505 Robert St. Financier
B. Bradley, 663 E. 3d St Mag. Agent
62. **VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh Master
S. J. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
63. **HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
Homer Davis, Box 772 Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
64. **SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
W. H. Roberts Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Financier
A. Goodrich Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
J. Anselline Master
Wm. Bauman Secretary
P. G. Lindell Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
66. **CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
J. Casey, G. T. Ry Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. Master
T. Cunerty, 33 Hackney St. Secretary
J. Pratt, 24 Charlotte St. Financier
J. Fawcett, 27 Soho St. Mag. Agent
68. **EAU CLAIRE; Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Bolsford, Box 190, Altoona, Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis. Financier
C. Miller, Box 76, Altoona, Wis. Mag. Agent
69. **ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer Master
N. J. Scott Secretary
F. W. Barr, Box 294 Financier
F. G. Lawrence Mag. Agent
70. **LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
J. Allen, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
71. **SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
D. V. Rorick Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Mag. Agent
72. **WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. Mag. Agent
73. **BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
S. Loynd, 73 Green St. Mag. Agent
74. **KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Pierley, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. Financier
E. A. Shipley, Cor. 9th and Mulberry Sts. Mag. Agent
G. N. Herron, Box 18, Armstrong, Kansas Mag. Agent

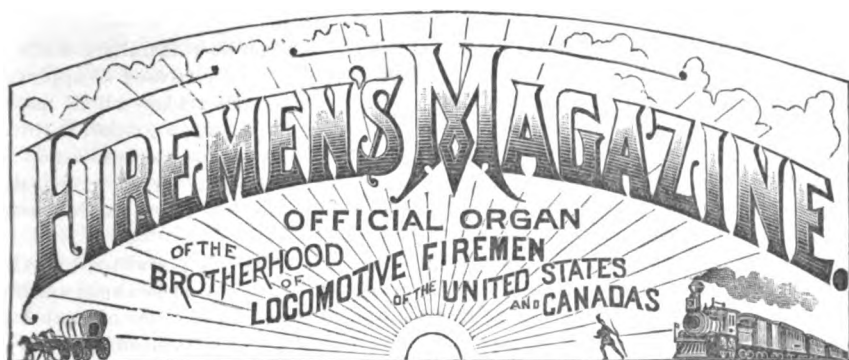
75. **ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 3837 Haverford St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1009 S. 19th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 582 N. 35th St. Financier
W. H. Guthrie Mag. Agent
76. **NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251 Master
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Secretary
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
M. S. O'Rourke, 300 S. 11th St. Master
G. M. Wilson, 349 7th St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St, Mag. Agent
78. **GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalla, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham Master
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 Mag. Agent
79. **J. M. DODGE; Boodhouse, Ill.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. E. Donnelly, Box 186 Master
D. M. Young Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
E. H. Becraft, Box 48 Mag. Agent
80. **SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
G. Goding, Box 252 Mag. Agent
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Mag. Agent
81. **PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Secretary
W. Lincoln, Box 752 Financier
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Mag. Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. L. Harvey, 327 Nicollet Ave. Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
W. E. Richmond, 820 13th St. N. Mag. Agent
83. **TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
J. T. Gaynon, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
R. L. Craig Mag. Agent
84. **CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday at 2:30 P. M.
J. I'lghe, Box 1823 Master
J. Oxtaby, Box 2192, Battle Creek, Mich. Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
W. McNeill Mag. Agent
85. **FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1796 Master
C. Jennings, L. Box 870 Secretary
A. H. Dixon, L. Box 870 Financier
J. Kellum Mag. Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. H. Haskins, Box 302 Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
T. Lynch Financier
H. W. Smith Mag. Agent
87. **SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart, Box 69 Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
T. F. Croake, Box 88 Financier
M. A. Noble Mag. Agent
88. **MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson Master
J. M. Sights Secretary
L. E. Bemis Financier
N. Gorman Mag. Agent
89. **SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
W. B. Taney Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
G. Batteiger Mag. Agent
90. **SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNell Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Financier
C. K. Stewart, Box 317, San Diego. Mag. Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
T. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops Secretary
C. N. Wyckoff, S. P. R. R. Shops. Financier
A. Detrich, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
92. **FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Spath, 39 Tollman St. Master
T. Lee, 10 Babcock St Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 West Utica St. Financier
J. Hartigan Mag. Agent
93. **GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Swartz Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
R. Gurley Mag. Agent
94. **CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 Master
H. Gray, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Mag. Agent
95. **CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
F. W. Clough, 303 Blue Island Ave. Master
J. Warn, 345 W. Fulton St. Secretary
L. P. Smith, 292 Fulton St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
96. **ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio,**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leibtag Master
D. W. Davidson Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. M. King Mag. Agent
97. **ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shepardson, Box 72 Master
F. Horner, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
W. J. Grant Mag. Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
G. S. Cole Secretary
R. W. Shields Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
99. **ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
G. Bowden, 89 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
100. **ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
W. H. Hummel Mag. Agent

- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
D. E. Hayes Secretary
F. S. Payne, 620 E. Maple St. Financier
C. M. Krull, 611 E. Locust St. Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 846 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. P. Farrer, 827 Churchill St. Mag. Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
W. M. Reardon Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
O. M. Crane, Box 76 Financier
Phil. Smith Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th
Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 235 Berrim St. Master
C. McCutcheon Secretary
J. C. Herron, 624 Mulberry St. Financier
J. T. Quinlivan Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
H. G. Rechhold Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
M. Glynn Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
J. C. McCabe Master
Wm. Davis Secretary
M. Hentherman, Box 23 Financier
J. W. Shea Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
L. Fisher, 2809 Adams St. Master
W. Davis, 3019 Atlantic St. Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 2926 Chouteau
Ave Financier
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
J. E. Brown Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell Master
J. Toal, Box 111 Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
J. Dolan Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. Joyce Master
C. Sura Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
W. C. Vawter Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
N. C. Grant Master
S. L. Bristol Secretary
G. L. Oram Financier
J. Davis Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 Secretary
J. Dunn, Box 625 Financier
A. Heenan Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between
36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between
19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and M $\frac{1}{2}$ St. Financier
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and M $\frac{1}{2}$ St. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson Master
H. R. Boucher Secretary
M. Gleason Financier
G. H. Dawson Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 565 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 315 Grey St. Financier
R. Lister, Simcoe St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and
the last two Saturdays at 8 P. M.
W. E. Gymer, Richmond Sta. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Sta. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. Financier
H. Taylor, Richmond Sta. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
W. J. Gorham, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Master
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
J. M. Herman, 179 Gifford St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Master
F. Hamner, Box 492 Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 36 Financier
O. C. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline, Box 421 Master
S. A. Mayall, Box 242 Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 Financier
H. W. Henson Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. G. Andrews Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
E. G. Fox Master
Wm. Rait, Box 356 Secretary
E. L. Gregg Financier
E. G. Fox Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
G. S. Tubbs Master
F. W. Snyder, Box 1688 Secretary
M. Kellher Financier
J. T. Dutcher Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
J. C. Clark Secretary
F. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gilleece Mag. Agent

- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Thornton, Tecumseh House . . . Master
T. S. Gill, C. P. Round House . . . Secretary
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. . . . Financier
H. Lynes, 88 Common St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 55 Master
W. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Financier
C. E. Davis, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Hooper, Box 494 Master
P. G. Crippen Secretary
G. R. Tedford, Box 494 Financier
J. H. Coterill, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis. . . . Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. . . . Secretary
I. J. Holbrook, 285 Park St. . . . Financier
J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
G. M. Ratcliffe, Box 450, Stevens
Point, Wis. Financier
G. Shilling Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Box 10 Master
F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29 Secretary
W. T. Trusty, Box 37 Financier
J. McDonald Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. H. White Master
V. C. London Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
V. C. London Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Richford, Vermont.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
A. S. Morse Master
H. E. Wade Secretary
F. C. Langdon Financier
W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and
3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. S. Wheeler, Box 191 Master
D. B. Morrissey Secretary
A. C. Mast Financier
J. S. Wheeler Mag. Agent
J. Boyers Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. M. Johnson, Box 273 Master
G. Campbell Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
T. G. Dayman Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
P. J. Cook Master
A. Weygandt Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
F. Cooper Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Stow, Box 1287 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
G. W. Mills, Box 766 Financier
J. Guhn Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
E. Goble Secretary
E. F. Wright Financier
N. B. Whyern Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 136 Master
M. W. Higgins Secretary
W. D. Yates, Box 500 Financier
A. F. Duey, Box 23 Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. . . . Master
F. J. Penoyer, 178 W. Berry St. . . . Secretary
W. R. Fredericks 415 Lafayette St. . . . Financier
W. G. Lyons, 51 Melita St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M. and
every 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
F. Bittman, 107 Erie St. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, 929 Wood st. Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin, Box 459 Secretary
J. Norton, Box 448 Financier
J. Norton, Box 448 Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St. . . . Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
W. Creighton, (178) Cor. McKinnie
and Travis Sts. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
R. J. McCool, Box 32 Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
L. E. Mayo Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sun-
day at 10:30 A. M.
E. Freeman, 280 E. 10th St. Master
W. J. McCall, 326 Ninth Ave. Secretary
Mogull Call, 70 W. 92d St. Financier
J. H. White, 280 E. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
H. Hall, 93 Murray St. E. Mag. Agent
J. Reid, 143 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent

- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
W. D. Schellinger, Box 1244 Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willauer Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
Arthur Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Secretary
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Janders, Box 256 Master
R. P. Wardlaw Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
W. J. Dunnivant Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Mallin Secretary
C. H. Wair Financier
A. L. Sterley Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Van Ronk, 124 Russell St. Master
B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
J. Hamlin, 621 Fort St. Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Hampton Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. Secretary
Nashville, Tenn. Financier
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nash-
ville, Tenn. Mag. Agent
G. R. Ruffin
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 1025 Chestnut St. Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
J. W. Galvan, 513 S. Main St. Master
W. H. Wilder Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison
St. Financier
F. L. Burtch, 618 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. K. Cole, Box 1449 Master
G. M. Winegardner, Box 360 Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
J. F. Bristol Mag. Agent
- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, L. Box 29 Master
W. H. De France, L. Box 29 Secretary
J. N. Jennings, L. Box 29 Financier
E. K. Park, L. Box 29 Mag. Agent
- 164. KEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
G. E. Crider Master
E. A. Laughraun Secretary
J. B. Gossage Financier
J. H. Crider Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Iry Financier
G. Edwards Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
P. Foster Master
G. H. Marston Secretary
C. Wyman Financier
G. H. Marston Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. Tucker, Box 134 Master
L. E. Ferguson, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Mag. Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2 P. M.
F. Stirnemann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
H. Lounsbay, Box 1179 Master
J. S. Lanning, Box 1053 Secretary
W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
D. Lawler Mag. Agent
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. H. Sulphur Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
A. S. Craik Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 224 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Financier
P. O. Toole, 80 Russell St., Hal-
ifax, Nova Scotia Mag. Agent
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Financier
J. P. Smith, Rochesterville,
P. O. Mag. Agent
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
P. A. Neely Master
A. L. Parker Secretary
W. H. Farnsworth Financier
T. J. Welsh Mag. Agent
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. Kirchner, 518 Calder St. Master
H. S. Gingrich, 1412 Wallace St., Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 8th St. Financier
L. Fridy, 430 Boas St. Mag. Agent
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
J. S. Buckingham, Box C Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
F. M. Howard, Box C Financier
J. Adkins, Box 790 Mag. Agent
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Hinchelliff, Box 374 Master
C. H. Porter Secretary
J. Hart Financier
A. F. Ely Mag. Agent
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
W. W. Minnick Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 120 Secretary
C. H. DeWolf Financier
W. H. Green Mag. Agent
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, Box 1081 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, Box 1081 Financier
D. Love, Box 1081 Mag. Agent

- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 160 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 160 Mag. Agent
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaekel Mag. Agent
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Hobson Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sangeen P. O. Mag. Agent
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
E. A. Brown, 448 E. 18th St. Master
G. W. Miller, 229 W. 22d St. Secretary
F. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French Sts. Mag. Agent
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Master
G. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Mag. Agent
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Thompson Master
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers Financier
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. R. Reeves Master
C. W. Bull Secretary
J. R. Conklin Financier
J. McGraw Mag. Agent
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Kerins, 416 31st St. Master
T. J. Scanlan, 8138 S. LaSalle St. Secretary
P. Hartney, 2806 Dearborn St. Financier
M. Jordan, 3149 Hanover St. Mag. Agent
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Darigan Master
A. Richardson Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
H. Lyons Mag. Agent
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M. and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
J. Devine, 880 Hubbard St. Secretary
W. McPhee, 880 Hubbard St. Financier
C. Billmeyer, 29 Diller St. Mag. Agent
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
R. C. Belknap, Box 186, Green Bay, Wis. Master
G. Hanrahan Secretary
R. Parks Financier
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. S. Crandell, Box 84 Master
W. F. Hughes Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn Iowa Financier
W. McAvinney Mag. Agent
- 191. CUSTEB; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Fields, Box 16 Master
F. Foote, Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, Box 16 Financier
C. Fitzpatrick, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
E. Huggins, Jr. Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
J. B. Reed Mag. Agent
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Remington Master
H. W. Hall Secretary
C. H. Barnell Financier
C. H. Remington Mag. Agent
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 1 P. M.
M. T. Tisher Master
J. M. Lucy Secretary
P. J. Freeman Financier
M. T. Tisher Mag. Agent
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Buckley Master
W. J. Glennan Secretary
A. J. Will Financier
J. F. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Col.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
F. W. Hawks, Box 39, Como, Col. Master
C. F. Donovan, 227 E. 12th St. Secretary
A. A. Philliber, 1313 Poplar St. Financier
W. J. Armitage, Cadillac House, Mag. Agent
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
J. T. Sweeney, Box 12, Sabula, Iowa, Master
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 837 Center St., Racine, Wis. Financier
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
T. H. Sheppard, Box 184 Secretary
L. R. Sherman Financier
F. P. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
J. F. Crowe, 118 W. Boardman St. Secretary
D. Heinselman Financier
C. Batelle Mag. Agent
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
C. C. Griffin Master
J. F. Hutchison Secretary
Edward Lake Financier
Wilt Campbell Mag. Agent
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
S. J. Stearns Master
B. H. Lashley Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
J. D. Bledsoe Mag. Agent
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
W. C. Danenburg Master
Geo. W. McClure Secretary
C. M. Gorman Financier
J. G. Burklime Mag. Agent
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Geo. J. Hurley Master
L. E. Parker, Box 105 Secretary
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Financier
J. H. Reneman, Box 351 Mag. Agent
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Albuquerque, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
A. W. Clark Master
C. E. Cramer Secretary
F. Armstrong Financier
C. E. Cramer Mag. Agent
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
E. Leat, Box 313 Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Secretary
J. Tally, 57 Adams St. Financier
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Mag. Agent



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MAY, 1884.

NO. 5.

RAILWAY HEROES.

Youths' Companion.

Coal dust, cinders, oil and smoke usually make firemen on duty rather grimy-looking personages. Perhaps few among the thousands of passengers who ride in the railroad cars behind us would care for our acquaintance. But we are useful—as useful, perhaps, as any other class of men; and certainly we have our full share of the hard, disagreeable things in life, including frequent peril and much exposure to weather.

Working up from fireman to engine-driver, or “engineer,” as we are usually called in this country, is often a slow process. There are men on our line—the Hudson River railroad—who have been firing eleven years, with no promotion yet, though they are no doubt fully competent to run an engine. For promotion depends almost wholly upon vacancies occurring, or some special influence at headquarters.

A man ought to become thoroughly familiar with a locomotive in eleven years. I thought that I knew every screw in mine after firing two years. Yet it takes a good deal of time to learn to fire well, so as to get the most steam out of the least fuel, and have the highest pressure at the grades where it is most needed. To do this a man should know the road, every rod of it, as well as the engine.

Then comes the oiling. An engine requires a great deal of oil, as well as coal and water. The fireman has to keep in mind all those scores of bearings where

oil has to be applied. Between oiling, shoveling in coal, shaking and stirring up his fire—to keep it steady and hot—and looking to his stock of coal and water, he is kept busy, and must needs watch sharply. But a man gets these duties well fixed in his head in time.

It is while “firing” that the practical knowledge of running an engine is gained. A fireman is the groom, so to speak, of the “iron horse.” He must, morning or evening, have the engine polished, “fired up,” and ready for his superior, the engineer, to step into the cab and start off. Usually the engineer does not make his appearance till the moment of connecting with the train. Between the engineer and fireman there generally exists an easy-going and manly sort of friendship, though I have known cases where the two men detested each other.

When I began to fire under “Doc” Simmons, I scarcely knew enough to build a good fire in a cook stove, and could not have found a quarter of the oil caps. I must have been a trial to him the first week or two. But he never gave me a sharp word, though he often had to tell me things over and over again.

“Doc,” as the railway men called him, was a superior engineer. He knew every pound of metal in a locomotive, just where it lay, and how much it was good for. He was one of those men who seem to feel just what there is in a locomotive the moment he takes hold of the levers and starts up. He was a good-hearted fellow, and always had a pleasant word,

or a joke, all along the line; and it is generally the case that such men do not fail the company, or the public, at a critical moment.

I went home and cried like a baby the day "Doc" was killed. If it had been my own father, I could not have felt half so badly. I actually wished that I had gone to the bottom of the river with him.

It was the night of the 6th of February, and fearfully cold. We had "No. 117" then, and took out the Pacific Express, as it was called, from New York city up the line to Albany. It was a bitter night, and the line was frosty and slippery.

The express was always a heavy train. That night we had three baggage and express cars and eight passenger coaches, and we were late out of New York to begin with—about fifteen minutes, I think.

Such cold weather is always demoralizing to a railroad. It is much harder to make time; all metal works bad; and though the fire appears to burn brighter, it takes more coal to make steam. The train seems to hang to the line. Then, too, the cutting wind is enough to freeze the marrow in a man's bones.

It might have been mostly fancy on my part, but I thought "Doc" had an odd look in his face that night as he got into the cab. He was more serious than usual, for we both knew that we had a hard run before us, and a cold one. Both of us were muffled up in fur caps and old overcoats.

"Shove in the coal, Nick, and shake her down smart. We want every ounce of steam to-night," says Doc. "Fifteen minutes behind and eleven cars on! Those sleeping coaches are as heavy as a whole block, too. I'm glad this is a double-track line and all clear ahead."

We pulled out, and from the way Doc handled her, I knew that he meant to pick up that fifteen minutes, if it was in the old machine to do it. I suppose we made thirty-five miles an hour, perhaps forty, on the level stretches.

On we went, reeling off the dark, bleak miles, with the sharp wind cutting into

the cab, till near New Hamburg station, where the line then crossed Wappinger creek on a trestle-bridge which had a "draw" in it. It was a comfort to think that the draw would certainly not be open on such a night, for the creek was frozen up, and that there would be no delay there.

Ah, if it were only permitted to trainmen to know just what is ahead on the tracks on these black, bitter nights! But we can only see what the head-light shows us; and often the signals seem strangely obscure in fog, or in the driving rain and snow.

One of those always possible "breaks," which may not occur for years, but are yet constantly liable to happen, had occurred that night. One of the south-bound night freight trains, running down to New York, broke an axle and got one of its middle cars off the rails before reaching the bridge.

How far they dragged the car in that condition, no one knew, for it was so cold that the conductor and all the brakemen were huddled in the caboose behind. But they found it out after a time, and slowed down just as the train got on to the bridge.

As they came to a stand-still two or three other cars jumped the track, and one of these, an oil car, with a long tank on it, broke its couplings and was shoved over on to the up-line of track—our line—where it stood sidewise across the rails.

The accident made great confusion with the men on the freight; but they claimed that they got out their signal-lanterns as soon as they could, and that it was not a minute before we came up.

As we shot along past the dark station and out towards the bridge, I saw the white steam of the freight train.

"We shall pass No. 19 right by the bridge," Doc said.

Both of us were looking, Doc on his side and I on mine.

Suddenly, right ahead, we saw a red lantern swinging on our track, at the end of the bridge.

"God save us, Doc!" I shouted, "the draw's open!"

"Spring the patent brake!" he said to me—that was what we called the air-brake then—and in a moment we had shut off, reversed and whistled for the hand-brakes.

But we were going at a great speed. In a moment more we had come alongside the freight engine, and out on the bridge we saw the oil car right across our rails! It had a look of death in it. I swung out on the step.

"Shan't you jump, Doc?" I cried.

He stood with his back to me, looking ahead, but turned when I called out. I never shall forget that last look he gave me. He did not speak, but his look seemed to say, "Yes, you may as well jump, but I must stick to my post."

He barely looked round to me, but made no answer, then looked ahead again.

Then I jumped—went heels over head along the side of the embankment leading to the bridge, rolled over and over, and landed down on the ice of the creek, near the abutment, which I had scarce touched when I heard the crash, as our engine struck the oil-car.

With the collision came a sudden, brilliant flash of light! Everything above me, the whole bridge and the cars on it, seemed wrapped in a blaze of fire!

At the same instant, too, there was a dull, long, tearing crash! The trestle had given way beneath the strain.

Down came our engine, the three baggage cars, a passenger car, and I don't know how many freight cars of the other train, on to the ice. The whole wreck, as it fell down, seemed enveloped in flames; for the oil had splashed over everything, and the blazing coals from the fire-box exploded it on the instant.

When the engine struck the ice, it broke through, and with a hiss went to the bottom of the deep water there; and on top of it came tumbling down all the other cars.

For a moment following the crash, there was an almost complete silence; then agonizing screams, and prayerful cries for help from the imprisoned passengers.

We who were not disabled did what we could. The seven rear cars did not run into the chasm, but two of them burned on the track, along with a number of freight cars. Twenty-one of the passengers were killed outright, and a still greater number were injured.

As we worked there in the noise, heat and awful confusion of that night, I cast many an anxious glance round for Doc, hoping and half expecting that he had got clear and would be at work with us, trying to get out the passengers. But I saw nothing of him, and by daybreak I felt sure that he had gone down with his engine.

The locomotive was not hauled up out of the water till the next week. Then we found his body jammed down under the engine on the bed of the creek. His hands, face and clothes had been scorched; but whether he was drowned, or burned to death, we could not tell.

He had met death at his post of duty; gone out of the world with his hand on the lever; giving his own life that the lives of others might be saved—a man of whom any people may be proud.

THE FALSE DOCTOR.

Loraner Kalender.

A traveler was taken ill at an inn and sent for a doctor. As he was lying in bed alone in his room, some one opened the door and stepped in. "Are you the doctor?" inquired the traveler. "Yes; what ails you?" "I am very poorly." "Can you walk?" "No." "What! not even in the room?" "I cannot stand on my feet." "I am glad to hear that," said the stranger, as he took the traveler's watch and purse and made off.

Young widow (addressing servant girl): "Lena, what did you do with the photograph this gentleman left here for me more than a week ago? You surely never gave it me, nor did you tell me a word about it." Lena (after thinking a long time): "Oh, yes; I remember now. Why, I thought it was the jack of diamonds that has been lost for so long, and I put it in the card drawer." Apparent discomfiture of elderly gentleman.

SOUTHERN ALASKA.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Southern Alaska, as it is called, comprises the narrow strip of territory that extends southward from Mount St. Elias to Dixon channel, the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. This thirty-mile strip of land, with its outlying islands, is the best known part of the territory, and, with the exception of Onalaska and the Seal islands, is the seat of the only white settlements of any consequence or promise. Dense forests clothe the islands and mainland of Southern Alaska and "darken a region half as large as Europe." Although the rocky foundations are only covered with a thin, sandy soil, vegetation flourishes with a rankness that cannot be surpassed in the tropics. The close forests of yellow cedar, Sitka and Douglass spruce, Jeffreys pine and balsam fir have never been devastated by fires, and for unnumbered ages only glaciers or avalanches have interfered with the steady processes of nature. The Russians cleared a little ground about their settlements, but later inhabitants have made no efforts in that way, since crops cannot be raised with success, and there are not enough horses or cattle for anyone to direct his attention to grasses that cannot be cured in the constant down-pour. The stumps of trees will never rot in the ground, and the fallen trunks in the forests form a network like the corners of rail fences, with each log covered with thick mosses and grasses, and bearing a dense growth of rank ferns, bushes and small trees. It is wholly impossible to penetrate the forests without a path first being hewn through the thickly-ranged tree trunks, and in the wood-paths about Sitka one frequently sees trees two and three feet in diameter, growing over the prostrate forms of pines of even greater dimensions. If you step aside from the path to force your way through the underbrush to reach clusters of crimson and orange salmon berries, you may suddenly be engulfed, and sink two or three feet into a pitfall of mossy logs. Only the certainty that there are no snakes or creeping things in Alaska

encourages one to venture aside from the narrow and graveled paths that beneficent Russian rule caused to be made about Sitka. Although there are but a few natural clearings at the mouths of the streams, and grassy fields cleared by the toil of the old serfs, no attempt is made to raise or keep cattle, and the milk of the three cows at Sitka is sold at eighty cents a quart. Without beef or mutton, the people live on a routine of fish, venison and bear meat, and no quail-eater grows wearier of his daily luxuries than these Alaska citizens do of their regular venison, salmon, and halibut in steaks, roasts and curries.

Even the Indians know nothing of the interior of Southern Alaska, and on account of the impenetrable forests not one island has been wholly explored. All travel is done by boats and canoes, and the two sections of the territory are as far apart for a traveler as if on different continents.

WOULDN'T STAND WATCHING.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"Lady," said a colored cook to her mistress, "What makes you watch me so 'spicious?"

"It is a habit I have, Lucindy."

"It's a mighty bad habit, lady, fur it's apt to lead to troublement. De las' lady dat I worked fur watched me jes like youse'f er doin,' an' arter awhile she went so fur as to 'cuse me o' stealin.' Go on in the sittin' room, lady, fur de chillen might burn darse'fs on de stove."

"What's that you've got under your apron?"

"Lady, yer's de 'quizitivist 'oman I eber seed. Go on an' 'ten' ter de chillen, I tell yer."

"Haven't you got my gloves under your apron?"

"Huh?"

"You heard what I said?"

"Glubs un'er my apron! Dat's a fine question fur a white lady to ax. Take de glubs, da ain't no 'count, nohow. Ef white folks doan stop bein' so 'spicious, dars gwine to be some mighty dissatisfactshun in dis lan.'"

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

The "International Code" of Signaling by Day and Night. How the Life-Boat is Manned—Sending a Line to the Wreck—Bringing the Life-Car into Service.

Courier-Journal.

All that science and skill can accomplish is demonstrated in these governmental departments, and of these there are none more interesting than the exhibit made by the United States life-saving service. It appeals strongly to every thinking person. It shows the great care and skill which pervades the system inaugurated and sustained by the government. Every appliance to save life, to rescue the imperiled at sea, seems to have been adopted.

In the day-time communication is carried on between vessels and stations by means of flags. The symbols of the international code consist of eighteen flags, grouped as follows: One burgee, four pennants and thirteen square flags. Every nation represented in this code provides its vessels with a set of these flags and their interpretation, and the simple hoisting of the different combinations according to the schedule laid out, is unmistakable English to any life-saving station on the American coast, no matter what the nationality of the vessel may be. These flags represent eighteen letters of the English alphabet, and no two are alike in color. The different colored flags represent letters, the letters represent sentences, and conversation is carried on between stations and vessels by simply hoisting the combinations of flags according to the signal key.

At night, if any signaling has to be done, white, green and red rockets are sent up—the different combinations of colors expressing certain wants and giving affirmative or negative answers. For instance, a ship wanting a pilot would make her wishes known by sending up three rockets in quick succession—white, red, white; red, white, red—I am in distress; green, white, green—yes; white, red, white—no. On the more dangerous coasts there are sometimes two or three stations sitting five miles apart. At night a lookout is left in the station, and the

rest of the crew patrol the beach, meeting the crew of the second station half way, exchanging checks and then making their way back to their respective starting points. If a patrolman sees an accident or a vessel in distress, signals are fired calling the attention of the rest of the men to that point. The life-boats are then put on surf-wagons, drawn by horses, and carried down to the sea. These boats are self-bailing and self-righting; that is, if one of them upsets, it immediately rights itself, and bails out any water shipped as fast as it comes in. A boat of this description is manned by twelve oarsmen and one steersman, and will carry in safety thirty additional people. Behind the surf wagons follows the hand-cart drawn by the crew, containing Lisle guns, whip lines, shot lines, faking boxes and other necessary articles. For example's sake we will say that a ship has been driven on the rocks some three-quarters of a mile or a mile from the shore, and is gradually being battered to pieces. If lives are to be saved there is no time to play. The life-savers, first of all, want to reach the ship with a rope so that it may have direct connection with the shore, and this is the way they do it:

If there are no trees in convenient distance, to which a heavy rope can be attached, a trench three and one-half feet deep is dug in the sand, and in this the sand-anchor, composed of two heavy wood cross-pieces, is buried. The rope, after being securely fastened to this anchor, is then run over a crotch from fifteen to eighteen feet high. Attention is now given to the faking box, which consists of a smaller rope wound around forty-eight pegs. By lifting up the board on which these pegs are mounted the rope slides off in a coil on the sand, and in being fired from the mortar can not possibly get tangled or twisted in its rapid flight to and over the vessel. The shot is an iron piece, resembling very closely in shape and in length a car coupling-pin. A small opening in its end admits a screw, and to this screw through a ring is fastened the small line to be fired, which, in

its turn, is made fast to the larger rope before mentioned. The mortar is then loaded with from two and a half to four ounces of powder, according to the distance of the vessel from shore, the shot is placed in position, a fizz and a bang, and away goes the small line along with its iron predecessor over the ship's deck, where willing hands seize it and eventually pull in the strong, heavy rope from the shore. Attached to this latter are tally-boards, giving the following instructions in many different languages: "Make the tail of the block fast to the lower mast well up. If masts are gone then to the best place you can find. Cast off rocket line, see that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore." A second shot from the mortar carries another line, and this enables the breeches buoy block to be drawn from shore to ship, and vice versa, over the main rope. This rope, after being made fast to the ship's masts, is hauled taut on shore, by three sets of blocks, to the rear of the tall crotch over which it runs.

There is a slant from the ship in, and the crotch, as may now be seen, is used to give the rope a sufficient altitude over the angry sea waves. The breeches buoy block, that is hauled backward and forward with passengers, consists of a large round cork ring covered with canvas, to the under side of which is firmly attached a pair of knee-breeches. A passenger lowers half of his body through the cork opening—the knee-breeches prevent his being washed out, the cork buoy keeps half the body above water, and he is pulled safely to shore with no damage beyond a thorough drenching.

If it be found necessary to carry shoreward at one time more than a single passenger, the life car is brought into service. Its bottom is shaped like that of a lap-streak boat, and that portion of it showing out of water is oval, with a small aperture on top and in the centre. It accommodates five or six people, and after they are safely stowed inside, the opening is securely closed and battened down. The main rope on which it runs, unlike the one connected with the breeches-

buoy, is taken from its high crotch and lowered to the surface of the water. In rough weather, while being drawn into shore by means of a windlass, it rolls over and over and is alternately under and above the water. To prevent the bruising up of the excursionists within, the inside is thoroughly fitted out with the softest of padding, and very minute diamond-shaped holes in the top of the car furnish all the air needed, diluted with a very insignificant and hardly noticeable quantity of salt water. This car is made out of heavy galvanized iron, riveted, and weighs 700 pounds.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

Detroit Free Press.

"So you have been fighting on your way home from school!"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Didn't I tell you that this sort of business had got to stop?"

"Yes, pa, but—"

"No excuses, sir! You probably provoked the quarrel!"

"Oh, no! no! He called me names!"

"Names? What of it? When a boy calls you names walk along about your business. Take off that coat!"

"But he didn't call me names!"

"Oh, he didn't? Take off that vest!"

"When he called me names I never looked at him, but when he pitched into you I—I had to fight!"

"What! Did he call me names?"

"Lots of 'em, father! He said you lied to your constituents, and went back on the caucus and had—!"

"William, put on your coat and vest, and here's a nickel to buy peanuts! I don't want you to come up a slugger, and I wish you to stand well with your teacher, but if you can lick that boy who says I ever bolted a regular nomination or went back on my end of the ward, don't be afraid to sail in!"

A Texas debating society debated the question: "When a watermelon vine runs into another man's land, who owns the melons?" The referee decided that the colored man who lived about a mile from the two farms owned the melons.

LEAVES FROM AN ALBUM.

A well-known writer says: An autograph album has recently come into my hands which may be called a finished work. It is owned by Mrs. Margaret C. Avery of Boston, and at present is in the custody of her brother, William A. Camp, president of the New York clearing house. It contains the name of almost every well-known man of letters in America, with an original verse. I append a few of these.

I am tired of the etymology which makes "Religion" mean that which blinds. It is good Latin and excellent ploy to understand by "Religion" that which loosens.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Yes, in the world's eternal plan
Divinity itself is given
To him who lives or dies for man
And looks within his soul for heaven!
EDMUND FLORENCE STEDMAN.

J. G. Holland writes a good proverb of his that I think the Century has taken for its guide:

Who never walks save where he sees men
tracks
Makes no discoveries!

William Lloyd Garrison offers this original verse:

Thy cause, O Liberty, can never fail,
Whether by foes o'erwhelmed or friends betrayed;
Then be its champions of naught afraid—
As God is true they shall at last prevail!
Let base oppressors tremble and turn pale!
They, they alone, may justly be dismayed,
For Truth and Right are at thy side arrayed,
And the whole world shall yet thy triumph hail!

On the next page I. I. Hayes, the Arctic explorer, has written:

The hills were there sungilded at the hour
When other lands were silvered by the moon,
The midnight hour, when down the sun did pour
A flare of light, as elsewhere at the noon!

T. B. Aldrich next has prettily written in a refined, neat back hand, almost microscopic:

Manoah's son, in his blind rage malign,
Tumbling the temple down upon his foes,
Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine
That day by day untired holds up a rose.

Then follows:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A bird sang sweet and strong
In the top of the tallest tree,
He said: "I pour out my soul in song
For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
Another bird sang: I pour
My heart on the solemn solitude
For the springs that return no more."
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

And of some wonder-blossoms yet we dream,
Whereof the time that is enfolds the seed,
Some flower of light, to which the rose shall seem

A fair and fragill weed. LUCY LARCOU.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells, do we
Know with what waste of beauty rare
Moves every day's machinery.
J. R. LOWELL.

No fate, save by the victim's fault, is low,
For God hath writ all dooms magnificent,
So guilt not traverses His tender will.
R. WALDO EMERSON.

Dear is the minstrel even to hearts of repose;
But he who sets all aspiration free
Is dearer to humanity.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Strew roses on his breast,
He loved the roses best;
He never cared for lillies or for snow.
WILLIAM WINTER.

If woman seeks for power, then she must yield
The very essence of her being up,
Bow her full heart, throw off its golden shield,
And drain its holiest life to fill the cup,
That, like a brimming goblet, red with wine,
She lavishes upon the world's broad shrine.
Upon the tattered rim men grave her name,
Fling down the empty cup, and this is fame!
ANN S. STEPHENS.

I see no cause but men may pick their teeth.
Though Brutus with a sword did kill himself,
JOHN GILBERT.

By the notes do we know where the sunbeam
is slanting;
Through the hindering stones speaks the
soul of the brook;
Past rustle of leaves we press into the still-
ness;
Through darkness and void to the Pleiads
we look;
One bird-note at dawn, with the night-silence
o'er us,
Begins all the morning's magnificent chorus.
MARY MAPES DODGE.

La critique est aisée,
Mais l'art est difficile.
CHRISTINE NILSSON.

One leaf I take.
SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE.

From wells where truth in secret lay,
He saw the midnight start by day.

"O, marvelous gift!" the many cried;
"O, cruel gift!" his voice replied.

The stars were far, and cold, and high,
That glimmered in the noonday sky;

He yearned toward the sun in vain
That warmed the lives of other men.
W. D. HOWELLS.

The failures of men are the opportunities
of women.
JENNIE CUNNINGHAM CROLY.

ARE THE LUNGS AIR-TIGHT ?

Science.

That the lungs are normally air-tight under the ordinary condition of life has been accepted in physiology as an almost necessary consequence of the function which they perform. Ewald and Kobert have lately reported some experiments which appear to show that this belief is not strictly correct. If the intra-pulmonic pressure is raised above a certain limit, not higher than may occur normally during life, there is an escape of air from the lungs into the pleural cavity or into the blood-vessels of pulmonary circulation. When a curarized dog was exposed to artificial respiration at a proportionally high pressure for about an hour, the dog killed, and the chest opened under water, both the pleural cavity and the heart were found to contain air. Experiments made upon excised lungs, expanded under water by positive pressure, showed that, at a certain pressure, air escaped, while, if the pressure was again lowered, the lungs again became air-tight. The authors satisfied themselves in all cases that there was no actual gross rupture of the lung-tissue or blood-vessels. The maximal expiratory pressure which a dog can produce was found to vary between 50 mms. and 90 mms. of mercury; while, to get an escape of air into the pleural cavity or heart, it was only necessary to keep the intra-pulmonic pressure at about 35 mms. of mercury. A similar result was obtained with rabbits. The escape of air may take place not only through the walls of the alveoli, but also through the trachea, with the production of emphysema of the subcutaneous cellular tissue of the neck, which in time may spread as far as the extremities of the body. The peculiar pains in the chest which sometimes follow upon violent expiratory efforts may be owing, they think, to a small escape of air into the pleural cavity. So many hitherto inexplicable cases in which, after sudden death, air has been found in the heart or pleural cavity, although there was no evidence of any rupture, may be explained in this way by the escape of air through the lung-tissue.

THE LOWER COLUMBIA RIVER.

Oregon Letter.

The scenery at the Cascades is very grand, to the mountain panorama and the cliff-lined shores being added the striking feature of waterfall and the roaring rapids. The water boils and hisses among rocky masses at the Cascades, and as the train stops on the high bank above we look down into a seething caldron of water, broken here and there by uplifted crags, around which the foaming currents rush and swirl, and here and there by swift sheets that pass through occasional channels. The picture is one of strange and savage grandeur. A canal is being constructed around the Cascades. It is a vast work, requiring \$5,000,000 or more to complete. When finished the canal will permit the passage of river steamers to the Dalles, forty miles above.

Five miles above Danes City we reach the Great Dalles, a marvelous gorge in the mountain range, where, sunk in beds of adamantine lava, the Columbia passes in a single narrow channel to the westward. On the shore of the river at this season of the year one sees nothing but forbidding fields of black lava between him and the further shore of the river. But a short walk, with many a climb over the rugged surface, brings one to the brink of a stream sixty-five feet wide. The current flows in a narrow cut, close to the Washington shore, silent, mysterious, fathomless. To this narrow span has the mightiest river on the continent been confined. A boy might fling a stone across it, yet human ingenuity has failed to discover its depth. It has been well said that this is the Columbia river turned up on its edge.

Above the Dalles the scenery becomes wild, forbidding, treeless and savage. The bluffs are truncated cones. The banks are lava beds partly covered with sand, and above these rise the grim, wind-worn forms of basaltic cliffs and precipices. The Columbia below the Dalles is picturesque and grand. Above, it is still wonderful, but almost horrible in its forbidding grandeur.

SAFETY FROM ICEBERGS.

London Times.

The sense of sight is not the only sense affected as an iceberg is approached. There is a sensible lowering of temperature. But to the natural heat sense this cooling is not so obvious or so readily and quickly appreciated that it could be trusted instead of the outlook of the watch. The heat sense of science, however, is so much keener that it could indicate the presence of an iceberg at a distance far beyond that over which the keenest eye could detect an iceberg at night; perhaps even an isolated iceberg could be detected when far beyond the range of ordinary eyesight in the day time. Not only so, but an instrument like the thermopile, or the more delicate heat measures of Edison and Langley, can readily be made to give automatic notice of its sensations (so to speak). As those who have heard Prof. Tyndall's lectures any time during the last twenty years know, the index of a scientific heat measure moves freely either in response to gain or loss of heat, or, as we should ordinarily say, in response either to heat or cold. An index which thus moves can be made, as by closing or breaking electrical contact, or in other ways, to give very effective indication of the neighborhood of danger.

It would be easy to devise half a dozen ways in which a heat indicator (which is of necessity a cold indicator), suitably placed in the bows of a ship, could note as it were, the presence of an iceberg fully a quarter of a mile away, and speak of its sensations much more loudly and effectively than the watch can proclaim the sight of an iceberg when much nearer at hand. The movement of the index could set a fog-horn lustily announcing the approach of danger; could illuminate the ship if need be, by setting at work the forces necessary for instantaneous electric lightning, could signalize the engineer to stop and reverse the engines, or even stop and reverse the engines automatically. Whether so much would be necessary—whether those among lost Atlantic steamships which have been

destroyed as many have been, by striking upon icebergs, could only have been saved by such rapid automatic measures as these, may or may not be the case; but that the use of the infinitely keen perception which the sense organs of science possess for heat and cold would be a feasible way of obtaining much earlier and much more effective notice of danger from icebergs than the best watch can give, no one who knows the power of science in this direction can doubt.

BALLOONING.

London Times.

But for all that ballooning remains one of the most puzzling and the least satisfactory of hobbies. We can sympathize with mountaineering, and can even appreciate the curious attraction of the Arctic sea; but to make a habit of going about in balloons is a much less intelligible fancy. No considerable advance in meteorological knowledge seems to have been made of late years by the aeronauts. The air currents have proved, as might have been expected, to be incalculable. The cloud forms have been found to be exceedingly fine; and this also might have been expected. The excitement of an ever-present danger must count for something; the knowledge that a wrong use of the valve or a wrong handling of the ballast might destroy you may well be found stimulating. But beside this it is difficult to see that much has been added to knowledge by means of balloons since the days of their infancy. We are no nearer the solution of the problem of areal navigation. We have learned no means of guiding against the wind, no suggestion of that which makes the navigation of the sea possible—of a manner of utilizing the breeze to go in other directions than that in which it is blowing. Mr. Simmons got to Cherbourg by a lucky accident, because the air currents, high and low, were setting from the northeast; had he found himself among cross-currents, he might have been carried in quite another direction. His skill would have counted for nothing against a change in the wind. The balloon, in fact, is like

a ship with rigid sails and without a rudder; or, if the comparison may be permitted, like toy-boats which the little boys set to sail across the Round pond. If the right breeze catches them they will arrive at their intended goal; if not, they must fain accept their destiny and anchor elsewhere. As yet there seems to be but two important uses for balloons. Captive or stationary balloons can be employed for reconnoitering purposes in war; and adventurous persons like M. Gambetta, if they do not mind risking a rifle bullet, can use balloons to escape from a besieged city. But for other useful ends they do not yet appear to be adapted, it having already been sufficiently demonstrated that the aeronaut may learn something about cloud-form, but that as far as the course of his balloon is concerned, that is a matter over which he has but little control.

THE PROGRESS OF NEW YORK.

In 1771 the population of the city of New York was a little over 21,000; and in 1786, three years after the close of the revolutionary war, it had 23,614 inhabitants. The several censuses taken during the past 100 years exhibit the marvelously rapid strides which New York has made toward her present imperial condition. In 1790, however, the population was little more than it was in 1771; but by 1800 it had risen to 60,515. The remaining censuses are thus given: 1810, 96,373; 1814, 95,518; 1820, 123,706; 1825, 166,086; 1830, 202,589; 1835, 270,089; 1840, 312,710; 1845, 371,223; 1850, 515,547; 1855, 629,906; 1860, 813,669; 1865, 726,384; 1870, 942,292; 1875, 1,041,886, and 1880, 1,206,299. On only two occasions has the enumeration shown a decrease from the figures of the preceding census. The first time was after the war of 1812, and the second after the civil war. The population of New York City has doubled six times within a century—doubling, on an average, once in every 17 years. In other words, the New York of to-day is 64 times as large as the New York of 100 years ago. The rate of increase in the country at large is insignificant beside that of the metropolis.

In 100 years the population of the United States has multiplied itself by 16; but the population of New York has increased at four times that rate. At the rate of increase shown by the last 25 years alone—a rate diminished by the decline of American commerce and the influence of the civil war—there are children now nursing who will behold a New York City containing no less than 10,000,000 inhabitants.

THE POPULARITY OF A GREAT POEM.

No English poem written within the last two centuries has ever had anything like the popularity of Gray's *Elegy*, which, from the moment it was published, took its place among the classics of the language. It found readers at once, and unlike every other poem of the eighteenth century, was enjoyed by the lettered and unlettered alike. That it did so was not entirely due to its subject, though that no doubt had something to do with its success, but rather to the instinct of Gray, who forgot himself and his special studies for the time being, and planted his feet upon the broad ground of humanity, becoming for the first and last time in his life, the poet of mankind and its mortality. The *Elegy* is more read to-day than any poem of its kind and length in any European literature, partly because it is the most perfect specimen of the poetic art, and partly because the train of thought which gave rise to it, and which it reproduces with absolute fidelity, can never be dismissed from the human mind. It will live as long as men live and die. One quality it certainly possesses which is not to be found in any other poem of its period—or at any rate not to the same extent—the quality of picturesqueness, which was as rare as the quality of poetry itself in the middle of the last century.

"Why, dear, what has become of the morning paper?" asked a gentleman of his wife. "I thought you had finished reading it," she replied. "I haven't read a word of it yet." A little later she gave it to him, but it took five minutes to smooth it into proper shape for perusal.

A BRAVE COW-BOY.

The "cow-boys" of our western plains have certainly gained for themselves no enviable reputation. Indeed, there are many both east and west who have been led to believe that all to whom the term is applied are ruffians and desperadoes—a lawless and dangerous class of men. Yet many who wear the cow-boys' jackets have hearts that are brave and true, and it is one of these last who is the subject of my present story.

He was born in Montana, and had never been east of the Missouri river, nor west of the Rocky Mountains. I found in him a pleasant, quiet young man of twenty, and he enlivened a dreary day on the stage with many interesting anecdotes and facts relative to cattle-raising on the plains. There was nothing of swagger or egotism in his conversation, but rather the manly modesty of a gentleman.

"I suppose you met with plenty of adventures?" I said.

"Well, yes, things often happen which have enough danger in them to be called adventures, I reckon, though there's a good deal of sameness about a cattle-herder's life, I promise you. And it's this constant, wearingsameness—one day just like another—that sends so many of the boys off on a 'speer' at the end of the quarter or the season.

"I really don't know," he continued, "as I've ever had an adventure that would interest you, in my five years of 'cattle punching,' as they call it. You've heard plenty of Injun yarns, I've no doubt; one almost just like another. A lot of whooping and hard riding, some fancy shooting, and perhaps two or three scalps lost. One soon gets tired of them. But I don't mind telling you one of my adventures, such as it was.

"A year ago last fall Jim Caldwell and I—Jim was my 'mate' then—were working for old Sam Vesey, a big 'cattle king' up our way; and there were with us at the ranch three other fellows, good, square, up-and-down boys every one of them, if they were cow-boys.

"This ranch was 'way up Rose creek,

close to the Crow country; that's the reason there were so many of us together; and our business was to keep about 6,000 head of cattle 'rounded in' between the mouth of the creek and Seven Men's Buttes, away up nigh the head of it.

"'Twas a terribly rough country, that up round Seven Men's Buttes; but the hill grass there makes the best of feed in summer and fall. And in order to keep as many of the steers feeding up there as we could handily, we built our 'shack' pretty well up in the valley; not far, in fact, from the Buttes.

"There was another reason, though, for rounding close to the head of the stream. There were two gaps that led back into the mountains, one on each side of the Buttes, through which the steers might stray, or out of which a party of 'Crows might make a raid and drive off a 'bunch,' if we didn't watch closely.

"We never feared any danger for ourselves, though, for of late years the Crows have done nothing worse than run off stock on the sly into the mountains; and they won't do that if there is any risk about the business.

"But there was a little real danger, though we never thought much about it, and that was from the 'wild' Sioux. A party of their young bucks used to come up that way every summer from the south on a raid after horses, and sometimes they made serious business for the boys along the creeks, though they generally kept pretty well off among the mountains, and picked up 'strays' or loose 'bunches' of horses and cattle that had got a good distance off the range.

"We never gave these fellows much thought, and the summer passed, till one night in the last part of August, when Jim and I ran into a party of young bucks, fresh up from the Ogalallah camps, and spoiling for a fracas.

"The beggars were running a good-sized bunch of fat steers right into Vesey's gap, as we had named the deep cut past the Buttes, and in broad daylight, too! For it wasn't ten minutes after sundown when we saw them, as we came riding

out of the hills, a mile lower down the creek.

"'Crows, Ed!' yelled Jim over his shoulder to me, for he was a little ahead and saw them first. 'More'n forty of 'em! Runnin' off a big bunch of steers. Look at the yaller varmints! Bold, aint they?'

"I thought, too, that they were Crows. A fancy lot of chaps they were, I assure you! Even at that distance we could see that they were all togged out in big-figured calico, with red and yellow streamers fluttering all over them. And weren't they hustling those steers! Not a bit of noise about it, though; not a word spoken! But they were bobbing about as lively as a whole nestful of yaller wasps, flourishing their arms and *quirts*, and just scaring the very wits out of those poor cattle.

"'Jim,' says I, 'shall we go for 'em, or do you expect there are too many of 'em for us to hitch to?'

"'They may be Sioux,' said Jim, looking hard at them. 'If they are Crows, they'll scatter at the first shot and leave us the cattle. If they're Sioux, we'll leave them the cattle, and a pair of scalps into the bargain. But let's take the chance, Ed. Here goes! And just as the whole party, cattle and all, went out of sight behind a spur of the Buttes, we went flying up the valley after them.

"I don't think that they saw us at all till we had followed them nearly three miles and rounded the second point. We were then about half a mile from them and it was getting just a little dark.

"'Touch 'em up now!' Jim exclaimed, and unslinging our 'Winchesters,' we began to fire at them. We thought that if they were Crows, they would run at once into the hills. But they didn't. They kept steady after the steers—never so much as noticed us by a shot back. The canon was getting deeper and it was growing darker every minute.

"Determined not to let them get away without an effort to get some of the cattle, we now fired in dead earnest. Just here a bend in the ravine took them round out of our sight for a moment.

"'Shall we go round thar after 'em?' exclaimed Jim.

"'They may attack us,' I replied, 'but I'll follow your lead, Jim.'

"Jim never drew rein, and I kept near him, but still hoping they were Crows, we resolved to make one more dash at them and see if we could not save the steers, for this bunch was about the finest and fattest on our range. So on we went, at full drive.

"Well, sir, they came at us, more'n a dozen of 'em, the minute we rounded that bend. We had no sooner passed the high rocks there, when more than a dozen sprang out behind us, so as to cut off our retreat. And such a yell! They had been still as ferrets, but now they just let out, and it almost lifted our hair right up.

"Well, it would be a pretty hard matter for me to describe what followed; I haven't got the language to do it. They didn't fire a shot at first, but each redskin, as he spurred out from the black shadow of the overhanging rocks, gave a screechin' yell, and they all pressed their horses tight onto the rear of ours.

"They thought they were sure of us, and we saw in a moment what their game was. They meant to capture us, ponies and all, and then have an interesting time 'roastin' us, triced up to a pine stump, the same as they had served a poor fellow named Norcross two seasons before in those same hills. You see, we had no more doubts now about their being Sioux.

"Well, as we couldn't turn back, we just drew our six-shooters and urged our ponies to a run. A six-shooter's a sight handier than a 'Winchester' in a close fight, and it was scarcely a second's work to shove our carbines down into our saddle holsters. We supposed that there were more of the redskins ahead of us; and so it proved, for in less than a minute we ran into another squad.

"It was getting rather dark in the canon by this time, and I reckon we overtook them sooner than they expected, for they were still scattered out and punchin' the steers along. Perhaps they thought, though, that we would not try to ride

through all that crowd of cattle up the gorge ahead.

"We went in amongst them like a pair of sky-rockets, and just turned loose on 'em with our six-shooters right and left, wherever, in the dust and dark, we could catch sight of any of that fluttering calico. They dashed, struck and shot at us from all directions at once, but we plunged through the midst of them, and went at full drive among all those floundering, bellowing steers ahead.

"Only the darkness could have saved us from the bullets and arrows that were shot at us as we were carried on in the midst of the stampede, and only Heaven preserved us from being crushed to death in the jam of cattle crowding along between the almost vertical walls of rock on each side. Our ponies were spry and nimble; they were more used to cattle than Indian ponies, and we got ahead in the press faster than the redskins could follow us.

"At length we came out among the foremost cattle; in a moment more we would have cleared the whole jam. Up to that time not a ball or an arrow had touched us, but now a bullet—a chance shot, I suppose—brought down poor Jim, horse and all. He was half a stride in advance on my right. Above the uproar, I heard him cry out, and then saw pony and man go headlong to the ground.

"Checking my horse with a jerk, I tried to pull up and face about; but a heavy steer running plump against me, and the place being frightfully rocky, my pony was upset and tumbled head-foremost into a deep rift in the ledge; where I think he must have broken either his legs or his neck, for we found him trampled into the rift the next morning.

"By good luck my own neck was not broken; and jumping to my feet, I ran to Jim. He lay several yards in front of his struggling pony,

"Don't wait for me, Ed,' he groaned, as I took hold of him. 'I can't go; I can't get up. Look out for yourself, old fellow.'

'The ball had gone through his thigh, breaking the bone, and fatally wounded

the pony besides. Putting both hands under his arms, I raised him; and then, partly carrying him and partly dragging him, I ran backwards, stumbling over rocks in the dark, and soon came against the shelving crag on the left side of the canon—just as the dense mass of steers came bellowing and crowding on.

"Had it not been for a little cranny, or cleft in the ledges, we should have been quickly stamped and trodden to death. But right beyond a projecting rock there chanced to be a little nook, just large enough to shelter us, which I succeeded in dragging Jim into. Then all that wild, crazy, bellowin', whoopin' crowd of snortin' steers and howlin' redskins, plunged and struggled by, like a big avalanche smashing everything to bits in front of it.

"But those Injuns were careful not to get very far into the press of mad cattle. They had lost sight of us in the dust and darkness of the place; and I don't suppose they ever had the least idea what became of us. At any rate, none of them came back to look for us.

"Well, I had a time of it there with Jim, trying to stop his bleeding. I tore up my shirt and stuffed the wound with lint-rags, and bound his leg tightly with stout strips, all the while expecting that the redskins would come back for us. At last I got the flow of blood checked. But I did not dare to move him; and it was not long before he was burning hot with fever.

"It was not till after daybreak that our three mates on the range came out in search of us and found our trail. With their help I got Jim to the 'shack,' and we made out to set his broken leg. In the course of a couple of months he was out again.

"Our 'old man' lost by that raid five hundred head of fat steers, and felt pretty sore about it, but we had done the best we could for him. And as for Jim and me, we had lost a couple of good ponies, but we could so much better part with them than our lives, that, after all, we didn't take the loss very much to heart."

STANDS ALONE.

London Times.

The history of the world has furnished no precedent for the condition of the United States. Hereafter Australasia may exhibit a similar spectacle. As yet the North American republic stands alone. With the conscious power to carve its own destinies belonging to perfect national independence, it combines the Roman peace enjoyed privately and commercially by subject provinces of the ancient Roman empire. No country in the world has any interest in molesting it. None would dare gratuitously to offer it an affront or do it an injustice. Its standing army is the minutest in existence, and Gen. Sherman, who would like it enlarged, does not desire that it should be more than minute. Except for the fear of wild Indians or native desperadoes, it might disband the whole to-morrow and be perfectly secure. Its citizens are free to play with politics or abstain at discretion. Their happy fortune has left it for the time with no more difficult problem to settle than how to avoid accumulating so enormous a reserve of public wealth as not to know what to do with its taxes. Favorable geographical circumstances must be thanked in part for its immunity from many national burdens and national alarms. Unquiet and strong neighbors compel precautions generally. The United States cannot be said to have more than two real neighbors, one too weak to be harmful; the other, which is great enough, possessed by the most ardent determination never to be otherwise than friendly. If even its neighbors had been among the most aggressive, its territories and its population make a solid mass which would have insured it against attack. But it would be unfair to assign so much credit for American liberty from political and international cares to American natural advantages as to put out of sight the American people itself. Central and South America are at least as richly endowed by nature as the North, and the owners have not derived from their inheritance a hundredth part of the gain. In North America physical nature has

been well watched by human nature. Perfection has not been reached. Americans still have something to learn. They long since imbibed the faculty of working with a tremendous vigor and success which put the old world to shame. More recently they have cultivated the taste for amusement with equal eagerness and fervor. An admixture of moderation in both is all they need to render the American conduct of life as agreeable as it is animated and well filled. That, however, is a characteristic which is hardly to be expected in proprietors of a land which has been lying fallow for thousands of years, and has only in these latter days come into possession of a people able to develop and enjoy it. A little intoxication is pardonable in men set to do the work of centuries in a generation. By the time the new world is no longer in any sense new, its inhabitants may have taught themselves at once to labor with all the slow deliberation of Europe, and to take their pleasure, whether it be a song by Mme. Nilsson or a lecture by Mr. Matthew Arnold, with as decorous a sadness.

HOW TO MAKE A TIDY.

Norristown Herald.

The directions given in fashion journals for crocheting tidies and things are very lively reading, but lack plot. If our memory is not at fault, they run somehow this way: Work nine stitches, turn back, two stitches in third bar, two single in thirds, three chain, B to Q 4th ch., K takes B, then make eight chain and fasten to center of Q B 7th, loop and turn back, white to play and mate in three stitches. It seems easy enough.

DER next man comes in und softly says: "Carl, would you like to see der shtritts of Detroit knee-deep mit plood?" "Vhell, no, dot makes the sleighing pooty badt." "Do you vwant to see all der workingmen sitting on der sidewalk mit grief in der hearts?" "I guess not. Dot makes us all walk in der middle of der street." "Vhell, if you don't like to see all dis you must vote for der Democratic candidate. He vas der man dot pulls us through.

AN ENGINEERING TRIUMPH.

Northwestern Lumberman.

The completion of the Michigan Central canti-lever bridge over Niagara river has added another laurel to American engineering skill, and has opened up a new field of bridge engineering, which will be widely followed in the future. There is no other bridge in the world built upon this principle, although two more are now being built, one at the Frith of Forth, Scotland, with a span of 1,600 feet, and the other over the Frazer river on the Canada Pacific road, with a span of 315 feet. The principle of the canti-lever bridge is that of a trussed beam, supported at or near the center, with one end anchored or counter-weighted to counteract the unequal loading. Until the building of the present structure there had been no attempt at putting the principle into practical use, and the work on so large an undertaking has been watched with the utmost interest by engineers throughout the world. It took three years to build the suspension bridge over Niagara river, yet on April 11th a contract was entered into between the Central Bridge works of Buffalo and the Niagara River Bridge company, which called for the completion of the present gigantic work by December 1st—scarcely eight months.

The first stone for the piers on the American side was laid June 26, and on the Canadian side July 13. On August 29 the first column of steel for the tower on the American side was lowered, and on the Canadian side September 10. The first iron for the canti-lever was run out September 24, and both canti-levers were completed on November 17, the fixed span being put in three days later. The magnitude of the work can scarcely be realized from a description of the construction of the bridge. Over 250,000 feet of lumber and 15 tons of bolts were used in the false work, while the iron and steel used in the bridge weighs 3,000 tons. The excavations for the piers were carried down until bedrock was reached, when four blocks of "Beton Coignet," 20 feet wide, 45 feet long and 10 feet thick,

were put in, and upon these blocks was built the masonry for the tower supports, rising 50 feet above the surface of the water. The steel towers, rising 130 feet above the masonry, were next built, and upon these the superstructure rests. When in progress of construction, just before the fixed span had been put in, the work was visited and inspected by representatives of this paper, and it is very certain that no other work of a like character presents so many features as new, novel and wonderfully interesting from an engineer's standpoint.

After the shore arms of the canti-levers had been built the difficult part of the work commenced, the spanning of 500 feet of that roaring torrent, 245 feet above its surface. To accomplish this feat two immense traveling derricks were used, the largest ever built, calculated to sustain a weight of 32 tons, and projecting more than 40 feet without support. With these derricks the sections of the canti-levers, each 25 feet in length, were rapidly constructed. After one panel of 25 feet had been built and its bracing adjusted, the derrick was moved forward, and work on the next section commenced.

The bridge has the longest double track truss span ever yet built. The total length of the bridge proper is 909 feet, 9 inches; length of each canti-lever, 395 feet; of fixed span, 119 feet, 9 inches; of clear span across the river, 494 feet, 9 inches; height of stone piers, 50 feet; of steel towers, 130 feet, 5 inches; of clear span above the river, 239 feet; total weight resting on steel columns, 6,400 tons; weight of each anchorage, 800 tons. The bridge has been built to carry upon each track at the same time a freight train of the heaviest character, extending the entire length of the bridge, headed by two "consolidated" engines, while at the same time resisting a side pressure of 30 pounds to the square foot, equivalent to a wind having a velocity of 75 miles per hour, and under such a load the bridge is not expected to be strained more than one-fifth of its ultimate strength. An ingenious arrangement to compensate for

expansion and contraction has been provided between the ends of the canti-levers and the fixed span, permitting the ends to move freely with changes of temperature, yet maintaining perfect rigidity against side pressure by wind. When the engineer corps lined the bridge it was out of line in but one or two places, and the greatest variation was less than one-quarter of an inch, yet no two pieces were permanently placed in the structure itself. The shore end of each canti-lever is so firmly anchored that it will require an uplifting force of 340 tons on the river arm to displace it, and as the utmost weight that can be placed upon the river arm under any conditions is 200 tons, the safety of the bridge has been carefully assured.

The bridge has been built by the Michigan Central railroad, in order that the Vanderbilt interests might have an independent crossing over the Niagara river, so that their traffic might be handled at all times without fear of being shut off by any combinations. The bridge stands about ten rods above the famous suspension bridge, and will add still another powerful attraction to one of the wonders of the world. The formal opening took place December 29, when the bridge was thoroughly tested in the presence of a large crowd of interested spectators.

A NEW EMPIRE.

Demorest's Monthly.

There are now three complete trans-continental roads, connecting the Pacific with the Mississippi valley and the Atlantic states. There are others under way, and before five years are over the traveler from the east will have a choice of some six different routes by which to reach the Pacific Ocean. At no previous period in our history has the population and wealth of our country been increasing with so much rapidity. It is now believed that our actual population by the close of this year will be fully 56,000,000. Our increase is over 2,000,000 per annum. It follows that the land of the United States, being a fixed quantity, is steadily and largely increasing in value.

Attention is called to the fact that wealthy foreigners, including many English noblemen, are purchasing large estates in this country. They are monopolizing sections in the far west, which are daily becoming more valuable, due to the increase of population and wealth of the country. A Tribune correspondent tells of an English lord, whose friends criticised his large outlays for American land. "Why," he replied, "I am looking out for my children. Under the Gladstone laws, estates in Ireland have become worthless to the landlord. The same result, I fear, will follow in England. American law recognizes the absolute right of the owner to the soil." Should not the American people, however, do something to check speculation in wild land in this country? The English nobleman or other speculator purchases land in large quantities and holds it as an investment. The neighborhood becomes populous and gives value to the soil thus held without any help from the foreign owner. He thus gets the right to tax the native American of the next generation by selling out at high figures. The California constitution, to break up the large estates which had created artificial deserts, enacted that wild lands should be taxed at the same rate as improved property, and it certainly does not seem just to levy all the taxes on those who improve their property and thus make valuable the adjoining wild lands owned by the speculator.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"We're going to have a mild winter, Mrs. Varley; everybody says so," remarked Mrs. Seaton. Mrs. Varley merely acknowledged the information with an "Ah," but when Mrs. Seaton had gone she turned to her companion and said: "You know what that remark means, don't you? Her husband's too stingy to buy her a new set of furs."

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.—[Tillotson.

MYSTICAL BROTHERHOOD.

Initiating a Brother Into the Mysterious Order.
Madison Democrat.

It was in Madison some years ago, and my recollection of that trip (I was then a "drummer") makes me shudder. I had been round for about two days and made good sales, and had also made the acquaintance of some good fellows (as I thought) in the central part of town. I was with a party at the Central Hotel, talking and joking when one of them said to me:

"You'd better remain to-night and join our beloved order—the Mystical Brotherhood. It'll be great benefit to you in your travels. It's the best society in the State and you can make friends by being known as a member, in ten minutes after you stop at a city or village."

I, like a sucker, took the cork under, and stayed and joined. The mysterious brotherhood then met in a hall at the hotel. Charley Bronson kept a saloon below the lodge room. There were about twenty-five members of the lodge, and most of them were present to assist in my initiation. The officers were a High Mogul, second High Mogul, Secretary and Treasurer, Inside and Outside Sentinels, and a Comet with three assistants. I was received at the ante-room by a masked guard. I heard a grum voice inside say:

"Is there any person in waiting to be initiated into our beloved order?"

Another said.

"There is one hard customer, my lord, who has deposited the blunt according to the requirements of our sacred order."

A bell tapped, and the whole order inside yelled "Amen! Amen!"

I was led in. The whole assembly were in long gowns, reaching to their feet, of various colors, and had their faces masked. I was blindfolded, and led three times around the room, while they were all saying:

"Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart ere you venture
If it has not failings, too!"

The bell tapped and I was halted before the High Mogul. Near him stood the

Comet and three aids with stuffed clubs three feet long. I was sworn to answer all questions truthfully and keep the secrets of the order. Every time I failed to answer a question immediately a stuffed club took me an awful belt "far below the belt" in the rear. The following questions were put and answered:

High Mogul—"Are you a married man?"

Candidate—"Yes."

High Mogul—"How many children have you? State their ages, sex and complexions."

Before I had answered half I was fairly lifted by the stuffed clubs.

High Mogul—"Are you in the habit of running around nights?"

I answered "No" right quickly, though it was not exactly the truth, to escape the clubs.

The devils had a big plank in the room rigged by trestles, with one end seven feet high. Near the centre of this plank was a hinge that worked with a trigger, but I knew nothing of this until later in the proceeding. I heard all the while running water, as if the reservoir was being emptied. The bell tapped and I was marched around again. The Great Mogul asked:

"How much water is there in the tank?"

The answer was "Four feet."

The Mogul said:

"Let it be deeper."

Then he asked me:

"Have you any money, watches, notes, papers, rings and precious stones that will be damaged by water?"

"I said 'No.'"

He then sang out:

"How much water is in the tank?"

"Six feet," was the answer.

Grand Mogul—"Let it be deeper."

I was next led to the plank and compelled slowly to ascend it. I had reached the end of it and was on my knees when the Mogul called out again:

"How much is in the tank now?"

The answer came "Nine feet."

The bell tapped, the end of the plank flopped down, and I went headlong—but

not into a tank of water. I was caught in a large piece of stout canvas, supplied with hand holes around the edges and corners, and managed by eight or ten stout fellows. No sooner had I struck the canvas than I was tossed in the air several times. They shouted at every toss "once more," till finally I struck the ceiling, then they quit. The bell tapped, and I was walked up to a coffin with tin gutters around it, and in the gutters were various colored lights. In the coffin was one of the members, painted up in as ghastly colors as possible, and the fellow representing the corpse had his mouth full of flour. I didn't know it, of course, till they made me take another oath and stoop to kiss the corpse. The cuss blew fully a teaspoonful of flour in my face and eyes. When I had cleaned and wiped my countenance the Mysterious Brotherhood all came round to me to shake hands. I shook, of course, but I clearly felt that if I had two six-shooters the population of Madison would have been reduced to the extent of twelve.

A FALSE MOVE.

Detroit Free Press.

He was a porter in a wholesale dry goods house on Jefferson avenue. His salary was not large enough to warrant him in buying a fast horse and wearing silk undershirts, but he was growing fat and smoking fair to medium cigars. In an evil moment the tempter came and whispered in his ear that he could make \$20,000 as easy as rolling off a log. With that much money in his hind pocket he could cheese the racket and have a new tailor every week in the year.

Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock the porter invited the senior partner to go up on the roof with him to see about repairs. There was a wicked leer on his face and a strange light in his eyes, but the guileless senior partner noticed nothing but the fact that the porter was getting a brandy flush on his nose. No sooner had they reached the roof than the villain seized his employer and held him suspended over the dizzy height, and cried out:

"Your check for \$20,000 or I drop you into the alley!"

"Say \$15,000."

"Never!"

"Make it \$17,000?"

"I will not! Give me what I ask or over you go?"

"Very well—I knock under."

The senior partner sat down on the icy cover of the trapdoor and wrote the check for the sum named. The porter seized it and swiftly descended and closed the trap to keep the victim on the roof. It was but the work of five minutes to run to the bank and present the check.

"Never had a cent on deposit with us!" said the cashier, as he shoved it back.

The porter had made a false move, and he lost. He crossed the river on the ice, and is now a wanderer on foreign shores.

HE LOOKED MIGHTY PALE.

Prairie Farmer.

One day they were talking in Uncle Hank's grocery store about large bedbugs and tough bedbugs.

"I boiled a bedbug nine hours and it swam around on top all the time," said Gifford.

"I put a bedbug in a kerosene lamp," said Charley Campbell, "kept it there four years, and it hatched out twenty-seven litters of bedbugs right in the kerosene."

Old Hank Allen, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. He said:

"Some years ago I took a bedbug to Wood's iron foundry and dropped it into a ladle where the melted iron was, and had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet for six years, and here the other day she broke it all to smash; and what do you think, gentlemen? that 'ere insect just walked out of his hole where he'd been lyin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up stairs. But," he added by way of parenthesis, "by ginger, he looked mighty pale."

THERE are 5,000 ballet girls in London.

VARIETIES.

How does Rev. Mr. Talmage know that "none laugh better and oftener than women with fine teeth?"

Texas farmers sold last year \$50,000,000 worth of cotton, \$53,000,000 worth of cattle, \$7,000,000 worth of wool and mutton.

The concise verdict of a jury in Idaho: "We find that the deceased came to his death by calling Tom Watkins a liar."

Dannat, Whistler and Pearce are the three Americans who received medals at the Paris Salon this year, but the medals were all of the third class.

The announcement that George Alfred Townsend has written a "romance" seems remarkable to people who do not know that he never wrote anything else.

Scientists say that the reason kissing is so pleasant is because the teeth, jaw bones and lips are full of nerves, and when the lips meet an electric current is generated.

Investigating for the cause of a sudden failure of a fine cow to give milk, D. J. Phillips, of Warren county, discovered that a litter of pigs were sucking the cow regularly.

A Kansas miller drowned himself in his mill-pond because a dam he had just built failed to collect water enough to turn the wheel. He exhibited good sense. Some men would have gone home and jawed their wives and kicked the dog clear across the room.

A cowboy's dance at American Falls, Idaho, passed off pleasantly with only one man killed and three wounded. Several shots having been fired through the bass drum, its Teutonic proprietor revengefully poured a mug of beer into the trombone and broke up the ball.

The eminent basso, Karl Formes, tells American parents that they make a grave mistake in sending their children to Italy to study music, when they can attain much better results at home. He says musical science is at its lowest level in Italy, and the great singers are not Italians.

The military guard over Garfield's grave is a reproach to the people among whom he lived and whom he served. The authority to use Federal troops for that purpose does not exist.

The population of St. Louis is now about half a million. Chicago had half a million at the time of the last census, but we do not know how many have escaped since then.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Did you ever think that the temperance cause in this country would undoubtedly triumph if every man's elbow should suddenly grow stiff? It's that fatal elbow joint which is at the bottom of the mischief.

A woman can forgive a good deal in a young man whom she loves, but when he begins writing poor poetry to her the chances are that she will fly off at a tangent and shun him for his imbecility.—[Fall River Advance.

In the "idea language," which is now employed among deaf mutes, only proper names are spelled with the fingers. It is called the universal language, as mutes of different nationalities can converse as readily as those of the same.

A journal some time ago opened a school prize for the best essay on "Honesty." Of the twenty-three received a large proportion proved to have been stolen, and one—a poem—was stolen entire. He who preaches honesty needs watching.

A Texas newspaper man awoke in the night recently under the impression that a burglar was beside his bed. He drew his revolver and fired, the shot taking effect in his own left hand. This should be a lesson to all newspaper men who sleep at night.

There is, it seems, to be an umbrella that can not be stolen. A genius has invented a detachable handle, upon withdrawing which the ribs are automatically locked. This is a dangerous thing socially. It will transfer the unappeased kleptomaniacs to other fields.

SCIENCE AND ART.

More than 22,000,000 steel pens are made every week, two-thirds of them being produced at Birmingham, England.

A number of etchings by the most successful students of the art in America will illustrate the holiday edition of the "Essays of Elia," which the Putnams are preparing to issue.

Mr. Scott Snell has made some very interesting experiments on the use of asbestos paint for coating Jablochkoff candles. He finds that with pure asbestos paint the arc is much steadier and the carbons last much longer.

The well-known North Pole explorer, Von Payer, who exhibited his grand painting, "The End of the Franklin Expedition," at the recent Munich International Art Exhibition, has been awarded the grand medal of honor by the Munich Academy of Art.

Field daisies have been colored by placing their stems in aniline violet ink. They refuse to absorb any color from black ink. Peonies have been colored as they grow by applying various dyes in solution to the ground in which they stood.

A Keigemann, in Hanau, has patented a rust protector which consists of ordinary oil paint mixed with 10 per cent of burned magnesia, baryta, strontia as well as mineral oil. This neutralizes the free acid of the paint, and the alkaline reaction protects the iron from rust.

A correspondent of Nature believes that such vast quantities of gas as must have been freed by the Java catastrophe have necessarily affected the earth's atmosphere, and thinks that the fine weather of September prevalent over a large portion of the earth, may have been the result of the great eruption.

Ephraim Keyser, of Baltimore, is to be paid by the government \$10,000 for a bronze statue of DeKalb. The figure will be nine feet high. The shield of Maryland and Delaware will figure in the side panels of the die. The baron will be

represented as a Continental general leading the blue Hen's Chicken's and the Maryland Line.

M. Ramon de Luna brought before the Academy of Science on September 10th a memoir, "Cholera from the standpoint of chemistry." He is led by his physiology studies to conclude that cholera is exclusively propagated through the respiratory organs, and his chemical inquiries convince him that the only safe treatment is to cause the patient to inhale with prudence hypoazotic vapor mixed with air.

For some time past the Belgian War Department has conducted a series of experiments at Valverde, on the waterproofing of soldiers' uniforms by means of liquid alumina. The following, according to the Journal d'Hygiene, is the process employed:—Acetate of alumina is obtained by making solutions of equal parts of alum and acetate of lead in separate vessels, and then mixing them together. Sulphate of lead will be thrown, leaving acetate of alumina in solution, which must be decanted. The materials to be waterproof are soaked in this solution, and then withdrawn without being wrung, and dried in the air.

The Berlin National Gallery contains at present 484 paintings, 119 cartoons (73 of which are by Cornelius, 7 by Overbeck, and 16 by Preller), besides 40 pieces of sculpture; against 391 paintings, 85 cartoons, and 34 pieces of sculpture of 1876. In addition thereto, the gallery owns a large collection of drawings by prominent modern artists, foremost among which are those by Menzel, Wilberg, Feuerback, and Kruger. For the purchase of additional masterpieces the government appropriates annually the sum of 400,000 marks, besides which sum the funds of the gallery include the annual interest on several large private legacies.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of reputation and wealth shall, at least, in repute, be great.—[Zimmerman.



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THE MISSION OF OUR BROTHERHOOD.

Since the organization of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen the question has been often asked, What is its mission? Questions are more easily asked than answered, and yet we propose to answer this interrogatory with becoming frankness.

The reader will at once perceive the necessity for prefatory remarks. We shall approach the main question with considerate caution. Locomotive firemen are pre-eminently practical. They are not distinguished as devotees of panegyric or pyrotechnic displays of impractical theories. Locomotive firemen are remarkable for common sense. They are bronze-browed, hard-fisted, noble-natured men. They are forever dealing with problems which demand and command serious thought. A locomotive fireman cannot, in the nature of things, be a dude. He is forever facing danger. Every faculty is on the alert. There is not a bit of the ideal or of fiction in his

chosen calling. He deals with fire, steam, speed, danger—responsibilities which, when on duty, demand ceaseless vigilance. In all the avocations known to modern civilization the locomotive fireman has chosen the most perilous. When he mounts his engine he takes his life in his hand. His partings with his loved ones are always in the nature of adieus. He has no assurance that he will see them again until the day when the “sea shall give up its dead.” Say what we will, there is a mournful grandeur in the calling of a locomotive fireman. He lives a year sometimes in an hour, in a minute. His iron-horse, fed on fire, dashes on over bridges, around curves, through tunnels and cuts twenty-five, forty or sixty miles an hour, in the light, in the twilight, in the darkness. Behind him a train with precious lives, his own life at stake; home, wife, children are in his thoughts; wakeful, watchful, he plunges on. Hopefully he peers into the darkness, and when the route is run and the steed stands still, we opine—indeed, we know—the locomotive fireman thanks God.

There are at least *twenty-two thousand* of these men in the United States and the Canadas—ten thousand of whom are enrolled as members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. All hail comrades! Let us reason together. The Magazine is your friend. It speaks for you. Its high ambition is to promote your welfare. What is the mission of our Order? Let us be in earnest. Locomotive firemen are not fanatics. They are not vagarists, utopians. They seek the attainable. It is within reach. It is not a myth, a fantasy, an illusion, a hallucination, a phantom or a dream. We state the case boldly. The best for locomotive firemen is not to be found within the domain of STRIKES.

A strike means war. The shibboleth motto of locomotive firemen is peace. But, for the nonce, dismissing these propositions we repeat, What is the mission of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen? As we write, the glory of our Order is unfolded to our vision. We see its citadel Lodges embracing the continent from rock-ribbed Maine, from the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence to the Golden Gate, to where the Oregon pours its mighty flood, a continental Brotherhood. We indulge our fancy and surmise that every scream of the locomotive whistle tells us that a locomotive fireman is on duty and doing his duty. We survey the map of our country. We note the intermingling of railroad systems, embracing cities, towns, districts, and including a continent, and then we say, on all these highways of travel are scores of locomotive firemen. We fancy the day is near at hand when every locomotive fireman will be a member of our beneficent Brotherhood. Why? Because it is organized to promote the welfare of men of his calling. Still, the question recurs, What is the mission of our Brotherhood? Is it understood? Is it fully comprehended? Do we individually and collectively appreciate the majesty of our mission? The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has certain high ambitions in view, certain purposes, certain aims. What are they? Its ambition is that every locomotive fireman shall be in the highest and best sense of the term a gentleman, self-poised, self-assured, true to every trust, every obligation, a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, a man who knows his duty and performs it with unwavering fidelity; sober, industrious, self-respectful, the peer of any man who walks God's green earth. The purpose of the Order is to

have such men, and only such men, within its charmed circle—men who pay their dues, who are ambitious to maintain the morale of the Order, who appreciate the obligations of membership, and who recognize the sacredness of their responsibilities. Ours is a benevolent organization. We propose to *stand* by the living—that we may *stand* by the dead. It is more than benevolent. It is an organization designed to build character, perfect and adorn it, give it symmetrical and substantial proportions, the foundation stones of which are sobriety, industry and fidelity. What more can we say in regard to the mission of our Brotherhood? Much. It is designed to make home a type of heaven—a snug harbor for “poor wanderers of a stormy day”—where wooing wives and prattling childhood give every cloud a silver lining, and attune every chord of the human heart to melody. We could pursue these felicitous thoughts indefinitely, for our faith of the future of our Order knows no boundaries.

But negatively, rather than affirmatively, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was not, we are bold to say, organized to inaugurate strikes nor to favor strikes. We assume, and do not hesitate, to proclaim our convictions that labor strikes are not, and in the nature of things cannot be, in the interest of labor. We assume that labor is capital. We ignore technical distinctions. Capital to be profitable must be employed. We are not unmindful that we are upon the threshold of controverted propositions. We enter the arena of debate with confidence. We invite criticism. We have the courage of our convictions. The mission of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is not to antagonize capital. Strikes do that; hence, we oppose strikes

as a remedy for the ills of which labor complains. Our purpose is to do away with misapprehensions. We cannot afford to be misunderstood. Locomotive firemen are employees—their employers are the owners and managers of railroads. In the very nature of things we should understand each other. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was not organized to dictate prices. It is no part of its mission. It will not deviate one hair's breadth from its course. Our Brotherhood proposes to offer to railroad officials sober, industrious, moral, competent men, tried and true. We propose that the time shall come when a Brotherhood fireman shall be preferred to an outsider. It is the purpose of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to banish from the Order every unfaithful man. Dead beats, men of crooked ways, are to be ostracised, banished. Ours is to be a Brotherhood of gentlemen—honest, faithful, sober men. Railroad officials want that class of men. They cannot do without them. Their character, their reputation, their money, their profits all combine to make honest, sober, industrious, faithful firemen a desideratum. We take it for granted that when such men are employed, railroad officials will pay them all they can afford. There may be exceptions. We are discussing the rule. Be this as it may, if locomotive firemen engage in strikes they do it outside of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The Order has no striking machinery. It was not founded for strikes. We have a better theory for disagreements between employer and employe. Strikes never settled any labor question. Strikes have invariably inflicted incalculable evils upon the strikers. We desire to make ourselves distinctly understood. Let us introduce

a few illustrations: A man at \$2 per day, \$60 per month, earns \$720 a year, which is equal to an investment of \$18,000 in Government bonds bearing 4 per cent. interest. The proposition illustrates the idea of labor capital. It is a trite saying that "capital is sensitive"—timid. Approach a money capitalist, propose to him an investment, and his first inquiry will be, Will it pay? In discussing the subject with him, in answering his inquiries, there will be no time to introduce poetry or sentiment. He wants facts and figures. He balances probabilities. If the favorable predominate he will invest, otherwise he will withhold his money. The proposition is of universal application. There is absolutely no exception. We hold that labor capital is as sensitive as money capital, and there are many and cogent reasons why it should be the more sensitive and cautious. Money capitalists seldom invest their all in any enterprise, but the labor capitalist, the workingman, the wage earner does, for the time being, invest his all—his time, his skill, his health, his life; hence, we assume that labor capital is more vitally involved than money capital in all matters pertaining to strikes.

We have said we are opposed to strikes as a means of settling controverted labor questions. We are opposed to strikes primarily, because we are satisfied they do not promote the welfare of laboring men. We are persuaded from our readings, observation and experience that there is a better way out of labor disagreements with employers than to "strike" out. If there is anything in fact and logic, if there is anything worth considering in figures and common sense, we are persuaded that our proposition can be satisfactorily demonstrated, and we invite the

attention of the Brotherhood to an honest solution of the problem. It is stated by the highest authority that the average cost of 100 miles of railroad is \$3,074,474; for our purpose we take the round sum \$3,000,000. The average number of locomotives on each 100 miles of railroad is given at *twenty*. We will assume that these twenty locomotives require thirty locomotive firemen. Here, then, we have the situation clearly defined. The road is built and equipped. The locomotives are on the track. The train is made up and ready to start. But there is no locomotive fireman on the engine. Now comes into bold prominence a fact which must forever be recognized, that money capital is useless without the assistance of labor capital, skill capital, muscle capital, and this fact ought to, and must eventually, bring money capital and labor capital into harmonious alliance. They are necessary to each other. It is an indissoluble connection and cannot be revoked, and we plead guilty to the charge of a desire to make this association profitable and agreeable to both parties. We believe we see the dawning of a new era, and every word of ours shall be a harbinging note of peace and good will.

Again: We have said the 100 miles of railroad cost \$3,000,000, and that the train was on the track ready to move, awaiting only the presence of the locomotive fireman. At this juncture we are told that the locomotive firemen have *struck* and that the train cannot move. We have the picture fully outlined—vivid as lightning. We are in a position to contemplate it in its immediate and remote consequences. We shall endeavor to be frank. We have no sinister ambitions to subserve. Invested money to the amount of \$3,000,000 stands still. It is doomed to

inertness. Authorities say that for the year 1882 there were in operation 107,158 miles of railroads; that the capital and funded debt of these roads amounted to \$3,456,078,196, and that the total dividends paid amounted to \$102,031,434, or about 3 per cent. Our authority for these figures is *Poor's Manual*—hence, we assume that the 100 miles of road which we have introduced to illustrate our argument, if there had been no strike, would have earned dividends for its owners during the year amounting to \$90,000, but which, owing to the strike, earned nothing.

We have shown in this article that a locomotive fireman, earning \$720 a year, is equal to the man who has \$18,000 invested in Government securities bearing 4 per cent. interest. We have assumed that every 100 miles of railroad require 30 locomotive firemen. If we are correct (and whether exact or not, the figures illustrate our argument), then the 100 miles of railroad represent an investment of firemen capital of \$540,000 at 4 per cent., yielding dividends amounting to \$21,600 a year. Now, be it remembered, the strike not only compels \$3,000,000 money capital to earn no dividends, but it also compels \$540,000 of locomotive firemen capital to earn no dividends. The money capital and the labor capital stand still—do nothing and earn nothing. We protest that such a state of affairs is not founded in wisdom.

But this is not all, nor the worst of the situation. We have assumed, for the sake of the argument, that the strike continues one year. Even numbers are better than fractions for our purpose, while ratios remain the same. At the end of the year, we will assume, the strike is ended. There is always a limit to human endurance. How stands the account? The

owners of the \$3,000,000 invested in the road have lost \$90,000, and the locomotive firemen, who represented \$540,000 labor capital, have lost \$21,600. The aggregate loss has been \$111,600. The \$3,000,000 money capital has lost what it failed to earn—\$90,000. How about the firemen? They have not only lost what they failed to earn, \$21,600, but, assuming that it has cost them the same to live while idle as it cost when employed, they are out of pocket at the end of the year \$43,200. We here discuss the money problem. We omit the demoralizing consequences of idleness—tramping, abandonment of family and home topics of admitted seriousness. With such facts in full view, we are bold to assert that strikes have no compensations equal to the losses they entail. We believe there is a better way out of such disagreements as occasionally arise between locomotive firemen and railroad officials, between money capital and labor capital, and it is the purpose of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to find that way and the high ambition of the Firemen's Magazine to place the facts relating to such subjects in such a light as to bring about a perfect understanding between railroad managers and our Brotherhood. The mission of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is to build—not tear down. It is to enthrone confidence rather than distrust. We detest sycophancy. We abhor arrogance. We admire manhood. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has for its foundation principles which dignify and glorify human nature. It champions the cause of labor not by antagonizing money, but rather by showing that between money and labor capital there is and must forever remain an intimate alliance, which, when the terms of the federation are

honestly and honorably adjusted, will be productive of untold benefits. But, again, referring to our Order: Its growth and prosperity are in all regards phenomenal. There is nothing to parallel its progress. There are now in operation 210 Lodges. Our membership exceeds ten thousand. We have stated that in 1882 there were in operation in the United States 107,158 miles of railroad, and the entire North American system in 1882 amounted to 127,830 miles. If there are 20 locomotives to every 100 miles of road, then, we assume, there are in the country 22,560 locomotive firemen. Of these more than ten thousand keep step to the music of our Brotherhood. It is a music which glorifies benevolence. Every wheel, and every wheel within a wheel of our Order, is set in motion by the inspiring, heaven-born spirit of benevolence. The gallant men who have stood by the Brotherhood in the days of its trials and adversities did so from motives as god-like as ever prompted men to action. They knew the perils of their vocation, and they said, When a brother falls at his post those who are dependent upon his labor shall not be left desolate and alone in this cheerless world. They shall have our words of sympathy and condolence. More, they shall have money—the result of our contributions. Our sympathy shall be something more and better than words. The hour a Brother falls, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS awaits his sorrowing widow and orphan children. To have this money in the treasury of the Brotherhood, dues must be paid; to pay dues money must be earned; to earn money employment must be had; to have employment strikes must be ignored. To strike, as we have shown, not only puts an end to earnings, but it consumes what has been laid by.

It puts an end to benevolence. Widows and orphans will plead in vain when their protector has fallen. In the grasp of a strike the fires will go out in our Lodges. Confusion will take the place of order, and ruin, widespread and desolating, will be inaugurated.

The mission of our Order is to maintain in tact the machinery of our Order as it exists, to harmonize contending interests; to dignify manhood by industry, sobriety and fidelity to obligations; to bury our dead, to give comfort and consolation to the bereaved, and to make ours a Brotherhood which shall command the respect and admiration of all mankind.

A LAUDABLE PROTEST.

The active interest that our members in Denver have taken and expressed in regard to their fellow-citizen, Mr. W. F. Gardner, an engineer on the Mexican National Railroad, and who had been imprisoned in a Mexican jail for twenty-four days without a trial or investigation of his offense, if any he committed, is the echo of the feelings of indignation of every member of our Order, and we may add of every citizen of this Republic against such an outrage as has been perpetrated on one of her people. The facts of the case are briefly these: Mr. Gardner, on his engine, was pulling his train on his way to Saltillo. Two Mexicans of the lower class were on the track; and when we say lower class we speak of an unfortunate people who are subjected to a most bitter poverty and confined in the darkest ignorance, cultivating only their superstitions and prejudices, and, indeed, the latter is strong and contemptible against any person or thing that is American.

The fact is notorious that these people get on the railroad track and remain there, thereby compelling the train to stop, causing a great deal of unnecessary delay and annoying the train men. When the train stops the engineer leaves his engine, approaches the dusky descendent of the Montezumas, and politely requests him

to move to one side, that he may pass on with his train. Sometimes the engineer goes slowly ahead, pushing the Mexican off the track with the pilot of the engine. We need hardly say that it is not always a train can be stopped before it reaches where an obstacle or person stands on the track. This was the case with Mr. Gardner, who was going down a steep grade that led to a trestle bridge; on this bridge two Mexicans were walking slowly; it was simply impossible to stop before crossing that bridge, and they barely had time to jump before the train was upon them. One of them, unfortunately, broke his leg, which occasioned the arrest of Mr. Gardner on his arrival at Saltillo, where he was thrown into jail and there remained for twenty-four days without trial or investigation. When the news reached Denver, the mother of the young man at once telegraphed the Superintendent of the Mexican National for information. She waited several days, with all the anxiety of a mother for a son under such circumstances, but received no answer. Mr. N. W. Sample, General Superintendent of Machinery of the D. & R. G., kindly telegraphed for such information as Mrs. Gardner sought, and after four days of his telegraphing and letter writing he was awarded an answer.

Both our government and the company for whom he worked seemed to be entirely indifferent to the situation of Mr. Gardner or the circumstances of his arrest. Nor did they, the company, make any exertion for his release, or send anyone to inquire about his condition. It was their duty to promptly attend to his case and demand a speedy trial or investigation of his offense, if any had been committed; if not, to restore him his liberty immediately. On the contrary, nothing had been done; he was left to his fate in the hands of those that were his enemies, people who had nothing in common with him, whose manners and customs were as strange and foreign to him as the language they spoke. But the men of 77 in Denver were not going to allow such things to go by unnoticed. In public meeting they indignantly called on our

government to protect her citizen and, together with the Knights of Pythias, waited on the Colorado State authorities, who at once telegraphed to their Representative in Congress to give the matter his personal attention. The press of Denver stoutly supported the action of our members, as did the San Antonio, Texas, Express and other papers. The result was the liberation of Mr. Gardner by giving a bond for \$500, which was shortly after reduced to \$300. The very first investigation entirely exonerated Mr. Gardner from any blame in the matter.

We do not think it necessary that Mr. Gardner should be a member of our Order to receive the support of our Brotherhood, even as a Brotherhood, in a case of this kind. It is enough for us to know, first, that he was an engineman, a competent engineer, sober and industrious and having a character that is well known and that will bear close inspection. Next, he is one of the legion of wage-workers—the nobility of any and all nations—in the very van of the army of civilization, and he is a worthy citizen of this Republic, and as such should receive the protection guaranteed her people by right of citizenship.

OUT of nineteen communications received for publication in the Magazine seventeen of them began with "Not having seen anything in the Magazine from," etc. The phrase is getting somewhat worn and we suggest a change in the form of attack.

MELODIA IN MORTE.

Ye who stand by when Death the latch
Uplifts as fades my little day,
Speak not to me nor seek to catch
The last faint words I say,
Let me but hear sweet music's spell—
Then welcome, Death! I shall die well.

I'm tired of words—too tired to try
To separate the false from true;
Better to cease the strife and die
With nought of earth in view.
Give me sweet sounds of music, and
I shall not ask to understand.

A melody where in the heart
Its utter weariness forgets,
Where harmony with tender art
Heals all life's sore regrets.
Let Music be my dying breath—
From sleep to dreams; from dreams to Death

—J. L. Stickney.

Contributors' Column

Scriptures from Latin.

CHAPTER IV.

It came to pass on the 22d day of the ninth month of the fourth year of the reign of Arnold that the brethren assembled themselves together at the house called St. James, and when they had given gold and silver unto the Lord of the House and had graciously thanked him for all he had done for the brethren, that straightway they prepared to depart unto their own country.

Now, there was a certain road of iron, called the Union Pacific, that had for its managers men of great hospitality, that were well disposed toward the brethren and had often granted favors unto them, and there was a branch of this great road, called the South Park, that had its course among the Rockies and there was the most beautiful scenery throughout all its length, and the managers of this road said among themselves: "Behold, the brethren called Firemen have been in our midst these seven days and are well disposed towards us, making laws that are of great benefit to us, inasmuch as we are enabled to obtain honest and reliable servants to do our bidding. Now let us show unto them that we are in sympathy with them by making them our guests." And they caused beautiful chariots to be prepared, drawn by horses of steam, gaily apparelled with flags and emblems and did bring them unto the gates of the city, and when the brethren were ready to depart from the city they did say unto them, "Go ye into these chariots and we will show unto you the beauties of this land, make ye merry, ye and your ladies, for behold, ye are this day our guests." And the brethren entered within the chariots and when all was made ready the bells were rung and the chariots moved off amid the cheers of the people, and the brethren were well pleased and said among themselves, "Long shall we remember this land and the good people that dwell therein." Now, all that day the brethren beheld most beautiful things and they were well pleased and when the hour of noon came behold, they were in a city called Como. Now there was a certain man that had his dwelling in that city, that when he had heard of the coming of the brethren, went straightway to prepare a feast, saying unto his fellows: these brethren are of the Order called Firemen, men of large capacity, and they

have brethren from the city called Pueblo and there is one among them well known unto us, therefore, go ye and prepare an abundant feast of all the good things of the land without stint and let us show unto these brethren that we are well disposed toward them.

Now, when the brethren had alighted from the chariots, they entered within the house of this man and behold, the table was prepared, and the man of the house said unto the brethren: "eat, drink and be merry." And they did eat and were filled and all said with one accord, it is well with the Prophet, for this day he is satisfied.

Now, when the hour of feasting was over the brethren again entered within the chariots and departed and the day was drawing to a close and the brethren said among themselves, what shall we do to pass away the hours of darkness. Now, there were many of the ladies that were musicians of great renown and a number of the brethren that were want to make sweet music when alone in the forests and they all did sing psalms and spiritual songs and the brethren were well pleased and great applause was given unto the musicians.

Now, it came to pass that while the brethren were singing, behold there appeared among them a certain doctor of great renown, and known to all the brethren and when he had examined Eugene, surnamed Debs, and prescribed for Samuel, surnamed Stevens, he delivered unto the brethren a speech and his words were of great size, so much so that the very jaws of the brethren did ache as they tried to interpret his wonderful sayings, and while they were consulting together, Charles, surnamed Elton, suddenly appeared among them, saying in a loud voice: "Peace be with you, for we are at the city called Buena Vista, the end of this road and ye must leave these chariots." And there was much murmuring among the brethren as to what they should do, for they were many miles from their own country and the scrip in their purses was getting low. Now, there was a road coming into the city, called the D. & R. G., and when the officials of that road heard of the coming of the brethren, they caused chariots to be brought unto the gates of the city, and when the brethren alighted from their chariots behold there were other chariots like unto theirs and the conductor of them said unto the brethren, these came from the officials of the D. & R. G., whose guests ye are this day, enter ye in. And the brethren were amazed and held their speech and when the brethren were seated within and all was ready, the chariots

moved off into the darkness, for the day was far spent and night was at hand.

Now, there was in this country a city called Solida, wherein dwelleth many of the brethren called Firemen, and they had a Lodge called Mount Ouray, named after an exceedingly high mountain nigh unto the city, and when they heard of the coming of all these brethren, they said among themselves, let us make ready for our brethren from afar and let us give of our hospitality and show unto them what a goodly people we are. And they prepared a great feast and ball in the hall of the city and made ready for the coming of the brethren.

Now, when the brethren drew near unto the city they made ready to depart out of the chariots, for it was known that they would sojourn there all that night. And when the chariots had drawn up before the gates of the city the brethren alighted, and behold, there was a multitude gathered about the gates to welcome the brethren, and they did escort them to the hall of the city, and they made merry and all were well pleased with the city and the brethren that dwelled therein.

Now, when the morning had come, and the brethren had eaten of the good things of the land, they entered the chariots and went up on an exceeding high mountain and behold, there lay before them all the wonders of the Rockies and the brethren were dumb, and while they stood looking in wonder at the work of the Maker, there appeared unto them William, surnamed Hynes, and he said unto them, behold, what a beautiful land this is—will ye not forsake your country and come and dwell with us? And the brethren held their speech, and while they were thus standing Frank, surnamed Sargent, and Charles, surnamed Elton, turned suddenly around and seeing an exceedingly large drift of snow, shivered and said unto William, surnamed Hynes, this is an exceedingly fine country, ye have shown unto us most beautiful things—gold, silver and precious stones abound here—ye are a goodly people, generous and hospitable, but give unto us the land of the oranges and fig trees, the cactus and the rattlesnake, where the snow never falls and where ye are appareled all the days in thin clothing. Brethren, we return unto the land from whence we came, and the Prophet was well pleased, for he had feared the brethren would settle in their country.

Now, the brethren departed for the mountain and came unto the city, and when they had partaken of refreshments, started again on their journey and they passed through the Grand Canon and the Royal Gorge and beheld most wonderful

things and the brethren said among themselves, unto the end of our days shall we remember this land.

And they drew near unto the city called Pueblo, the home of the Prophet, and here Charles, surnamed Elton, George, surnamed Haskins, and Frank, surnamed Sargent, left the brethren, for their journey lay to the westward while the other brethren went to the east. And there was hand-shaking and many sorrowful faces as they parted, one with another. And the chariots moved off and the three brethren stood a long time together, saying not a word, when behold, Samuel, surnamed Stevens, stood beside them and said, grieve not, for when the next proclamation of the King shall appear, we will all hope to meet in the city called Toronto. And the three brethren departed toward their own country while Samuel, surnamed Stevens, went about doing good as was his custom.

And on the following day the brethren had all departed out of the land of the Rockies, save those that had their dwelling there.

THE END.

Fault Finding.

BY OLD RELIABLE.

A man would get a very false notion of his standing among his friends and acquaintance if it were possible—as many would like to have it possible—to know what is said of him behind his back. One day he would go about in a glow of self esteem, and the next he would be bowed under a miserable sense of misapprehension and disgust. It would be impossible for him to put this and that together and "strike an average."

The fact is, there is a strange human tendency to take the present friend into present confidence. With strong natures this tendency proves often a stumbling-block; With weak natures it amounts to fickleness. It is a proof, no doubt, of the universal brotherhood; but one has to watch, lest in an unguarded moment, it lead him into ever so slight disloyalty to the absent.

Never employ yourself to discover the faults of others—look to your own. You had better find out one of your own faults than ten of your neighbors.

When a thing does not suit you, think of some pleasant quality in it. There is nothing so bad as it might be. Whenever you catch yourself in a fault-finding remark, say some approving one in the same breath, and you will soon be cured. Those who have the fewest resources in themselves naturally seek the flood of their self-love elsewhere. The most ignorant people find most to laugh at in

strangers; scandal and satire prevail most in small places; and the propensity to ridicule the slightest or most palpable deviation from what we happen to approve, ceases with the progress of common sense and decency.

True worth does not exist in the faults and deficiency of others, as true refinement turns away from grossness and deformity, instead of being tempted to indulge in an unmanly triumph over it. Real power, real excellence does not seek for a foil in imperfection; nor fear contamination from coming in contact with that which is coarse and homely. It reposes on itself, and is equally free from envy and affectation.

There are some persons who seem to treasure up things that are disagreeable, on purpose. The tongues that feed on mischief, the babbling, the tattling, the sly whispering, the impertinent meddling, all these tongues are trespassing on the community constantly. The fiery tongue is also abroad, and being set on fire of hell, scatters fire brands among friends, sets families, neighborhoods, churches and social circles in a flame; and like the salamander, is watched when out of the burning element. The black, slandering tongue is constantly preying upon the rose buds of innocence and virtue, the foliage of merit, worth, genius and talent, and poisons with its filth of innuendoes and scum of falsehood, the most brilliant flowers, the most useful shrubs, and the most valuable trees in the garden of private and public reputation. Not content with its own base exertions, it leagues with the envious, jealous and revengeful tongues, and aided by this trio, sufficient venom is combined to make a second pandemonium and malice enough to fill it with demons. They can swallow perjury like water, digest forgery as readily as graham bread, convert white into black, truth into falsehood, good into evil, innocence into crime, and metamorphose everything which stands in the current of their polluted and polluting breath.

If God should take all the things that are true of you and make a scourge of them, and whip you with it, you would be the most miserable of men. But he does not use all the truth on you. And is there no law of kindness? Is there no desire to please and profit men? Have you any right to take any little story that you can pick up about a man, and use it in such a way as to injure him, or give him pain? And yet how many men there are that seem to enjoy nothing so much as inflicting exquisite suffering upon a man in this way, when he can not help himself? By the rules of jus-

tice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imperfection who does not set up for eminent sufficiency in that wherein he is defective. If thou wouldst bear thy neighbor's faults, cast thy eyes upon thine own. The greatest of all faults is to believe we have none. Little minds ignore their own weakness, and carp at the defects of the great; but great minds are sensible of their own faults, and largely compassionate toward inferiors. Where the absent are spoken of, some will speak gold of them, some silver, some iron, some lead, and some always speak dirt; for they have a natural attraction toward what is evil and think it shows penetration in them.

There are no such disagreeable people in the world as those who are forever seeking their own improvement, and disquieting themselves about this fault and that, while on the other hand, there is an unconscious merit which wins more good than all the theoretically virtuous in the wide world. What a world of gossip would be prevented, if it was only remembered, that a person who tells you the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults. Every one has his faults, every man his ruling passion. The eye that sees all things sees not itself. That man hath but an ill life of it, who feeds himself with the faults and frailties of other people. To a pure, sensitive, and affectionate mind, every act of finding fault, or dealing in condemnation, is an act of pain. It is only when we have become callous to the world, and strangers to the sentiment of compassionate love, that we are able to play with unconcern the parts of persecutors and slanderers, and that we can derive any pleasure from malignity and revenge. He who is the first to condemn, will be often the last to forgive.

I LOVED YOU SO.

I love thee, dear, come back to me,
My weary heart cries out for thee,
To see thy soft eyes radiant shine
With their old lovelight, rare, divine,
And hear thy lips so tenderly
Speak low and lovingly to me—
My heart it cries with tender pain,
For that will ne'er occur again.

The blossoms, beautiful and sweet,
That you so often brought to greet
Me, with their beauty and perfumes,
White roses, lilies, orange-blooms,
And pansies, with their hearts of gold
The bliss they give is all untold.
Why brought you not to me the white
One lotus of the far-off Nile?

That I might eat it and forget
My loss of thee, the toil, the fret,
The cares of life; for I would cast
The memory of the far off past
Away; for naught can bring to me
Thee, with thy voice of melody—
O Heaven above alone can know
I loved you so. I loved you so!

Special Correspondence

Benevolence.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.

It has been asserted that "Virtue is its own reward," but while this may be, and undoubtedly is, true of some virtues, yet not every virtue has a tangible reward attached. Sobriety, honesty, truth and many other virtues carry their rewards with them, for in the practice of them, and as a direct result of their practice, their possessor is benefited in various ways. By sobriety he saves money, time and character. By honesty he saves character and credit (when needed). By truth he becomes a strong man in society and gains the respect of the community, and so on through the whole catalogue, but we find benevolence does not seem to have any such tangible rewards attached.

Benevolence is therefore an exalted virtue, and we see it inculcated by precept and example from the earliest existence of man up to the present time, both in sacred and secular history. What a grand example of benevolence toward fallen and degraded man the "Master of the Universe" showed to us, when He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever will may be restored to His favor. Then again the Son, when He came to earth to fulfill His mission, devoted His life to acts of benevolence in healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, casting out devils and even restoring the dead to life. Ever since these grand examples of benevolence have been exhibited and the divine admonitions in regard to the care of the poor, the aged and the widow and the orphan placed on record, this virtue of benevolence implanted in the human heart by God himself has grown and developed to such an extent that this might appropriately be called the age of benevolence. We have benevolent institutions by the score and the hundred, fostered and cared for by the State or by private associations. Our broad land is dotted with splendid and well equipped asylums for the insane (most unfortunate of all afflicted), with hospitals to heal the sick or bind up the broken bodies, with homes for the aged or infirm, with retreats for the inebriated who are seeking to reform, with schools for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and many other kindred institutions.

We have numerous associations—indeed, their name is legion—seeking in

various ways to relieve the ills incident to human life. We have societies for the care of the sane and insane, the sick and the convalescent, the sober and the drunk, the old and the young (*vide* the Old Men's, Old Ladies' homes and the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children), the human and the brute creation (*vide* Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), and at one time I even thought that a society for the prevention of cruelty to firemen—locomotive firemen—would be organized, for it certainly seemed to be needed. At some other time we may have more to say on this topic, but cannot digress from our main subject of benevolence at this time.

We see this feeling for the wants of our fellow men emphatically expressed whenever a calamity occurs or wherever distress exists. Notice the munificent contributions made to the funds for the relief of the sufferers by the Chicago fire, the yellow fever sufferers, the sufferers by forest fires in Michigan, by flood in Germany, by hunger in Ireland, or the recent flood in the Ohio valley to see spontaneous exhibitions of practical benevolence, in which men of all nations, classes and conditions in life unite in their great efforts to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity.

In like manner the founding of universities, colleges, scientific institutes and libraries by men like Girard, Cooper, Peabody, Pardee and Cornell, and the endowment of chairs of professorship, free scholarships, free lectures and free tuitions by others, are the visible tokens of a practical benevolence, which is seeking to aid others in the pursuit of knowledge, the difficulties of which they may have become acquainted with in their own early life.

The giving of shelter from the storm to the weary, footsore traveler (call him a tramp, if you choose), the bit of food given to the hungry or the cup of water to the thirsty one, are more humble expressions of benevolence, but we are assured even they are not beneath the notice of an All-seeing eye, nor to be forgotten in the final account, when we shall be judged for the deeds done in the body, whether they are good or evil, for we are assured that we shall hear the Judge say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of them, ye did it unto me." True benevolence, as we have seen, does not confine its benefits to any one class, to the exclusion of all others, but reaches out to, and embraces, all classes and conditions of men, and is ready to respond with relief promptly at the call of distress.

The truly benevolent man can have but the one motive—to do good to others as

he has opportunity and means, and he does it with that impulse only, not looking for any return from those whom he has benefited. The very nature of the case seems to preclude the possibility of an interchange of good offices between the benefactor and the recipient of his bounty, and even if we do find cases of this kind in the mutability of life, they must prove an exception to the rule and cannot be taken as establishing a precedent. Doing good to others without expecting any return of the favors, is, therefore, true benevolence of the highest type. Did the benefactors of their race, after a life of abnegation and sacrifice for the good of others, ever exact a recompense from the objects of their bounty? In some instances they have received, and do receive, love for their love, but often even this is denied them and withheld, and the truly benevolent must therefore perform their labors of love and mercy without any expectation of equivalent return.

While I admire benevolence as a grand virtue and one of the best fruits of an advanced state of civilization and Christianity, and while I am an ardent lover of our great Brotherhood, and would seek by every honest means to establish and perpetuate the fame of our fraternity and to claim for it all good qualities and virtues possible, yet I must honestly confess that I deem our motto of Benevolence a misnomer, and in one sense of the word an act of injustice. Please do not get offended at this plain language, but let us reason the case and see if the truth will sustain my views.

Our Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is an organization of workmen engaged in the same calling, supposed to get about the same wages, subject to about the same expenses of living, and liable to the same chances of accident and death. We come together, therefore, on an equality which does not permit the existence of benevolence. We have entered our association through the same form of initiation, have taken the same obligations, are governed by the same laws, subject to the same penalties, and contribute equal amounts toward the common fund, consequently an equality prevails among us which renders benevolence impossible between the members of our Order. Of course we can be benevolent to others outside of our Order, but no matter in what way we look at our relations—to our brethren in the Order—we cannot exercise benevolence toward them, for it is not benevolence to do for a brother what he has obligated himself to do for us, and what he may already have done for other members

under like circumstances. It is simply obeying that grand law which says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so unto them," with the explicit understanding that the rule shall work both ways.

A great deal of display is often made of our benevolence on account of the large aggregate amount our Order pays to our disabled members, or to the heirs of our deceased brothers. That this is a good feature in our organization, and often of vital importance to the maimed brother, or the heirs of the deceased, is true, but I deem it a misnomer to call the payment of the policy an act of benevolence. We, as members of our Order, have made a contract with each other that the survivors will each pay their share to make up the fund of one thousand dollars, which is to be paid to the holder of the policy when it becomes due by the disability or death of the brother. If I should happen to be the first one to die, I would, of course, be relieved from all future payments, but it becomes the duty of the survivors to carry out the bargain and each contribute his share to the fund, not as a benevolent gift, but as a payment due on account of my performing my part of the agreement. I or my heirs do not receive the one thousand dollars due on my disability or death as a gift or an act of charity, but as payment of a just claim against the Order, by virtue of the covenant I had made and adhered to while living, and which it would be a crime for the Order to repudiate after my death. Having thus made an agreement by which we assumed certain duties toward each other, dare we assert that we are benevolent because we fulfill our part of the contract? Would it not be a matter of shame and disgrace if we failed to meet our obligations?

A life insurance company, with its board of directors, its highly salaried officers and managers, meeting in lavishly furnished offices, in costly buildings, on the most prominent business thoroughfare of the city, with its army of commissioned agents, all paid from the profits derived from the insured or the use of their money, might just as well lay claim to benevolence, because it pays out so large an amount of money to the families of the insured. We have never heard of any life insurance company making such a claim, and we see that the matter is not viewed in that light by the public, for an insurance company that does pay is simply regarded as having done its duty or performed its share of the agreement, while the company that fails to pay just claims or seems to show the least hesitancy in doing so, is marked

with public opprobrium, and "the finger of scorn" at once points it out as a concern devoid of honor and to be shunned by all men.

According to this view the money which we, as survivors, pay, or have paid, cannot be regarded as benevolent contributions to others, but as payment of a debt against us established by the covenant with our departed brothers. Let us, in imagination, reverse the condition of affairs. Suppose that after you had been a member for a number of years, paying up all assessments and dues promptly, misfortune should overtake you and you should be disabled, how would you feel if the amount of your policy was handed you as an act of benevolence instead of a claim justly due you according to contract? Or, how would you like to have your fond wife, your loving children, your infirm parents or dependent brothers or sisters, treated as objects of charity, and have the amount of your policy, which you have, as it were, bought and paid for, handed to them as an act of benevolence? This is perhaps not a pleasant thought, and if we had volition in the grave would make us rest uneasy. Let us, therefore, put aside all boasts of benevolence and pay our assessments promptly on time, regarding them as just as much of a debt as we would our grocer's or butcher's bill, and as having received full value therefor from the brothers in the past, while they were contributing their share to pay others.

Another thing yet in addition to promptness in paying our assessments. Let us do it cheerfully. It is often like drawing teeth—as the common expression is—to get money for assessments from some members. I knew a man once—at least he wished to be called a man—who was a member of a similar mutual life insurance association. He invariably got angry whenever he received his monthly notice of the number of deaths and the amount required from him, and would curse and swear at the whole organization and its officers, and more especially at the deceased members, for he seemed to think that a conspiracy to defraud him of his money had been formed by his fellow-members because so many would die every month (just as if they could help it, poor fellows). He begrudged the money he paid, and it seemed as if nothing would have pleased him better, if I may use an Hibernianism, than to see his name in the death list as entitled to the full amount of his policy. He did not see why so much money must be left to the widow, and thus curtail his present extravagant expenditures in or-

der to make her a prey to some fortune-hunter. In short, as he expressed in his elegant language, "He could not see the use of taking off all the tallow with the hide." I say, then, let us pay up cheerfully, thanking God that we are still alive, that we still have another chance to pay our obligations toward our departed brothers, and that we have sufficient confidence in those we are to leave behind to know that whatever they receive will not be misappropriated.

Benevolence sounds very well, but according to my idea it has a false and delusive sound when applied to our Order; in fact, I think I have shown it cannot exist among brothers or equals, but Protection can exist and is practiced by us, and would be a far better motto at the masthead, even if it does sound more homely, and even selfish, if you please. We combine for mutual improvement and elevation of character, to help one another in distress, to promote our mutual welfare, to watch over and protect each other's interests while living, to perform the last sad offices for the dead and to alleviate the distress of the bereaved and afflicted ones by words and deeds of fraternal love and care. In doing this we shall carry out in full the Golden Rule and also fulfill the Apostle's description of religion when he says "True religion and undefiled before God and Father is to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and to keep unspotted before the world."

Let us haul down the false colors and with protection (or any other equally true motto) at the masthead boldly continue our fight for the right, the truth and prosperity of our noble Order.

X. L. C. R.

IN MEMORIAM.

DEDICATED TO HENRY A. KLECKNER.

Of hopes, my friend, I'll speak and sing,
As they are born and cherished,
From morn till late to us they cling,
Until by fate they've perished.
Yes, who knows what may befall us,
Before we near the cherished goal,
A storm may rise, and break them thus,
And cause a pain in our soul.

Soul clings to soul, in life's fierce fight,
Truth to truth, in all we love;
Yet after darkness shines bright light,
And Heaven speaks for us above.
Duties, we practice here below,
They lead to love, and hope and fear,
A sure reward where'er we go,
Life's reward is always dear.

One true heart bemoans thy fate,
Thou knowest it; forbid it not,
My love meet at the golden gate,
In presence of a loving God.
For here on earth our hopes were blast'd,
Love cannot die—must always live,
Short were the hours we have passed,
May I, too, find peace in grief.

—Mattie Fischer.

Woman's Department

CONDUCTED BY IDA A. HARPER.

GREETING.

There could be no stronger indication of the advancement of women than the fact that a large proportion of our newspapers and magazines are editing special departments in the interest of this sex: It is with much pleasure that I accept an invitation to conduct such a department in the Firemen's Magazine. I know of no organization of men which seems so fully in sympathy and friendship with women as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. When we think of these men, we are reminded of their families; and the Order, itself, seems to be of almost as much benefit to the mothers, wives and daughters as to the actual members. The insurance feature is entirely for the good of the family; and who, in all the world, so well as woman, can appreciate the value of their grand motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry." Whatever improves the character of man, elevates the condition of woman.

Much of this broad and liberal spirit, and especially this recognition of women, is due to the three men who stand at the head of this Organization: F. W. Arnold, S. M. Stevens and E. V. Debs. I am acquainted with them personally and intimately, and have spent many pleasant hours with their charming families. They are in private all that they seem to be in public life, men whom you can honor and trust. The ladies of the B. of L. F. may feel proud and satisfied to have their husbands and sons under such a leadership.

Although there is scarcely a page in the Firemen's Magazine that is not entertaining to both sexes, yet there are always certain subjects that possess a special interest for women; the training of children, the care of the sick, and the three great departments of home,—the parlor, the kitchen, the nursery. No matter how much their sphere of usefulness may be enlarged, no matter what rights may be granted them, the vast majority of women will always find their occupation in performing these most important duties. Whatever may be said on these subjects will be acceptable; not because it is new or original, but because every woman may learn something from the experience of others; and because every day brings into the ranks of the housekeepers new members who come, too often, as raw recruits. It cannot be promised that these pages will contain

anything that is valuable, but this much may be said : whatever may be suggested will not be mere theory but will be based on the result of practical experience. Nor does the writer claim that her ideas possess any superior merit; there are hundreds who could edit this department with more ability, but no one could engage in the work with more love and interest.

Woman is made for home. With comfortable surroundings, a loving, congenial husband, and good, affectionate children, every woman can be happy and contented. If all could attain to this ideal life, we would hear no petition for more "rights," divorces would be unknown, women would not go forth to labor for existence, and the whole world would be full of peace and happiness. But through some unkind fate, it cannot be explained, only a small portion of women ever attain this earthly paradise. Many never marry at all; some have to struggle, side by side with husbands, for their daily bread; others, and their lot is saddest of all, find marriage a disappointment and are compelled to turn elsewhere for comfort and, sometimes, for subsistence. When we consider the needs of women, all of these must be remembered. The care of children cannot interest those who have not and never will have any little ones; and it is idle to talk of housekeeping to those who have no home. Thanks to the enlightened spirit of the age, all such women may have almost every advantage in caring for themselves that it is in the power of our government to bestow, and it will be a matter of pride to record upon these pages, from time to time, the progress that is being made by these brave and noble souls.

Women must work for women. We must advise, encourage, sustain and sympathize with one another. Only women can understand the needs of women, and can appreciate the difficulties and temptations, the cares and burdens and disappointments that rise up in the path. Men are kind, they are helpful, but the strength and support a woman most needs, must come from those of her own sex.

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN.

To conscientious parents, the most important question in the whole world is, How shall we train our children? The great inquiry, "What shall I do to have eternal life?" is not to be compared with it, for this is merely a selfish consideration, while our anxiety for our children is comparatively unselfish. Comparatively, but not wholly, unselfish, for, upon the behavior of our children, very largely depends the comfort or the wretchedness

of our own old age. It is true that, with the most careful training, children will sometimes wreck their own lives and fill with sorrow the declining years of parents, but how much keener the pang in the breast of father and mother, if they feel that they are partly responsible for the waywardness of the child. No parents ever brought up a family of children without realizing, after the work was all finished, that they made many mistakes; and without longing to recall many incidents. No work in life requires such careful judgment, such conscientious study, such unbounded tact and infinite patience, as the rearing of children. The history of each day may not be written in the great book of the recording angel, as we were once taught, but it is imprinted on the mind and heart of the susceptible child, to be remembered in all the time to come. Even after we have passed away, our children, grown to men and women, will turn over the pages of the past, that have been stored in their memory through all the years, and pass judgment upon our work.

There have been many harsh criticisms upon the present generation because they have avoided large families. They have been called mercenary, selfish, wicked, and various other uncomplimentary names; they have been censured for being unwilling to bear the burdens and make the sacrifices that fall upon parents. Nobody ever gives them credit for worthy motives. Such people have often the very highest conception of the duties of a parent, they realize the importance of proper care, training, education and all that goes to make up the highest development of a child, and they do not feel themselves capable of undertaking such a responsibility. It is much more censurable to bring more children into the world than you are able to properly rear, than it is not to have any, or only one or two. As a rule, you will find those parents who present the community with a new member every two years, have very little time to devote to the careful training of the children. The father is absorbed in earning money to buy food and clothes; the mother is occupied in preparing these for use; and although both may be conscientious and devoted to the family, yet they are so driven by work, they must somewhat neglect their mental and moral education.

But those people who have no children are very unfortunate. It is true they escape a great deal of anxiety and annoyance, ceaseless labor and sleepless nights, but they also lose the most perfect sweetness and comfort of life. There is nothing on earth so sanctifying as the touch

of little hands. They hold a man back from temptation and sin; they bring peace to a woman's heart and give her strength to bear every burden. Those who are childless have an easy, happy time while young; find companionship in each other and enjoyment in gay society; but if one dies, how dreadful is the loneliness of the one who is left; and if both grow old and society no longer attracts, how sad to contemplate that no one cares for them or owes them any debt of love or gratitude.

Children are like wealth, it is not best for people to have too large or too small an amount. And how shall they be trained? To answer this question comprehensively would require as many rules as there are parents and children. Minot J. Savage, the distinguished Boston minister, uttered the following beautiful sentiment in a recent sermon: "If the child is here, it has come at your invitation. The child did not ask to come. If you dare invite a soul out of the infinite into your care, see to it that it comes into the arms of loving welcome, tender protection and patient guidance." Parents should never forget this fact, that it is through their will, this little innocent being must bear all the heavy burdens, the labor, care, sorrow and suffering of life. The obligations are on their part, not on the child's. You should remember another thing; not this little, sinless creature, but you, or some of your ancestors, are responsible for every peculiarity of disposition or infirmity of temper it may develop. Do not note with pride that it has eyes and hair like your own and then wonder why it is willful or cross or indolent. Do not give yourself credit for all its good qualities and then attribute its bad ones to some freak of nature.

The tendency of the present age is to allow every person the utmost liberty that does not interfere with the rights of any other person. This principle should be applied to children the same as to grown people. If their way of doing is just as good as yours, let them have their own. If there are sufficient reasons why they must do differently, make them understand these reasons and then, if it is necessary, enforce your authority. How this should be done, the parent must decide, but he will generally find it a mistake to use harsh measures. Nothing permanent is gained by it, and much that is important is lost. The respect, love and devotion of a sensitive, high-spirited child will not survive many cruel punishments. The argument is sometimes used that, if your children should die, you would regret your severity. You will regret it just as keenly if they live, for,

when they are grown and beyond your authority, you will always have an uneasy consciousness that they have not forgotten how you abused them when they were in your power. Over every fireside, written in letters of light, should shine the tender sentiment, "Be Kind to the Children."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

As this is the season when we renew the house furnishing as far as lies in our power, a few suggestions may not be out of place. In purchasing window shades, if the house be provided with shutters to keep out the sunlight, cream color will be found to have the best effect, both outside and inside. A house with dark colored shades never looks so pretty from the street and they always give rather a gloomy appearance to the rooms. Wall paper, carpets, furniture, all the appointments of the room appear to better advantage with light shades. There is nothing adds so much to the refined appearance of a home as window curtains. The price of these needs only be limited by the state of the finances. For parlor curtains the prettiest, for the money, are the open work or plain scrim which costs from twenty to fifty cents a yard. Trim them with heavy linen lace which may be had at the same price, tie them back with ribbon to match the carpet and you have curtains pretty enough for a queen, and they may be laundered over and over again.

For bed rooms and dining rooms, the cream colored cheese cloth at five cents a yard, trimmed with bands of turkey red calico, or any of the lovely figured cretonnes at twenty cents a yard, looped gracefully back, give the room a cosy, homelike air that is worth infinitely more than the cost of the curtains.

The experience of the past few years has demonstrated that very dark wall paper is undesirable. It makes the rooms look low and small and has a depressing effect. Any "set" figure will soon become very tiresome. Small quantities of tea green, pink or dark red will be found agreeable, on delicately tinted grounds. Blue is not advisable unless the room is to be furnished in blue. Yellow should be sparingly used. Pronounced patterns of any kind should be avoided. Unless you are quite sure of your taste, it is always best to leave the choice to the paper hanger.

In selecting carpets, be governed by the size of your room. Never get a large figure for a small apartment. A border makes the room look smaller. A black ground will show every footstep and a white ground will have a disagreeable way of

getting spotted. An ecru foundation will give the best satisfaction in this respect. Carpets of a decided blue or green should be avoided, as they are not apt to harmonize with furniture, etc. Olive is beautiful in a carpet, but is apt to fade. Red is the most reliable of all colors. It gives a cheerful appearance to the room and is pretty as long as there is a piece left. An ecru ground with red for the predominating color, mingled with black, brown, olive or other shades will always give satisfaction. A brussels is always preferable if it can be afforded. If not, a fine, heavy two-ply should be selected. It is not advisable to buy three-ply, they do not wear well. A careful examination will show several grades of carpet even at the same price. For hall and stairs, always select small figures of bright, rich colors.

[A number of Household Hints in regard to furnishing, children's dresses, cooking, etc., are unavoidably crowded out. Also a number of comments in regard to Woman's Work, in the world at large.]

OUR correspondents can scarcely form an idea of the amount of matter that is sent in for publication. It would be an utter impossibility to publish all of it, although we would very much like to do so. In justice to the other departments of the Magazine, we cannot allow more than six pages to the ladies, three to general reading and three to correspondence. If your letters do not appear, please remember it is because they are crowded out and not because they are not considered interesting. We must request that the communications be written legibly on good paper and on one side only of the sheet. Otherwise, they will not receive attention. We will endeavor to give each Lodge a fair representation and do justice to the correspondents.

LADIES SOCIETY B. OF L. F.

It is with much pleasure we publish this Constitution and By-Laws of the first ladies' organization connected with the B. of L. F. It is just what we want and need. Let the worthy example of our sisters in Tucson be imitated wherever there is a Lodge of the Brotherhood. In this, as in all other departments of life, there should be a common interest, men and women working together for the same cause. Both will be strengthened. The man will find a much sweeter enjoyment in his Lodge if he knows that it is sanctioned by the ladies of his family; and women will not look with a jealous eye upon this Lodge when they feel that they are connected with

and recognized by it. How many new Ladies' Societies of the B. of L. F. shall we record in the next Magazine?

This society shall be entitled the Ladies' Society of the B. of L. F.

The object of this society is to render assistance to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; also, to promote sociability, and to draw into friendly and affectionate relationship the lady members of the families of the Brotherhood.

All ladies of the families of the B. of L. F. are eligible for membership to this society.

The officers shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Chaplain.

It shall be the duty of the President to be present at all meetings of the society; to appoint a majority of all committees; to enforce the Constitution and By-Laws.

The President shall also have the casting ballot in case of an equal vote.

It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to preside at all meetings where the President is absent; also, to appoint a minority of all committees.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a correct record of all meetings and to issue notices of special meeting when so ordered by the President or three members.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all money paid into the society, keeping a correct account of the same.

Every month she shall submit a report to be compared with her books by the President, and if correct to be endorsed by her signature. The Treasurer shall keep secure all funds of the society, paying no bills without an order signed by President and Secretary.

The admission fee of this society shall be fifty cents (50). The monthly dues shall be ten cents (10). Any member failing or refusing to pay the same for the space of ninety days shall be reported in open meeting by the Treasurer, and the Secretary directed to cancel her name from the rolls.

This society shall meet Monday afternoon of each week; time and place to be decided at each meeting.

Officers chosen for first quarter were as follows, viz:

Mrs. F. P. Sargent, President, Mrs. G. A. Aldrich, Vice-President, Mrs. B. M. Mariner, Secretary, Mrs. E. Harlow, Treasurer, Mrs. F. D. Simpson, Chaplain. Charter members were as follows, viz: Mrs. F. P. Sargent, F. D. Simpson, F. M. Wiley, G. A. Aldrich, L. Martin, E. W. Shatto, B. M. Mariner, E. Harlow, F. H. Hason, A. H. Howard, A. Harrison.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

For Woman's Department:

As we pass and re-pass the scenes of childhood through the halls of memory, recall the delights, the pleasures of the beautiful past, all else is forgotten. We think not of the many little trials that seemed overwhelming then, all but the beauty are gone. A mother's love and sympathy, a father's tender care, the companionship of beloved brothers, sisters and playmates, only the joys remain, the sorrows alone are forgotten.

Then weary hearted struggler take courage. Of all the angels, Hope wears the brightest wings. In a few weeks the present will be in the past, and we will look back and smile at the cares which

so beset us, spring will have come, and our prospects have brightened perhaps, success will have crowned our efforts, and despair will have merged into contentment. Only the bright spots will remain. The recollection of loving words spoken by some friend in sympathy, the little acts of kindness alone to us, will ever be green in memory. All the trials, the harshness, the sorrows and heartaches, will have vanished. The thoughts of kind friends who have reached out a helping hand to steer us, or give just one little lift, that our feet may again touch the first rung in the ladder leading upward, will all be remembered, and a bright, glad future will seemingly be ours again.

Life is always more sunlight than shadow to a cheerful, loving heart, thankful for the blessings God has thrown into its way. Dryden so aptly says:

"If the world be worth thy winning
Think, O, think it worth enjoying."

We may lose heart for a while, fortune may frown, our last chance seem gone, and every move be the one, that looking back, we see we should not have made. Our friends desert us, sorrows come, sickness and want follow. Fortune buffets us harder now that we are down. But we have our own fireside, our homes and loved ones. Our smiles or frowns count for much with them. We can lighten the burden of many weary hearts by a cheerful sympathy and encouraging word, or a pleasant interest in them. We can win wreaths of love from humble hearts who are seeking the right, perhaps as diligently as we, ourselves, and groping in a greater darkness because they have not the courage to try against the great odds. Work is scarce, wages low, house rent to pay, debts pressing, family sick, and every evil which poverty is heir to seems staring us in the face. Yet we say, be not discouraged. It only requires more pluck, more energy and nerve. The harder the trial, the more virtue there is in surmounting it. Pluck, patience and perseverance, with a good strong faith in God's help, must conquer at last.

Take hold of the world with a good firm grip, as if you meant business. Show people that you are not afraid of work, not afraid to ask for work, not ashamed of it either, and you will get it. If not from the first man you ask, he will speak more pleasantly to you for the manly courage in your face, and perhaps recommend you to a friend who will employ you. There are others who have greater trials to bear, men who cannot work, who feel themselves burdens upon others, needy themselves. Ah, what a boon to

them would seem your health, strength and power to work. How they envy you the blessings which you so little appreciate. Then take courage, you who feel down trodden, "Learn to Labor and to Wait." Ah, waiting is so often the hardest part of labor. But God will bless our efforts and our lives will bloom with new loveliness, our friends return, and the desert of despair will blossom with sweet scented flowers, and we will have gained knowledge and experience which may pass us over more dangerous places in the future. Then let us be charitable, and when we see a fellow being on the verge of that downward slope, reach forth our hands in kindly sympathy, and give him, of our own experience, advice that may save him, and bind him to us in bonds of love and gratitude. Ours will be the sweet reward of having saved to him his home, his friends and fortune, and joined to ourselves a true friend for all time to come.

IRENE.

GREENVILLE, TEXAS, April 3, 1884.

GRAND SOCIAL EVENT.

For Woman's Department.

One of the most recherche balls yet given under the auspices of any Lodge of the B. of L. F. took place at "Tammany Hall," last night and was very largely attended by not only the firemen and their wives (or sweethearts as the case may have been) of New York, but also by many friends and brothers from neighboring cities. The credit of this grand social stir in B. of L. F. circles is due to the enterprising members of "Just in Time Lodge, No. 149," by whom the ball was given for the purpose of properly celebrating the first anniversary of their organization. Although it was understood that the dancing was not to begin until a late hour, the gallant young firemen and their elaborately dressed ladies began to assemble as early as the hour of nine. This at once gave assurance that the ball would be highly successful, so far as a large attendance was concerned, in making it so. There were throngs of eager participants of the terpsichore constantly coming in up to about the hour of twelve. Your correspondent, who, by the way, was an invited guest, was finally ushered into a stall—provided for the accommodation of those who simply wished to observe the merry-makers without themselves indulging in the frolic—by Bro. Davis, "Just In Time" to see the couples form for the Grand March, which began precisely at 10:30. This feature of the programme was gracefully executed by fifty-seven couples, who were led by Prof. C. A. Paule. A more pleasing sight cannot well be imagined than did these

dancers present to an observer. The airy and dainty costumes of the ladies, which were made of the most delicately colored fabrics, set off by a beautiful and modest display of fresh flowers, and the faultless full-dress attire of the fine looking gentlemen (we refer particularly to the members of No. 149) made one forget for a time all earthly woes and imagine himself in a region closely allied to some such fanciful place as "Fairyland." The tall and commanding figure of Bro. W. J. McCall, who acted in the capacity of floor manager, at once attracted the attention of the writer, who mentally commented that he was admirably fitted for the important role assigned him. On this occasion we had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Bro. E. Freeman, the able and efficient Master of No. 149, who, while we think of it, is a graduate of Union College, which fact makes one confident that he possesses many of the important and necessary qualifications required in discharging satisfactorily the duties connected with his office. Bro. Mogni Call, the very estimable Financier, was also present, and we must stop to remark that he is one of the most amiable gentlemen whom it was our good fortune to meet. He is a charter member of the Lodge and commands the respect and esteem of all his fellow-workmen and associates. Bro. Burt, to all appearances, enjoyed himself to the fullest extent, as he was invariably one of the first on the floor for every dance. Conspicuous among those from abroad were Bros. Fred Hopper, A. Morehouse, Thomas Maypocher and J. McCaffery. After the "Au Revoir" waltz, which was the twenty-sixth and last dance the then weary assembly dispersed and hastily sought to court the good morpheus during the remaining hours of the night.

The members of No. 149 are entitled to many sincere thanks for the kind invitation and polite attention shown to

MRS. EMMA B. MAILLOUX.

NEW YORK CITY, March 13, 1884.

MASON CITY, IA., March 10, 1884.

For Woman's Department.

I believe that at no time since her organization has any "female" woman taken up the pen in behalf of Lodge No. 29. In fact the gentlemen connected with the Lodge seem to be rather indifferent about making a display of their literary ability through the columns of the Magazine. For these reasons I now essay to write a few words in vindication of this really noble little Lodge. As a warm friend of the Order, I feel sure that not much uneasiness is felt at headquarters by reason of this neglect, for her record has been

such in the past that the Grand Officers, though they do not see or hear from her through the medium of your excellent Magazine, must feel sure that she is *still there*. A casual glance at the financial statement each month would at once remove all fear of her having collapsed.

In reading over the correspondence in the March number, I notice Bro. Fields remarks that the boys of No. 191 are highly pleased with their "goat." That reminds me it is reported that the members of 29 have at last dispensed with the use of the old regulation "goat" of secret societies and have introduced the "horse" instead. He is of the mustang breed and is said to be very refractory. Bros. Wm. N. Hays and John Dunn introduced him, Bro. Hays acting as "ring-master" and Bro. Dunn as "equestrian manager." They intend to keep him in regular training, and if he develops favorably will probably introduce him into the "ring" at Toronto. If, however, the quadruped should fail to perform as expected, they will undoubtedly supersede him with a pair of "roller-skates," for it is well-known that they (theskates) never fail to "down" their victim.

For the benefit of those of my lady friends who have lunches to prepare, I want to submit the following "formula," which I discovered written on the fly leaf of an old memorandum book which had been the property of a fireman on this division of the Milwaukee road:

"Into a lunch pail of the largest possible dimensions drop 'tenderly' a piece of bread and butter the size of a fireman's 'stake' just before pay day. Add to this raspberry, currant, lemon, mince, pumpkin, cranberry, cream, plum, blueberry, apple, blackberry and cherry pie. Take up all 'lost motion' by 'shimming' up with doughnuts and jelly cake. Of course coffee will be indispensable and should be so strong that a 'hard hammer' won't dent it. (Note.) Be very sure to put in some pie. Over the whole place a good Yale padlock and lock it, seal the keyhole with wax and place the key in the fireman's mouth and seal the lips in the 'good old fashioned way.' (Note.) This last precaution is to be dispensed with when the lunch is prepared by some 'other man's' wife. The lock is to prevent the inroads of the 'head shack' and engineer, while the fireman cleans the ash pan and 'oils round.' Let me caution you not to infer that the inventor of this lunch is at all piteous. The beauty of it consists in the ease with which it can be varied. Simply reduce the quantity of bread and increase the size of the pieces of pie. A variety (of pie) is the whole secret of preparing a lunch."

As a matter of history it is to be deplored that the name of the owner of the book in which the recipe for this simple, delicate and inexpensive lunch was written was completely defaced. It might have been Bros. Ferguson or Comfort, of No. 190, or possibly Bros. McElldoon or Taylor, of No. 29. It could not have been Tucker, for the diet would be too rich for

his blood, his principal diet being "law" and "wind pudding." On this sumptuous fare he is endeavoring to prepare for publication in the Magazine an article entitled "Tuck's Commentaries on the Constitution."

Hoping that this, my first effort, will be received with due allowance for my inexperience, and with an earnest prayer for the continued prosperity of the Brotherhood, I remain yours at last,

SARAH GORDO.

GOOD WILL.

For Woman's Department:

As my husband is a member of your Order and I have not seen anything in the Magazine from this Lodge, I have concluded to say a few words in the interest of the "Good Will" members.

The Lodge seems to be in good working order and everything indicates a prosperous state of affairs. The Brotherhood has done much good in our city and as a wife of one of your faithful members, I am glad we have such a noble organization in our midst. My hope is that God may ever forward the cause of the Brotherhood and help the members to be ever mindful of their duties on the foot-board and at home. The calling is dangerous and a fireman knows not how soon he may be called upon to make his last trip. They should, therefore, be prepared, so that if the summons comes they will be ready to meet it. They should all be God-fearing men and lead pure and exemplary lives and then if they are called upon suddenly to pay the debt of nature they will have nothing to fear.

If words could all my wishes say,
Oh! how my tongue would talk away.
I wish this day and many more
Might on railroad men its blessing pour
May health and wealth and love and peace
With each succeeding year increase,
And, oh! the last, come when it may,
Be unto thee a happy day.

With many good wishes to the Firemen's Brotherhood, the Magazine and all its readers, I am

Very truly, FIREMAN'S WIFE.
LOGANSFORD, IND.

GALESBURG, ILLS., March 7, 1884.

For Woman's Department:

I have been a reader of the dear Magazine for over a year and have looked eagerly for some word from No. 105, of which my husband is a member. As no one seems inclined to write, I shall try.

Progress Lodge is "progressing" finely, having some fifty members and taking in more all the time. They all seem to take great interest in the good work. They have their new regalia now and are quite

proud of them. I am greatly interested in the Brotherhood and think it a noble Order. The Brothers are always ready to aid and sympathize in sickness and distress. My husband never forgets his Lodge nights and attends every meeting, if possible.

I am glad to see the interest the ladies take in contributing to the Magazine and always read their letters. Their recipes for preparing lunch are gratefully received. Hoping this may find a place in the Magazine, with a "God bless our noble Brotherhood," I am

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

"A BROTHER'S WIFE" writes a very pleasant letter from Belleville, Ont., in behalf of Challenge Lodge, No. 66. She says, "They number between fifty-five and sixty members, all in good standing and joined together in the endeavor to do good when and where they can. They are a band of noble boys and we should hear from them more often. May God bless all true and honest members of the B. of L. F."

M. A. TIGHE writes an interesting letter from Little Rock, which we regret to be obliged to abbreviate. She says: "I have become very much devoted to the Magazine and its pages are eagerly perused by all our family circle, which is very large. On the day of its arrival we wait as anxiously for the voice of the mail-carrier in the distance as the boys do for the whistle of the pay car. It is a great pleasure for me to write a few lines of encouragement for the noble members of the Brotherhood, wishing them welfare and prosperity."

EAST DES MOINES, IA, March 26, 1884.

For Woman's Department:

I have been a reader of the Magazine for the past two years, and have looked in vain for something from Confidence Lodge, No. 102, in which I am particularly interested. I have begun to think that the members are waiting for some of the ladies to make known their good qualities; and so have concluded to write in their behalf.

The Lodge is in a highly prosperous condition. It consists of about fifty members, all of whom never tire in doing all they can to promote the welfare of the Brotherhood. Many of them have been promoted to the right hand side; all of whom richly deserve their raise. The officers, for the new year have been wisely elected, and do credit to their positions. Special praise is due the Magazine Agent, who never loses an opportunity of im-

pressing upon your mind the advisability of subscribing for that estimable book. Secretary Hayes has of late been pondering over the old adage, "In unity there is strength," and consequently Mrs. Grundy says he will soon become a benedict. Although not personally acquainted with Mr. H., but having heard some of "the boys" loudly proclaim his many virtues, I can safely say the young lady is to be envied. John Clarey, a prominent member of the Lodge, has been moved from this city to Newton, where he is running on a branch road.

With many good wishes for the Brotherhood, and hopes of hearing from Confidence Lodge through some of the members, I will close.

MOLLIE C.

E. H. PAYNE sends a very gracefully written letter from Palestine, Anderson county, Texas. Unfortunately, we have not space for all the letter, but cannot refrain from one or two extracts: "The B. of L. F. is a grand and noble Order and one that our sex should never cease to be thankful for. My brother is a member of Neches Lodge, No. 156, and I know that he is a better man for belonging to this excellent organization. I like the Magazine immensely and devour its contents eagerly. I have just finished reading "Irene's" last article. It is beautiful, and so far eclipses my own that I am tempted not to send it, but if you will honor me by letting this appear, it will encourage me so much that—who knows—if I cannot be Irene, I may yet be the moon to her sun."

INFORMATION FOR LADIES.

There is no thing a housekeeper would like but can be obtained by reading the *HOUSEWIFE*, the best and cheapest paper for ladies published. Regular price \$1, will be sent on trial *one year free* to every lady who sends immediately the names and addresses of ten married ladies or housekeepers with 12 two cents stamps for postage. Address,

THE *HOUSEWIFE*, Rochester, N. Y.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY.

This book gives full directions to confectioners and others for making all kinds of plain and fancy candy. The recipes for making caramels, chocolate drops, French mixed and all other kinds of candies contained in this book are the same as used by the leading city confectioners. Any one can have these candies at home at less than *one-third* the usual cost. No housekeeper can afford to be without it. Sent postpaid for 30 cents, in one or two cents stamps. Address,

THE *HOUSEWIFE*, Rochester, N. Y.

Correspondence

The Tramp's Travels.

Editors Magazine:

Well, I did not go to Europe. The engineer on the steamer said he could not carry me, and he positively refused to speak to the Captain about me, so I went to Buffalo and spent a day very profitably with the boys there.

While passing through Canada and gazing out of the car window in a listless, dreamy sort of a mood, I allowed my thoughts to drift among the class sometimes contemptuously referred to as "hay makers." The broad fields of grain ready for the reaper, the sleek looking cattle and sheep, the tall, stately elms and maples that furnished wood for the pleasant fires on long winter evenings, the many orchards, with their season's work performed, and probably numerous barrels of different kinds of apples stored away for future reference, were quite a thing to contemplate, and I soon drifted into a sort of envy of the hated "hay maker" and began to bemoan my lot in life. We, or rather the train, stopped at a way station and an old man, whom I immediately spotted as a "pumpkin husker," came in, and there being no other vacancy, he seated himself in the same seat with me; no doubt my diamonds attracted him to the seat, as well as the crowded condition of the train. After a few moments of silence, during which time I was attentively listening to the snortings of the "Baldwin," the 413 ahead of us, and carefully computing how far the "old man" was cutting her back, (every fireman listens to see how far back the bold engineer works the Johnson bar) the old farmer became communicative and gruffly said, "nice day." I responded "yes," and the ice thus broken by that never failing resort to "Old Probs" affairs, we soon became engaged in a very pleasant conversation. After skylarking around among various topics, and not forgetting to give the Jeannette expedition a benefit of being aired, we drifted into a recital of each other's pleasures and sorrows, occupations and prospects. My acquaintance of an hour had farmed it a life time; he was a carpenter by trade, but not being able to support his family on the starvation wages paid his kind of labor, had gone back to the old homestead and tried to gain a living by tilling the soil in summer and going to Buffalo occasionally to earn a few dollars to purchase those few

trinkets and necessities that farming does not afford, and now, long past middle age, found him no richer than his father left him, after his life of toil. The early frost had damaged his wheat and oats and almost ruined his potato crop for '83, and thus bemoaning his lot in life, he was going away from home to try and get work to keep the wolf from the door during the long, cold winter, which Canada, owing to her geographical position, must endure. Of his three sons, two followed the lake for a livelihood and the other, being a cripple since boyhood, remained at home, carving brackets from basswood, staining them with burnt umber, for which a furniture house in St. Thomas paid him about twenty-five dollars for nearly a year's work. I suggested that this amount would hardly pay for the knives he used, and the old gentleman said that he never bought any knives, but made them out of old file, his aged mother furnishing the motive power to the grind stone while he was finishing them, so this was the happy life the farmer led. Indeed, my pathway was not so hard, after all. It seemed as if every occupation in life had its drawbacks and mine was, with this poor old man's, no exception. At Welland, my companion left the train and I was sorry to lose him so soon. He was a very well informed, genial companion (outside of his own hard luck) and both of us were, no doubt greatly benefitted by our mutual grievances thus expressed.

I did Buffalo, under the immediate supervision of Bro. Bruman, Secretary of No. 12, assisted by Bros. McNabb, Greeley (Horace, of course), Mr. Mallican, who furnished the fog for the "band-box machine," and others—saw Hazel Kirke at the Academy of music and also saw some Baltimore counts, after the show. I had the pleasure of taking tea with Bro. B.'s parents and learned that his father was his brother also, both being members of No. 12. After our experiment (which was a success) with the oysters, I bade the boys of No. 12 God speed and went on my journey well pleased with the Brotherhood's royal men in Buffalo. I shall omit that point of my journey from Buffalo to Chicago, nothing of note occurring that might interest our readers, and go on with my yarn about how I found the men at Chicago and elsewhere. I remained in the city of the great fire nearly a week, seeing much of interest in and around the river front and was compelled, owing to other engagements, to refuse the very pressing offer of Mr. Levi to take in his magnificent clothing establishment. I told him I had not lost any clothes and was not looking for any. He

said I looked as if I needed some. However, I paid no more attention to him, because it is natural for men of his kind to retort when sniffed. I shall leave the Chicago boys alone for a month or so and pass on with a few remarks about Brotherhood men.

I know of nearly a dozen members of a certain Lodge, who are so situated that they could attend every meeting of their Lodge, and, strange to say, they have not been seen in a meeting more than twice in as many years. They go to every entertainment the Lodge gives and want to run the concern; they want the best regalia, the first badge, and seats at the first table, kick about everything and anything, so the friends of the Lodge will know them as Brotherhood men, make the party or ball as disagreeable as they can in order to advertise themselves, and still they call themselves Brotherhood men. It was recently that a visiting brother presented a card to one of them and he said "I don't know whether it is all right or not, go and see H——. He is our Master, I guess." And yet, that man has not made a trip away from home in three long years, having been employed on a yard engine, and no one who attends the Lodge meetings regularly can see him there. Now, I would like to ask, what good is that man to the Brotherhood? What is he in the Order for? Is he a Brotherhood man, at all? To be sure, he pays his dues promptly and, perhaps, takes the Magazine. If he does, and should happen to read this, it means him and all big letters, too. There are several others nearly as bad, and it means them with a big T.

If you can't help the organization along, get out of it. If you cannot consistently, with your fine-haired ideas, attend meetings, be man enough to request a withdrawal card and I will make a motion to grant it. If you don't like the way our officers run the Lodge, why don't you take hold and run it yourself? I will tell you why; you don't know enough! Those are my sentiments, and I practice as near the sermon as possible.

But I have taken up room and time enough for one month and will close with hopes that we may hear a second to my motion from "The Great Law Register," or the "Orator of the Valley of the Platte."

Faternally yours, THE TRAMP.

JONESBORO, ARK., April 3, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

On Saturday, the 8th of March, as Bro. Smith was testing a trestle on the T. and St. L. R. R., one mile west of Birds' Point, Mo., the piling gave way and turned the

engine, No. 31, over, carrying Bro. Smith with it. He tried to jump but drift wood prevented his getting clear, and he went down with the engine in twenty feet of water. A diver from Cairo was procured who found him bound between the engine and tank. After six days' work the engine was turned over and the remains of Bro. Smith taken out. A bruise on the right cheek bone, a small one on the chin and a slight scratch on one knee were all the marks found, so death must have come from drowning. Stephen Smith was liked by all who knew him and was a staunch member of the B. of L. F. He leaves a wife and three children and a host of friends to mourn his untimely death. The remains were taken by a committee of the Brotherhood to Saginaw, Mich., and buried by the side of his father and mother.

ÆTNA.

Reply to T. P. O'Rourke.

Editors Magazine:

The Magazine for March contained a letter dated Como, Colorado. This letter without question was prompted by the best of motives, and the purest of intentions. Yet I feel that a portion of this letter calls for a reply, and I hesitate to make it, for the reason that there are many I am sure, who look at it as I do, and will call the attention of the members to it. But fearing that all may reason in this way, and so nothing be said, I shall take it on myself to point out the error, or what I consider such. In doing so, it lessens not one particle the respect and esteem in which I hold Bro. O'Rourke, or take one atom from his sterling qualities as a man and brother.

He mentions the case of a young man who had been expelled for a "disgraceful act, and bringing odium on the Order." He admits that this man was guilty but seems to wonder. "How does it harmonize with the sentiment expressed in the preamble?" I see no contradiction here, but on the contrary the protection of that sentiment. If a man wishes to save his box of oranges, he must pick out the bad ones, else, in a short time the whole box will be ruined. Take the case of a man who had received a wound in the hand and in a few days was told by his physician that mortification had set in, and in order to save his arm, and perhaps his life, it would be necessary to amputate his hand. Would it not be insane of him to persist in disobeying and not consent to the operation? True, there may be a possibility of the wound healing and the hand being saved, but is he justified, in con-

tradiction to all sense and reason, in endangering his life by such a wild and imprudent act? And yet Bro. O'Rourke's reasoning would throw in the balance the whole Brotherhood against the chances of redeeming one man's character. This is wrong. We must not lose our self-respect, nor the respect that is due our Brotherhood and the laws that govern it. He that disregards them must suffer the consequences. The welfare of our Brotherhood first and that of the individual after; to the end that the many may be benefited in preference to the few. Law must govern all society and law must govern us. Without law is chaos. A government without law is absurd and cannot exist.

In his letter Bro. O'Rourke asks: "If this man was too impure to be touched, why admit him into the Order? But after you have admitted him would it not be more brotherly and charitable to make an effort to purify him before casting him out again?" He certainly was not expelled for any act of his previous to his admission, and his admission was the effort of the Brotherhood, and with it came the opportunity to make him a better man, morally, socially and intellectually. Charity does not consist, as I understand it, in elevating one man at the expense of ten; and this man's entire disregard of our law and the laws of common decency, merited the punishment that was meted out to him. In time he, too, will learn the truth of this, and honor us for the justice of our verdict.

Brother O'Rourke asks of what use is the Brotherhood "if we must wade through thirty-two pages of technical print" to find our heart? I will simply say that it is the adherence to the teachings of those "thirty-two pages of technical print," that has given us the success and prosperity we are enjoying to-day.

TIM FAGAN.

OTTAWA, KAN., April 4, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I have been a subscriber and reader of the Magazine several months and thought I would say a few words in the interest of McKean Lodge, No. 154. I am one of the new members and yet I am thoroughly imbued with the principles of the Order. It is engaged in a noble work and each and all of us should faithfully do the part required of us. I am glad to see the ladies taking such interest in our cause—they seem to appreciate our efforts to build up our noble Brotherhood and it is encouraging to see how willingly they come to our assistance.

Fraternally yours, ANTI-FAT.

Expulsion Lists.

LAFAYETTE, IND.

Editors Magazine:

I am astonished to see so many of our members allowing their names to appear in the expulsion list of our Magazine. The prompt payment of our dues and assessments is a matter of the greatest importance, not only to ourselves but to our Lodge and the Order at large. Not long since a brother writing to us on matters connected with the good of the Order remarked: I don't know but that we have one or two more members of our small Lodge whom it may be necessary to expel before we have the list complete. I believe in getting rid of all those who do not fulfill the duties of membership, for they are certainly an impediment to our progress. There may be cases where leniency should be practiced, but they are comparatively few. There is not one member in a thousand in good health but who can pay his dues if he is so disposed, and every member owes it to himself and his family to pay promptly and keep up his standing in the Lodge, as, by becoming in arrears, he forfeits all claims to the benefits and protection of the Order, both for himself and his family. Our Order suffers by reason of the neglect of members to keep their standing good. In case of the death of a member in arrears for dues the widow and orphans lose all rights and benefits and it is often difficult to make a community understand why it is so, and the Brotherhood is unjustly censured or condemned. Non-payment of dues in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand arises from carelessness and indifference. One quarter passes, another, and still another—the dues increase and payment becomes more difficult. The brother is notified of his arrearage, is offended, says he is one of the charter members, has been in the Order for years, has paid much money into the treasury, has never drawn a cent of benefits, etc., etc., all going to show a very weak mind and total indifference to the principles of the Brotherhood. So far as an experience goes it is true that those who never attend meetings and who are delinquent in their dues expect the most attention in sickness or distress and are loudest in their complaints if there is the slightest neglect. This is singular and yet it is true.

Those who attend Lodge punctually always pay their dues promptly and are in good standing, and as a general thing they are the ones who expect least in the way of benefits. They are Brotherhood men, indeed, always to be relied upon, ready to care for the sick, attend funerals

and to perform all the duties of membership.

Not so with the delinquents—they are seldom ready for anything except to demand attention for themselves, and their example is pernicious to the last degree. So it is our duty to expel them from our ranks and thus keep up the good name of our Order and protect those who are honest and live up to the law. Even heaven-born benevolence must have material means with which to operate and hence it is all important that each member should promptly meet his financial obligations.

John Randolph professed to have discovered the philosopher's stone in the four words, "Pay as you go," but the Brotherhood will more surely find it in the three words, "Pay in advance."

There are but few of our old members who cannot relate some case of hardship caused by non-payment of dues. Some good but careless brother who neglected this small duty until he was suddenly called from this life, was found to be not beneficiary, and his widow and orphans, when most in need, were left in destitution and want. Such cases too frequently occur in our Lodges. Let every member be careful then to keep himself in good standing on the books. And as the surest way of providing against occasional scarcities of cash and sudden and long absences from home, see that you are always in advance with your payments. Let a memorandum of your standing be kept where it will not only attract your attention but that of your wife or family, lest you may be forgetful and lose your rights in the Order. If possible, pay six months in advance at the beginning of a term and then you can go in debt to your Lodge. But at all events be sure to pay in advance. Fraternally yours,

W. B. WALTERS.

PARSONS, KAN., April 3, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I have looked eagerly in the Magazine from month to month in the hope that I would find something from Great Western Lodge No. 24, but thus far I have only met with disappointment. I, therefore, take the liberty to drop you a few lines to let you know that we are still engaged in the noble work of our Order. Our meetings are well attended, the roll showing forty-eight members. Glen Ewing presides as Master with acknowledged ability. Our Financier, H. E. Peters, keeps the boys in good standing—at this he can't be beat. We are pleased with our Order and we take delight in doing what we can to promote its welfare and standing.

A MEMBER.

The Prince of Artists.

DENVER, COL.

Editors Magazine:

There is something sublime in tracing the careers of men, who by their own efforts, aided only by transcendent genius, have succeeded in making themselves "entirely great." When one of these is a member of our Order it becomes a pleasure, as well as a duty, to place his example before others, in the hope that they may endeavor to emulate it. Such a one is enrolled among us as a member of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, located at Denver, Col., and I desire to trace his career from its humble beginning to its present enviable position of glory and honor. Many of us have noticed upon the various bill boards of this and other cities a picture that has attracted our attention and elicited our admiration not only for the artistic work or the manly beauty of the subject, but for the blaze of brilliant genius and intelligence that shows upon the noble brow, even though bound with vulgar paste to a board fence. Even though a crack in the boards might split the picture up the middle and divide the firm lips and take away the nose entirely, yet, notwithstanding the cracked head, the brightness of unexcelled genius, that showed upon each half of that parted brow, only doubles our admiration and increases our respect. Allow me to say, with proper impressiveness, the subject of this remarkable picture, who is no less remarkable himself, is still a member of our Order.

Among the paw-paw groves and pumpkin vines of sunny Arkansas, the subject of this humble tribute to his genius entered into existence April 1, 1849, in a lowly cot, situated upon the banks of a lovely lake, from whose green and mossy bosom came the sweet music of the pensive frog to lull his infant slumbers, while around him sported the gay and festive mosquito, who sang to him its cheerful song. I honor our brother in that the memory of these sweet tones of nature has remained through life with him, and even now the hum of the mosquito will fill him with the liveliest emotion. His younger life was devoid of special interest, and the genius that lay slumbering might never have been awakened but for one of those apparently trivial accidents which so often change the course of our entire lives. A wandering company of Thespians visited the town near which he lived. He had then reached the tender age of 21 and was peculiarly impressionable. His first visit to the theater was his call to glory. The inspiring strains of a hand organ, the exquisite form of the fat woman,

the glowing charms of the young woman from the mountains of Circassia (New Jersey) and the genius of the learned pig all came upon him like a new revelation, and his path through life lay clear before him. Striking his manly breast with his No. 14 hand, he exclaimed, "I, too, will be an actor." Our hero returned home filled with great thoughts. No longer did the succulent paw-paw attract him, nor did the glowing pumpkins possess a charm for his stomach, I mean soul, and at last, breaking the restraint that held him, he left the home of his childhood determined never to return until he did so in a blaze of glory.

But still through life
Where'er he wanders,
His mind will turn back to the time
When childhood's happy hours
Passed on in sporting
Beside the frog pond filled with slime.

Years passed on, its a way that years have, and who can tell the heroic struggles of that aspirant for fame

To that humble cottage
Beside the dear frog pond,
When in the bright morning the fever was due
And when at the sunset
The mist of the evening
Brought with them for comfort, the cheerful
a-gue.

What a sweet picture. But to resume: No tidings came to the home he had left and the parents longed for a message from their beautiful boy. For five long years this silence continued, but at last the glad news came from that center of all that is artistic and esthetic, Hugo, Colorado. The new and beautiful Opera House in that city had just been completed and the opening night had come. The new and elegant bill boards were covered with the posters of "The Little Daisy Consolidated Combination of Curie's and Grand Argo and Akron Opera Company of the Hugo Ideals. The portrait alluded to in the prefatory part of these remarks was there in all its grand beauty. The opening came. Was it a success? What need reply! Among the great artists who made that success, who was first? Who but the subject of this sketch, the original of that picture? That youth had succeeded, and when in future ages it shall be asked, "Who stood foremost among the great artists of the 19th century?" through the trumpet of fame shall ring in clarion tones the name of Jake D. Williams.

Mr. Williams is now in this city and has gathered together one of the most celebrated troupes that travels the American continent. He has decided to produce O'Mallon's latest opera, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," before he returns to Kansas, and with the following celebrated actors its success is assured:

Uncle Tom	Mr. Williams
Stage name, Mr. Pattl.	
Marks	J. C. Ralrden
Liza	Wm. Belden
Little Eva	Herbert Salamon
The Burro	Archey Clark
Miss Ophella	Ed. Sibley
Topsy	W. J. Armitage
George	J. P. Creed
Mr. St. Clair	M. S. O'Rourke

Owing to the enormous expense of the company, Mr. Williams has decided to fill the vacancies with "stock artists."

The advance agent, Mr. *Honest Birdshuff*, has dates at the following places: Jewel Park, June 1; North Denver, June 2; Argo, June 3; Junction, June 4

The sale of reserved seats begins on May 1, in order to enable all to obtain a view of this company. Immediately after this engagement they return to Kansas.

SEEDY.

Presentation.

DENVER, COLORADO.

Editors Magazine:

Bro. W. F. Hynes, the popular and efficient Financier of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was this morning presented with a handsome Cutler desk and book case.

The office of Financial Secretary is an important one and the incumbent receives a handsome salary, but Bro. Hynes, at the close of his term, generously donated the full amount due him to the Lodge. The Lodge not to be outdone in generosity, and as a mark of appreciation of his faithful services, took this method of "squaring things up."

SEEDY.

Brotherly Love.

Editors Magazine:

A mother's love is one of the holiest on earth, a sister's love is divine and true brotherly love is one of the most exalted attributes possessed by mortals here below—the love that enabled Christ to bear the scorn and buffets of the rabble, the desertion of companions and friends, to endure the agony of the crucifixion, to teach us the purity, grandeur and unselfishness of brotherly love that raises man to the highest standard of humanity, that enables us to put self aside and respond to the appeals of suffering humanity with the strength and sympathy of a true and loyal nature, to stay the swift condemnation of the failings of others, to stretch forth the helping hand to lift out of the slough of despondency and despair every unfortunate brother claiming our aid and sympathy. There is no heart but that contains the elements of humanity, and although some through different circum-

stances may have fallen low, they can be reached and brought to a higher standard by patient, persistent brotherly love. What a wide field for the willing worker! Rebuffs and discouragements will come, but in time the seed will bear fruit and bring its sure reward. The scoffer in his heart will respect the true and unselfish desire of an earnest interest taken in behalf of the advancement of humanity. In every human heart there is a germ that can be turned to good "although it may be incusted by all of the vices incident to finite humanity." If we could only realize the good results requiring only a resolute self-denial, what a harmonious and enjoyable existence would follow. In every effort for the advancement of either the moral, mental or physical condition of man by any organization, there must be a harmonious and united action governed by brotherly love, for wherever it reigns hatred, envy, malice and selfishness vanish like mist before the morning sun.

EAGLET.

LONDON, ONT., April 10, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As I have not seen anything in the Magazine about Beaver Lodge No. 117, I thought I might try and let you know how we are getting along. The most of the Firemen stationed at London, belong to the B. of L. F. As soon as they have handled the scoop for a year they are all anxious to join. Our worthy Master is J. W. Elliott and our vice-Master is R. Hornsby—they are both on the right side. Our Financier is S. Stringer, he laid down the scoop and is now the "Boss" copper-smith in the round house—he is also one of the Aldermen for our Forest City. Our Secretary is S. T. Fletcher, who handles the scoop on the 110. R. Lisker is our Magazine Agent and handles the scoop on the 40. I would here remark that he has an assistant in his work outside of the brothers, who do all they can to help him—but as yet he is not able to do much, he weighed 13 pounds when he first saw the light. Bro. Chapman has gone into partnership for life. The boys will wish him and his bride a long and happy life. We are proud to say that we have no black sheep in our midst, we follow the teachings of our order with the greatest care, and the boys all take a great interest in the work of the Lodge. We are glad to know that Bro. Clifton, who was in a wreck on the Toronto branch is doing well. We hope soon to see his smiling face on the right side of the 145. If any of the boys come our way we hope they will give us a call.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

AN ENGINEER'S DREAM.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO LODGE NO. 43,
B. OF L. F.

I thought that I was running "Nine,"
But couldn't tell on just what time,
For everything was like a sea,
But still she worked so fine and free.

I thought I'd orders running through,
To jump o'er "five" and knock off "two."
I pulled her open wide around,
And lit my pipe and sat me down,

When all at once a queer old man,
And not much taller than a span,
Came walking 'long the running-board
And at his side a little sword.

He quickly got upon my seat
And, stamping with his little feet,
He said that I could make her roar,
And that I would, or lose my gore.

And, looking at the fireman,
He turned him to a tallow can.
He looked at me and seemed to say:
"Oh, you won't live to get your pay."

And then, with angry, sullen leer,
He turned me into water clear.
He poured me right into the tank,
And then of me the boiler drank.

Then I seemed to get into a rage,
And some of me got in the gauge,
And run it up a ton or two,
And made the whistle go toot! toot! too!

I then to the cylinder went,
And quick and hard the piston sent,
And some leaked out and turned to frost,
But more went out in the exhaust.

Then quickly to the cab I flew,
And asked of him what next to do.
He said I did not make her roar,
And that he'd have my bloody gore.

But then I thought to turn the case,
And knock him out and take my place,
I thought I'd grab his little heart,
I told him so and made a start.

Just then a fist bethumped my rib,
And some one said, "Oh, hold your jib;
You must be eatin' mince-meat pie,
A tryin' to snatch out my eye!

"I say, wake up! you crazy loon,
And then you won't be none too soon,
For now "Old Jack" 's just left the door
And says you *must* go out on "four."

KANSAS CITY, MO.

—C. C. S.

SAVANNA, ILL., March 11, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Riverside Lodge, though one of the babies of the Order, is about as healthy a one as it is possible to find. Although the members are running very hard, yet they keep up the interest in Lodge matters.

At the regular meeting, held March 16th, the "Lodge" was presented with an elegant ballot box and set of gavels, by Bro. J. F. Anderson, our worthy Financier, and a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered by the Lodge. Everyone is inclined to do everything for the Order that lies in his power. I remain

Yours Respectfully,

RIVERSIDE.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 8, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Early in the month of March J. C. Howder, a member of Div. No. 11, B. of L. E., was killed in a collision on the Atlanta and Georgia road, and his remains forwarded to Indianapolis, his home, for burial. The engineers held a special meeting and invited the firemen to participate in the funeral, which they did. Now, why cannot this friendly feeling among the engineers and firemen be universal all over this broad land of ours? Their interests are identical, we might say, as one. Do they not eat, sleep and work together on the same footboard? Do they not share the same danger, privations and hardships, night and day? Then, let the engineer consider this matter well and look upon his fireman as a father does his son, for the fireman of to-day is the engineer of to-morrow; they are drawing from our ranks every day. Hoping each member will consider this matter carefully and strive to do that which will be an honor to his calling, I am,

Fraternally yours, WM. HUGO.

LEADVILLE, COL., April 7, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

In the far off City of Leadville midst the snow-clad hills of Colorado, in a closer proximity to heaven than our neighbors enjoy, you will find an enlightened and enterprising community. You will find men here who not only deprive themselves of the pleasure of living in a more genial clime, but men who have brought wealth and grit to develop these isolated regions.

Among the recent enterprises introduced here was the organization of a Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The mountains were not so high nor the snow so deep as to prevent our Grand Organizer from getting here and triumphantly raising the standard of our cause. Cloud City Lodge No. 196 is now in line and her gallant soldiers are keeping time to the music of our Brotherhood's prosperity. The snow has been so terrible this winter that we have not had much chance to hold meetings, or in fact to give proper attention to the affairs of our Lodge. But we do not despair of success. Our members are loyal to their obligations and will see to it that the Lodge entrusted to their custody does not suffer for the want of support. When we were first organized there was some objection on the part of certain surrounding Lodges, for the reason that we would take a few members from them or a few dollars out of their treasury. I have always

thought this was wrong and displayed a selfish spirit. A real Brotherhood man will not want his Lodge to grow strong at the expense of the Order at large—he is generous enough to want the cause established everywhere so as to give every member a chance to attend meetings and to take an active part in the affairs of the Order. But we bear no malice towards those who sought to prevent us from being granted a charter—we propose to return good for evil. When warm weather comes we shall be fully equipped for the campaign, and I predict that before many months we will be abreast with the best Lodges in the West. Our men are active and energetic and will push the work to the full extent of their power, and knowing them as I do I have no fear about the result. Yours, fraternally,

W. J. ARMITAGE.

CLEVELAND, O., April 5, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

That you may not forget No. 10, I write to let you know that we are doing all we can to rank among the best Lodges of similar capacity. Our Secretary, C. P. Smith, formerly of 36, does credit to his office. We have sixty-six members on our roll at present, with several applications awaiting action. Bro. Stevens, G. O. and L., was welcomed in our midst at our last meeting and made quite an impression on our minds in regard to the use of the traveling card. We should all be careful not to abuse a good thing. The traveling card should be used in case of necessity, only, and not for taking pleasure trips. We were glad to see the smiling faces of some of the western boys on a visit to their friends in Cleveland, and would be pleased to meet them often, as they are a jolly, good-natured lot of boys.

Assuring you that we are all working to promote the welfare of our noble Brotherhood, I remain,

Yours in B., S. and L., PICK.

WINNEPEG, MAN, April 10, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

On looking through the March number I failed to find anything from No. 127, only that they have over \$800 in the Treasury, which I think is pretty good for a Lodge a little over a year old. Was also pleased to see Bro. McKee's name mentioned in connection with our journal. He certainly deserves credit, for everybody takes it on the division on which he runs. Our boys are scattered over the road from Colgary to Port Arthur, a distance of over one thousand miles. On this division are engineers Cooper, McNab Cochrane, Chadwick, and Adams, also

Bro. W. R. Barnfather of No. 67. The Firemen are Stratton, Sarvis, McDonald, Sutherland, Drummond, Morton and Chadwick, while Bro. Glasford acts as Assistant Foreman. Times are very dull here this winter but we expect when navigation opens we will all be busy.

I must not forget to mention our old friend, Mr. J. Spearman, who used to be our Traveling Engineer and is now running the smallest engine on the road. He is a good friend to all Brotherhood men whether they are on the right or left side.

While canvassing for the Magazine, Bro. Adams of No. 127, happened to go into a store in Port Arthur and seeing, as he supposed, the proprietor just going out, he started to lay before him the good qualities of the Order, when he discovered that he was addressing a fur overcoat and cap! One of the clerks seeing Bro. John's embarrassment, kindly came to his aid and gave us his name with the \$1.

Bros. Adams and Sutherland deserve credit for the trouble they took in procuring subscribers for the Magazine in Port Arthur. It is the opinion of the boys of No. 127, that the Rose City Lodge will have to make a special effort if they take the prize this time.

The boys wondered what made Flying Charley in such good humor yesterday. "He says, It's a girl. Come, have a cigar."

I am Yours Most Fraternally,
CANADIAN PACIFIC.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., April 2, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I have been reading the Magazine for the past four years, and rarely see anything in regard to Adair Lodge No. 100.

I am glad to say that No. 100 is progressing finely and in better condition than ever before. We have now about thirty members on the rolls, and every one of them as good as gold. A good man always speaks for himself, and so will a bad one. A lodge made up of good men is sure to prosper and be successful, while one made up of bad material will as surely come to a speedy end. I can not see how any man can be base enough to turn his back on our Order or prove traitor to its principles; when he does, he proves false to his family and his friends as well as to himself and sooner or later he suffers the consequences of his depraved actions. The teachings of our order are elevating in the highest degree, and if we are true to our obligations we are sure to become honest, upright and manly men.

H. H. W.

Wedding Bells.

Editors Magazine:

"If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
The heart that others bleed for, bleed for me."

Having this in his mind, and his "dream of life from morn till night," being, "love, still love," Bro. Wm. DeFrance, of Aetna Lodge No. 163, concluded to take unto himself another "rib." The affair was quiet and passed off without any effort at display, and yet, withal, the few who were favored with invitations had their most sanguine expectations more than realized.

Promptly at 8 o'clock P. M., Messrs. W. Hurley and S. M. McGaffey drove up to the Morris Hotel in a couple of stylish equipages, and the bridal party embarked and were rapidly driven to the residence of the officiating clergyman, where Bro. Wm. DeFrance was united to Mrs. Kate Morris, Proprietress of the Hotel Morris, and one of the most charming of Jonesboro's daughters. The ceremony completed, the party once more returned to the hotel where a neat banquet had been prepared, consisting of cake a la wedding, and sparkling wine repartees were exchanged and toasts drank, among which, was one "To the Bride and Groom" responded to by Bro. McGaffey, who stated that he had been the head of so few families during his brief career, that he could scarcely be called a first-class *Paterfamilias*, and as advice was the only substitute he could offer for experience, he had fully decided not to say anything at all, for he considered that next to fooling with a buzz saw or the business end of a hornet, the most fatal mistake of the uninitiated was giving advice to the lover or young honey-moon-shiners.

Bro. Hurley acquitted himself so admirably that the ladies concluded he had been there before, only under entirely different circumstances. He blushing denied having ever been a candidate for matrimonial honors, acknowledging at the same time, however, that he was ready to "shy his castor into the arena at a moment's notice."

As the guests were about to depart a mysterious noise was heard without, and a moment afterwards the Jonesboro Band, led by Phil. Dornie, was filling the "fragrant southern zephyrs" with sweet, harmonious sounds that were entrancing to the listening ear.

Bro. DeFrance and his fair bride went to the door, where a delegation consisting of Bros. Harry Childs, Harry Williams, and Mr. Lindsey met and introduced them to the delighted spectators. Hand shaking and congratulations were the order of the eve, for a few moments, and then after thanking them very

kindly, they were all requested to adjourn to the nearest "grocery" and irrigate at the happy groom's expense, and with the bride's kindest regards. As your correspondent was one of the participants it is hardly necessary for him to add that he wishes the young couple a long, happy and prosperous voyage on the matrimonial sea, and in so doing he echoes the sentiments of all who are fortunate enough to know them.

SINBAD, THE SAILOR.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, April 6, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

It has been my ambition for some time to see something in the Magazine from this Lodge, and, therefore, I will now proceed with a little account of the Key City members. I am happy to say that our Lodge is highly successful and beneficial both through the individual efforts of the members and the leadership of our most esteemed brother and efficient Master, L. W. Barker. I must say that, in proportion to our number, we are making rapid advancement. Why should it not be thus when all the members unreservedly strive for the best interests of our Order? Not egotistically or laudibly do I say this, but for the brotherly encouragement it may afford, and may it thus be received. Furthermore, may each member be zealous in the advancement of the cause of his own organization. Never lax or remiss in his duty toward his fireman brother, and in this manner shall the best welfare of our Order be secured.

ROBERT LANGE.

ESCANABA, MICH., March 25, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Our Lodge is in a very flourishing condition. The members are fully alive to the interests of our Order and are marching forward in harmony and good will. We have assumed the aggressive and our motto is: "The Brotherhood Forever."

Bro. James Hooper is a model Master and the officers and members are giving him their individual encouragement and support.

We have had a rather dull winter, but with the approaching spring comes every indication of returning prosperity and we hope to be busy all along the line before many days.

Some of our members have been out visiting and report having had a royal good time. They met Brotherhood men everywhere who did everything in their power to make their visit enjoyable.

Members of the Order coming to Escanaba will always receive a cordial welcome and the right hand of fellowship.

A BROTHER.



ED CRANE is firing the 31, on the C. & P.

P. H. FISHELL, of No. 10, is one of the most popular engineers on the C. & V. R. R.

JOHN T. SWEENEY, of No. 197, has laid down the scoop and gone over to the right hand side.

R. DONOVAN is now running on the Fort Worth and Denver Road and making a good record.

NORTHWESTERN Lodge No. 82 keeps steadily to the front. Her members are made of the right material.

JOHN TUTTY, of No. 38, wasn't exactly pleased when he found it was a boy again. Don't get discouraged, Jack!

At a meeting of No. 105 Bro. Asp passed around the cigars in honor of the son that arrived at his house not long ago.

CHAS. BAKER, the popular Master of No. 83, is running a passenger engine on the Rio Grande Div. of the T. & P. railroad.

It gives us pleasure to note the marriage of Bro. E. S. Chapman, of No. 117, to Miss Nellie Groves, both of London, Ont.

EDWIN J. WIGGINS, of Harrisburg Lodge No. 174, has entered matrimonial life. The brothers of No. 174 offer congratulations.

F. BUTT has withdrawn from No. 10, to join Lake Shore Lodge, No. 183. He is made of the right material for Brotherhood purposes.

W. T. SHRYOCK, Financier of Bee Hive Lodge No. 179, has been promoted to hostler. Bro. P. R. Johnson has gone over to the right hand side.

D. C. GALLAN and J. S. Smith, of No. 144, are said to contemplate the erection of a dwelling house near Rockaway. Success to their enterprise.

No. 68 FEELS proud to number among its guests such men as Frank Dyer, Steve Murphy and J. Kilbane. Come again, gentlemen; you are always welcome.

W. B. GILMAN, of Riverside Lodge No. 197, was united in marriage to Miss Kate Howland, of Savanna, Ia., on the 28th of last February. Accept our best wishes, Bro. Gilman.

THE Master of Deer Park, No. 1, Bro. C. E. Barkman, was the happy recipient of a valentine, Feb. 14, 1894, in the shape of an eleven pound heir, a boy. He is the happiest man in town.

CHAS. HEYMAN, of C. R. Whipple Lodge No. 142, and Miss D. Westhorn, of Toledo, O., were married on the 17th of March. Brothers of No. 142 extend their congratulations and kindest wishes.

J. D. SHARRAH, the new Master of No. 82, ought to be happy. He has been promoted to the position of engine dispatcher at the Milwaukee shops, and a beautiful little girl has been added to his family.

JNO. VICTOR, of No. 177, is running out of Sprague, Washington Territory, and E. F. Maroney is firing out of Atchison on the Santa Fe, while Chas. Williams is firing the 538 on the Alligator Division.

We regret to state that Bro. Jas. Norton, Financier of 144, had the misfortune to lose his youngest child, aged 11 months. Bro. Norton has also been laid up with sickness, for the last six weeks, but is now able to resume duty.

THE marriage of Bro. Thomas White and Miss Susie Hardwick, of Bowling Green, Ky., March 14, was quite a surprise to both relatives and friends. Bro. White is one of the sober, industrious and worthy members of Adair Lodge, No. 100, and we extend hearty congratulations.

WM. CLARK, of Glendive, Montana, whose engine was recently wrecked in consequence of a bridge that had been burned by tramps, and who was seriously injured, is improving rapidly, and his many friends will be glad to learn of his complete recovery. It was indeed a close call.

FRANK J. SCHUYLER, the veteran Master of No. 32, was married to Miss Nora Hagerty at Wallace, Kan., on the 9th of March. Miss Hagerty is one of Atchison's charming daughters, and well worthy of the gallant fellow who won her hand. We wish the happy couple fair tides and sunny skies on their matrimonial voyage.

THE Financier of 115 is night hostler at Galveston. Some of the boys asked him if he could get off to see the Mardi Gras parade. Jim said "No, I had a little Mardi Gras of my own, a few days ago, but the King did not show up; it was a Queen." The boys thought it a joke, but it was not a joke, it was a girl, weighing nine pounds.

T. WATMAN, of No. 38, speaking of bachelor life, says he knows a *Trick* worth two of that, and that since he has taken a life partner into the firm the sands of Point Edward are to him more beautiful than ever. All the boys of No. 38 are glad to know that Tommy is happy, and give him their best wishes for a long and happy married life.

HARRY KELER is now located at Pensacola, Fla., where he has accepted a position on the Pensacola and Atlantic Road. He returns his grateful thanks to the members of both Brotherhoods for the courtesies shown him on his trip from Texas to his present location. We hope that Bro. Keler may be blessed with prosperity in his new field of labor.

Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, was recently presented with a very beautiful altar cloth—it is of a dark green heavy plush, embroidered with gold silk border and the letters B. L. F. handsomely worked thereon. It is the work and gift of Mrs. F. Desmond and daughter, the wife and daughter of our old and highly esteemed member, F. F. Desmond.

R. R. CENTRE Lodge No. 31 has just sustained a great loss. Sam Walters has resigned as Master and quit the road. Words cannot tell the work Bro. Walters has done for the Order. He was a most energetic worker, and has done the Brotherhood a most invaluable service—that of setting a good example to the younger members to follow. He has gone to work on the B. & M. in Nebraska, and we wish him unbounded success.

Firemen's Department.

For Firemen's Magazine.

ON THE TRAIL.

Oh! sad is my lot, for in terror I live.
 Our Master is mad and a fortune would give
 If he had a search-warrant giving power to
 wrest
 A secret of mine from our editor's breast.
 He regards all the brothers with looks that
 pierce through
 And he asks his own heart, can this be Threlig
 Rhue?
 His mind's eye (no deceiver) quick answers
 him "no,"
 To find the base traitor you further must go.
 In Fort Wayne a musical Reed you will find,
 In Rocklin, a Dilley, to rhyming inclined.
 Should both of these brothers prove their
 innocence clear,
 Then a hard task I fear me is yours, Sidney
 dear.
 For, on vengeance bent, naught can satisfy
 you
 But the blood of the scamp, whom they call
 Threlig Rhue.
 Thus advised, Sidney hies to a gunsmith of
 fame,
 There buys a repeater and starts after his
 game.

The trail it is long and the barriers are high,
 Where the Rockies rear their white tops to
 the sky.
 Would that I possessed the great magic
 charm,
 I, in spirit, would follow and shield him from
 harm.
 Between him and danger my wand I would
 wield,
 And guide him safe home with both heart
 and brain healed.
 All this I would do, though he is seeking my
 death
 And longs to be listening to my last gasp for
 breath.
 No magician am I, so at home I must stay
 And breathe the air of relief while poor Sid
 is away
 On his great wild-geese chase over mountain
 and plain,
 But to find his wild-geese he must come back
 again
 And go hunting 'round home, there the game
 he might start,
 If his "mind's eye was bigger" and his wits
 were but smart.
 It will vex him to know this poetical rose
 sits blooming at times right in front of his
 nose.

He deserves to be vexed, as an ingrate, be
 hung,
 Who rejected the praises the minstrel-boy
 sung.
 I his virtues extolled and his beauty praised
 high,
 His love I defended—in a rage he did fly
 And told Eugene Debs (brothers witness ye,
 all.)
 "That 'tis all a canard and a libel quite small."
 With his sweetheart I pleaded, as a poet but
 can.
 (An impossible task for a bashful young
 man.)
 I banished his sadness with my formidable
 quill

And the fire of grim hate now his brown eyes
 do fill.
 The blackest ingratitude, Bro. Sid, you have
 shown
 And brotherly love to the winds you have
 thrown.
 'Tis certain you would like an assessment
 were due
 To be paid to the friends of the scamp, Threlig
 Rhue,
 And to save innocent brothers from this
 terrible doom
 I will tell you the secret of my *nom de plume*.

You must search all the languages and then
 you will find
 Threlig Rhue has a meaning most clearly
 defined.
 In Threlig my christian name you may trace
 And Rhue is the shade of the hair on my face.
 With this clue to follow you surely can't fail,
 So sharpen your wits and get on the right
 trail.
 Bro. Debs, he has plenty of care on his mind;
 To appeals such as your's, Sid, he's both deaf
 and blind.
 As a man of strong mind he has a kind heart
 and true
 And ne'er will he answer foolish questions
 from you.
 Now, Sidney, my boy, be this, my wish
 known
 May you live to see me in my true colors
 shown
 And long after, too, for I wish not your death
 Should occur 'till 'tis caused by a shortness of
 breath.
 Would that you felt likewise to a friend kind
 and true,
 Who, repentant and humble, signs himself

THRELIG RHEU.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM EMMETT HULL.

The subject of this sketch was a native of
 Pennsylvania, having been born in Mifflin
 Township, Allegheny County, October 22, 1861.
 Having received a good education in Pitts-
 burgh, Pa., he chose, at the age of 18, the pro-
 fession of a locomotive engineer, and in the
 fall of 1880 found employment on the main
 line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In the
 spring of 1881 his parents removed to Wash-
 ington, D. C., and in the following July he
 was, by request, transferred to the Baltimore
 and Potomac road, remaining in that employ
 until his death. The sad accident which re-
 sulted in his death occurred in the early morn-
 ing of Sabbath, February 24, 1884. His engine
 had just left Baltimore, Md., with the New
 York express for Washington, D. C., when the
 arch pipe burst, and a stream of fire and
 steam were poured upon him. He was
 blown from the cab window while the train
 was running at a high rate of speed, and his
 almost lifeless body was picked up many feet
 from where he first struck the ground. His
 injuries resulted in his death at 10:30 A. M.
 of the same day, six hours after the accident.
 In his decease we have met with no ordinary
 loss. All testimonies unite in attributing to
 him a character that was singularly pure and
 good. An obedient and faithful son and a
 tender and affectionate brother, he was at
 once the comfort and pride of a home that
 has been sadly darkened by his taking off.
 An efficient and faithful servant of the com-
 pany in whose employ he was, the service
 has been deprived of one who was a credit
 and honor to it. A genial and sympathizing
 companion, he had won the love and respect
 of all who came into contact with him, and
 they mourn for him as for a brother. He was
 pure in his life, his influence was uplifting
 and helpful, and though he had scarcely
 passed his majority he has left a name and a
 memory which shall not be forgotten.

Therefore, now, a last good night!
 Sun, and moon, and stars of fire,
 Farewell to your splendor bright!
 Higher now I soar, far higher;
 Where there is such glorious day,
 Ye will vanish quite away!

Weep not that I bid farewell
 To the world and all its errors,
 Far from vanity to dwell,
 Far from darkness and its terrors;
 Weep not that I take my flight
 To the land of endless light!

Weep not! my Redeemer lives,
 High above dark earth ascending;
 Hope her heavenly comfort gives;
 Faith standing by her shield extending;
 Love eternal whispers near,
 "Child of God, no longer fear!"

AMUSEMENTS.

RICHFORD, VT.

Eastman Lodge No. 134 gave their annual ball February 21 at Farnham, Quebec. Owing to the kindness of Mr. Eastman, the Master Mechanic, and to the industry of the members, the hall was beautifully decorated with flags, mottoes, etc. A large company was present and a thoroughly good time was enjoyed by all.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Just In Time Lodge No. 149 gave its first annual ball on the anniversary of its organization, March 12, at Tammany Hall, New York City. The affair was one of the social successes of the season. The only thing that seemed to cause regret was the rapid approach of the wee, sma' hours that hastened the departure of the guests.

This Lodge, though only one year old, is in splendid condition, having a membership of upwards of 125 young and active men, and \$500 in the treasury. It pays a benefit of seven dollars a week and is always ready to assist a deserving brother in need.

The floor was well managed by Bro. McCall and an efficient committee. The costumes and jewelry worn by the ladies were exceedingly handsome.

WASECA, MINN.

A member of Fort Ridgely Lodge No. 65 gives the following account of the recent ball of that Lodge:

"Our ball was a success socially as well as financially. The hall was comfortably crowded, the banquet served at the Grant House excellent, and the music furnished by Prof. Robert Jache's celebrated Germania orchestra of Mankato was highly satisfactory. The hall was beautifully decorated with bunting, flags, banners and mottoes emblematic of the Order. Our principal motto was S. M. Stevens, the Brotherhood's friend. Owing to the bad condition of the roads at that time but very few from abroad were here. Many thanks are due Superintendent Cosgrove for his kindness in issuing passes and for running a train out in the terrible blizzard to accommodate the boys in getting their band here."

WELLS, MINN.

The first annual ball of Dunlap Lodge No. 152, which came off on the 20th of March at the new Opera House, was counted a grand success. It was largely attended, and all present, old and young, said they never enjoyed an entertainment of the kind better. The boys spared no pains in decorating the hall with their emblems. A headlight was placed at each end of the hall, with alternate rows of red and white railroad lanterns on each side of the hall. Hartwell's full string band of LaCrosse furnished the music, and

such music—it would tempt your gray-headed grandfathers and grandmothers to trip the light fantastic. Master Mechanic E. A. Williams and lady and Mr. McFarland and lady were in attendance; they laid aside the cares of the day and went in for a good time, as did every one else. The only drawback was on account of the absence of a number of the members, and especially of Bro. F. E. Howe, who has always taken the lead on such occasions.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

The Sentinel gives the following report of the third annual ball of Eau Claire Lodge No. 68:

Last evening at Music Hall occurred the third annual reception of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. There were at least one hundred couple present, and everything passed off in a pleasant manner, and the occasion was one to be long remembered by those in attendance. The hall was most beautifully decorated. Around the entire room was a row of evergreen with the word "Welcome" worked in it. In the center of the hall, hanging from the ceiling, were the three large letters "B. L. F." worked in evergreen. In the gallery were two headlights, which shone to advantage. Over the entrance was the following: "Our motto: Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." On the bottom of this motto hung a horseshoe made by Mrs. Lee Douty last year, but preserved by the boys so it has served at two receptions. The motto on this was "Good Luck to 68." On the right wall of the room was the following: "Look out for cars when the bell rings." On the left wall, "Our Brotherhood is a Success." Over the stage was "Welcome," and "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen," together with two large scoop shovels crossed with a coal pick between them. Red, green and white light lanterns were hung along at intervals around the wall with the evergreen, and it presented a pleasing sight. Some eight or ten photographs of different engines on the road were hung up along the wall. Supper was served both at the Eau Claire House and at Mrs. Harris' Criterion restaurant. The spread at the Eau Claire House was very fine, indeed, and at Mrs. Harris' you could order what you wished. Among those who were present from abroad were the following: Frank Dyer and wife, Steve Murphy and wife, Mr. McFarland and lady, Mr. Hayes and lady, Mr. Hill and lady, Mr. Kelbane and wife, Mr. Larock and lady, P. Fitzgerald and sister, and Mr. Mulcare, all of No. 61, of St. Paul; Mr. Mallory, of No. 26, Baraboo, and George Phillips, of No. 131, Stevens' Point. The music was furnished by Vinton's full orchestra, and was number one, seeming to inspire all present. Too much credit cannot be given to the members of the different committees for the able manner in which the affair was conducted. The Sentinel joins in congratulating the boys on their success, and may they all live to enjoy many more of these pleasant receptions is our sincere wish.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

The Electric Headlight, of Marshalltown, Iowa, gives a splendid account of the first annual ball of Guide Lodge No. 125, of which the following is an extract:

"Last Monday night Music Hall was packed to its utmost capacity in response to the invitations sent out by the B. of L. F., of this city, for their first annual ball. There could not have been less than four hundred in the hall, and everything was done in railroad style. On the outside in front of the hall was placed the large locomotive headlight off of No. 4 on the W. I. & N. R. R., which shed its rays across the park and attracted universal attention. The old leap year decorations, together with a motto or two added, made

the walls of the hall appear to advantage. Around the top of the canopy of the band stand were hung white, green and red signal lanterns, and every dance was started by pulling a bell cord attached to a signal bell fastened on the music stand. The programme was quite lengthy and displayed considerable ingenuity on the part of the programme committee who added appropriate sayings of railroad parlance to each dance on the programme.

There were over one hundred guests from abroad, and we were unable to learn of but a few, as we are not so well acquainted with our railroad boys as we ought to, or would like to be, but nevertheless all seemed to be really at home, while it was amusing to see a number of our city bloods moving among the throng making mashes on the railroad boys' girls. Mose Arquet was said to be the best looking fellow in the hall, and that he danced with his wife on that evening the first time in four years. It was without exaggeration the best looking assemblage of ladies and gentlemen at a public ball ever given in the city, and what gave it still more character all were orderly and none got 'full' and raised 'merry hades,' as some would call it.

Prof. Schwabky's band, of Ottumwa, furnished the music for the evening.

One of the amusing features of the evening that we almost forgot to mention was the 'cripples' dance, gotten up by E. D. Young, of none but maimed railroad men. They danced the 'Quadrille—Doubling Steamboat.' The train men often have to divide their train and take half over the steamboat grade at a time, hence the calling of it 'Doubling Steamboat.'"

FORT SCOTT, KAN.

The Fort Scott Monitor gives the following account of the first annual ball of H. C. Lord Lodge No. 153:

"The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of Fort Scott celebrated the first anniversary of the organization of that Order in this city with a grand ball at the Opera House last night.

The Brotherhood was organized in this city for the first time March 25, 1883. The object of the Order is beneficiary in the interest of members and their families, and the large number of railroad men finding a home in Fort Scott furnishes material for a strong and flourishing Lodge. For several weeks the Brotherhood and their friends have looked forward to last night as an occasion marking an era in their history, illustrating the usefulness of the Order, not only in its beneficial aspects but as a social organization, calling around it a portion of the most useful and active elements of society. Those fortunate enough to be present last night realized that these expectations had not been disappointed.

Over two hundred tickets were sold, and the company present was one of the most intelligent and refined ever assembled in the Opera House.

The auditorium was handsomely decorated with evergreens and locomotive lanterns of all colors. On the rear of the stage, and just back of the music, was a large arch, bearing the appropriate motto 'Welcome.' Suspended from this arch was a locomotive headlight. In front of the band was a burnished locomotive bell, hung amid a bower of evergreens, the whole being appropriately draped and ornamented with flags.

It was estimated that at 11 o'clock a hundred couples were present, participating in the intoxicating pleasures of the terpsichorean art. To say that the scene was brilliant but faintly describes it. Full grown manhood, youth and beauty whirled to the measured strains of entertaining music, rendered by Prof. Prothero's orchestra, presenting a scene of beauty and pleasure, which satisfied the most ardent hopes of all present.

A large number of visitors were present from Parsons, Nevada, Kansas City and other adjacent points, all of whom showered liberal praise upon the management for the polite attentions which they received at the hands of Messrs. G. K. Bates, W. O'Brien, Clay Jones, B. McQuistion, J. Severs, C. A. Brockwell and M. Rothschild, who acted as floor managers.

The Monitor is requested by the management to thank the public, officials of the railroads, and G. A. R. for numerous courtesies extended, which materially added to the success and pleasure of the occasion."

PEORIA, ILL.

The Peoria News gives the following account of the second annual ball of W. F. Hynes Lodge No. 48:

"The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen held their second annual ball at Rouse's Hall last evening. The hall was tastefully trimmed with flags and pictures of locomotives. On the stage was a locomotive headlight, tastefully trimmed, while above it, in evergreens, were the letters 'B. of L. F.' There were enough present to make the occasion one of mirth and merriment, and those present declared they never passed a more enjoyable evening. The floor was perfection, the music excellent, and fair ladies and gallant men just in the mood for tripping the light fantastic. The gallant locomotive firemen certainly know how to conduct parties as well as fire engines. All will look anxiously for the third annual ball."

RESOLUTIONS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

At a regular meeting of Potomac Lodge No. 7, held March 9, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to remove from our midst our late brother, W. E. Hull, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Hull our Order has lost one of its best members, his father a fond and devoted son, his sister a loving brother and the community an honorable and upright citizen, and although we sincerely deplore his loss we humbly bow in submission to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender to his family our most heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, assuring them that we share their loss and sorrow.

A. N. SPAMER, }
P. F. GUDDY, } Committee.
J. C. GRAHAM, }

BROOKFIELD, MO.

At a regular meeting of Phoenix Lodge No. 23, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Under the dispensation of Divine Providence, whose wisdom is beyond our comprehension, we have been deprived of one of our most worthy brothers, Homer R. Johnson; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his bereaved family in their sad affliction, and furthermore be it

Resolved, That Phoenix Lodge has lost one of its best members and his family a devoted husband and brother.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days as a mark of respect for Bro. Johnson.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our deceased brother's family, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

LEE ST. JOHN, }
JOHN SCOTT, } Committee.
A. L. COOPER, }

CHARLESTON, ILLS.

At a regular meeting of Little Giant Lodge No. 187 the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It having pleased our Heavenly Father, in his most infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed brother, Chas. Tanner, who died at his father's residence, in Cleveland, Ohio; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we recognize the supremacy of, and bow submissively, to the Allwise Providence, it is with sincere regret that we part with Bro. Tanner and "mourn with those who mourn."

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy, and that we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days as a mark of respect to the deceased.

JNO. STILWELL }
TOM HEUSLEY, } *Committee.*
CHAS. COOPER, }

EVANSVILLE, IND.

At a regular meeting of C. J. Hepburn Lodge, No. 180, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, C. J. Hepburn Lodge, No. 100, has been favored by the receipt of a beautiful bible, presented by Mrs. Will S. Kerlin, the wife of our worthy Master; and

WHEREAS, In receiving the valuable gift, it supplies a long felt necessity; and from so estimable a lady and well-wisher of this noble Brotherhood, we feel honored and encouraged in the good work we have begun; therefore be it

Resolved, That our most sincere thanks be returned, and that her name and kind deeds shall ever be held as sacred in memory as is the blessed book itself.

Resolved, That we shall ever hold this as our headlight to guide us on our way, and shall strive to act by its teaching so that on the last day we shall be rewarded with a position on the right side.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Will S. Kerlin and published in the Magazine.

JOHN K. MCCUTCHEON }
FRANK M. PAINE, } *Committee.*
WILL J. TORRANCE, }

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Him who doeth all things well to take from our midst by death our beloved brother, Henry N. Zook, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother to say that we sadly miss him from among our number and truly feel that we have lost one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our departed brother our heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that these resolutions be published in our Magazine and a copy be sent to the family of our departed brother.

E. H. CUBBS, }
GEORGE GARRETT, } *Committee.*
WM. J. WHEELER, }

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

At a regular meeting of Guide Lodge No. 125, held in their hall, March 23, 1884, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Mr. E. L. Dudley, Superintendent of the Central Iowa Railway, and Geo. C. McMichaels, Superintendent of the W.

I. & N. Railway, on February 25, did issue passes to all parties buying tickets to our dance (B. of L. F.) on that date; therefore be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. E. L. Dudley and Mr. Geo. C. McMichaels for their kindness in giving transportation free to all coming to the party, an act which will never be forgotten by members of the Lodge.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered John Player, M. M. of the C. I. Railway, and M. C. Wheeler, M. M. of the W. I. & N. Railway; R. S. McMurray, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the C. I. Railway; P. C. Eldredge, Train Dispatcher of the C. I. Railway, and also Chas. Norton, Train Master of the C. I. Railway, for favors shown us, which will ever be fresh in the memory of the firemen belonging to 125.

Resolved, That we tender the above named gentlemen our sincere thanks for the kind interest they have taken in the welfare of our Order, thereby enabling us to make our first annual ball a grand success, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the above named gentlemen and published in the leading county papers, and also a copy be sent to the editor of the Firemen's Magazine.

WM. HERRIGAN, }
GEO. TUBBS, } *Committee.*
J. T. DUTCHER, }

JONESBORO, ARK.

At a regular meeting of Aetna Lodge, No. 163, B. of L. F., March 15th, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Divine Providence has removed from our midst our worthy Bro., Stephen Smith, a most worthy member of our Order, he having met his death by his engine breaking through a bridge, on the morning of March 8th, while in the discharge of his duty as locomotive engineer; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Smith our Lodge has sustained an irreparable loss, and the community in which he resided a most worthy citizen.

Resolved, That the sympathies of this Lodge be and hereby are extended to the estimable and bereaved wife and family of our departed brother, in this, their sad bereavement, and that we assure her that while her loss is great beyond the power of language to express, ours is none the less, for the kind and generous actions of the deceased brother endeared him to us all.

Resolved, That as a token of respect our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the wife of our lamented brother; that the same be published in the Fireman's Magazine and inserted on the minutes of this Lodge, and that our thanks be extended to Superintendent H. E. Buchanan, J. T. Jones, M. M., and S. P. Brown, Foreman, for favors shown our deceased brother and this Lodge, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the above gentlemen.

P. B. SCANLAN, }
S. W. KENNARD, } *Committee.*
W. H. DEFRADE, }

PERRY, IA.

At a regular meeting of Pilot Lodge No. 124, held at their hall on the 9th day of March, 1884, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to suddenly remove from our midst our worthy and esteemed brother, Homer Fuller, by his engine being thrown from the track and turning over; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of this Lodge is hereby tendered to the be-

reaved widow and other relatives in this their sad bereavement, and that, while human sympathy is of little avail in consoling them for their sad loss, we can only commend them to Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Fuller this Lodge loses a true and trusty member, the wife a kind and loving husband, and the C. M. & St. P. R. R. a faithful and competent employee.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our deceased brother our charter and hall be draped in mourning for the space of thirty (30) days, and the thanks of this Lodge be hereby tendered to the citizens of Perry, especially the following named ladies—Mrs. Coltrin, Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Sanborn, for their kind assistance, rendered the widow of our deceased brother during this her sad bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy be sent to the bereaved widow and one to the Firemen's Magazine for publication, and also one to each of the Perry papers.

M. GEPPER,
M. MINTON, } *Committee.*
A. P. LOGAN, }

CARLIN, NEVADA.

At a regular meeting of Silver State Lodge No. 89, of the B. of L. F., the following resolutions on the death of Bro. Levene Thompson, one of its oldest members, were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from this world, by the lingering death of consumption, our worthy brother, Levene Thompson; and,

WHEREAS, In the sad fate of Bro. Thompson the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen loses an earnest and zealous supporter of our principles and a true brother, his family an affectionate husband and father, and his employers a trustworthy engineer; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn his untimely end and deplore the sad fate that has deprived us of the companionship of a noble-hearted brother. We are consoled by the hope that our loss is his gain, and that he is now enjoying the reward of the just and good.

Resolved, That we tender to the members of his bereaved family, especially to his broken-hearted wife, our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy, knowing well how inadequate words are to lessen the desolation of her heart, and earnestly wishing that it was in our power to soften the grief and anguish of the bereaved ones he left behind him.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our deceased brother, our hall be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, that these resolutions be entered upon our records, that a copy of the same be presented to his bereaved family, and be published in our Magazine.

A. F. LISSAK,
M. T. COATS, } *Committee.*
Wm. TENEYCK, }

LETTERS OF THANKS.

BROOKFIELD, Mo., April 4, 1884.

To Whom it May Concern:

We, the undersigned, brothers and sisters of the late Homer Johnson, who was killed in the railroad accident at Brookfield, January 12, wish to return our sincere thanks to the members of Phoenix Lodge No. 23 for the kind interest they took in our brother as shown in the manner in which they cared for his remains. We fully appreciate their brotherly interest in his behalf.

HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BROOKFIELD, Mo., April 3, 1884.

To Whom it May Concern:

I wish to return my sincere thanks to the members of Phoenix Lodge No. 23 and to the good people of Brookfield for the kindness shown me during the illness of my late husband. Very respectfully,

CLARA JOHNSON.

BINGEN, ARK., April 7, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I wish to return my sincere thanks to your Order for your kindness to my deceased son, S. B. Williams, and especially to Mr. C. H. DeWolf, Financier of Lodge No. 177, from whom I received a draft for \$1,000 as payment of my son's policy. May your association ever be prosperous. Respectfully,

T. F. WILLIAMS.

GALESBURG, ILL., March 15, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of Progress Lodge No. 103, B. of L. F.:

SIRS: I wish to return my thanks to you for the kindness shown to me in my husband's late illness, in which you took an active part in seeing that he received proper care and attention. My earnest wish is that your paths may be of peace and happiness in this world and the full fruition of a most glorious and blessed immortality in heaven. Respectfully,

MRS. T. E. CREEN.

DETROIT MICH., Feb. 25, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of Rose City Lodge No. 45, B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS: I received today your beautiful present, a solid silver, gold-lined water service, bearing the inscription: "Presented to H. H. Lindenberg, as a token of friendship, by Rose City Lodge No. 45, B. of L. F., New Year 1884."

Pleasant indeed, it is, to receive such unmistakable proof of good fellowship from old and true but far distant friends. No. 45 never does things by halves and for this princely souvenir, accompanied by your love and best wishes, I sincerely thank each and every one of you. Devoutly hoping that I may always be worthy of your esteem and a seat in the council chamber of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, I remain

Yours fraternally,
H. H. LINDBENBERGER.

NEWTON, KAN., Feb. 16, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of Mount Ouray Lodge No. 140.

DEAR SIRS: Mrs. Deering desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor of the 11th inst, which came to hand to-day, with enclosure of draft \$764 as stated.

The receipt for the money, duly signed and witnessed as required is herewith returned. Mrs. Deering also desires me to acknowledge her deep sense of gratitude to your membership, or Lodge, not only for the payment of this policy but for the kind manner in which her lamented son's remains were cared for, and the same forwarded to their last resting place. Please bear to the Brotherhood her heartfelt thanks and sincere best wishes for the happiness and continued prosperity of each and every member.

I would add that the money has come to her in a good time and the amount will help to smooth the way in her declining years and will be a source of benefit and comfort which she will appreciate more fully than you or I can realize. With best regards, I am

Yours truly,
C. E. HEATH.

PERRY, IOWA, March 12, 1884.

The members of Pilot Lodge No. 124, B. of L. F., desire to extend their thanks to the members of S. S. Merrill Lodge No. 188, of Chicago, for their kind attentions to the widow of our deceased brother, Homer Fuller, and to Bro. L. Owens, who accompanied her on her way home with the remains of her husband, and also for the beautiful wreath (emblematic of the Order), which they presented to Mrs. Fuller.

M. GEPPER, }
M. MINTON, } Committee.
A. P. LOGAN, }

TERRE HAUTE, IND., April 7, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of Vigo Lodge No. 16, B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS: I wish to return my sincere thanks to your Lodge for your kind attention to my deceased son. I also desire to acknowledge the receipt of a draft for \$1,000 at the hands of Mr. Chas. Bennett, Financier, as payment in full of the policy on my son's life. You have my profound gratitude for the faithful manner in which you discharged your obligations to our family, and I hope that your Brotherhood may ever prosper in its noble mission of charity and peace.

Respectfully yours,

EMMA KLECKNER.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
3	A. Morehouse.	47	J. H. Goldhammer
3	W. H. Faulhaber.	54	F. M. Widgeon.
14	Geo. W. Babb.	74	Jos. Middleton.
15	C. Costigan.	81	C. S. Larson.
18	Arthur E. Gould.	111	George Griffin.
26	B. J. Davey.	112	R. W. Lindley.
28	Edward Hughes.	132	W. C. Brown.
35	Wm. Brown.	177	Ed. Maroney.
36	F. Carpenter.		

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
1	S. S. Weedon*	60	J. Crendon*
3	Edward McCarty*	60	James Gross*
9	F. J. Thum*	63	E. F. Kennedy*
10	S. C. Myers*	78	J. W. Cooper*
10	C. H. McDole*	78	M. Torphy*
12	P. H. Greeley*	78	J. L. Clark*
17	H. C. Hall*	82	Martin Kelly*
17	John Noon*	94	F. J. Emmal*
17	Malcom Bennet*	95	John Maxwell*
17	H. J. McCrisaken*	95	N. Knutson*
17	C. B. Russell	103	Jas W. Shugart*
17	Wm. O'Brien	107	J. Hibbolt†
17	A. E. Pritchett	110	James Nolan*
18	G. W. Stedding*	128	John H. Casey*
18	E. A. Parsons*	142	Morris Hawley*
27	Sam'l L. Wilson†	153	W. D. Shellinger.‡
46	Fred. Cawery*	156	W. J. Clark*
54	T. J. Collins†	158	D. O'Connor*
58	A. Blackburn*	171	Robert Wilson‡
58	Geo. Gray*	177	J. Griffin†
58	F. Sedgley*	177	J. Adams*

- * Non-payment of Dues.
- † Contempt of Lodge.
- ‡ Defrauding members.
- § General principles.
- || Unbecoming conduct.
- ¶ Dead beat.
- †† Drunkenness.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., April 1, 1884.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending March 31, 1884:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 39 and 40.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 39 and 40.	Total.
1	.	.	.	66	.	.	.
2	.	.	.	67	.	.	.
3	.	.	.	68	.	.	.
4	.	.	.	69	.	.	.
5	\$15 00	\$22 00	\$37 00	70	.	.	.
6	19 00	.	19 00	71	.	.	.
7	.	.	.	72	.	.	.
8	.	.	.	73	.	.	.
9	.	.	.	74	\$11 00	.	\$11 00
10	.	.	.	75	.	.	.
11	.	.	.	76	.	.	.
12	.	.	.	77	.	.	.
13	.	.	.	78	2 00	\$89 00	91 00
14	22 00	.	22 00	79	.	.	.
15	16 00	.	16 00	80	2 00	60 00	62 00
16	.	.	.	81	3 00	.	3 00
17	1 00	.	1 00	82	2 00	113 00	115 00
18	.	.	.	83	1 00	58 00	59 00
19	.	36 00	36 00	84	.	.	.
20	.	.	.	85	.	.	.
21	.	.	.	86	.	.	.
22	.	.	.	87	.	.	.
23	.	.	.	88	.	52 00	52 00
24	.	39 00	39 00	89	.	44 00	44 00
25	.	.	.	90	.	10 00	10 00
26	.	.	.	91	.	.	.
27	.	.	.	92	.	.	.
28	.	.	.	93	1 00	48 00	49 00
29	1 00	.	1 00	94	.	.	.
30	.	.	.	95	.	.	.
31	.	.	.	96	.	.	.
32	.	.	.	97	.	.	.
33	.	49 00	49 00	98	1 00	32 00	33 00
34	.	.	.	99	11 00	.	11 00
35	.	.	.	100	.	.	.
36	.	.	.	101	1 00	92 00	93 00
37	.	.	.	102	.	36 00	36 00
38	.	.	.	103	8 00	48 00	56 00
39	.	65 00	65 00	104	.	.	.
40	12 00	96 00	78 00	105	.	.	.
41	.	.	.	106	.	.	.
42	.	.	.	107	4 00	.	4 00
43	1 00	68 00	69 00	108	.	.	.
44	.	.	.	109	.	.	.
45	.	.	.	110	.	.	.
46	.	.	.	111	.	.	.
47	5 00	117 00	122 00	112	.	.	.
48	.	.	.	113	.	.	.
49	39 00	.	39 00	114	.	.	.
50	1 00	.	1 00	115	.	.	.
51	1 00	60 00	61 00	116	.	.	.
52	2 00	81 00	83 00	117	.	.	.
53	.	.	.	118	.	.	.
54	.	.	.	119	.	.	.
55	.	.	.	120	.	.	.
56	1 00	.	1 00	121	.	.	.
57	.	.	.	122	2 00	43 00	45 00
58	.	.	.	123	25 00	.	25 00
59	.	91 00	91 00	124	.	.	.
60	.	.	.	125	.	.	.
61	.	.	.	126	.	27 00	27 00
62	.	41 00	41 00	127	.	125 00	125 00
63	.	.	.	128	3 00	20 00	23 00
64	.	.	.	129	43 00	.	43 00
65	.	.	.	130	.	.	.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 30 and 40.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 30 and 40.	Total.
131	.	.	.	164	.	.	.
132	.	.	.	165	.	.	.
133	.	.	.	166	.	.	.
134	\$6 00	.	\$6 00	167	\$1 00	\$25 00	\$26 00
135	.	\$51 00	51 00	168	.	.	.
136	.	.	.	169	.	.	.
137	.	.	.	170	.	.	.
138	.	.	.	171	.	.	.
139	.	.	.	172	.	26 00	26 00
140	.	.	.	173	.	.	.
141	2 00	43 00	45 00	174	.	.	.
142	.	.	.	175	.	.	.
143	.	.	.	176	2 00	12 00	14 00
144	29 00	16 00	45 00	177	.	.	.
145	2 00	.	2 00	178	.	.	.
146	.	.	.	179	.	.	.
147	.	17 00	17 00	180	.	.	.
148	.	.	.	181	.	19 00	19 00
149	.	.	.	182	.	.	.
150	.	34 00	34 00	183	.	.	.
151	.	.	.	184	.	.	.
152	.	.	.	185	.	.	.
153	.	25 00	25 00	186	.	.	.
154	.	.	.	187	.	.	.
155	.	19 00	19 00	188	.	24 00	24 00
156	.	.	.	189	.	.	.
157	.	.	.	190	.	8 00	8 00
158	.	.	.	191	.	13 00	13 00
159	.	20 00	20 00	192	.	.	.
160	.	.	.	193	.	.	.
161	.	.	.	194	1 00	9 00	10 00
162	1 00	72 00	73 00	195	.	9 00	9 00
163	.	1 00	1 00				

Balance on hand March 1 \$11,973 50
 Received during month 2,375 00
 Total \$14,348 50

By claims Nos. 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99 and 100 7,000 00

Balance on hand April 1 \$ 7,348 50
 Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

CHANGE OF LOCATION.

Industrial Lodge No. 21 has changed its location from South St. Louis to St. Louis, Mo., the change taking effect March 13, 1884.

D. E. HALBERSTADT.

In the April issue of the Magazine, D. E. Halberstadt, formerly of Chicago Lodge No. 95, is published for *defrauding* his Lodge. This is a mistake, and should read for *defaming* his Lodge.

THOMAS BIDDLE.

In the January issue of our Magazine we published Thomas Biddle, expelled from Franklin Lodge No. 9, for non-payment of dues, as an ingrate and a dead-weight upon his Lodge. Since said publication appeared there have been developments in his case to show that the charges were unwarranted and unjust. A committee was appointed by Franklin Lodge No. 9 to investigate his case, and upon examination it was found that the charges could not be sustained by documentary evidence. The publication was made through a misunderstanding and the charges are, therefore, withdrawn.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WM. R. COLE.

Wm. R. Cole is requested to correspond with the Financier of Neches Lodge No. 156.

THOMAS KENNEDY.

Thomas Kennedy, of Little Giant Lodge No. 187, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

ED. CAULFORD.

Ed. Caulford, of Fort Ridgely Lodge No. 65, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

JOHN MCKENNA.

John McKenna is requested to correspond with C. R. Whipple Lodge No. 142 at once.

JOHN HALLORAN.

John Halloran, of No. 144, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

THOMAS POLLARD.

Thomas Pollard, of No. 127, is requested to correspond with Wm. Clark, Box 55, Glendive, Montana.

BLACK LIST.

JOE SNYDER.

Joe Snyder, alias Clayton, formerly of the St. P., M. & M., in company with one named McNamara, has been traveling in the Northwest with a letter issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. to Thomas Pollard, from whom it was stolen. At Glendive, Montana, the letter was taken up by Wm. Clark, who was on the lookout for him. From there they started West, and we are authorized to caution our members against them.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
 Terre Haute, Ind.

F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
 Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.

E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
 Terre Haute, Ind.

S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
 Terre Haute, Ind.

TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
 W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.

D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. J. Hannahan, Chairman Chicago, Ill.

C. J. McGee, Secretary Danville, Ill.

W. E. Burns Chicago, Ill.

A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

Geo. Utter, Drawer 853 St. Thomas, Ont.

Wm. Weiler Port Morris, N. J.

H. H. Burrus Knobel, Ark.

T. H. Vradenbough, 125 Main St.,

B. H. District Boston, Mass.

E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 S. Pueblo, Col.

C. H. Maul, 830 N. 40th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Aurora, Ill.

Zeb Moore, 715 Carroll St. Keokuk, Iowa

F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Omaha, Neb.

G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Toledo, Ohio

W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Evansville, Ind.

E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Elkhart, Ind.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.

C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master

F. L. Smith, Box 1938 Secretary

A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier

J. L. Van Orden, 72 Court House Place,

Jersey City Heights, N. J. Mag. Agent

2. **HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday.
H. S. Lawton Master
A. P. Green, 97 John St. Secretary
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. Financier
Harris Atwood Mag. Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. E. Opp, 508 Grove St. Master
G. Auchter, 202 Newark Ave. Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. Financier
H. Freeland, 720 Jersey Ave. Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Master
W. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
M. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 853 Master
G. Johnson, Drawer 853 Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
O. Dennee Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
A. Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
M. Findlon Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
J. S. Black, 497 C St., S. W. Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St., S. W. Financier
F. A. Childs Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Matthews, Box 376 Master
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
C. C. Cook Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Colt, Commercial Hotel Master
C. Mason, 15 N. Summit St. Secretary
J. J. Kistler, 214 S. High St. Financier
J. J. Lauer, Piqua Shops Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
T. P. Smith, 29 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 50 Brayton St. Financier
E. M. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. Tindall Master
P. Cummins Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
C. J. Rogers Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 895 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Hull, 163 Pacific Ave. Master
R. Mulford, 212 Pacific Ave. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
W. Rhodes, 154 Whiton St. Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washington St. Master
W. T. Screebs, Box 66, Brightwood St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St. Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. Master
G. A. Kell, 33 Charron St. Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Seigneux St. Financier
J. A. Gratrix, 4 Grand Trunk St. Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
J. Smith, 245 N. 11th St. Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. A. Gallaway Master
J. H. Cook Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
H. M. Hogan Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Master
H. B. Sims Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. F. McBean, Box 8 Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 Financier
J. Van Buren Mag. Agent
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 317 Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Secretary
W. Williams, Box 182 Financier
G. Morse Mag. Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kimmswick, Mo. Master
J. D. Fisher, 6707 Minnesota Ave. Secretary
Wm. Cushing, care Mo. Pacific
Ry., Carondelet, Financier
W. M. Cushing Mag. Agent
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. E. Bennett Master
G. C. Pittenger Secretary
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Financier
F. W. Walker Mag. Agent
23. **PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
Glen Ewing Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Secretary
H. E. Peters Financier
J. E. Powell Mag. Agent
25. **CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran Master
L. Selling Secretary
R. S. Pike, L. Box 744 Financier
T. A. Adams Mag. Agent
26. **ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Keeler Master
N. G. Wallace Secretary
C. H. Williams, Box 674 Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
27. **HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 15 12th St. Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
W. T. McGougal Mag. Agent

- 29. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Andrew Struthers Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
C. W. Baskins, Box 824 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
P. A. Loveland Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Bruce Master
R. A. Corson, Box 400 Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
C. A. Clough, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Johnson, 713 N St Master
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St Financier
E. S. Clark, 1324 Commercial St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
E. G. Pearson Master
J. W. Hardesty Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 308 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Key Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
T. Briggs Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Master
F. Kinch Secretary
H. W. Stephens, Box 1297 Financier
G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. Schermerhorn, Box 125 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 488 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 488 Financier
W. Gascoigne Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Ernst, 150 Salem St Master
J. D. Wright, 145 S. 4th St Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
G. H. Thomas, 128 S. 4th St Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. McCormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Drummond, Box 247 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nurey Financier
C. Barker, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, Room 6, Davis Block,
Davenport, Iowa Master
T. K. Holmes, Box 1223 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
C. H. Church Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ West Washing-
ton St Master
C. Young, 911 West Mulberry St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St Financier
W. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2
P. M.
A. Morgan, 10½ W. Dayton St Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1277 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St Financier
N. Caruthers, 2130 S. 6th St Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 162 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. B. Crowe Master
W. O. Shelley, 722 West 4th St. Secretary
W. O. Shelley, 722 West 4th St. Financier
S. Knight, 206 Cross St Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Cunningham, Western Hotel . Master
E. McCormack, 1402 E. Wash-
ington St Secretary
R. M. Goodwin, 730 Monroe St. Financier
J. Dorcey, Care Wash Shops. Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 263 Maxwell Ave Master
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St Secretary
E. J. McQuirk, 1537 Wabash Ave. Financier
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Johnson Master
G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St Financier
G. Gates, 423 Race St Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 500 Master
F. S. Cannon Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
W. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3831 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4744 Indiana Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dear-
born St Financier
J. E. Davis, 168 E. Harrison St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
M. G. Hall, Box 98 Secretary
M. W. Burwell, box 45 Financier
J. A. Dryden, Box 89 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Du Fhone, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
A. Swadner, Box 658 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
R. H. Branch Secretary
C. M. Leavitt, Box 1172 Financier
G. W. Curry Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 867 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 867 Secretary
G. A. Burnham, L. Box 23 Financier
N. G. Chamblin Mag. Agent

55. **BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. Shops . . . Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops . . . Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave . . . Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops . . . Mag. Agent
56. **BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 . . . Master
O. F. Parker . . . Secretary
E. Stewart . . . Financier
Wm. Beagles . . . Mag. Agent
57. **BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Bunker Hill District . . . Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 25 Lincoln St.,
Bunker Hill District, Boston,
Mass . . . Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass . . . Mag. Agent
58. **SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. W. Myers . . . Master
B. G. Stratton . . . Secretary
B. H. Estabrook . . . Financier
J. P. Clark . . . Mag. Agent
59. **ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 . . . Master
R. J. Howard, Box 721 Pueblo, Col. Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 276 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col . . . Financier
W. Henthorn, Canon City, Col. Mag. Agent
60. **UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. . . Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. . . Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. . . Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. . . Mag. Agent
61. **MINNEHAWA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
F. W. Dyer . . . Master
F. Maher, 193 Penn Ave . . . Secretary
J. M. Sheldre, 505 Robert St. . . Financier
B. Bradley, 663 E. 3d St . . . Mag. Agent
62. **VANDERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh . . . Master
S. J. Cobb . . . Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 . . . Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 . . . Mag. Agent
63. **HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
Homer Davis, Box 772 . . . Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772 . . . Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 . . . Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 . . . Mag. Agent
64. **SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely . . . Master
W. H. Roberts . . . Secretary
L. E. Cutting, Box 278 . . . Financier
A. Goodrich . . . Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
J. Angeline . . . Master
Wm. Bauman . . . Secretary
P. G. Lindell . . . Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 . . . Mag. Agent
66. **CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry . . . Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry . . . Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry . . . Financier
J. Casey, G. T. Ry . . . Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. . . Master
T. Cunerty, 38 Hackney St. . . Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. . . Financier
J. Fawcett, 27 Soho St. . . Mag. Agent
68. **EAU CLAIRE; Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Bolsford, Box 190, Altoona,
Wis . . . Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis. . . Financier
C. Miller, Box 76, Altoona, Wis. Mag. Agent
69. **ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer . . . Master
N. J. Scott . . . Secretary
F. W. Barr, Box 294 . . . Financier
F. G. Lawrence . . . Mag. Agent
70. **LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 . . . Master
J. Allen, L. Box 364 . . . Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 . . . Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 364 . . . Mag. Agent
71. **SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 . . . Master
D. V. Rorick . . . Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 . . . Financier
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 . . . Mag. Agent
72. **WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. . . Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. . . Financier
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. . . Mag. Agent
73. **BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 1st Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St. . . Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court . . . Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. . . Financier
S. Loynd, 73 Green St. . . Mag. Agent
74. **KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. . . Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. . . Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. . . Financier
E. A. Shipley, Cor. 9th and Mul-
berry Sts. . . Mag. Agent
G. N. Herron, Box 18, Armstrong,
Kansas . . . Mag. Agent
75. **ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 8837 Haverford St. . . Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1009 H. 19th St. . . Secretary
F. Dupell, 532 N. 35th St. . . Financier
W. H. Guthrie . . . Mag. Agent
76. **NEW ERA; Fergus Fall, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251 . . . Master
G. Miller, L. Box 330 . . . Secretary
G. Miller, L. Box 330 . . . Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 . . . Mag. Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
M. S. O'Rourke, 300 S. 11th St. . . Master
M. W. Wilson, 349 7th St. . . Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. . . Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
78. **GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham . . . Master
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 . . . Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 . . . Financier
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 . . . Mag. Agent
79. **J. M. DODGE; Reedhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
W. E. Donnelly, Box 188 . . . Master
D. M. Young . . . Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 . . . Financier
F. Cuykendall . . . Mag. Agent
80. **SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 . . . Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 438 . . . Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 . . . Financier
G. Goding, Box 252 . . . Mag. Agent
W. H. Dunphy, Box 438 . . . Mag. Agent

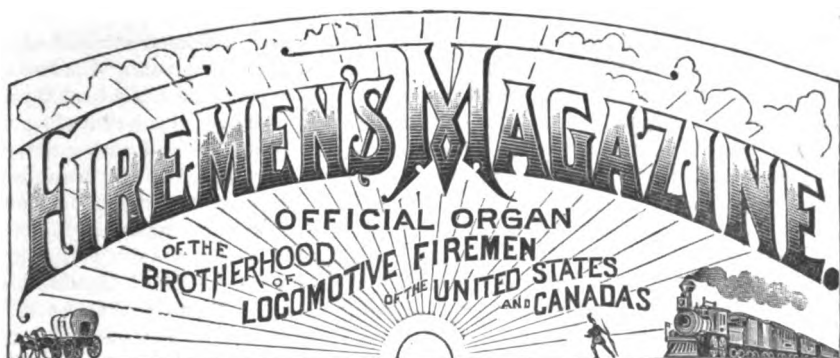
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Secretary
W. Lincoln, Box 752 Financier
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 3d St. S. Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
W. E. Richmond, 820 13th St. N. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
J. T. Gaynon, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
R. L. Craig Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Hghe, Box 1823 Master
J. Oxtaby, Box 2192, Battle Creek, Mich. Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
W. McNeill Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1786 Master
C. Jennings, L. Box 870 Secretary
A. H. Dixon, L. Box 870 Financier
J. Kellum Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. H. Haskins, Box 302 Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 186 Secretary
T. Lynch Financier
H. W. Smith Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart, Box 69 Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
T. F. Croake, Box 88 Financier
M. A. Noble Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson Master
J. M. Sights Secretary
L. E. Bemis Financier
N. Gorman Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
W. B. Taney Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
G. Batteiger Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Financier
C. K. Stewart, Box 317, San Diego Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
T. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops Secretary
C. N. Wyckoff, S. P. R. R. Shops Financier
A. Detrich, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Spath, 39 Tollman St. Master
T. Lee, 10 Babcock St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 West Utica St. Financier
J. Hartigan Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Swartz Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
R. Gurley Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 Master
H. Gray, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
F. W. Clough, 303 Blue Island Ave. Master
J. Warn, 345 W. Fulton St. Secretary
L. P. Smith, 292 Fulton St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leibtag Master
D. W. Davidson Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. M. King Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 Master
F. Horner, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
W. J. Grant Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
G. S. Cole Secretary
R. W. Shields Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foebrer St. Financier
G. Bowden, 6 Fairmount St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
W. H. Hummell Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
D. E. Hayes Secretary
F. S. Payne, 620 E. Maple St. Financier
C. M. Krull, 611 E. Locust St. Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 846 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. P. Farrer, 827 Churchill St. Mag. Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCK"; Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
W. M. Reardon Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
O. M. Crane, Box 76 Financier
Phil. Smith Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 235 Berrin St. Master
C. McCutchin Secretary
J. C. Herron, 624 Mulberry St. Financier
J. T. Quinlivan Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. Mag. Agent

- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
H. G. Bechhold Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
M. Glynn Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
J. C. McCabe Master
Wm. Davis Secretary
M. Heatherman, Box 23 Financier
J. W. Shea Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 4th St. Master
W. Davis, 3019 Atlantic St. Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 2826 Chouteau Ave. Financier
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
J. E. Brown Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell Master
J. Toal, Box 111 Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 566 Financier
J. Dolan Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. Joyce Master
C. Sura Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
W. C. Vawter Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
N. C. Grant Master
S. L. Bristol Secretary
G. L. Oram Financier
J. Davis Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 Secretary
J. Dunn, Box 625 Financier
A. Heenan Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between 38th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and Mth St. Financier
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and Mth St. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson Master
H. R. Boucher Secretary
M. Gleason Financier
G. H. Dawson Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 565 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 315 Grey St. Financier
R. Lister, Simcoe St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
W. E. Gymer, Richmond St. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond St. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond St. Financier
H. Taylor, Richmond St. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
W. J. Gorham, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 88 Otisco St. Master
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
J. M. Herman, 179 Gifford St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 88 Tully St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Master
W. Brewer Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 81 Financier
O. C. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline, Box 421 Master
S. A. Mayall, Box 242 Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 Financier
H. W. Henson Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. G. Andrews Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
E. G. Fox Master
Wm. Ralt, Box 356 Secretary
E. L. Gregg Financier
E. G. Fox Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
G. S. Tubbs Master
F. W. Snyder, Box 1636 Secretary
M. Keillher Financier
J. T. Dutcher Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
J. C. Clark Secretary
F. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gilleece Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Thornton, Tecumseh House Master
T. S. Gill, C. P. Round House Secretary
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Financier
H. Lynes, 88 Common St. Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 55 Master
W. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Merseaux, Box 55 Financier
C. E. Davis, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Hooper, Box 494 Master
P. G. Crippen Secretary
G. R. Tedford, Box 494 Financier
J. H. Coterill, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Citybourne St. Secretary
L. Bynes, 527 Greenbush St. Financier
J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
L. F. Jackson Secretary
G. M. Ratcliffe, Box 450, Stevens Point, Wis. Financier
G. Whilling Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Box 10 Master
F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29 Secretary
W. T. Trusty, Box 37 Financier
J. McDonald Mag. Agent

- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. H. White Master
V. C. London Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
V. C. London Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Richford, Vermont.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
H. E. Cowan Master
H. E. Wade Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and
3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. S. Wheeler, Box 184 Master
D. B. Morrissey Secretary
M. P. Williams Financier
J. S. Wheeler Mag. Agent
J. Boyers Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. M. Johnson, Box 273 Master
G. Campbell Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
T. G. Dayman Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
P. J. Cook Master
A. Weygandt Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
F. Cooper Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Stow, Box 1257 Master
H. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
G. W. Mills, Box 766 Financier
J. Guhin Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
E. Goble Secretary
E. F. Wright Financier
N. B. Whyers Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 134 Master
M. W. Higgins Secretary
W. D. Yates, Box 509 Financier
A. F. Duey, Box 23 Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. POKTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
W. G. Lyons, 51 Melita St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M. and
every 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 186 Broadway Financier
F. Bittman, 107 Erie St. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, cor. Wood and Di-
vision sts Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin, Box 450 Secretary
J. Norton, Box 448 Financier
J. Norton, Box 448 Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 186 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
W. Creighton, (178) Cor. McKinnie
and Travis Sts. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
R. J. McCool, Box 32 Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
L. E. Mayo Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sun-
day at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 249 W. 128th St. Master
W. J. McCall, 326 Ninth Ave. Secretary
Mogull Call, 70 W. 92d St. Financier
J. H. White, 280 E. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
H. Hall, 93 Murray St. E. Mag. Agent
J. Reid, 143 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
T. M. Perry Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willauer Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
Arthur Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Secretary
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Janders, Box 256 Master
R. P. Wardlaw Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
W. J. Dunnivant Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Malin Secretary
C. H. Walr Financier
A. L. Sterley Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Van Ronk, 124 Russell St. Master
B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
J. Hamlin, 521 Fort St. Mag. Agent

159. **W. H. THOMAS**; Nashville, Tenn.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Hampton Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. Secretary
Nashville, Tenn.
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nash-
ville, Tenn. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 616 Locust St. Mag. Agent
160. **C. J. HEPBURN**; Evansville, Ind.
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 616 Locust St. Mag. Agent
161. **HERALD**; Burlington, Iowa.
J. W. Galvan, 513 S. Main St. Master
W. H. Wilder, Cor. Linn and S.
6th Sts. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison
St. Financier
F. L. Burtch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
162. **PROSPECT**; Elkhart, Ind.
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
W. A. Stephenson Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
J. F. Bristol Mag. Agent
163. **ETNA**; Jonesboro, Ark.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, L. Box 29 Master
W. H. De France, L. Box 29 Secretary
J. N. Jennings, L. Box 29 Financier
E. K. Park, L. Box 29 Mag. Agent
164. **EEL RIVER**; Butler, Ind.
G. E. Crider Master
E. A. Laughran Secretary
J. B. Gossage Financier
J. H. Crider Mag. Agent
165. **ROBERT ANDREWS**; Andrews, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Iry Financier
G. Edwards Mag. Agent
166. **WM. HUGO**; Huntington, Ind.
P. Foster Master
G. H. Marston Secretary
C. Wyman Financier
G. H. Marston Mag. Agent
167. **MOUNT HOOD**; The Dalles, Oregon.
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. Tucker, Box 134 Master
L. E. Ferguson, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Mag. Agent
168. **GUARD RAIL**; North La Crosse, Wis.
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2 P. M.
F. Stirmemann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
169. **H. G. BROOKS**; Hornellsville, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday evening.
H. Loushay, Box 1179 Master
J. S. Lanning, Box 1053 Secretary
W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
D. Lawler Mag. Agent
170. **PRAIRIE**; Huron, Dakota.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. H. Sutphen Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
A. S. Cralk Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
171. **SUNBEAM**; Truro, Nova Scotia.
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 224 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Financier
P. O. Toole, 60 Russell St., Hal-
ifax, Nova Scotia Mag. Agent
172. **F. G. LAWRENCE**; Ottawa, Ontario.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Financier
J. P. Smith, Rochesterville,
P. O. Mag. Agent
173. **PACIFIC**; Winslow, Arizona.
Meets every Sunday evening.
P. A. Neely Master
A. L. Parker Secretary
W. H. Farnsworth Financier
T. J. Welsh Mag. Agent
174. **HARRISBURG**; Harrisburg, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. Kirchner, 518 Calder St. Master
H. S. Gingrich, 1412 Wallace St. Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 8th St. Financier
L. Fridy, 480 Boas St. Mag. Agent
175. **TAYLOR**; Newark, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
J. S. Buckingham, Box C Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
F. M. Howard, Box C Financier
J. Adkins, Box 790 Mag. Agent
176. **MAIN LINE**; Clinton, Ill.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff, Box 374 Master
C. H. Porter Secretary
J. Hart Financier
A. F. Ely Mag. Agent
177. **SUNSET**; Marshall, Texas.
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
W. Ridener Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 120 Secretary
C. H. DeWolf Financier
W. H. Green Mag. Agent
178. **SALT LAKE**; Salt Lake City, Utah.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, Box 1081 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, Box 1081 Financier
D. Love, Box 1081 Mag. Agent
179. **BEE-HIVE**; Lincoln, Neb.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Mag. Agent
180. **THREE STATES**; Cairo, Ill.
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaeckel Mag. Agent
181. **WELLINGTON**; Palmerston, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Hobson Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sangeen P. O. Mag. Agent
182. **GOOD INTENT**; Erie, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
E. A. Brown, 448 E. 18th St. Master
G. W. Miller, 229 W. 22d St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and
French Sts. Mag. Agent
183. **LAKE SHORE**; Collinwood, Ohio.
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Mag. Agent
184. **LIMA**; Lima, Ohio.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Thompson Master
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers Financier
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Mag. Agent

- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. R. Reeves Master
C. W. Bull Secretary
J. R. Conklin Financier
J. McGraw Mag. Agent
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Kerins, 416 31st St. Master
T. J. Scanlan, 3138 S. LaSalle St. Secretary
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Financier
M. Jordan, 3149 Hanover St. Mag. Agent
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Darigan Master
A. Richardson Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
H. Lyons Mag. Agent
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M. and
2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
J. Devine, 380 Hubbard St. Secretary
C. Benjamin, 38 Artesian Ave. Financier
C. Billmeyer, 29 Diller St. Mag. Agent
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M.
R. C. Belknap, Box 186, Green Bay, /
Wis. Master
G. Hanrahan Secretary
R. Parks Financier
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green
Bay, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Crandell, Box 84 Master
Geo. H. Kings Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn
Iowa Financier
W. McAvinney Mag. Agent
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Fields, Box 16 Master
F. Foote, Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, Box 16 Financier
C. Fitzpatrick, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
E. Huggins, Jr. Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
J. B. Reed Mag. Agent
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Remington Master
H. W. Hall Secretary
C. H. Barnell Financier
C. H. Remington Mag. Agent
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 1 P. M.
M. T. Tisher Master
J. M. Lucy Secretary
P. J. Freeman Financier
M. T. Tisher Mag. Agent
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Buckley Master
W. J. Glennan Secretary
A. J. Will Financier
J. F. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Col.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
F. W. Hawks, Box 39, Como, Col. Master
C. F. Donovan, 227 E. 12th St. Secretary
A. A. Philliber, 1313 Poplar St. Financier
W. J. Armitage, Cadillac House, Mag. Agent
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savannah, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
J. F. Sweeney, Box 12, Savannah, Ill. Master
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 937 Center St.,
Racine, Wis. Financier
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
T. H. Sheppard, Box 184 Secretary
L. R. Sherman Financier
F. P. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
J. F. Crowe, 113 W. Boardman St. Secretary
D. Heinselman Financier
C. Batelle Mag. Agent
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
C. C. Griffin Master
J. F. Hutchison Secretary
Edward Lake Financier
Witt Campbell Mag. Agent
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
S. J. Stearns Master
B. H. Lashley Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
J. D. Bledsoe Mag. Agent
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
W. C. Danenbush Master
Geo. W. McClure Secretary
C. M. Gorman Financier
J. G. Burkline Mag. Agent
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
Geo. J. Hurley Master
L. E. Parker, Box 105 Secretary
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Financier
J. H. Reneman, Box 351 Mag. Agent
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Albuquerque, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
A. W. Clark Master
C. E. Cramer Secretary
F. M. Armstrong, Box 240 Financier
C. E. Cramer Mag. Agent
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
E. Leat, Box 313 Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Secretary
J. Tally, 57 Adams St. Financier
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Mag. Agent
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
T. J. Farrell Master
O. E. Work Secretary
E. F. Bynane Financier
J. Cherry Mag. Agent
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019 Master
Wm. F. Phillips, Box 974 Secretary
A. L. Carskadden, Box 185 Financier
A. Heckmann, Box 80 Mag. Agent
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. J. Lannan Master
J. P. McDonald Secretary
J. Elston Financier
E. Pettis Mag. Agent
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. McCourtly Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. B. Combs Financier
A. Hartibus Mag. Agent
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Carrol Master
W. Goggin Secretary
G. T. Polmateer Financier
J. Zelser Mag. Agent
- 211. ONZKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Bennett Master
H. L. Breisch Secretary
C. Long Financier
H. L. Breisch Mag. Agent



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JUNE, 1884.

NO. 6.

HUNGRY JOE'S DEFEAT.

New York Times.

On the 27th day of August a man arrayed in store clothes, a slouch hat, and blue spectacles, registered at a fashionable hotel on Broadway as B. Ashley, of Abilene, Kansas. The stranger had just come in by the Western express from Chicago on the Erie road. His garments were the product of a ready-made clothing store in Abilene, and they added slightly to his general bucolic appearance. His hands and face were tanned, he walked with the parenthetical gait of one whose legs had been curved by years spent in the saddle, and his bearing was in other respects indicative of the wild Western borderman. Mr. Ashley speedily developed other tendencies of the prairie type. He insisted upon going out for exercise on horseback every morning shortly after daybreak, and upon these occasions he employed his own rawhide bridle and his well-worn Mexican saddle, which had formed a part of his luggage. His accent was a peculiar blending of English and Western types of speech. He had weak eyes and was in consultation with a prominent physician here, while stopping for a month in New York on his way to Europe to put himself under the care of the most eminent oculists abroad. Mr. Ashley seemed to have very little occupation beyond horseback riding at unearthly hours of the morning, visiting his man of medicine in the afternoon, and lounging about the immense and richly gilded rotunda of the hotel in

the evening. He was bountifully supplied with cash, and he expended it with considerable liberality. He smoked a good deal, but drank little, because his doctor had objected to one habit and absolutely forbidden the other, by reason of its effects on the patient's eyes. Many people about the hotel drank at the expense of Mr. Ashley, but he seldom indulged himself in more cheering beverages than lemonade and vichy.

One day Mr. Ashley strolled through the lobby of the hotel in the company of a young man whose face is well known to the regular promenaders of Broadway. This young man is always faultlessly dressed and clean shaven. He has prominent features and peculiarly thin and compressed lips. He lives handsomely, and always has plenty of cash. With his new-found companion, Mr. Ashley, the weak-eyed child of the guileless West, occupied a seat in the bar-room for some little time. Upon this occasion Mr. Ashley departed from his usual custom sufficiently to assist in the liberal absorption of champagne. When his Broadway friend went away, Mr. Ashley sauntered again through the office of the hotel. He was beckoned by one of the clerks.

"Mr. Ashley, how long since you have been in New York?" queried the gentleman behind the diamond stud.

"Near eight year," responded that uninformed gentleman. "Never was here afore, and never since."

"Do you know the person who just left you?"

"Yes. Met him two nights ago at the Madison Square. I couldn't buy a seat, and he offered me one of his. Said his friend hadn't come and he would be glad to accommodate a stranger; so we sat together. Seems to be a nice sort of a chap."

"I have no doubt of that," continued the clerk with a slight air of superior knowledge, not unblended with sarcasm. "That young man is Hungry Joe, one of the most celebrated confidence operators in America."

"You don't say," drawled the Western man slowly, and with some astonishment. "Well, I'm darned."

He went thoughtfully away. That night the young man with the thin lips and the handsome clothes called for Mr. Ashley after dinner. As they came through the office the occidental innocent took out a large pocket-book filled to repletion with money, drew from its inner recesses about \$5,000, and deposited the wallet, with the balance of its contents, in the hotel safe. His companion viewed this proceeding with a passive face but a gleaming eye, and the two went out together. Mr. Ashley returned to the hotel just in time to take his morning ride on horseback. He slept until about 4 in the afternoon. Then he drew \$200 from his wallet and left.

"You are fully warned," observed the clerk, as he handed over the amount, "and it is your own fault if you lose any money to Hungry Joe."

"Correct," responded Mr. Ashley, stuffing the bills into his pocket.

His next appearance in the hotel was a little after midnight, and this time he put \$300 away in the wallet, with the declaration that the New York sharps might be pretty stiff on bunko, but they were a little behind the times on draw-poker. "In my country," he explained, "two deuces and a bowie will open a jack pot every time."

Mr. Ashley passed several days in quiet and seclusion. A full week went by before he drifted out again with his companion of the compressed lips. The next day after that he drew a round \$1,000

from the safe, and seemed annoyed when the clerk smiled a broad and knowing smile. "No game ever fazed me," said Mr. Ashley in a dogged way, "and a man who can hold up his end with cowboys isn't going to be bested by any broadcloth brigade that was ever hatched." There was a lull of eight or ten days in the proceedings, and then Mr. Ashley drew another \$1,000. A couple of days later he drew \$850 more. That afternoon he went for a drive with his gentlemanly companion. His face had been suffused with sadness all the morning, but it was noticed that he seemed somewhat brighter when he returned from the drive. That evening Hungry Joe and two of his well known Broadway companions spent several hours in earnest conversation with Mr. Ashley. That gentleman's weak eyes made it necessary to wear his broad hat well down over his forehead. When the three young men went away the merest shadow of a smile played about the mouth of the Western man. From the table at which they had sat the three young fellows went straight to the telegraph office, where they sent the following dispatch:

Postmaster, Abilene, Kansas:

Do you know Benjamin Ashley, cattle-raiser? Telegraph full particulars, my expense.

R. DICKSON, Brewer House, New York.

The reply was evidently in all respects satisfactory, and within two days Mr. Ashley received in his rooms at the hotel a visit from the three confidence operators and a lawyer, who is more or less celebrated in this city. The head porter of the hotel was called up into the room after the visitors had been there an hour or longer, and was requested to append his signature to a certain document in the capacity of a witness to the signing thereof. This done, and the papers signed by Mr. Ashley, a large sum of money was paid over by the gentleman with the thin lips, and the porter retired with a five-dollar bill out of the pile. The visitors shortly withdrew from the hotel, and Mr. Ashley deposited that night the sum of \$14,000 cold cash in the office of the hotel. Two days afterward he took passage on a Guion steamer for Liverpool, having ex-

plained to the hotel clerk that he had sold a half-interest in his Kansas cattle ranch to his friends, and that Hungry Joe, as he was called, had expressed a wish to retire from city life. Mr. Ashley was "seen off" by his enthusiastic New York acquaintances after the most approved style of the art. They toasted him right royally in "yellow label," presented him with a big basket of flowers with the word "Farewell" in large blue letters across the center, and otherwise marked his departure with evidences of their tender regard.

Mr. Ashley had been gone from the fashionable Broadway hotel precisely eleven days, when a tall man came in from a carriage that was loaded with trunks and steamer chairs and other appliances of ocean travel. He signed himself on the register, "Benjamin Ashley, London." The clerk looked up hurriedly as if to apologize for not recognizing his guest, then looked surprised, then muttered a hasty word or two, and assigned the stranger a room, all in a confused and preoccupied way. This was apparently another Benjamin Ashley. He was tall and slender, and well dressed, and pale. But he spoke with a slightly Americanized English accent, not unlike that of the other Benjamin Ashley. The clerk was pretty well puzzled, and that night he took good care to have the stranger's full name and address inserted in the list of arrivals published daily in a periodical devoted to that purpose and carefully read by the confidence fraternity. The clerk went on duty early the next day, and as he had fully expected, one of the first callers was the thin-lipped young man, who asked to have his name sent up to Mr. Ashley's room. Word came back that Mr. Ashley would see the gentleman in the drawing-room, and thither the clerk followed after a moment. Hungry Joe was sitting in a large arm-chair when the tall man from London came into the apartment. The New Yorker merely bestowed a passing glance on Mr. Ashley and looked away. The Englishman, however, seeing no one else excepting the clerk, advanced courteously and said:

"Did you wish to see me. I am Mr. Ashley."

"Eh?" queried Hungry Joe, with a startled look. "You're not Mr. Benjamin Ashley?"

"Precisely."

"Not of Kansas?"

"Yes, of Abilene, Kansas. How can I serve you?"

The thin lips of the confidence man were rather white by this time, and they were more firmly compressed than ever. He regarded the tall Englishman in a dazed fashion for a few moments. Then he asked:

"Do you own a large cattle ranch thirty-five miles south of Abilene?"

"I believe I do. Why do you ask?"

"Been to Europe to have your eyes doctored?"

"Yes. I have now been abroad four months. But, my young friend, these questions are rather odd. Please explain yourself."

"Odd!" echoed the Broadway man. "Well, I should think they were. If you are Benjamin Ashley, and you do own that ranch, the cleverest man in the country has given me a deal, that's all. Why, it ain't two weeks ago that me and two friends bought a half interest in that ranch, and, by George! the man who sold us stopped in this same hotel."

Mr. Ashley seemed rather astonished by this information, and beckoned the clerk, who had been listening to their conversation quite intently. That individual gave a careful description of the previous Mr. Ashley, and the New York sharper told how he had won some \$3,250 from the man who was on his way to Europe for the benefit of his eyes. He had represented himself as the owner of the Ashley ranch, and at his request the speaker had telegraphed the Abilene postmaster, who had replied giving details as to the property, which is valued at about \$50,000, and had added that Mr. Ashley himself had gone abroad for medical treatment. The man had represented that he wanted to make certain expenditures in Europe, and that his card losses would prevent unless he could dispose of

an interest in his ranch. He produced deeds to establish his ownership, and they seemed satisfactory even to the lawyers. Thinking he had a chance to get \$25,000 worth of material for \$14,000, the victim had taken two friends in with him, and by clubbing together they had raised the necessary amount.

"Really," observed the Englishman when the recital was finished. "I am very sorry for you, but you have unquestionably been swindled. For my part I shall not have the slightest difficulty in establishing my identity. As to your friend, the bogus Mr. Ashley, he is probably one of my cow-boys, Henry Barnes by name. The description certainly fits that person. He came to the ranch—let me see—about 14 months ago and asked for a place. Now I remember he wasn't much like the other boys, but I needed more help, and I took him on. He may have been in hiding for some crime, for all I know. But on the plains we can scarcely go into such matters. He did his work all right, and seemed rather more refined than his companions, though he tried to conceal it. I heard once or twice from my men that he played a very cold hand at poker."

"He does," said Hungry Joe mournfully.

"He was an expert penman, now I come to think of it, and he did some work of that sort for me. He was still there when I came away."

"And that's the cuss who got off to Europe with my money, hang him," burst in the defrauded confidence operator, angrily. "What's worse, he went away full of my champagne, and smelling of my basket of flowers. That man's a d—d swindler, that's what he is."

"PAT, why in the name of Jupiter are you lying there with that stone on your stomach?" "Be aisy now! O'im jist carryin' out a hint o' got from the docther. He guve me a divil av a dose this mornin' and says he, 'Pat, me b'y, ye must try yer bisht to kape it down,' an' be jabbers, ef its requiored, I'll put anither shtun atop o' this, but oi'll do it."

FEMALE WAGE WORKERS.

John Swinton's paper, published in New York City, describes the manner in which one hundred thousand women in that great city struggle for a living. When young and pretty they do not find it so difficult to obtain employment, but when they begin to fade from overwork and years they must give way for others more attractive, no matter how faithfully they have discharged their duties. The wages they earn are so small they can scarcely manage to live upon them, and it is impossible for them to save anything to live upon when they are dismissed. As they grow older and understand their business better, their pay is gradually reduced, and they dare not complain. Should they muster up courage enough to make complaint, they are told there are thousands of others anxious to take their places. Knowing this to be true and recognizing the uncertainty of their tenure of position, if you will allow the term, they sorrowfully bear it and toil and economize and suffer. The facts plead more strongly for them than any man can.

They having no trades unions, or societies, there are no market rates of wages. Much of the work is done by piece; \$20 per week is the very highest sum paid to any woman known to the protective union, but this class is so small as to be hardly worth counting. It is composed of forewomen in dressmaking, fur trimming or cloak making shops. Some few young women of exceptional ability earn \$10 to \$15 a week on type writers. Some girls get as low as \$1 a week, and \$2 and \$4 is as much as thousands of girls can earn in stores and factories. Girls who earn \$6 to \$7 a week are a source of envy to thousands of their less fortunate sisters. The average earnings of one hundred thousand working women in New York city, according to the most careful estimate, is just four and a half dollars each week, and out of that sum they must pay for board and clothes.

Such a revelation should cause the cheek of every man, in whose bosom chivalry finds lodgment, or bravery has a home, to tingle with shame. Since the

world was cast from the hand of the Creator into infinite space man has, on bended knees, worshipped the shrine of womanhood and female virtue. She has been the highest theme of poet, painter and genius wherever found. In all ages the height of chivalric action has been to protect women from suffering, but now, in this enlightened time, when man prides himself upon his civilization and attainments, woman, the tender, frail vine that twines about the stalwart oak—man, for protection, is found in the very heart of civilization a being to be made to suffer and toil and labor that her master may revel in wealth. Shame that is so. "Tis true, 'tis pity: pity 'tis 'tis true." But the insatiable thirst for gold hardens men's hearts and they chuckle with glee, and jingle the glittering gold in their pockets, while beholding a delicate woman working for them for two dollars a week.

THROUGH TO MEXICO BY RAIL.

Texas Siftings.

On the morning of the 28th of March, at 7:20 o'clock, the first complete train that ever traversed the long stretch of steel and iron extending from Chicago to the City of Mexico, drew up at the Union Depot, in the former city, flying the flags of the two republics. This train had passed over the Mexican Central, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the Hannibal & St. Joseph, and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroads; the lines, when so united, forming an unbroken course of 2,500 miles in length. The train left the City of Mexico at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, arriving at Chicago at 7:20 the following Friday morning, and consequently made the trip in nearly eight hours less than six days.

There is something more than the mere completion of a railroad in this event; it is the consummation of the binding together, with bands of iron, the two republics, and the beginning of that political union which the believers in "manifest destiny" believe is sure to come, with the railroad lines traversing the two republics, and the gradual, but natural, influx of Americans into Mexico, which is

sure to follow as rapidly as the barriers of Mexican prejudice are broken down, and the commercial interests invite the migration. Ours is the stronger, hardier, more pushing, aggressive, active and enterprising race, and we believe that it is only a question of time as to Mexico being Americanized, and, although it may never come to be part and parcel of the United States, it will gradually feel the effects of our higher civilization, and there will ultimately be an alliance, offensive and defensive politically, and commercial reciprocity between the two countries. "Peace hath its victories as well as war," and this is probably the beginning of the new conquest of Mexico through the arts of peace.

There is no telling what time may bring forth. The opening of the Union Pacific Railroad created something of a physical revolution in the Western portion of this continent, and gave an impetus to the development of nearly as large a section of country as Mexico, and it is anticipated that the new railroad connections will have something of the same sort of effect upon our Southern neighbor.

It takes time, but the natural inclination of different communities, imbued with the same political ideas of government, is to gravitate toward each other, and this and a mutuality of interests are enough to bring together Mexicans and Americans, who are no more distinctive than were the people of Louisiana and of New England, when the former was bought by our government. We, of the present generation, may not live to see it, but the time will probably come when, in consideration of support for a little appropriation in the River and Harbor bill to connect Wauquash river by canal with Camapuscau lake, the "Senator from Labrador" will agree with the "Senator from Tehuantepec," who desires a canal across the isthmus, to join in the support of the appropriation desired by the "Senator from Oahu," to deepen the harbor of Honolulu.

ONE trouble makes us forget a thousand mercies.

THE OPINIONS OF WOMEN.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

In this high noon of our civilization, this period of learning, the triumphs of science, invention, art and culture, of advanced thought and free thought, when old things are passing away and the new numbers its votaries by thousands and by millions, it occurs to us that the opinions of women possess far greater value than usually accorded them. It is a fact of remarkable significance, however stubbornly it may be opposed or reluctantly admitted by the masculine half of the race, that women have correct opinions upon all matters affecting the well being of society. Some men may honestly doubt the proposition; if so they are ignorant. If not ignorant they have not the courage of conviction and occupy an unenviable position.

It may be well to remark that the press of the country is constantly engaged in publishing the opinions of men—rarely the opinions of women upon any subject whatever. We have the opinions of judges, lawyers and legislators, of business men, clergymen and educators, but seldom the opinions of women. It is not to be presumed that in matters of government, religion, education, science and art that American women are either ignorant of passing events or indifferent to their logic, but it is true, nevertheless, that the world is to a very great extent deprived of the benefit of women's opinions, except it may be in the more trivial affairs of life. It may be said, indeed, the remark is repeatedly made, that a woman's opinions are for her "sphere," which, it is further asserted, is her home. A good opinion should not be confined to one home. It should have free course, run and be glorified in all homes and in all hearts. The sphere of good opinions should be the circuit of the earth, and the opinions of women are to be measured by the same standards that determine the value of men's opinions. They must stand or fall, not because they are the opinions of women, but rather, because they are right and robust, or because they are wrong and weak, and publishers of

newspapers, if they were properly influenced, would see to it that the opinions of women upon current topics that touch the interests of society at many vital points occupied greater prominence in their columns.

We have before us two numbers of the *Terre Haute Saturday Mail*, in each of which we find contributions from the pen of Ida A. Harper, under the caption of "A Woman's Opinions." Mrs. Harper wields a bold, vigorous and incisive pen. She analyzes with consummate ability. She probes with the steady nerve of an experienced surgeon, and the critical perusal of her "opinions" forces the conclusion that she is a close observer and an intelligent student of affairs. She is not devoid of sentiment. She loves home, and her words, as wife and mother, glorify domestic duties. She manifestly loves society, and, if she talks as she writes, she must certainly be a gem in any shining social circle. We do not presume that Ida A. Harper is indifferent to the edicts of fashion to those things which, however trivial, in themselves considered, in the aggregate go far towards perfecting those social and personal charms which we often denote as things of beauty and joys forever. But we write particularly of "A Woman's Opinions," as Ida A. Harper expresses them in the columns of the *Mail*. She writes of "political shadows" in a way to find the substance, and she handles tariff questions without gloves. She shows that she has thought seriously upon the subject of education, and that she has not been unmindful of the claims of theology. She writes of Langtry and beauty, of theaters, their virtues and vices, in the best style of womanly wisdom, and she upbraids the Church with a refinement of logic which must eventually and inevitably become the basis of valuable reforms. There is not much of what is called "woman's rights" in Ida A. Harper's writings. There are no whims, no vagaries. She seemingly ignores the doubtful. She has no longings for the unattainable. She is eminently practical. Had we the space we could easily demonstrate the truth of the assertion by

extracts from the columns of the Mail and the Firemen's Magazine. She champions the beautiful, the true. She has boundless faith in the capacities of men and women to go on to perfection. There are beautiful homes in the world. Ida A. Harper believes all homes may be beautiful, where love and confidence may reign beautifully. She believes some men are pure, noble, generous and brave, and that all may occupy the same plane. Such opinions ought to command respect and exert a healthy influence. "A Woman's Opinions," as voiced by Ida A. Harper, in the *Terre Haute Mail* cannot return void. It is the law that they shall exert an influence for good, and the law will be fulfilled. It cannot be revoked. There are thousands of women who entertain opinions similar to those exposed by Ida A. Harper, and the press of the country ought to adopt methods whereby they could meet the public eye and ear, judgment and conscience as fully and as frequently as the opinions of men.

THRILLING SCENE ON A CAR.

Passengers on the Chicago & Alton train that left Kansas City the other evening for St. Louis witnessed a thrilling incident, which had an interest second only to a train robbery, occurring, as it did, at the dead of night, and while the train was rattling along at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. The train left Kansas City in the evening, and among the passengers who boarded it at one of the way stations was a man named Powell, a druggist, of Gilliam, Mo. Conductor J. W. Dunsmore came through the train from the forward part, collecting tickets. When he reached the place where Powell sat he stopped for his fare. Powell said that he wanted to get off at Gilliam.

"This train does not stop at Gilliam," said the conductor. "You will have to ride to Glasgow, as that's our nearest stopping place."

"But I don't want to go to Glasgow," responded Powell, growing very indignant.

"I can't help that; I have to obey orders. This train never stops at Gilliam."

A controversy followed, in which Powell got very angry, but finally he paid his fare and the dispute was supposed to be settled. Dunsmore moved on through the train collecting fares. He had gone a few yards only when Powell got up, put one hand in his pocket, and followed. He overtook the conductor near the rear of the second car from the last. Just as Dunsmore had opened the door and was stepping out on the dark platform Powell came up close behind him, threw his left arm around Dunsmore's head, and pulled it back so as to expose his throat. At the same instant he drew from his pocket with his right hand a large pocket knife, the blade of which was opened, and made a desperate attempt to cut Dunsmore's throat.

The conductor was at a great disadvantage. The train was running at such a high rate of speed as to make a foothold on the platform somewhat precarious, and the roar and the darkness prevented him at first from judging of the character of the assault. His disadvantage was increased by the fact that one of his hands is maimed, and he has only a partial use of it. Still he was game, and, throwing up his good arm, he managed to strike the hand that held the knife just as it was reaching for his throat. The effect was to change the direction of Powell's thrust and the knife sank into Dunsmore's cheek just below the eye. A hard pull at it made it tear its way in a semi-circular course through the flesh, baring the cheek bone for several inches. Dunsmore clutched at the knife, but missed it, and Powell, still garroting him from behind, made another thrust at his face, cutting the other cheek in exactly the same manner. Before he could strike again Dunsmore, who is a muscular man, tore himself free, and, turning round, struck Powell two heavy blows in the face with his good hand, knocking him back several feet into the car through the open door. The passengers by this time became aware of the desperate struggle going on, and separated the men. Powell resumed his seat.

Dunsmore went through the next car

and, almost crying in his anger at the assault, begged that somebody lend him a revolver. One of the passengers, on learning the circumstances, gave him a revolver, first, however, exacting a promise that he would use it only for the purpose of arresting Powell, and not for revenge. Cocking the weapon, Dunsmore went forward to the car where Powell sat. As Dunsmore entered the car with cocked revolver, gleaming eyes, mutilated face, and clothes, cheeks and whiskers covered with blood, the picture was most dramatic, and the passengers, who did not know of the promise given by him when he procured the pistol, were appalled at the prospect of a tragedy. Approaching the seat occupied by Powell, Dunsmore covered him with the revolver, and, in a voice which was heard above the roar of the train, exclaimed:

"Now, throw up your hands."

Powell saw by the wounded man's eyes that death was the only alternative, and he slowly and sullenly raised his hands above his head and remained motionless. The tableaux was a striking one. Dunsmore ordered him to give up that knife. Still holding up one hand he put the other in his pocket and produced the knife, which Dunsmore took possession of. He was then told that he was a prisoner and he remained perfectly submissive until the train reached Glasgow, where he was given in charge of a constable. The conductor's wounds are not of a dangerous character, but he will be disfigured for life.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"How long have you been married?" asked the clerk at the hotel desk, as the elderly bridegroom registered.

"Two weeks," replied the happy man.

"Front!" cried the clerk, "show the gentlemen to parlor B. Fifteen dollars a day, sir."

"Third wife," calmly said the guest.

"Oh excuse me. Front, show the gentlemen to 824 back. Four dollars a week, sir."

HAPPY love counts lost moments.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

About the end of the eighteenth century whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question, "Who murdered Downie?" Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between "town and gown;" although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatised as murderers, when their accusers have probability on their side; but the "taking off" of Downie occurred when the gowmsmen so maligned were in swaddling clothes. But there was a time when to be branded as an accomplice in the murder of Richard Downie made the blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his book, thoughtful and subdued. Downie was sacrist or janitor at the Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour; previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the principal. Whether, in discharging this function, Downie was more rigid than his predecessors in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time more than another, cannot now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time were shut out, and were afterwards reprimanded and fined by the principal and professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrist; he, in turn, applied the screw at other points of academic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that in all of his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not careful and the decisions of the rules were uniformly against them and in favor of Downie. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication,

suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion had to be put in force; and, in the end, law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Downie. Various schemes of revenge were thought of. Downie was, in common with teachers and students, enjoying the leisure of the short New Year's vacation—the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the recent bickering—when, as he was seated one evening with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman at a neighboring hotel wished to speak with him.

Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place, about fifty figures, also black, with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a court, and Downie, pale with terror, was given to understand that he was about to be put on his trial. A judge took his seat on the bench, a clerk and public prosecutor sat below, a jury was empanelled in front, and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first set down the whole affair as a joke, but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity that, in spite of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students. Witnesses were examined in due form, the public prosecutor addressed the jury, and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said Downie, "the joke has been carried far enough; it is getting late, and my wife and family will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in the past, I am sorrow for it, and I assure you I will take more care in the future."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to his appeal, "Consider your ver-

dict; and, if you want to retire, do so."

The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed, and, except renewing the solitary candle that burnt beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement. The jury returned, and recorded a verdict of guilty. The judge solemnly assumed a huge black cap, and addressed the prisoner: "Richard Downie, the jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberties and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death. In fifteen minutes the sentence of the court will be carried into effect."

The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an ax, and a bag of sawdust were brought into the center of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared came forward and proposed to act the part of doomster. It was now after midnight; there was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.

"For any sake, gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me home. I promise you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, and you are seized, and your doom completed before you utter another. Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night; they are known to none but ourselves, and when the object for which we have met is accomplished we shall disperse, unknown to anyone. Prepare then for death; another five minutes will be allowed, but no more."

The unfortunate man, in an agony of deadly terror, raved and shrieked for mercy; but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips

then moved, as if in silent prayer, for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"Now!" exclaimed the judge.

Four persons stepped forward and seized Downie, on whose features a cold, clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck, and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" exclaimed the judge.

The executioner struck the ax on the floor; an assistant on the opposite side lifted, at the same moment, a wet towel, and stuck it across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end. But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment. They laughed again, but still he moved not. They lifted him, and Downie was dead! Fright had killed him as effectually as if the ax of a real headsman had severed his head from his body. It was a tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over, and the conspirators had now to bethink themselves of safety. They now in reality swore an oath among themselves, and the affrightened young men, carrying their disguises with them, left the body of Downie lying in the hotel. One of their number told the landlord their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual that was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give all time to make their escape. Next morning the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor Downie exhibited no marks of violence, internal or external. The ill-will between him and the students was known; it was also known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation—that Downie had been sent for by them; but beyond this nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students at the college, who could point out the guilty fifty? Moreover, the students were scattered

over the city, and magistrates themselves had many of their own families among the number, and it was not desirable to go into the affair too minutely. Downie's widow and family were provided for—and his slaughter remained a mystery; until, about fifteen years after its occurrence, a gentleman, on his dead-bed, disclosed the whole proceedings, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.

WHAT THE MOON TEACHES.

Richard A. Proctor.

The more the moon is studied, the clearer seems to be the evidence that she gives respecting the history of a planet. She tells us more, perhaps, of the future of our earth than of the past; but she tells us of the past, too. That the moon is waterless, and practically airless too, now, is certain, and therefore there is probably no life now on her surface, though for those who like such fancies the belief is always open that there may be creatures on the moon utterly unlike any with which we are acquainted on earth. Yet the moon's face tells us of a remote youth—a time of fiery activity, when volcanic action, even more effective (though not probably more energetic) than any which has ever taken place on this globe, upheaved the moon's crust. But as soon as we consider carefully the features of her surface we see that there must have been three well-marked eras of vulcanian activity. Look at the multitudinous craters, for example, around the Metropolitan Crater (as Webb has happily named it) Tycho. They tell us of century after century of volcanic disturbances; but they tell us more. They mark a surface which varies in texture, and therefore in light-reflecting power, in such a way as to show that the variations were produced long before the volcanic action began by which the craters were formed. For the variations of texture are such as to mark a series of streaks—some of them 2,000 or 3,000 miles in length, and many miles in breadth, extending radially from Tycho. Craters lie indifferently on these brighter streaks and on the intervening

darker spaces, and some craters can be seen which lay right across a bright streak with parts of their ring on the darker regions on both sides of the streak. Of course, this proves that the craters were formed long after the great streaks. When the streaked surface was formed it must have been tolerably smooth; for we see the streaks best under a full illumination, and there is no sign of any difference of elevation between them and the darker ground all round; they are neither long ridges nor long valleys, but mere surface markings. Yet must they have been formed by mighty vulcanian disturbance, such, indeed, as we may be certain went on at the early stage of the moon's history, to which these radiating streaks must be referred. It seems clear that, as Na-smith has illustrated by experiment, they belong to that stage of the moon's history when her still hot and plastic crust parted with its heat more rapidly than the nucleus of the planet, and so, contracting more quickly, was rent by the resistance of the internal matter, which, still hot and molten, flowed into the rents, and, spreading, formed the long, broad streaks of brighter surface. It seems as clear that the next stage of the moon's history (after many thousands, perhaps millions, of years had passed) was one in which the cooled crust, still plastic, contracted little, while the still hot nucleus contracted steadily, so shrinking from the crust, which, under the action of gravity, closed in upon the nucleus in such sort as to form a wrinkled and corrugated surface. This was the second era of lunar vulcanian disturbance. The third was the era of great volcanic eruptions, during which the mighty craters were formed which are so numerous on the lighter-tinted regions of the moon's surface. Were there no seas or oceans on the moon at this time? It is strange if there were none, when we consider the connection which exists on the earth between the activity of the great volcanic rents and the proximity of water. It is stranger still if we consider that those regions where, if water had ever existed on the moon, it would have formed seas, are without ex-

ception characterized by different tint and different surface contour from what we find in the regions which would in that case have formed the lunar continents. All the lower levels are dark, are much more uniform, and are marked by few craters, and those small. This is no mere accident or coincidence. It is a feature which we are justified in regarding as characteristic; and so regarded, it seems to force upon us the conclusion that those lower levels are in reality old sea-floors, formed in a different way from the higher levels, and therefore presenting a different tint and reflecting a different amount of light.

When we thus recognize in the moon the three stages of past vulcanian energy which Mallet and Dana have recognized (though the evidence has not been quite so obvious) on the earth, and the signs also of a past fitness for the support of life, seeing that the presence of seas implies also the presence of an atmosphere dense enough to make the boiling-point of water not too low, we recognize the significance of evidence which the moon gives respecting the earth's future. What has happened to her will happen also to our earth, though doubtless with variations in details corresponding to different conditions.

Yet science has good reason for regarding as exceedingly remote the time when the earth will be at the stage of planetary development which the moon has reached. If the earth's crust, God's work, whose teachings, therefore, if we can but read them aright, are God's words, speaks truly, it is certain that tens of millions of years have passed since even that stage of the earth's life through which she is now passing began. But suppose, for the sake of argument, we put 12,000,000 years only as the time which has elapsed since the earth and moon were at the same (necessarily much earlier) stage of planetary life. The earth's mass exceeds the moon's 81 times, and therefore at that time she had 81 times as much heat to part with as the moon. But her surface is now (and the proportion cannot have been very different then) only some 13½

times greater than the moon's. Thus, since 81 contains $13\frac{1}{2}$ six times, the earth has parted with her heat at only one-sixth of the rate which would have made the supply last just as long as the moon's. Each stage of the earth's cooling, or of the earth's life, has been six times as long as the corresponding age of the moon's, and the 12,000,000 years of earth history correspond to about 2,000,000 years of moon life. Then 10,000,000 years ago the moon was in the same stage of planetary life that the earth is now passing through. But those 10,000,000 of years of moon life correspond to 60,000,000 of years of earth life. Wherefore, on the very moderate assumption I have made as to the time which has elapsed since earth and moon were both young, 60,000,000 of years would have to elapse before the earth would have reached the stage of life through which the moon is now passing.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

That Life Only is a Success Which Benefits Mankind.

To every old person, and to every young person, who takes an interest in humanity, youth is full of interest not unalloyed with pain. The young man and woman is so full of hope for the future, so certain of success, that they, who know by experience or by observation the pitfalls by the way, must regard them and their aspirations not only with interest but painful solicitude. Every youth expects to make his or her life a success. Whether they be vicious or virtuous, good or bad, it matters not; their life will be a successful life. They may not realize that a life of successful crime is not a successful life at all; they may not know that such a life is worse than a failure,—that a black page is worse than a blank one. They will not realize this, perhaps, till it is too late to retrieve their fortunes, to buy back by years of toilsome virtue the lost time spent in idle vice. But the old, truly old, (they may be young in years) have a juster and a truer conception of life. It is not all of life to live; and that life only is a success that benefits mankind, and hence honors the God who gave it.

Need I ask you, youthful reader, if you wish to make your life a success? Hardly; history shows that your answer would be yes. The same authority—the records of the past—would show that very few of you realize what your answer really imports. It is a great thing to be successful. Very few ever attain success, and most of these are not known to history.

I know that the reader will thank me for refraining from painting the successful life in threadbare moralistic color; I have already made plain enough what a truly successful life is. Rather let me point out a few elements of success. If I were to call them all by one name it would be character.

But to particularize. What are the most important parts of character? First in importance and value is truthfulness. Not only the refraining from lying, but an active trait of character. A true tongue, a true hand, a true eye, a true head, a true heart, a true man or woman. True to themselves, their friends, their professions, their country and their God. Would you know a true man? He has a firm tread, an honest look, a fearless eye, a strong hand, an open heart. He is the square man; the trusted man, his word is as good as his bond.

Another element of success is Grit. It usually goes with truthfulness, for a knowledge that we are right makes us gritty. If we are sure that we are right we are meaner than the fiends in hell, lower than dogs, more cowardly than Judas, if we do not go ahead. For we are men and women. If a little lower than the angels, yet our opportunities are better, our capabilities grander, and in heaven our joy will be greater than theirs. Why? Because if we start lower down we can rise as high as they. And here is the merit; it is dishonor to go lower; no merit to stand still; but glorious to ascend. Better be poor than rich, for your chances for success are as good and your possibilities greater. Some one has said that in this country it was no disgrace to be poor, but a great misfortune. They were wrong. Poverty is no disgrace and no misfortune. It is good luck to be born poor, and that

is all the luck in our life, that we get at nativity. The past proves this to be true. Our greatest men were poor boys. Look for a moment at such men as these: Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield,—all poor, but they had grit. Magic word. It means sturdy strokes, honest endeavors, true efforts, almost success. The person of grit is full of solid day's work, and that brings us to another element of success—work.

Work is genius and luck both. It is the pleasantest thing on earth. It brings more pleasure than idleness. It makes rest sweet. It helps to make life a success. It develops us; makes strong bodies, strong brains, and strong hearts. It is a moral impossibility to be successful without work. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." When God told Adam to go to work He did not curse him in that as some have thought. In fact, God never cursed Adam or Eve, or any other human being. He cursed the ground; and that as he said for the sake of Adam. To give him work; a chance to rise again and approach unto his first condition.

I shall mention only one more element of success. This is kindness. It will make you friends. Help the weak, the fallen, the sorrowing. It is Christ-like—Godliness.

In conclusion, my young friend, build the highest and grandest air-castles that you can. Then go to work to make them real. Trust much in yourself; more in the good of the world, and lean on that invisible support that not only stays, but helps by giving strength. And in the end success will be written opposite your name in hearts of earth and in the fadeless records of heaven.

Love is a day, sweetheart, shining and bright;
It hath its rose dawn ere the morning light;
Its glow and glory of the sudden sun;
Its noontide heat as swift the hours wear on;
Its fall of dew, and silver-lighted night—

Love, is a life, sweetheart, ending in death.
Is it worth while to mourn its fleeting breath?
Light-footed youth, or sad, forecasting prime,
Joy of young Hope, or grief of later time?
What pain or pleasure stays its parting breath?

Love is a life, sweetheart, ending in death.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

THE HEADLIGHT.

I sing the song of a sentinel bright,
A figurehead perched on high,
Illumining our path in the midst of night,
As we onward swiftly fly.

'Tis the Headlight, boys, with silvery rays,
Polished by an expert hand,
Changing the nights into lightsome days,
Throughout the breadth of land.

The sailor has his Beacon grim,
In stateliness raised to last,
Guiding the ship from the breaker's brim
To skim before the blast.

But the Headlight, boys, like a demon glares,
As we chase the fleeing wind;
How it constantly quivers and stares,
With its rattling train behind.

It wooes the breeze of summer mild,
And dares keen winter's storming,
Shedding radiance o'er landscape wild
Unto the early birth of morning.

The nestling farm and cattle in mute fright,
The cemetery, hark! didst thou hear a sigh?
All are enshrouded in a glorious light,
From out thy far-seeing eye.

Over hill and over dale,
Through junction, cut and chasm,
Flashing through space like a comet's tail,
Till we reach our destined haven.

Then here's to the Headlight, boys,
A thousand blessings on it,
The engine's waiting for supplies,
So I must end my sonnet.

TORONTO, ONT.

—*J. T.*

ECHOES IN THE CAPITOL DOME.

What Leads Strangers to Conclude That the
Place Is Haunted.

Washington Star.

"Did you know that the dome of the Capitol was haunted—the highest part of the dome, just under the worm light?" said an old watchman to a Star reporter the other day.

"Why, no; tell me about it," said the reporter with sudden interest, getting close to the old man and speaking in a low, confidential tone.

"No, you didn't know it. Well, it ain't!" he said, shutting his mouth with a snap and looking as blank as a faded guide-post, which tells you that it is 12 miles to —, and leaves you to guess where.

"Yes, that's the Senate side," he said to a wild-eyed countryman who was staring about in quest of that decorous body, Then turning to the reporter, "No, it ain't haunted."

"It's not, eh? Well, I thought not," replied the scribe, sticking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest and looking at the new frieze-work.

"No, it ain't haunted; it ain't haunted," repeated the old man with a low chuckle. "A man committed suicide off the rail there one time, but it ain't haunted." Then he looked knowingly at the reporter to see if his curiosity was sufficiently aroused. But the scribe was admiring the "Baptism of Pocahontas," and the old man assumed a more confidential tone. "You remember the man that jumped off there? It ain't been so long—about six or seven years. You know he stood on the rail of the highest balcony, and, throwing up his arms to heaven, gave a wild plunge and was crushed on the iron roof nearly two hundred feet below. Well, I guess his ghost went somewhere, but it didn't stay about here."

"Well, what are you talking about, then?" said the reporter, his interest getting the better of his patience.

"No, it didn't stay about here," he continued, not noticing the reporter's impatience, "but some folks think it did, and it seems kind o' natural that it should, too. Lots of queer folks go up on the dome. I've been here a long time, and I see lots of them. They go up there more in the winter than they do in the summer—ten to one more. It's too hot to climb the stairs in the summer. There are some who come every session with Congress. They come to the Capitol every day, and always go on the dome. They are the 'dome rats,' that's what I call them. I don't know what they go there for, any more than I know why a church-mouse stays in church. All the strangers who come here want to go on the dome, and couples who want to get off by themselves often go up there. You can see them standing at every landing, looking out the windows with a way-off look. Then there are cranks who go up there to get nearer heaven."

"Well, yes, I know," interrupted the reporter, "but what's all this got to do with the dome's being haunted? Did any of these curious visitors ever get frightened at a ghost up there and fall down stairs? Has any one's hair been turned suddenly white by the sight of a specter

about to plunge headlong in a suicidal leap? Where does the ghost come in?"

"Didn't I say there weren't any ghosts," said the old man, an injured expression passing over his face. "I was just coming to that," he said, recovering his good humor under the influence of the reporter's conciliatory smile. "There ain't any ghosts up there, but some of these strangers get frightened and think the house is haunted. It all comes of the 'whisper gallery.' You know the 'whisper gallery'? Well, you know when people are talking around on the other side the echoes bring their voices right close up to you. A great many strangers hearing these voices and not seeing anyone, have jumped at the conclusion that the place is haunted. Knowing that a man committed suicide there, they think that his troubled spirit still lingers about the scene. But, as I told you, it ain't haunted, it's only the echoes."

THE Superintendent of a street railway in Pittsburg, accidentally hearing that the employes intended to make him a costly present, sent for the committee in charge and told them that, while he appreciated their kindly feelings, he would not accept their gift. The money collected was afterwards turned over to one of the employes, whose family was sick. The example here set ought to be more generally followed.

In some cases the presentation of a substantial token of esteem to a retiring official of long service is a graceful and appropriate recognition of pleasant relations which are to be sundered. More frequently the gift is made by the effort of a few who desire to curry favor, and the money is contributed by many who cannot afford to give anything.

Kind and generous feelings can in a majority of instances take a better course, as in the case at Pittsburg. There the money was better bestowed upon a family in sickness and destitution than it ever could have been in the purchase of a silver service to grace the parlor or table of a well to do and comfortable official.

WHAT SAVED HOOKER.

How a Twenty-two Gun Battery Filled the Gap at Chancellorsville.

M Quad in Detroit Free Press.

The movement of Jackson across Hooker's flank at Chancellorsville and around to his rear was a complete surprise. By 6 o'clock in the evening his lines of battle were formed and the order to advance was given. Scouts had reported the Eleventh corps in his front, and the attack was as swift and disastrous as a whirlwind. Most of the federals in the Eleventh were preparing supper or eating it. If there were any pickets in rear of the Federal army they were picked up so suddenly that no general alarm was given. All of a sudden the mighty tread of battle-line and the crash of musketry fell upon the ears of the unsuspecting Federals, and the panic which ensued was but the natural finale.

A few men got into line here and there, but the resistance melted away as the line advanced. It was a furious fire which Jackson's men poured into the Eleventh. They were elated and enthusiastic. And they swarmed through the forests as if their numbers were endless.

Men have said that the panic would have extended no farther, and that the corps would have speedily recovered from the surprise, and men have written that but for one man's coolness at the critical moment Jackson would have driven a wedge into the Federal army. Gen. Pleasanton, then commanding three regiments of cavalry and a field battery, lay in position to be run over by the frightened fugitives as they sought a place of safety. In the midst of the most embarrassing confusion he sent a regiment of dismounted cavalry forward to form a line and check the Confederates, and the other regiments, mounted, at once charged into the mass of fugitives and drove them clear off the field on the left of the plank road.

Then, one by one, twenty-two guns were brought to the front and unlimbered. The spot where each gun stood was plain to view in 1881, and may be for several years to come. It was in the cleared field to the left of the Chancel-

lorsville plank road, and about half a mile below the famous brick house. The guns enfiladed Jackson's whole front, and the moment his lines broke cover they were met with such storms of canister that whole regiments lay down after the first volley. For the first quarter of an hour these guns were supported by cavalry alone, but as regiment after regiment was picked up, whirled about, and sent to the gap, the support soon became a division. Other batteries were rushed down the plank or across the fields, and by and by Jackson's golden moment had passed. The Federal army had faced to the rear, and the great gap had been closed by artillery.

Just at sundown Jackson grew restive under the terrific fire, and ordered a general advance. Long lines of men sprang to their feet and rushed forward with cheers and yells, determined to have the guns. It did not seem as if anything living could cross that open space of 600 feet with such a tornado of canister sweeping over it, but whole regiments charged up to within fifty feet, and scores of Confederates dashed in among guns and were killed there. The charge was repulsed, but to be made again and again. When night had settled down Jackson gave it up. He could not drive his wedge past the muzzle of Pleasanton's guns. He had hoodwinked Hooker, routed a whole corps, and laid his plans for a great victory. That storm of canister checked him—death brought his plans to naught.

The Confederates who advanced against these guns defied death ten thousand times over. Those who were killed were in most instances riddled and torn to pieces. The burial parties found corpses with fifty wounds, and heads, legs and arms were scattered all along the front. Not one single wounded man was found on that battery front. On the right flank, where the guns had an enfilade on the plank road, the rail fences were torn into splinters, the ground cut as by a hundred drags, and scores of Confederates lying in the highway ditches were wounded by stones, splinters and fragments of rocks.

WIT AND PLEASANTRY.

An old lady down in Maine says that her daughter has just bought an elegant "cabin organ" and she thinks the "nux vomica" stop is just lovely.

"Bustles are coming to the front," says a fashionable journal. That is rough. You can't tell whether a woman is coming out of or coming into a church.

The difference between a long and short yarn is very well illustrated by the difference of one's feelings in holding a skein for one's grandmother or one's sweetheart.

A reporter who attended a banquet concluded his description with the candid statement that "It is not distinctly remembered by anybody present who made the last speech,"

"Ah!" remarked Fogg, as he gazed bashfully at the ballet girls, "now I understand the full significancy of the passage. 'The body is more than raiment.'" —[*Boston Transcript*].

"What do you think I had better preach about," asked the new minister, and the old deacon replied: "Waal, if you preach about twenty minutes you'll tetch our people jist about right."

Two young ladies stood before a wide ditch which they didn't know how to cross, and appealed to a boy for help. The boy pointed behind them with a startled air and yelled "snakes." They got across.

"Is talk dying out?" asked a magazine writer. The writer should listen to the conversation of three or four girls who have met for the first time since they attended an evening sociable. He would answer his conundrum in the negative with deafening emphasis.—[*Norristown Herald*].

A San Francisco man advertised for "320 red-head girls—must be good looking;" and not one response was received. A few days later he advertised for "320 golden-haired beauties," and before the paper was out two hours the street in front of his office was crowded with just the style of beauty he desired.

A young lawyer wished to cite an authority on a case he was conducting, and not being able to remember it, his opponent wittily remarked, "Though lost to cite, to memory dear."

The wedding service has been so arranged that the bride responds to the usual questions after the groom has responded. So we see even in the outset of married life woman is bound to have the last word.

First old maid.—"I see the rage for antique is dying out." Second old maid.—"Yes; mean, isn't it?" "Awfully," "I did so hope it would continue five or six months longer. You know 1884 is leap year."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"What would home be without a man to make things lively when the dinner isn't ready?" asked Farmer Furrow, with a playful attempt at making a joke. "It would be nearer heaven than you'll ever get," snapped his busy little wife.

"Your cheek is an awful temptation to me," he exclaimed, as he looked admiringly at her fresh young face. "Your cheek must be an awful burden to you," she replied, glancing at him suspiciously, and the fresh young man withdrew.

We met a young married man and asked him how he was pleased with his change in life. He took a long breath and turned up his eyes as if trying to think of some expressive word, and then said: "Oh, sir, I wouldn't take a million dollars for myself."

A Scotch clergyman at Ayer, a few days ago, prayed: "O Lord, bless the established Church, and the free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church, and all the other Churches—thou knowest the various nick names, Lord, by which they are called—bless them all!"

A conceited young country parson, walking home from church with one of the ladies of his congregation, said, in allusion to his rustic audience, "I preached this morning to a congregation of asses." "I thought of that," observed the lady, "when you called them 'beloved brethren.'"

AN OLD LETTER.

I burned the others, one by one; but my courage failed at last,
 And I snatched this, scorched and yellow,
 where the fire's breath had passed.
 I could not let it lie there, for it turned like a
 thing in pain;
 And I love it for the old times' sake that
 never come again.

They used to call me beautiful; I had nothing else beside.
 There was none more great or wise than he in
 all the world so wide;
 And it's still a sort of pleasure—very mournful
 though it be—
 To know he once could think such thoughts,
 and write such words of me.

But my poor beauty faded: 'twas the only
 thing I had.
 I was always weak and foolish, and my whole
 life grew sad,
 For the cruel blighting fever left me pitiful
 to see
 (Oh, it's true that beauty's fleeting!), and my
 love no more loved me.

I'd have loved him all the more for that, or
 any grief beside;
 But then he was so different. Oh, if I had
 only died!
 And yet, how can I wish him to have suffered
 in my stead?
 I think it would have grieved him then to
 hear that I was dead.

I have nothing to forgive him, still he very
 soon forgot.
 Men have much to do and think of that we
 girls have not.
 A man has little thought to spare for his own
 chosen wife;
 Women's minds are very narrow, and a girl's
 love is her life.

They say I should forget him, but I cannot if
 I would,
 For since my beauty left me I have tried hard
 to be good;
 And his name is always on my lips, when I
 pray to God above—
 Oh, surely I may pray for one I can never
 cease to love!

I was never fit to be his wife, even when my
 face was fair;
 But every one may pray to Heaven, we are all
 equal there,
 And God, in His great mercy, will not pass
 my prayers by.
 I have one thing to live—to pray for him till
 I die.

—*Calvert's Magazine.*

ELECTRICITY ON RAILWAYS.

New York Tribune.

One of the chief problems on which the inventive genius of the world is now expending its resources is the application of electricity to railroad transportation. For forty years experiments have been conducted with electric motors of all shapes, sizes and degrees of complexity; and there is now an excellent prospect for the substitution of electricity for steam on railways where either a high or low rate of motion is required. As many as

150 miles of electric railway are in operation in Europe; electric cars have recently made the circuit of Paris; an engine designed by an electrician to take the place of the ordinary locomotive was the most conspicuous triumph of American inventive skill at the Railway Exposition in Chicago not long ago; and in the vicinity of New York active preparations are making by rival inventors and corporations to introduce electricity on a large scale as a safe, rapid and cheap motor.

The electric car which recently traversed the streets of the French capital covered a distance of thirty miles in three hours. It was an ordinary street car running in the regular tramways. The power was stored in Faure accumulators placed under the seats and was communicated to a Siemens machine under the floor. This machine, making 1,200 revolutions a minute, brought the power to bear upon the wheels by means of pulley, axle and chains. The car was completely under the operator's control and could be stopped instantaneously. The highest velocity attained did not exceed ten miles an hour on level ground, but the inventor contended that a much greater rate of speed could be obtained on rails especially adapted to the car. The cost of operating the motor was estimated at one-half that of ordinary horse cars.

The Siemens electric railway system in Berlin was operated on a different principle. The electric current was communicated from the rails to the motor. The rails were insulated and the use of a wire was required overhead. The new electric railway recently opened on the Irish coast between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway is a marked improvement upon the Berlin experiment. This system brings into use a separate conducting rail carried at a height of seventeen inches from the ground on wooden posts. The railway is operated at a decreased cost in comparison with steam, and a fair rate of speed is easily secured. Experiments made last week, however, with the Draft electric motor in Greenville, N. J., give promise of greater results in the future.

The electric current is transmitted to the rail from stationary engines, as in the case of the Berlin railway, but is so low in tension that there is no danger from contact either to man or beast. It is not even necessary to insulate the rails. The current is communicated from the wheels to the machinery which operates the motor, and notwithstanding the lack of insulation, a high rate of speed is practicable. If the statements of these American electricians in regard to the velocity, cost of working and general utility of these motors are confirmed by practical experience, a great revolution in railway transportation and steam-car traffic cannot long be deferred.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

Philadelphia Call.

Dumley was making an evening call, and the nice little boy of the family had been allowed to remain up a little later than usual.

"Ma," he said during a lull in the conversation, "can whisky talk?"

"Certainly not," said ma. "What put that absurd notion in your head?"

"Well," he replied, "I heard you say to pa that whisky was telling on Mr. Dumley, and I wanted to know what it said."

THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold;
'Twas born in a moment, yet quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it fell,
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore;
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked in the sky 'twas suspended in air,
If I looked on the ocean the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul—
Like the wings of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclothe,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by,
It left my full soul like the wings of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
Yet, oh! when death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

—Amelia Welby.



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GREAT MEN.

In these modern times the term "great," when applied to men, all too frequently is made to play a role in which duplicity is too apparent to avoid detection. A really great man is absolutely a good man. We use the term "good" to convey an idea the opposite of evil. We admire the rainbow because of the beautiful blending of all the colors of the spectrum, and we admire men in whose characters intermingle the essential elements of greatness and goodness. Longfellow, in his "Psalm of Life," said:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

It will be observed, according to the poet's philosophy, that only those who "remind us" that we can make "our lives sublime" are accounted "great." In writing of "great men" we do not propose to be hypercritical. Captiousness is not in order. We are frequently told that circumstances create great men. Any fair analysis of the proposition will,

we think, show that it would be more in consonance with history to say that circumstances confer conspicuousness while they develop greatness. Men have been distinguished for intellectual grasp and brilliant genius, and at the same time equally notorious for sordid ambitions. A truly good man must necessarily possess many of the elements of greatness. He will be kind, generous, gracious and merciful. His life will be unblemished and his character unimpeachable. He will be admired for his probity and devotion to all things of good report. He will champion the truth and rise superior to petty jealousies. Where the battle is for the right he will be in the van of the army, and having faith in the right defeat only inspires devotion. He knows that "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," and having the courage of conviction he moves on where others falter. It so happens, fortunately for the world, that the seekers after great men need not go forth on their mission with a lighted candle. We refer to men of great heads and good hearts. Men, who, measured by any recognized standards, are both great and good. Men, who, favored above the average with intellectual grasp, use their superior abilities to bless mankind. In science, in statesmanship, in political and social economy, and in all the varied affairs of life great men employ their vast mental resources in the solution of problems that relate, more or less, directly to the welfare of society. They are men whose ardent love of truth and the right rises on all occasions paramount to every other consideration. Such men are practical philanthropists. They believe in the brotherhood of men. They adopt the philosophy of Burns and say:

"Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
 May bear the gree, and a' that
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er
 Shall brothers be for a' that."

It requires greatness of intellect and soul and telescopic vision to see the good time coming and comprehend the glory of the new era. The real great men of the period are watchful of coming events. They see that science is mapping out new and royal highways of thought, and that the old landmarks by which nations and individuals were guided in the past are vanishing. They see ignorance disappearing and knowledge extending its dominion in every direction. They behold the operation of free thought, and that wherever it is planted it produces a harvest of freemen. They watch the growth of enterprises of labor saving machinery, and know, in spite of standing armies and royal decrees, man is to be emancipated from the thralldom of ignorance and degradation, and by commands as omnipotent as those that were voiced from Sinai's burning summit, is to stand erect, crowned and robed in a sovereignty that will brook no dictation.

It is no small part of the mission of this Magazine to impress upon the membership of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen the importance of keeping fully abreast of the progressive ideas of the period. We are profoundly interested in the character of the men who have in charge the vast railroad enterprises of the continent. To know the interests at stake, to comprehend the prodigious power lodged in the hands of railroad officials is a matter of vast concern to locomotive firemen. We would have railroad Presidents know our Brotherhood, and we would have our Brotherhood know the railroad Presidents. We would have every locomotive

fireman in the land competent, a man of such unsullied reputation that he need not hesitate to hold up his head in the presence of the assembled railroad Presidents of the world, and we would have railroad Presidents so great, of such nobility of brain and soul, as to recognize in locomotive firemen those qualities which, rightly developed and encouraged, make them by logic as strong as ties and rails, the men whom it is their interest to encourage and bind to them in bonds of confidence stronger and more enduring than hooks of steel. When such railroad Presidents are found it is eminently in harmony with our mission to speak of them in words becoming their nobility of character. Taking this view of the subject, we make no apologies for introducing here the honored name of

WILLIAM RILEY MCKEEN,

President of the Vandalia system of railroads. We have written of good men, of great men, of great, good men, and in speaking of President McKeen our readers will have the satisfaction of contemplating a citizen whose life, taken as a whole, from childhood to the ripe age of fifty-five, is one of steady advancement in the right direction and the development of all things which challenge the respect, confidence and admiration of society. The lives of railroad Presidents, while apparently open books, are, in fact, of a character which the great public know comparatively little. The public is permitted to know something of railroad enterprises, the number of miles built and in operation,—approximately, the amount of money invested for construction, equipment, etc. The public is permitted to consult tables showing sum totals of earnings and expenses, and, contemplating the grandeur of railroad systems in the

aggregate, the conclusion is inevitable that there is somewhere located tremendous intellectual and executive force for the maintenance of the order and energy everywhere displayed. This energy centers largely in the railroad President, and is exerted by processes with which only the favored few are familiar. There is no obtrusiveness about it. In the quiet of some little office problems are discussed and solved and orders are sent forth which touch the interest of millions of men. The broadest gauged men of the times only are competent for the responsible duties of railroad President, and when such men are found prosperity follows. Order takes the place of confusion and confidence is enthroned where distrust held sway. Competency at the head means ability on the trains and all along the line, and men say, "There is a railroad with a model President," and this is said continually of the Vandalia, whose interests are in the hands of President McKeen, who is everywhere recognized as a

MODEL RAILROAD PRESIDENT;

that is to say, a standard by which to measure other railroad Presidents. We write of President McKeen from points of observation specially calculated to arrest the attention of locomotive firemen. They have a profound interest in such information. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, in a recent issue of that paper, supplies us with two incidents in the business life of President McKeen which we appropriate as convincing proof that he is a *just* man. The writer says:

A few years ago, when the Logansport & Southwestern Railroad was sold under foreclosure, Mr. McKeen bought it. He had no partners in the purchase. After a time he decided to extend the line beyond Logansport, and sent out his attorney, Mr. Cushing, to buy the right of way. After a time Mr. Cushing came in to report progress, and, as he followed along the line, Cushing said:

"I bought that ground for \$400; this next

piece of the same kind cost \$50, and the piece beyond that cost \$400."

"How did you get that piece for \$50, when you paid \$400 for pieces of the same size on each side of it?" asked McKeen.

"Oh, the owner is poor as a church-mouse; his family has been sick, and other kinds of bad luck have got him down, and he had to have money, so I paid him \$50 in cash and got his deed."

"And his land is just as valuable as that for which you paid \$400?"

"Yes, sir, better if anything," answered Mr. Cushing.

"Very well, Mr. Cushing, I want you to get the right of way as cheap as you can justly; that's all right. I am not finding fault, but I want you to send that man a check for \$350. I would be afraid to ride over land for which the owner had not been honestly paid," said Mr. McKeen.

On another occasion a gentleman residing in this city owned \$5,000 worth of stock in a fair paying company in which Mr. McKeen was interested, and the owner announced that he wanted to sell it. Mr. McKeen heard of it and directed his agent in this city to buy it if he could get it at par. The agent called on the gentleman and learned that he was in desperate straits for money, and finally succeeded in buying the stock for \$2,500. A few days later Mr. McKeen was in this city, and his agent informed him that he had bought the desired stock.

"All right," said Mr. McKeen, "fill out a check for \$5,000 and I will sign it."

"But it didn't cost \$5,000. The owner needed money to save his credit and I got it for \$2,500," answered the agent.

"I don't want it at that price," said Mr. McKeen. "The stock is worth par, and is a fair purchase at that, and I will not take advantage of the man's misfortunes to get it for less. Go to him and tell him that my offer was \$5,000 and give him the other \$2,500," and the agent did so.

The gentleman who told me the two anecdotes was the beneficiary in the last one, and he sat in Mr. McKeen's office and overheard the first one. Mr. McKeen afterward sold the stock at \$120.

We could have urged the claim upon our space and condensed the foregoing into a paragraph, but we prefer that the readers of the Magazine shall fully participate with ourselves in contemplating the elements which go to make the model railroad President. President McKeen, in the instances recited, could have made money and could have pleaded before the world that the law approved and shielded him, and there are railroad Presidents who would have enriched themselves or their corporations in a way that found no favor with President McKeen. His nature revolted at the legal technicality, and when he said, "*I would be afraid to ride over land for which the owner had not been honestly paid*," he voiced a sentiment as

honorable and as righteous as can be found in the records of any great man. It comes squarely up to the golden rule of right. It is a monumental declaration, and could have been made only by a man whose head and heart education had been in a school where the principles of justice were taught as the foundation of character. It would be the climax of inanity to intimate that a railroad President like W. R. McKeen could, by any possibility, be otherwise than just to his employees, and it is this distinguishing characteristic which, in the estimation of locomotive firemen, expands President McKeen to colossal proportions. If President McKeen would be afraid to ride over land for which the owner had not been "honorably paid," he would be as loath to ride on a train when the locomotive firemen and every other man in his employ were less than "honestly paid," and it is this honest pay for an honest day's work, this sensitive regard for the welfare of others, combined with the brain ability to grasp all the details of railroad enterprises, which constitute the model railroad President. Such railroad Presidents as W. R. McKeen do not regard their engineers, firemen and conductors as machines, cattle, inferiors in any objectionable sense, but as men, citizens, fathers, heads of families, inspired by noble ambitions seeking to better their condition, valuable and honorable members of society, bearing their full share of its burdens and entitled, if faithful in their calling, to recognition as gentlemen. What are the results? President McKeen has the unqualified respect of every man in his employ. Their confidence in him is boundless. He is to them the embodiment of justice. He knows his men and they know him, and

it is safe to say, if sacrifices were required as a test of fealty every man on the roster would respond with alacrity. The time has gone by when the search for great men is confined to Congress, or that for good men to the pulpit. The business enterprises of the period call for the best talent and afford the broadest field for due display of philanthropy.

The railroads of the country stand confessedly at the head of American business enterprises, and the construction and management are of such overmastering importance that they command the best talent of the times. This statement is readily varified by the most casual examination of the records of finance law and engineering. It is not expected that in every instance a railroad President should be a man of noble nature. There are instances where mere cash has placed a sordid creature at the head of affairs, who, clothed with a little brief authority, plays such fantastic tricks as make angels weep. Such men in due time, like the Indian, will be required to "move on." Placing them in contrast with W. R. McKeen, only brings into bolder relief the model President of the Vandalia system, and enables the Locomotive Firemen, while admiring the one, to treat the other with merited contempt and execration.

OUR WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

The managers of the Firemen's Magazine have determined upon a new departure, nothing less than a WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT. If the purpose was simply to compliment women we fail to see in what way we could better evince our high appreciation of woman's character, intellectual ability, thought and refining influence. But the Woman's Department,

which is to be in the future a distinguishing feature of the Magazine, has purposes in view in which flattery and encomiastic writing of women have not been considered. It is not to be a bouquet department devoted to that tender sentimentalism which may be in order in bower or boudoir, where crickets, zephyrs or stars play spy, and, possibly, add tenderness and romance to emotion. The present is a wonderfully utilitarian age, and women, by the logic of events, are called upon with greater force of utterance than in the olden time to take an active part in the practical affairs of life, and our Woman's Department will be conducted in strict accord with the best thought of the times upon questions relating to woman's influence upon the well being of society. The field is wide, inviting, white and ready for the harvest. Thoughts and themes are suggested at every advance made in science, education, literature and art, and in every instance woman is challenged for an expression of opinion. She is a recognized force and factor in worldly affairs. Hitherto the Firemen's Magazine has been masculine in its departments, not that women have not been heard in its columns, but such things have been incidental rather than normal. Hereafter, blending with its virile expressions will be heard the gentler tones of woman's words, voicing thoughts to which manly men feel honored when giving audience. Wives, mothers and sisters are to be heard, and home is to have a hearing. Our Brotherhood has more than two hundred Lodges, but it has more than two thousand homes. With beautiful homes, love-bright homes, we shall have Lodges where honor holds sway and high resolves give to deliberations a crowning glory. As a guarantee

of success we have placed the Woman's Department of the Magazine in control of

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,

a lady whose splendid natural abilities have been cultivated with assiduous care until her force of thought and refinement of expression have placed her name high up in the list of the most accomplished literary women of the times. But Mrs. Harper is too well-known to the readers of the Magazine to require any eulogistic introduction from the editor, and yet we should be false to ourselves and to the twenty thousand patrons of the Magazine if our words, in warmth of admiration, did not bear testimony to our high appreciation of Mrs. Harper's great merits as a writer and as a lady, possessed of those qualities of head and heart which bless and glorify the domestic circle and adorn society.

Having said this much in the way of introduction, the Woman's Department is left to speak for itself. That Mrs. Harper will draw around her an army of women, mothers, wives, sisters and sweet-hearts of locomotive firemen and make the Magazine more than ever before a welcome visitor to thousands of homes, we regard as a foregone conclusion, and we bespeak for her in conducting the Woman's Department of the Magazine the support of the ladies for whose instruction and pleasure she will labor with a purpose worthy of the largest success.

HENRY C. LORD.

The precept, "Speak well of the dead," is very generally recognized of sufficient authority to command obedience. But why speak well of the dead? "Because," says one, "they cannot reply, if other than kind words are uttered," and others still say, "That he who defames the dead

is a coward." It will doubtless occur to many a reader of the Magazine that the mandate might be improved so as to read, "Speak well of the dead or remain silent." But it occurs to us that the injunction should be, "Tell the truth of the dead or keep silent." Nor, does this meet the requirement, since it so happens oftentimes that silence cannot be preserved and deal justly by the living. The supreme demand is the truth. The truth does no one, living or dead, injustice. Of the great mass of men, when their life work is ended, public expression may, with great propriety, be omitted. They lived and wrought and died. They had their joys and sorrows, their triumphs and defeats, and, like the silk-worm, having "spun their task," quietly took their departure. The living contemplate the deeds of the dead in the aggregate, and, as humanity rises and advances, the verdict is that the good was more than the evil, that virtue triumphed over vice, that love subdued hate, and that the glory of forgiveness was made resplendent by the sorrows it assuaged and the benedictions it bestowed. But, it may be said, nevertheless, that men should so live that when dead their lives may be referred to as examples for others to follow, as lighthouses to tempest-tossed voyagers, landmarks for pilgrims on life's highways, something to inspire noble ambitions and guide the doubting and the erring into pathways of honor and usefulness. In a word, if men would be spoken well of when dead, they should take care to regulate their lives by standards which, while they do not exact perfection, do demand that the purposes of the heart shall be such as will rescue the errors of the head from just animadversion. Public men, that is to say men who hold positions

which bring them into conspicuousness, particularly those who control affairs in which the public have a direct interest, will be spoken of while living, nor can they be exempt from criticism when dead, and this fact is in no sense discreditable to society—to the living. It is not expected that the voice of eulogy will ever be hushed when Washington is the theme, or that patriots will at any period of the world's history condone the treason of Arnold. We need not illustrate further. The fiat of fate has gone forth, the good is to be applauded, the bad to receive merited denunciation. It has been so in the past, is so now, and thus it will continue as the centuries come and go.

Fortunately our task, at this writing, is to speak of a dead man who, in youth and early manhood, laid broad and deep the foundations of a life of honor and usefulness, and by a heroic devotion to principles of justice in his dealings with men won for himself a position in public esteem, which others, who have wrought on a higher plane and in a broader field, might well envy.

Henry C. Lord was a native of Amherst, N. H., where he was born October 2, 1825. The home of his childhood was one of the largest culture and the highest refinement, his father, Nathan Lord, having been President of Dartmouth College, where Henry graduated in 1843. Soon after graduating he studied law and entered that honored profession, but being called to Cincinnati to attend to business connected with the estate of a deceased brother, in the year 1855 he entered the railroad business.

Mr. Lord's first connection with the railroad enterprises of the West was as President of the Lawrenceburg, Indianapolis & Pacific Railroad, which extended

from Lawrenceburg to Indianapolis, and which was then virtually a bankrupt corporation. Mr. Lord succeeded finally in having a third rail laid on the Ohio & Mississippi from a point near Lawrenceburg to Cincinnati, thus securing an entrance for the Lawrenceburg, Indianapolis & Pacific to Cincinnati, and forming direct connections by way of Indianapolis to Chicago and the Northwest. In 1863 he secured a majority of the stock of the old Whitewater Canal at a low figure, and after a stubborn litigation, in which such prominent counsel as Wm. M. Evarts and Rufus Choate was engaged, he succeeded in extending his road from Harrison into the heart of Cincinnati by using the bed of the canal in which to lay the tracks, and which is now used as the entrance to the Grand Central Passenger Station. The road was afterward given the name of the Indianapolis, Cincinnati & Lafayette, and is known as the Big Four road. He leased the Lafayette & Indianapolis road, which was included in the I., C. & L., and subsequently built the Whitewater Valley road, from Valley Junction to Cambridge City, Ind. Mr. Lord also built the Cincinnati & Martinsville Railroad, and then purchased the Terre Haute, Alton & St. Louis road. He also began the construction of the Terre Haute & Martinsville road, extending from Martinsville to Terre Haute. He was President of the Indianapolis, Cincinnati & Lafayette road up to 1870.

We have been thus particular in recording Mr. Lord's railroad enterprises that our readers may know how thoroughly he was identified with a business which locomotive firemen regard with special interest, and which this Magazine seeks to promote with whatever energy and ability it can command.

It was in connection with railroad enterprises that Henry C. Lord performed his life work. He mastered it in all of its details, and so exhaustless were his resources, so commanding his abilities and so tenacious his grasp that he was confident when others doubted, moved forward when others hesitated, and in the conflict with adverse circumstances wrung success from the jaws of defeat. His example inspired courage in others. He was always master of his business and equal to its emergencies. He was a born leader of men, and drew around him as assistants those who could be influenced by courage and noble examples. He admired energy, he honored and rewarded fidelity. He knew his men and gave his confidence to all, from switchman to conductor, who merited approval, and the morals of the personnel of the roads which he managed became a beautiful illustration of the power and majesty of a manager who is animated by a proper solicitude for the welfare of subordinates. In this regard, Mr. Lord set a noble example for all railroad managers throughout the land, for he demonstrated that like begets like, that kindness, generosity and confidence will be repaid by fidelity and esteem, while distrust and arrogance are certain to be repaid with dislike, contempt and neglect.

Henry C. Lord was a scholar in the best sense of the term. He despised pedantry, and recognized at its full value the education obtained in the school of experience. While his mind was stored with the wealth of the classics, he, like Charles Francis Adams, Jr., did not speak in dead languages to his subordinates, nor esteem them less worthy of his regards because they could not read Greek. He was pre-eminently practical, a close

thinker and an elegant writer, as the readers of the Magazine have reasons for knowing, and that he took a lively interest in the prosperity of our noble Brotherhood is evidenced by the fact that amidst his many business cares he found time to contribute to the columns of our Magazine.

We have written of a good man now no more. We have refrained from high wrought eulogistic phrase, not because the character and deeds of Henry C. Lord did not merit the wealth of rhetorical laudation, but rather because our knowledge of the man assured us that we could not, were he living, hope to merit his approval by writing of him in stilted panegyric. Henry C. Lord lived well and died well. His life was symmetrical, his character pure, his examples worthy of imitation and remembrance, and the influence he exerted elevating and ennobling. It may be thought by some that Henry C. Lord's life-work was not complete, but it is, we think, a better philosophy to bow submissively to decrees which it were futile to deplore. A few days or years, more or less, make little difference. He lives longest who lives best, and he who lives long enough to win the love and esteem of his fellow-men, as did Henry C. Lord, may, without a sign of regret,

"* * * * * Wrap the drapery of his couch
About him and lie down to pleasant dreams."

A BIRTHDAY.

Shot, like an arrow, thro' the air,
My life is flying. Where, oh, where?
The sudden flights on which I go,
And what the aim I may not know.

Ah, when this troubled heart is dead,
When to the mark the shaft has sped;
Then should my soul unerring know
The mark to which I trembling go.

Then speeding toward this unknown mark
Need I go trembling thro' the dark?
No. For one thing I surely know.
It was God's hand that bent the bow.

Contributors' Column

Budge.

BY J. O. S.

Stop it at once!

I will try to tell you why—it harms you in innumerable ways. It is injuriously expensive; it confuses your brain, and causes you to make unexplainable errors; it makes you feel quite independent for the time being, but that soon departs with a rush, when sobered and your senses return, and you then discover that a portion of your actual independence has gone also. You will in time become careless, unnecessarily slovenly, weakened in intellect, and an easy prey to serious illness. You will miscalculate distances and clearances when at work which will result in accident, creating damage to property, and frequently personal injury to yourself and others. Your judgment is effected and you do not clearly understand your train orders, and unintentionally, of course, your train has a collision. Death to one or more innocent persons ensues. Morally, you are their murderer! Technicalities and sympathy generally save you from anything more than a discharge, but your own feelings have given you a trial and condemned you and you have got to accept the constant companionship of the terrible thought that through your fault one or more persons have been sent to sudden death. You have then caused great suffering, perhaps to little innocent children as well as to others, and in the great hereafter what will your answer be? What defense can you make? I answer for you, none! It is only a question of a few years when you can point (not with pride) to your fiery red throat and say, with unvarnished truth, "Partner, do you see down this Red Lane a pleasant, comfortable little home, plenty of good food and clothing, chances for preferment, good will of my friends, education for my children, domestic happiness, self-respect, my manhood, almost everything, in fact, excepting my own degradation? I've got that yet. You see them, don't you? They are all down there, and by my leave too? I would like to yank 'em up again, but I can't reach 'em." And, farther, you "budge," and for awhile you are one of several jolly good fellows. Occasionally you enjoy yourself immensely. You help to "paint the town red." The inevitable is approaching, however. You "budge" too much. You are slipping back, but do

not notice it. Those same old friends of yours do, and one by one they switch off from you. You are becoming a chronic "bum" and they hasten to drop you. Your usefulness to them is past. You have no more "pay-days," and try to make things even up by being on hand when their's come around. No use though, they have given you the grand "shake;" they have found a new sucker, and tell you plainly that you are N. G. And, again, by "budging" a little, just for fun you know, you soon become an "artist" in every particular. You get mean and penurious with your family or dependencies. You complain at the grocery and meat accounts (but you want plenty to eat); you claim to be too poor to treat your family to a few delicacies occasionally, or to take them to an entertainment. But you never do such a small thing as to question your account at the "Crystal Palace." You simply say, "Hic, fill 'em up agin. Come up, boys!" and taking out your purse you say, "How smuch I noe yer, Johnny?" The account is frequently as much or more than your house rent. In time your "budging" is noticed by all having business with you, and eventually you forfeit the confidence of your officials. You are soon marked as "unreliable," and soon dropped, if not for particular for general cause. You start out prospecting; you really have ability and you are competent, but you soon discover that you have an "Advance Agent." He has quietly distributed his posters announcing your coming. They read, "General Budge will shortly appear and remain until pay-day!" To sum it up, you've had a good time; have debased yourself thoroughly; muddled your senses completely; become an object of ridicule; forced deprivation and humiliation upon your family; lost respect of friends; out of situation; out of money, and to make use of one of our frequently used railroad expressions you have, beyond all question, "succeeded in raising h— generally!" It don't pay, boys; but if I have succeeded in setting you thinking, I am well paid.

Intoxication.

BY W. W. N.

Have you not heard that painful cry? That is the wailing of a little one perishing for food. Have you not seen that horrid sight, that famishing babe tugging at the withered breast of its mother? If not, go then to the lofty mansion where wealth and art sit enthroned, look into that darkened room—gaze a moment upon the bowed form of that broken-hearted mother. Regardless of all else, she is

alone with nameless grief. The only son has been snatched away in his prime and laid in a dishonored grave, and that mother's soul is crushed beneath a weight of anguish which only a hopeless mother's heart can feel. Turn and look upon that crouching form with those half clad children clinging to it, while the biting blasts sweep by, and the fierce storm raves pitilessly. There is a look of wild horror on the begrimed faces of the children, and dark despair speaks out from the sunken eyes of the mother.

He who vowed in the presence of God and the angels, to be to her trusting life a guide and protector has driven her and her little ones forth from the little cottage and home, to meet the winter's freezing breath. She is imbecile now, for she has felt, hoped, endured and wept until everything is gone but the wretchedness of living, and to this she has become hopelessly indifferent. There lies the strong man prostrate, a spectacle to make angels weep, helpless and rolling in the filth. And there passing by him is the old man with bent form and bleared eyes and drivelling look; not one vestige of manhood remains—with tottering steps and maudlin soul he is hobbling over the few paces that lie between him and the grave. Behold that felon in his cell, chained like a beast of prey, his eyes glaring, and black despair pictured on his hideous face. He is under the terror of the death sentence, and yet he heeds it not more than the ox in the shambles. Look for a moment into those sixty thousand coffins filled with bodies bloated and bleared, maimed to the most frightful deformity by the hand of self-destruction. Those sixty thousand victims are the fathers and the sons, the husbands and brothers of our land, swept down to premature death. Let us look at these heart rending scenes and ask ourselves, what has caused it all? What sends out those fearful wails? what has robbed those hungry children of their milk? what has made the mother's heart a fountain of bitter tears and driven those helpless ones out into the biting blast? what imbruted that once proud man who lies in the gutter a disgusting sight? what has taken the strength from the old man's limbs and the humanity out of his soul, leaving him a tottering dotard? what brought those sixty thousand fathers, sons, husbands and brothers down to the graves of shame? Strong drink has done it all, strong drink has taken the bread from hungry children, the milk from famishing babes—strong drink has filled the prisons and robbed of light and joy twice three score thousand

homes throughout our land. Dear brothers, what may we do in this fearful crisis? We should not think that this is not a part of our duty, for it is a part of every man's duty. And we should each day, by our example and entreaties, do all that is within our power to check this fearful flood of woe. If we, as honest watchmen fail to give warning of a most deadly foe, we will be judged worthy of censure and reproach. So let those who have been warned, make active and earnest war against the ferocious monster, for the good of our country.

OUR BROTHERHOOD BOYS,

One word for the boys whose faces are soiled,
But whose hearts are brave and strong;
Whose hands are linked in friendship true
And who sing one grand sweet song.

Ay, the song of benevolence ringing out
With its sound of right good will,
Ever lending a kindly hand to help
Brothers toiling up life's steep hill.

There's plenty of ways in which to show
The spirit of Brotherhood grand,
For many are wanting a cheery word
Or the help of a friendly hand.

Let sobriety, too, watch around your steps,
And firm on its side take your stand,
Remember, dear brothers, your Order's aim
Is temperance throughout the land.

There's many a home in this well favored
land
Would be rich were it not for the foe
Which drains low the pocket and lowers the
man
Who lacks the grand power to say "no."

Then, boys, be true to your nobler selves,
Up, up, let your banners wave,
Let our Brotherhood be the ensign true
Of a band of men, grand and brave.

Yes, true to your Order's banner be;
Let industry mark your way.
Let never your hearts grow faint or fear,
But work while 'tis called to-day.

Our Brotherhood needs each member's help;
Our watchward is upward and on,
There's never the time to be standing still,
In our hive there's no room for a drone.

Let the B. of L. F. ever shine so clear
Amid all the bustling throng
That these who are treading life's path shall
say:
That's the band of men, steady and strong.

So, boys, go on in your noble work
And your wives and mothers will pray:
God bless the boys and our Brotherhood true—
May His blessings be thick in your way.

Though your lives are rough on your iron
steeds,
There are many throughout our land
Who think there is nothing so brave and true
As the grasp of a fireman's hand.

So farewell, dear boys, may your Order grow
And spread abroad like the sea,
And the help of God's supporting arm
Round your dangerous pathway be.

—Alice Brooker.

STRATFORD, ONT.

Special Correspondence

Phillipsburg and its Surroundings.

Editors Magazine:

In order to give your numerous and daily increasing list of readers some idea of the home and surroundings of Excelsior Lodge No. 11, allow me to present a condensed sketch of Phillipsburg, N. J., and an outline of its history:

Phillipsburg is located on the banks of the beautiful Delaware river which forms the boundary line between New Jersey and Pennsylvania. It lies directly opposite Easton, Pa., and the mouth of the Lehigh river, with its valley well known to tourists as the "Switzerland of America." Easton and Phillipsburg are both, comparatively speaking, old places; their first settlement dating back to near the beginning of 1700, but for a century and a half afterwards, while Easton was growing in size and covering the peninsula between the Lehigh on the south, Delaware on the west and Bushkill on the north with compactly built squares of stores and dwellings; Phillipsburg, with its one street of struggling houses derived its importance from its proximity to its more prosperous neighbor and had to be content to rank as a suburb to it, as a resting place before crossing the old time ferry. After the bridge was built, connecting the two places, the heavy tolls charged enabled some enterprising business men to retain much of the Jersey trade on that side of the river. The completion of that marvel of old time engineering, the Morris Canal, which by means of a series of inclined planes and locks, passed boats up and down over the hills of New Jersey, opened navigation between the Delaware and Hudson rivers and helped Phillipsburg. A still further impetus was given to the place by the location of one of Cooper's blast furnaces at this place, both canal and furnace being built about 1840. The first railroad to reach Phillipsburg was the Central railroad of New Jersey, which was opened for traffic on July 4th, 1852, and being the western terminus of the railroad for several years, gave an additional impetus to the hitherto quiet village, and a number of small foundries and machine shops were soon started. About the year 1854 the Belvidere Delaware R. R. was completed and opened rail communications to Trenton and Philadelphia as the Central had already done to Newark and New York. In the

following year the Lehigh Valley road was opened and furnished rail facilities to the coal fields and enabled the establishment of large foundry and machine works, bolt and nut works, stove works, rolling mill and sheet iron works, besides a number of smaller industries in the place, and made it quite a manufacturing town. The Lehigh and Susquehanna R. R. was next built, running up the Lehigh Valley and furnishing double facilities to the coal fields, and the Morris and Essex R. R. being extended to Phillipsburg, gave another route to New York which was still farther increased by a third route, the Amboy. The town is thus connected with New York by three routes, the Central, Morris & Essex and Amboy; with Philadelphia by two routes, the Belvidere Delaware and the Lehigh Valley and North Pennsylvania routes; with the coal-fields and the west by two routes and with the north by the B. D. and Lackawana routes. As all these railroads do a large coal business and some of them also oil and freight, besides forming parts of western through lines, this place has quite a railroad population, of which our members and associates of the scoop form a very important part.

The main part of the town which now numbers about eight thousand inhabitants is built on a river bottom elevated from thirty to sixty feet above ordinary water level and varying in width from five hundred to three thousand feet, while a large portion of the town is located on the hill which skirts the bottom land and rises very abruptly to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet and has splendid building sites overlooking the valley of the Delaware and the Lehigh with the towns of Eaton, South Eaton and Phillipsburg filling up the foreground.

Excelsior Lodge No. 11, was at first located at Hampton, N. J., sixteen miles east of Phillipsburg. The Central R. R. and the D. S. & W. R. R. formed a junction at Hampton, but soon after the Morris and Essex R. R. was extended to Phillipsburg, in 1866, the D. L. & W. R. R. secured control of that road and formed a junction with it at Washington N. J., thus removing its business from Hampton. The Lodge was therefore removed to Phillipsburg and reorganized under quite favorable circumstances with about forty charter members on Nov. 16th, 1874. The Lodge continued to grow in numbers and financial strength for several years and had a membership of 102 at the beginning of the great strike in July 1877. That unfortunate affair put our members in an unpleasant position

before the public, brought down upon them the wrath of our railroad officials and came very near extinguishing the Lodge, for the membership dwindled down to about 10 or 12. Had it not been for the unswerving fidelity of these brothers, Excelsior's days would have been numbered and her charter forfeited, but they continued faithful to the cause through the dark and gloomy weeks, months and years from '77 to '81, during which time the members of our Order succeeded in recovering the good opinion lost by reason of the strike. All honor to the faithful few who adhered to their colors. Let their names go down to posterity upon the scroll of honor: S. S. Allen, David Gorgas, J. L. Rodenbaugh, W. W. Carling, J. S. Gorgas, J. W. Sinclair, S. S. Darling, Henry Lott, M. Smith, G. A. Smith and E. E. Teel. They are still honored members of our Lodge and as ready as ever to work for the Lodge they saved. With the year 1881 a new era dawned upon the Lodge and it took a new lease of life.

During the last three years we have initiated about 120 men into the mysteries of our Order, of whom about thirty have left us to join elsewhere, leaving us a membership of a little over one hundred at present. As a result of the work of the last four months we may point with a degree of pride to the new Lodge, Onoka, No. 211, instituted on April 13th, by G. O. and I. Stevens, at South Easton, to which we furnished twelve charter members as a nucleus around which we hope to see a strong Lodge gathered soon. Of the hundred members remaining in Excelsior No. 11, nineteen have been promoted to the right side, one is running a stationary engine, one is mail agent, another station agent, several are hostling or night dispatchers, while the majority are still heaving coal to boil the kettles.

Trades are very well represented in our Lodge, for we have three Smiths, who are very apt to be blacksmiths when they are at work; we have three Masons who wield a coal-pick for a hammer and use a scoop for a trowel; we have a Cooper who can put on a band or polish it; a Miller who can make the dust fly, and a Fisher, but we cannot vouch for his luck.

We have also a menagerie, and although we cannot show you an elephant or a lion we have a Campbell (camel). Among our smaller bipeds we have a duck who calls himself Drake and a Hawk who is sharp on time. In colors we have only one, Brown, but several Dyes who wear well and do not fade very fast. Our Financier is a Sinclair (singu-

lar) man; not many like him are to be found—would that there were—but it is also strange to see our Darling running an engine; to find our Niece in an occupation better suited to a nephew; to hear our Bro. H. W. called by the feminine title Bella (& Meg; to hear of our Kidney being at large and to hear that Bro. G. W. is Kist (kissed) without intermission. We are pretty well fixed now, but if we only had our Hall on our big Lott we would not need to rent any more.

Having given you a pretty full description of our locality and history up to date, together with a notice of some of the peculiarities attached, let me say that all our members are imbued with zeal for the cause and will ever strive to excel in the good work of the Order and climb to heights of perfection, ever shouting "Excelsior."

X. L. C. R.

THE LEFT HAND SIDE.

I take my pen in hand to-day
To write in words of praise,
Of those who sit upon the left
And feed the roaring blaze
Of every engine in the land,
Which o'er the earth doth glide.
'Tis time that writers turned their pens
Toward the left-hand side.

There's not a day that passes by
But that brave things are heard
Of him who sits upon the right—
DESERVING every word.
But aught of him is seldom said,
Who shares his every peril,
While doing duty on the left,
As o'er the rails they whirl.

You say 'tis time to write in praise,
When, filled with hope and pride,
He steps upon the right foot-board,
In future there to ride.
My friends, that day may never come,
For death doth often blight
The men who sit upon the left
As well as on the right.

There are many little maidens
Who watch with loving eyes
For those who sit upon the left
To make the pointer rise.
There are many mourning widows,
Whose every hope has died,
Wrecked with the forms that lifeless lay
Upon the left-hand side.

Our modern civilization
Would just as soon stand still,
If those who sit upon the left
Should their duty not fulfill.
The men who pull the throttle valve,
To death no sooner ride
Than those who pull the brazen bell,
Upon the left-hand side.

Now, I should like to ask of those
Who often do relate
Brave stories of the driver,
To not forget his mate,
The man who grooms the iron horse,
And helps to win the race,
Will some day cast the shovel down
To take the driver's place.

—*Misnomer.*

Woman's Department

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

WOMAN'S WORK.

One of the great attempts of the day is to define what constitutes Woman's Work. It is one of the difficulties of education and progress that a thousand questions rise up and demand attention which either never suggested themselves in the days of ignorance or, if they came up, were dismissed without any serious thought. Education brings grave responsibilities and yet who would prefer ignorance because it is "bliss?" Now, if we had asked the question half a century ago, "What is Woman's Work?" how simple and decisive would have been the answer,—housekeeping and bringing up children. From this decree there was no appeal. Into the kitchen they went, if not into their own then into some other woman's; and if they had no baby of their own they were kindly permitted to take care of somebody else's, as a penance for not marrying. But there was one poor, little smouldering spark of ambition and independence which had been secretly kept alive through all the centuries. The spirit of progress fanned it gently with her wings, it glowed, it sparkled, it burst into blaze and, in the years to come, it will illuminate the world.

We ask the question to-day, "What is Woman's Work?" and we receive such a confusion of answers we are almost bewildered. The various opinions on this subject resolve themselves into this general statement: Whatever she is best fitted by nature and education to do, that is Woman's Work. Or, in other words, let this question be decided for women just as it is decided for men. Both must be, in a certain degree, governed by circumstances. Thousands of men are compelled to fill a position for which they have no taste or fitness, but it is a matter of daily bread for themselves and families. Tens of thousands of women find themselves in a situation that is hard, distasteful and unremunerative. If such service is plainly a duty and cannot be consistently avoided, the sensible man and the wise woman will take up the burden and bear it patiently, cheerfully, heroically; but they have the right to make very certain, first, that it really deserves the sacrifice; second, that the conditions cannot possibly be changed or improved.

Then, there is another phase of this

question: Whether women should work at all, except of necessity? Until a few years ago it was never supposed that a woman would go out into the world and work unless she was really obliged to earn her own living, and this was considered, if not actually a disgrace, at least a very great hardship. Consequently stout, healthy, capable girls lived in comparative idleness upon the labors of father and brothers until some other man relieved them of the burden. Now it is different. Probably not one-half the women who work are positively compelled to do so, but desire to be independent. Such women are much more highly respected than those who prefer a life of idleness. I recall, for example, two girls who had often attracted my attention upon the street by their dressy toilets. They were seen at every entertainment, wore the latest styles and I supposed, of course, were the daughters of a wealthy father. Imagine my surprise at learning he kept a junk shop and had a hard struggle in life. Amid rags and scrap iron and hides he toiled, day after day, to keep these girls in lazy luxury. The two gentlemen who were speaking of it, remarked, "They will have some trouble getting a husband when the fellows find this out."

After parents, of moderate means, have reared and educated their children to the best of their ability, it is just as much the duty of the daughters as it is of the sons, to take up some work by which they can support themselves. Women have no right to be idle. If they are needed at home, let them take the household tasks from the tired mother who has earned a rest. If the income is small, let them come to the relief of the hardworking father who will fully appreciate the help. If the revenues are more than sufficient, still let the women work. There is so much to be done in the way of charity and of reform, so many wrongs to be righted, so great need of sympathy and encouragement for the unfortunate, so much church and Sunday-school and temperance work, such imperative needs and grand opportunities on every side that there is no time for indolence, no room for useless people.

There is no mind in this world great enough to prescribe or proscribe Woman's Work. Let her attempt whatever she thinks best. If it is not suitable or if she is not capable let her find it out for herself. This is an age of experiment for her. She is just trying her wings. Let her be the judge of how high and how far she can fly. Do not clip her wings or hold her by a string. Just give her a fair chance and await the result. Women, as a class, have never made any serious mis-

takes or in any way disgraced themselves. You have trusted all these years to their tact, their wisdom, their judgment and their goodness. Continue to trust them and have no fear for the future.

Industry is one of the cardinal virtues. Teach the little girls some simple, useful work and, as they grow older, help them to realize life's responsibility and prepare them for some congenial, remunerative labor. They will be better women, happier and more contented, if their time is fully occupied. "But," some one inquires, "would you not have them marry?" Certainly, when they meet a man whom they love and respect, one who is capable, intelligent and worthy of being trusted; but never would I advise a girl to marry for the sake of being supported. Teach her to maintain herself and then she will marry only for such motives as will insure permanent wedded happiness. And after she is married you will always find the industrious girl will make the most satisfactory wife, the neatest housekeeper, the best cook, the most expert needlewoman, the most devoted mother. The experience she had in earning money will make her economical; the contact and contest with the world will cause her to love and enjoy home. On this subject there can be but one conclusion: We will give the widest scope, the fullest encouragement and the heartiest blessing to Woman's Work.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

The buyer for Macy's great Philadelphia drug store is a lady of much ability and many years' experience.

Women and girls, notwithstanding their small wages, own nearly one-half of the deposits in the Savings Banks of Massachusetts, having to their credit \$117,932,339.

A few years ago no woman in India was allowed to read; at the present time there are 126,349 girls and women attending school. This is in a great degree the work of missionaries.

Since the last issue of this Magazine, patents have been granted to women for a mechanical telephone, an improved book cover, a bed spring fire escape, an apparatus for desiccating eggs and an ingenious clothes prop.

A prize was offered by the Mobile Register for the best poem expressive of southern appreciation of northern help during the yellow fever panic of 1879. There were over fifty contributions and the prize was awarded to a lady.

In Groton, Mass., Georgiana, daughter of ex-Gov. Boutwell, is candidate for re-election for School Trustee. In Londonderry, N. H., a man and his wife were opposing candidates for School Committee and the wife came out victorious by a majority of six.

At the annual meeting of the Indiana Bee-Keepers' Association one hundred members were present, five of whom were ladies. With fine recognition by the gentlemen of the Association, Mrs. C. Robbins was elected President and Mrs. L. Stout, Treasurer.

As the sheriff of Franklin county, Penn., was about to start to the penitentiary with a big, burly prisoner, sentenced for three years, he became suddenly ill. His daughter took charge of the prisoner, who was securely manacled, boarded the train and delivered him safely to the Warden of the penitentiary.

A Woman's School of Journalism is to be opened in Detroit this summer to give young women instruction in newspaper work. They will be taught to make market reports, attend lectures and take notes, gather news, do society work, revise manuscript, read proof, set type and write shorthand, and may become thoroughly proficient in all departments of journalism.

The North Indiana Methodist Conference recently held at Peru, took the important step of adopting a resolution, to be presented at the General Conference in Philadelphia, in favor of allowing women to preach. When one considers the immense and important work that women have done in the Methodist church since its first organization, it seems disgraceful that they must beg for a license to preach the Gospel and be repeatedly refused.

It has been found by actual examination in this and other countries that four per cent. of the male population in all large cities are color blind. But the remarkable part of it is that among women, color-blindness is almost entirely unknown. Professor Thompson, a distinguished authority, has examined the eyes of thousands of this sex and has never met with a single case. It has been argued that, in this respect at least, women are admirably fitted for many kinds of responsible railroad work.

About two weeks ago, for the first time in the history of Massachusetts, a woman lawyer appeared as pleader in the courts. Miss Lella Robinson, of Boston, who was admitted to the bar by action of the Legislature, had heretofore prepared her cases herself and employed some brother lawyer to make the argument; but a case came up where a mother petitioned for the custody of her two children and it so touched her woman's heart, she decided to argue the case herself. She showed such skill in examining witnesses and made so forcible an argument that she easily secured a decision in favor of her client.

DRESSES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

In dressing children, one requisite should never be forgotten and that is—simplicity. This is also an important feature in the toilets of grown people, but for children it is an absolute necessity, if you would have a pleasing effect. For this reason the child's dress made at the fashionable modiste's is never so satisfactory as the one made by the seamstress at home. The mantua maker applies all her art in puffing, ruffling and shirring and, consequently, the child looks like a little old woman when she dons the costume. This applies particularly to girls, as it is almost impossible to put very elaborate clothes upon a boy. After he is out of his baby dresses, which are just like his little sister's, the kilt skirts, the blouse to match in winter and of white linen, percale, gingham and on down through the grades of cotton cloth,

in summer, with the wide sailor collar and bright tie, make the laddie all that heart could wish. And when he grows older, the short pants and cunning jackets with the same wide collars are worn alike by rich and poor, varying only in quality. Fortunate the mother who has only boys to dress, for she may go to a clothing store and order the entire outfit, with a calm assurance of its fit, style and suitability. Certainly this ought to compensate for muddy boots, torn trousers and the al-ways and ever missing buttons.

But the mother of daughters, how infinite are her trials! There is no limit to the garments, no end to the styles. We can only consider, in this paper, the girl who is out of her babyhood and has not yet attained the coveted position of a young Miss. At this age the child is as simple and sweet as a daisy or a violet and the simplicity of the toilet must harmonize with this dewy freshness. Let the needle work be as fine as you choose so that there is no showy display of extravagance. Fond mothers may give expression to their love of the beautiful by making the daintiest of robes for state occasions, if they will only allow the little darlings plenty of good, comfortable romping dresses. For parties, a lace trimmed mull, an India linen garnished with fine embroidery or a delicate summer silk made as light and airy as possible, are all that even the wealthiest should provide, and they may be made of less expensive material and yet be equally pretty and becoming.

No little girl's wardrobe is complete without a gray or navy blue flannel, either made in sailor style with kilted skirt or with a circular shirred yoke, and blouse shirred at the belt. To this may be added a cashmere of large plaid or small check, simply and tastefully made, and also several gingham. A style for the latter that is becoming to both plump and slender children is a tucked or box pleated blouse, rolling collar and cuffs and a very full skirt with a wide hem and, if the goods is plain, several tucks nearly an inch deep. This is a sufficient number of dresses either for home or abroad, but of course may be increased according to the means and inclination. To robe the little one in a fresh white dress every summer afternoon is a luxury every mother may be pardoned for coveting and indulging, if practicable.

It will always be observed that basques and polonaises and excessive trimming give most unsatisfactory results in the dresses of small girls. Make the garments in one piece as long as possible. In every way let us keep the little children young and sweet and close up in our heart, for,

notwithstanding all our loving care, they will at last grow away from us and learn to do without our tender protection.

EUREKA LODGE.

It was a cool, crisp but sunny morning when we started at seven o'clock for Indianapolis to attend the Union meeting of No. 14. Grand Master Arnold and his wife, who, by the way, is very popular with the ladies of the Brotherhood, Grand Secretary Debs, his excellent mother, his sister Eugenie, who understands the entire business status of the B. of L. F. almost as well as her brother, and somebody else—but we will spare the Grand Secretary's blushes.—then there was J. F. O'Reilly, the Inimitable, Mr. Murphy, the gentlemanly reporter for the Express, and quite a company of invited friends whom we would like to name but have not space, so that our special car was comfortably filled. We arrived at ten o'clock and after a cordial welcome by Master Tweedie and Financier Hugo, of the Indianapolis Lodge, employed the time in shopping, calling, etc., (I am telling you what the ladies did,) until we all met in the Hall at eight o'clock.

The speeches were all good but a little too long. You know, ladies, that men are such talkers it is very hard for them to stop when they get a good opportunity for speaking. It would be impossible to give even a brief sketch, but that which chiefly interests this department is that, almost without exception, they contained a graceful recognition of Woman. Gov. Porter, at the close of a pleasant speech, advised the Firemen particularly to love their homes and provide for their families. J. F. O'Reilly, in a short, pithy speech, said, "I would fain add another word to our motto; it is 'The Ladies.' Our wives and daughters render unto us aid we never find elsewhere. Can you find a woman who would not support such an organization as this? How can we repay them? Who knows how soon the father, son or brother will die bravely at his post, leaving his family to the mercies of the cold world. Then will we repay them. Not with preamble and resolution but with those substantial which chase the wolf from the door and displace the gaunt despair of poverty with the smile of gratitude and plenty." Mr. O'R. also paid a compliment to the letters from ladies which appear in the Magazine.

Music and recitations gave variety to the entertainment and we felt quite rested and refreshed when the brilliant Col. Maynard came forward. His very name is the signal for applause and when the gentleman himself appears he receives a

perfect ovation. During his remarks he said in his peculiarly happy manner:

But I am reminded, Mr. President, that tonight I am not only addressing a brotherhood but a sisterhood—aye, motherhood, wifehood, possibly sweetheart-hood—in a word, woman-hood. As I speak, what pictures of enrapturing attraction throng around me! Mr. President, I congratulate you; I congratulate the brotherhood. It has found a place in woman's heart. It is secure. Women have beautified it with their wealth of love—wreathed it with smiles. It is to have no more dark seasons, for women will make its nights day by the light of their eyes. What harm shall befall it while women are its guardian angels? What stains shall ever touch its escutcheon that women's tears shall not wash away? I shall not under-estimate the grasping power of your anchors, nor the strength of your cables. I know, Mr. President, your noble ambitions, your high aims, I know the robust energy that has marked your progress from weakness to power. But I feel assured that the magic influence of woman is yet to be recognized more than ever before as a force which will hold this grand Brotherhood to its mooring of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," and contribute its full share to the effulgence of its fame.

Isn't that beautiful in sentiment and expression?

Grand Master Arnold gave an interesting History of the Order, P. G. M. F. B. Alley read a graphic description of Life in a Cab, and the exercises closed with a brief address from the Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

If every woman is able to prepare only one article of food let that be Bread. It is always possible to buy good butter and, for children especially, there is nothing so palatable as bread and butter. After having learned to make the best quality of yeast-raised wheat bread, all the varieties may be easily mastered and, with the skillful hand of an accomplished cook, the proud housewife may produce a tempting array of Vienna, Graham and Boston brown bread, rolls, buns and all that is lovely and eatable in this line.

The first requisite in good bread is the very best quality of flour. Without this it is useless to expect success. There can be no greater mistake than to buy second or third grade flour because it is cheaper. It is so deficient in nourishing qualities that it is really the most expensive and, besides this, the family must always have inferior bread, cake, pie and all kinds of pastry. The next requisite for good bread is good yeast. Without this even the best flour will not produce good bread. The best and only kind in the market that can be recommended is the compressed yeast. When fresh this is perfectly reliable but, as it cannot always be obtained, we give a recipe for making yeast that never fails, provided you have good yeast to "start" it.

RECIPE.

Steep a small handful of loose hops in a quart of boiling water for five minutes. Strain this very slowly upon a half pint of flour which you have previously stirred to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Mix well and boil one minute; then add one heaping teaspoonful of salt and two of white sugar. When lukewarm stir in a gill of liquid yeast, or an ounce cake of compressed yeast dissolved in warm water. Let it stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally, then cover closely in a glass or stone jar and set in a cool place.

Yeast made in this way will keep two or three weeks in summer and much longer in winter, and can be used for starting new yeast as well as for making bread. As our space is all occupied we will have to defer the process of bread making until next month.

A PLEASANT SOCIAL.

Arizona Citizen.

The Ladies' Society of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is an organization standing in the same relation to the B. of L. F. that the Eastern Star degree stands to Masonry. The organization in this city is new, but being composed mostly of enthusiastic and cultured ladies, it cannot but flourish and do much to bring the Firemen and their associates into pleasant social circles and make their home and Lodge room surroundings more attractive than the public resorts to which men naturally drift when not surrounded by such influences as these societies aim to and are bringing to bear.

The regular monthly social given in their hall last night was one of the best yet given which is abundant evidence of the success of the organization. The hall was full to overflowing, many prominent persons outside of the Firemen and their families being present and the entertainment was a most interesting one. Following is a programme of the literary and musical exercises: Organ solo by Prof. Ludwig Thomas. Duet, Over the Moonlit Sea, by Miss Sadie Appel. Guitar solo, Railroad Gallop, by Mrs. Ed. Bowers and Prof. Richardson. Vocal solo, The Pretty Red Rose, by Mrs. A. H. Howard. Recitation, The Pilot's Story, by Miss Emma Monk. Vocal solo, The Heart that is Tied and True, by Miss Jessie Medbery. Recitation, The Charcoal Man, by Mrs. F. D. Simpson. Duet, Gently Sighs the Breeze, by Goodsell and daughter.

The Nondescript, a paper edited entirely by the ladies of the Society, was read by Mrs. P. Mariner. It was filled

with good things and the numerous local hits brought down the house frequently.

Mr. and Mrs. Grossetta rendered some fine selections from *The Bohemian Girl* on the clarinet and organ.

A poem, *Our Brotherhood*, was recited by Mrs. Anna Livingston.

Mr. E. P. Sargent read letters from F. W. Arnold, Grand Master of the B. of L. F. and Eugene V. Debs, editor of the *Firemen's Magazine*, congratulating and complimenting the ladies on their organization.

An organ solo, by Prof. Thomas closed this part of the programme.

The ladies who had set up a stove in the ante-room then furnished their guests with an abundance of hot coffee, cakes and other delicacies and a most enjoyable time was had. After refreshments the remainder of the evening was spent in general social enjoyment and the ladies no doubt returned home feeling that their efforts to entertain their friends had been successful.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 29, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

I have been a reader of the *Magazine* ever since the organization of 188. It is a most interesting book and improving very fast. A few days ago I came across an old *Magazine* and upon comparing it with those of the present date I was surprised at the great advancement. The old one is not half so bright, cheerful and interesting. I am acquainted with a number of the members of 188. They are splendid boys and it does my heart good to see them so interested in their new *Lodge*.

I have been looking over the lists to see if there were any new *Lodges* and I notice several. I am especially interested in 202, at Chillicothe, O. I believe they never had anything of this kind and they will find it a great benefit. We extend our interest and encouragement and advise them especially to read the *Magazine*. It is a credit to the Order and to its editors.

Hoping the Brotherhood may continue in their good work of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, I remain

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., May 1, 1884.

To Woman's Department.

As I have not seen anything in the *Magazine* for some time about *Royal Gorge* No. 59, I take my pen in hand and seat myself to let you know that they are still in the land of the living. I have been a constant reader of the dear *Magazine* ever

since my husband joined the Lodge, which was about two years ago, and, lately, I have watched in vain, each month, to see something from this Lodge, but as they all seem backward I thought I would make a start, in hopes that some one will follow my good example. Indeed, the members of the Lodge seem so indifferent about writing I think perhaps they are waiting for the sisters to try their hand and so I have concluded to begin. The letters from the other writers have afforded me so much pleasure I think it is my duty to afford them some pleasure in return, so I will say a few words about the glorious Brotherhood.

My husband joined the noble band in 1882 and I do all I can to assist him in the noble work. I think it needs just such encouragement as can be given by the mothers, wives, sisters (and I may add sweethearts). No. 59 is in a prosperous condition, having a membership of over 100, all in good standing, and the Order may well be proud of this little band, as my husband is one of them, and they are all cheerful boys. Bro. Hinman, the worthy Financier, is the right man in the right place. I hope you will not put this in the waste paper basket for the boys of 59 need good advice and if you publish this I will send you some more just as nice. I did not intend to write so much but too much cannot be said in regard to the great and glorious Brotherhood. Now that I have broken the ice I hope some more able writer will be encouraged to follow in my footsteps for it is hardly fair to leave all the work to Mrs. Harper, Irene and myself. I hope this will be published, for I want to write a series of interesting letters and it will be a great favor to me if you will get this up in good style and give it a good place in the Magazine. I am afraid I have taken up too much of your valuable space, but I had so much of importance to say. Please correct all mistakes in spelling, punctuation and composition and if there is anything that does not sound just right put it in good language. I forgot to say anything about the grand and noble motto, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, but I will give considerable space to it in my next. With many good wishes for the Brotherhood and hoping God will bless them and their families and all their efforts, I remain, as ever,

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

As we are not so much crowded with correspondence as usual this month we have selected the above as a specimen of twenty or thirty letters that are sent every few weeks to the Magazine. The writers are excellent, kind hearted women,

anxious to do some good and ambitious to appear in print, but it certainly seems that they might avoid some of the more glaring mistakes. A brief criticism upon this communication will apply to all. The writer says it will be a very great favor to her if the letter is published. She writes it on common wrapping paper with a poor lead pencil, so that it can hardly be read. She writes on both sides of the paper, which would be sufficient, in any newspaper or magazine office in the country, to send it straight into the waste paper basket. She very coolly requests that the editors correct spelling, punctuation, etc., and put the letter in good language. If it would really be a favor to her to have it printed in the Magazine, has she not some friend who could put it into the proper shape for publishing? The editors are so busy they have scarcely time to sleep and yet three-fourths of all the matter sent in has to be entirely rewritten before it can be given to the printer. In many instances it is an actual forgery to affix the correspondent's name, as there is scarcely a line of the original letter.

In the above, which is about an average specimen, it will be noticed that almost the entire space is filled with reasons for writing and requests that it will be published. There are not half a dozen lines of actual information. The expressions are all stereotyped and have been written a thousand times since the opening of the correspondent's column. It is the ambition of the editors to make a thoroughly first-class periodical out of the Firemen's Magazine and to accomplish this they have spared neither time nor labor. They endeavor to use only such material as will be either entertaining or instructive. While we receive many communications that are very interesting and acceptable yet, we are compelled to say, that others are of not the slightest value. We feel sure that all our contributors are capable of most excellent work if they will bestow a little more time and care upon their writings. We take this means of calling their attention to the subject and, in conclusion, beg leave to offer two suggestions: First, write legibly and correctly upon one side of a good quality of paper. Second, omit all unnecessary sentences, make no apology for writing, no entreaties for publication, write a clear, concise letter containing something that will be of general interest to the readers of the Magazine and not merely to the members of the one Lodge which the writer represents.

We make these criticisms in the most friendly spirit, having at heart the welfare of the Magazine, and trust it will not be necessary to refer again to the subject.

FUN AND CANDY.

It is impossible to have more fun these long evenings than by making candy *at home*. You can learn how to make every kind of fine candy sold at the best confectionery stores in the cities, from that valuable book, "HOW TO MAKE CANDY." No home can afford to be without it. Sent postpaid for 30 cents (in one or two cent stamps.) Address,

THE HOUSEWIFE, Rochester, N. Y.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

A domestic journal for American housekeepers, will be sent for *one year free* to every lady who will send *at once* the names and addresses of ten married ladies or housekeepers and 24 cents in 2 cent stamps for postage. It is the best family paper in the United States, and this offer is made only to secure names to whom to send sample copies, as we know every lady who *once* sees THE HOUSEWIFE *will subscribe for it*. Regular price, \$1.00 per year. Send *to-day* so as to secure the next number. Address

THE HOUSEWIFE, Rochester, N. Y.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

The names were signed without a word,

Due notice ta'en of bale and crate,

The Captain's "All aboard" was heard;

The night express was two hours late.

And then away with gathering speed,

Like some wild bird on homeward wings,

The fiery breath of th' iron steed,

Drifting away in circling rings

Thro' tunnels dark, 'round winding curves,

O'er chasms grim, and darkling pool,

Past boulders gray; with straining nerves,

Onward amid the ravines cool!

The steed has caught the driver's ire,

And spurns the trail beneath its heel;

The while fierce gleams the eye of fire,

Far down the length'ning lines of steel.

Above where moons soft sheen enshrines

The crystal bride* of turbid New;†

Amid the tall and stalwart pines,

With many a shriek the "wild train" flew.

And on, and on, in tireless flight,

By beetling crags and winding shores;

And only paused with morning's light,

One moment where Kanawha roars.

Then on, and on, and still away,

Thro' meadows broad and ville and town,

'Till where the sun's serenest ray,

On broad Ohio's shore melts down.

The good wife stood with welcome smile,

And held the urchin high in view,

The tired "Mess" waved his dusty tile,

To these, his treasures, old and new.

The goal was won; by river sands

The stoker rang a merry chime;

And "Mess" and "Baggage" then shook hands.

The "Night Express" was in on time.

* Greenbrier River.

† New River.

—Orso Hunt.

Miscellaneous.

Union Meetings.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Candor compels us to admit that the union meeting, given under the auspices of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, on the evening of April 17th, was not as great a success as was anticipated by the eager throng that assembled on that occasion. The programme of exercises was too long and became wearisome, although many parts of it were exceedingly interesting.

The hall was filled by a very select audience at an early hour, a large number of visitors being in attendance, among whom were many Terre Haute people, conveyed there in a special car, kindly provided for the occasion by Mr. W. R. McKeen, the genial President of the Vandalia Line, who has always been the warm friend of the Brotherhood. We will allow the Terre Haute Express and Gazette to give an account of the meeting, as they had special reporters in attendance:

"It was a jolly party that boarded a special car, attached to the 7 o'clock train on the Vandalia, Thursday morning, bound for Indianapolis. Eureka Lodge, No. 14, B. of L. F., had invited Terre Haute brothers to come to their city and accept of their hospitalities. It is doubtful if a more jolly or happier party ever left Terre Haute. The ride was at an end entirely too soon. There is one commendable feature about the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—they are brothers. No one is a stranger that accepts of their hospitality—once a friend always a friend until proved unworthy. Their families are bound together by the social ties of the Brotherhood. If the families of Brothers are entire strangers, as soon as they are thrown together they become as old friends, made so by the ties that bind the husbands and fathers—the ties of the Brotherhood. Mrs. Frank Arnold, who has just removed here with her worthy husband, proved a great favorite with all the ladies of the party, many having never met her before. She is an accomplished woman, and will prove a favorite with all. Mrs. Ida A. Harper, the talented authoress, was also on board. Engineer John McKeever was in charge of the throttle and Fireman Jas. Smith had charge of the furnace. Two more competent men cannot be found in the employ of the company. At the Indianapolis depot the excursionists were met by several Brothers of Eureka Lodge, among whom were Bros. Hugo and B. Tweedie, who are very popular among the boys. Bro. Tweedie has abandoned the fireman's box and now runs a barber shop on East Washington street, where he has a good trade and is coin-ing money. The day was pleasantly spent by all. The brothers hunted up old friends, while the ladies shopped, or went sight seeing. At Indianapolis many brothers from different cities of the State were met, all good jolly fellows with hearts as large as water-melons. Again the tie that binds the members of the Brotherhood was noticed. Broth-

ers who had never heard of each other before became old friends when once they met. Col. Maynard, of the Sentinel, was hunted up and taken in charge. Although the Colonel has witnessed sixty-five summers he is still young in heart, and is counted among the "boys" by the brothers. There is, doubtless, not a man out of railroad circles in all Indiana so popular among the members of the Brotherhood. The Colonel looks upon them as his children, while the brothers reverence him as a father. In 1877, the year of the great strike, when the "stock" of the Brotherhood was far below par, Colonel Maynard came forward and said, "Boys, I am your friend." He has proved his words, and woe to the man that says a disrespectful word regarding the Colonel in the presence of a Locomotive Fireman. Another popular man with the Brotherhood is ex-Mayor Caven, who was also a friend to the boys during the great strike. During the great strike he was called upon when the city of Indianapolis was rife with rumors and wild stories were afloat that railroad men were going to burn the thousands of dollars' worth of railroad property in Indianapolis. Mayor Caven came forward and said, "Boys, guard that property!" and a line of railroad men was formed around the depots and other property, and it was guarded. Not a dollar's worth was lost. Is it a wonder that these men respect him? A man who had confidence in them when others were crying out for the militia to come and shoot them down! The day was too soon over, and when evening came a large crowd assembled at Pfaffin's Music hall to enjoy the pleasures of the entertainment prepared by Eureka Lodge, No. 14. The large hall was densely packed, and many went away unable to gain admission.

When the curtain rose, His Excellency, Governor Albert G. Porter, was introduced by Wm. Hugo, of Indianapolis, who acted as chairman of the meeting. Governor Porter came forward with a pleasant smile upon his countenance, and was greeted with continued applause.

GOV. PORTER'S REMARKS.

He assured them that it gave him great pleasure to be invited to address them. It was an esteemed honor, and one he would not soon forget. Many times during his life he had been under obligations to the brave boys who stand in the face of danger, and watch over all entrusted to their care. He always sought an opportunity to repay that kindness. What class of men are more important, more indispensable, than the Brotherhood? Who do or who can we trust more? They are always in the face of danger, and their steady habits and kind, brave hearts rescue us from danger. When flying over the country enjoying the comfort and luxury of the passenger coach, we do not disturb ourselves with fears. We trust to the power of the boys in the cab to save us from dangers which we know lurks in every rail. And why do we trust them? Because we know they never desert their post. The Governor said that one of the most interesting meetings he ever attended was the annual convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Terre Haute in 1882. While there he heard it frequently remarked that a finer looking body of men had never before been seen together. "And why is it that these men are so manly and noble in appearances? It is because a man's business impresses itself upon his face. As a soldier looks gallant, so does the engineer and fireman look manly, strong and courageous. The heroes of everyday life are engineers and firemen. They carry their lives in their hands, but all undaunted, value them as naught when the voice of duty calls for their sacrifice. In the last five years no one ever read that an engi-

neer or fireman had deserted his post to save his own life. I heard that the railroads have generally made a law that no man who drank should be allowed to serve them. I tell you it was the locomotive engineers and firemen who first made this rule for the railroads, and not the railroads for them. Drunkards are not allowed membership in this Order, nor should they be. There is no class of men engaged in mechanical employment who more generally own their homes than the locomotive engineers and firemen. It is the duty of every man to make provision for his family in the event that death calls him. The beginning by which men rise is in learning the art of saving, and I wish to say to you, members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, be industrious, be sober, be saving, love your homes, provide for your families, and when you die, see that they have that by which to live, and you will stand in the forefront of respectability.

The Governor was frequently interrupted with applause.

At the conclusion of Gov. Porter's address, M. A. Heckler, of Indianapolis, rendered a beautiful tenor solo, entitled, "Love's Request."

HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

Grand Master Arnold delivered an address on the "History of the Order," which is given in full:

On the first day of December, 1873, there assembled in an old car shed in the city of Port Jervis, N. Y., nine locomotive firemen, who then and there laid the foundation stones upon which rests the magnificent structure of to-day. Those nine men, in few words, every one of which meant something determined, organized Deer Park Lodge No. 1 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and located at Port Jervis, where it remains today a living flower in the wreath so compactly woven by their followers.

J. A. Leach was there elected the first Grand Master, which position he held until September, 1876, and G. S. Murray was elected Grand Secretary and Treasurer. The efforts of the originators of the Brotherhood which were enlisted in so noble a calling were fruitful, and the result of which was shown in one year's time to have been of such determination and strength as to present to the Brotherhood twelve Subordinate Lodges, whose delegates met in convention on the 15th day of December, 1874, at Hornellsville, N. Y. There were assembled twenty-four delegates, it being permissible during the early days of the Brotherhood for each Lodge to be represented by two members. The officers elected at this convention were H. W. Plummer, Vice Grand Master, and W. N. Sayre, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, who served until July 16, 1880. This convention adjourned to meet in the city of Indianapolis on the second Tuesday in December, 1875, which delegation was welcomed by Mayor Caven, who is still a distinguished fellow-citizen of this beautiful city, followed by addresses by Grand Chaplain George Tyre, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and the Rev. Walker.

It was shown at this time that in two years the Brotherhood had grown from one to thirty-one Lodges and from nine to more than six hundred members. Truly those were substantial evidences of the good intentions of the nine originators and of the good qualities of the Brotherhood in general. H. H. Clapp was elected Vice Grand Master, who served with the same staff of officers heretofore elected.

It was at this convention that the Brotherhood was ordered to issue a Magazine, and W.

N. Sayre was elected editor of the same. The first issue of this book was in December of that year, and, like all new enterprises, it demanded and received nursing and watching, and finally grew to such mammoth proportions that it is now looked upon and spoken of as one of the finest if not the best labor organs of the day. From nothing it has reached a circulation in seven years' time of 18,500 copies. We point at these figures with pardonable pride. This convention adjourned to meet in the city of St. Louis on the second Tuesday in September, 1876, where we were welcomed by ex-Mayor Brown, who extended the freedom of the city to the delegates and visiting brethren. The call of the roll disclosed the fact that there were fifty-three Lodges represented, a growth during the past year of twenty-two Lodges, and with a membership of 1,500. W. R. Worth was elected Grand Master and John Broderick Vice Grand Master. It was decided to meet again the following year in the beautiful city of Indianapolis. Its great railroad facilities; its prosperous condition and the hospitality of its citizens combined to urge the delegates to this selection, and accordingly on the second Tuesday in September, 1877, the delegates were welcomed to the city by Mayor Caven, who was then and is now one of our staunchest friends. It was also here and at this convention that we were accorded the gratification of hearing words of encouragement and praise and receiving valuable advice from that prince of nature's noblemen, Colonel J. B. Maynard, he who so closely followed us in all our undertakings, sympathizing when sympathy was needed, rejoicing at our success, always our friend, never doubting our principles, until we have come to know him as "one of the boys." There were 78 Lodges represented at the convention, declaring a combined membership of 3,500. It will be remembered that during this year the country was agitated from ocean to ocean by labor troubles, and as the railroad interests of the country were in an unsettled condition it was not unexpected that the growth of our Order should be checked. This was not the result of any participation in labor agitation by the Brotherhood, but because the success of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen depends almost entirely upon the healthy condition of railroad interests. This check was felt through the years 1878, 1879 and 1880—not receding, not advancing. At this convention F. B. Alley was elected Grand Master and W. T. Goundie Vice Grand Master, after which it adjourned to meet in the city of Buffalo on the second Tuesday in September, 1878, and was there welcomed to the city by John B. Sachett, Mayor pro tem., and F. M. Wilder, Master Mechanic of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad. W. T. Goundie was elected Grand Master, J. M. Dodge, Vice Grand Master (to serve one year each), and S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer, which office he holds to this time, and whose heart and soul are enlisted in the good work. For the third time the delegates adjourned in convention to meet in the city of Indianapolis, but a few months following the adjournment the claims of Chicago, which city had been a warm competitor of Indianapolis for the place of convention, were so pressing that it was decided to hold the convention there, and accordingly on the morning of September 8, 1879, the representatives of Subordinate Lodges were met by the Hon. Carter Harrison, Mayor, and the Rev. Dr. Ryder, and formally welcomed to the city.

At this convention you elected F. W. Arnold, the present incumbent, Grand Master, and J. E. Briggs Vice Grand Master, who served with the other officers for the ensuing year.

It was decided to return to Chicago to hold the next convention, and on the second Monday in September the delegates were for a

second time welcomed by Mayor Carter Harrison and Rev. Dr. Ryder, and were addressed also by E. H. Talbot, of the Railway Age.

It was made evident at this convention that the circumstances which had combined to clog the wheels of our locomotion had been removed and we were once more advancing, this time on to the end, which will be reached only when the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has fulfilled its mission. The resignation of W. N. Sayre, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, had been presented and accepted in July of 1880, and Eugene V. Debs, the present Grand Secretary and Treasurer, had been appointed to succeed him, which action this convention ratified.

Grand Secretary and Treasurer Debs informed the convention that the wheels of the Brotherhood had once more begun to revolve and that the lever was in the forward motion, and with assistance from each member he would see that there would be no opportunity to apply the brakes and reverse the engine. He informed us that we had now 98 Lodges and a membership of 4,500.

This delegation elected Charles Pope, Vice Grand Master, and Eugene V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer, which office he now holds.

The next convention met in the city of Boston and was welcomed by the Rev. E. C. Boeles, Hon. John M. Raymond, E. A. Stevens, of Division 61, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and S. S. Roble, of Boston, Mass. A letter of welcome from Mayor Prince was read, which also stated his inability to be present, being confined to his room by illness. At this time we were informed that for the first time in the history of the organization the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was out of debt. W. E. Burns was here elected Vice Grand Master and served for two years.

On the second Monday in September, 1882, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen assembled in convention, pursuant to adjournment, in the city of Terre Haute, and the 121 delegates there assembled witnessed the opening of one of the finest conventions, in all particulars, that ever assembled. The exercises were held in the Opera House and were opened by the Rev. S. F. Dunham, who led in prayer. This entertainment was presided over by Thomas W. Harper, who noted among other things the fact that the Brotherhood had now 124 Lodges and 5,000 members.

He was followed by an address of welcome to the city by Mayor Lyne; welcomed to the State by His Excellency, Governor A. G. Porter, and addressed by the Hon. Bayless W. Hanna, Col. J. B. Maynard, who, you will observe, was giving fresh evidences of not only his desire but of his ability to still be "one of the boys," followed by Col. Thomas H. Nelson and Senator D. W. Voorhees.

What an army of ability! What a feast of reason! A combination which at all times would attract and electrify the nation. This oratorical festival of eloquence and ability was intensely enjoyed by all who were so fortunate as to be there, and is to this day and it will be for all time to come regarded as the grandest entertainment ever given in honor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. It was decreed that the next convention should be held in the city of Denver, which was called to order on the 17th day of September, 1883, with a representation of 178 lodges, an increase of 57 lodges within twelve months, and the membership had increased from 5,000 to 7,337.

What food for reflection! In ten years' time, during three of which the Brotherhood was at a standstill, occasioned by the stagnation of trade and traffic, this organization grew from nine members at Fort Jervis, N. Y., in December, 1873, to 7,337 members at Denver, Colo., in September, 1883. What a gigantic victory in its sweep across the continent!

The opening exercises of our tenth annual convention were presided over by Gen. S. A. Shepherd. We were received by his Honor, Mayor John L. Routt, welcomed by United States Senator James B. Belford, and honored by addresses by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Col. J. B. Maynard, and by a letter of welcome from His Excellency, Gov. J. B. Grant.

What with this sextette of nature's noblest men and their lavish words of praise and encouragement, who was there to gainsay the success of this Brotherhood?

F. P. Sargent was elected Vice Grand Master, who is at present serving with the same staff of officers elected at former conventions. This convention adjourned to meet in Toronto, Canada, the third Tuesday in September, 1884.

In conclusion, I will briefly relate the history of our Brotherhood since the adjournment of our tenth convention. Then we had 178 lodges; now we have 210, an increase of thirty-two in seven months' time. We have a membership now of 10,400, an increase of 3,103 in the same number of months. An unprecedented growth, I may say, for an organization of this character.

We think we can safely rely on 19,000 members by next September. The question very naturally suggests itself, What is the cause of this marvelous success?

I may say, without fear of contradiction, that it is caused by a combination of circumstances, among the most prominent of which is the perfect unanimity of action of this vast body of men; also the fact that every member of the Brotherhood gives his support and influence to the success of the Magazine.

We are united upon everything; we have no dissensions, and so long as we continue as we have done we are bound to succeed. So long as we live up to the principles of our motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," we cannot fail.

Miss Annie L. Abromet, of Indianapolis, sang "The Flower Girl," and was heartily encored.

MR. JOHN F. O'REILLY.

Mr. John F. O'Reilly, of this city, spoke in behalf of Vigo Lodge, No. 16:

"I am here from Vigo Lodge, No. 16, to extend to you her warmest greeting. We are one family, and as brothers we meet and testify to that brotherly feeling which you know we all feel. We are working to further the ends of this society. Our watchword is, 'Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry.' We are here to give each other encouragement. Benevolence is the first of our cardinal virtues. We are taught to lend each other a helping hand in distress; we follow to the best of our ability the scriptural injunction, 'Do unto each other as we would be done by.' And sobriety—by that motto we lead well regulated lives, and preserve our faculties, mental and physical. The drunkard is an outcast in all good society, and he finds no place among us. This organization has done more to drive drunkards from the railroads than all the temperance societies that ever existed. Ten years ago drunkenness was common among railway employees. Is it so now? Go talk to the railway officials and they will pay high compliments to this Brotherhood. Industry is a principle which is ground into the very character of this Order. Our industry comes greatly from the other two principles, benevolence and sobriety. I would fain add another word to our motto. It is 'The Ladies.' Our wives and daughters render unto us aid we never find elsewhere. Can you find the woman who would not support such an organization as this? How can we repay them? Who

knows how soon the father, brother, son will die bravely at his post, leaving his family to the mercies of the cold world. Then will we repay them. Not with preamble and resolution, but with those substantial which chase the wolf from the door and displace the gaunt despair of poverty with the smile of gratitude and plenty. Such an organization needs no eulogy, no monument. Its deeds shine forth in immortal lustre, proclaiming its worth and greatness.

Mr. O'Reilly was heartily cheered. Gov. Porter grasped his hand and congratulated him.

Mr. P. J. Keller followed Mr. O'Reilly with two pleasant recitations.

P. G. M. F. B. ALLEY.

Past Grand Master, F. B. Alley, of Indianapolis, read a very interesting address entitled "Life in the Cab," in which he described an imaginary trip. The address was filled with witty sayings.

A vocal duett by Miss Kate Wenger and Mr. Andrew Smith was well received.

COL. J. B. MAYNARD.

Colonel J. B. Maynard was the next speaker. His remarks are given in full:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Yesterday I saw the programme of this evening's entertainment and found myself announced for an address. The announcement suggested the question: Will you respond? Mentally, I was in about the same quandary of the elderly lady who being about to change the State of Illinois for the marriage state, was asked by the minister: "Do you take this man, whom you hold by the right hand, to be your wedded husband?" She replied: "Sometimes I think I will, and sometimes I think I won't." But the old lady finally concluded to emigrate, and I am here to respond to the programme of the evening.

In the presence of such an audience and on an occasion of so much interest to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the supreme demand, when one talks, is to say something. I have reasons for knowing with what boundless charity the Brotherhood regards the imperfections of my sayings in their presence. Years ago, when the Brotherhood was in its swaddling clothes, I helped to rock its cradle, and when it had expanded to continental proportions and its council chamber was thronged with sturdy men from Maine to Oregon, it enfolded me in its mighty grasp and bore me away and up to its parliament house, where my eye could scan the building power of the Great Architect and my soul drink in its full at the fountains of divine inspiration. I do not, I can not, I will not forget such refinement of friendship. It blooms perennial in my memory, in my heart of hearts, forever; and as the years go by, and the Brotherhood grows in power, prosperity and usefulness to its members and to society, I shall be permitted, as the world speaks its praise, to sing, however tremulously—

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne,

We'll take a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne.

But I am reminded, Mr. President, that tonight I am not only addressing a brotherhood but a sisterhood—aye, motherhood, wifehood, possibly sweetheart—*in a word, womanhood*. As I speak, what pictures of enrapturing attractiveness greet my vision! Mr. President, I congratulate you; I congratulate the Brotherhood. It has found a place in wom-

an's heart. It is secure. Women have beautified it with their wealth of love—wreathed it with smiles. It is to have no more dark seasons, for women will make its nights day by the light of their eyes. What harm shall befall it while women are its guardian angels? What stains shall ever touch its escutcheon that women's tears shall not wash away? I shall not under-estimate the grasping power of your anchors, nor the strength of your cables. I know, Mr. President, your noble ambitions, your high aims. I know the robust energy that has marked your progress from weakness to power. But I feel assured that the magic influence of woman is yet to be recognized more than ever before as a force which will hold this grand brotherhood to its mooring of "benevolence, sobriety and industry," and contribute its full share to the effulgence of its fame.

Mr. President, if I were younger, I might put in a plea of embarrassment to-night, and take the chances of your verdict. But my manuscript interposes an objection. This is not an impromptu address. I wrote it specially for this occasion. In the quiet of my study to-day, this blessed afternoon, I tore myself away from the captivatingsociety of the Grand Master and the Grand Secretary, of Hugo and Alley, that I might be able to respond to the programme, and as I wrote I was reminded of the story of Mike and Pat who went out to hunt rabbits. They finally found a rodent, and were seeking the right distance for the slaughter, when Pat suggested to Mike that his gun was minus a lock. To this Mike replied, "Hush, the rabbit don't know it." I surmised, Mr. President, that you might discover that my gun was without a lock, and that the game, unlike Mike's rabbit, would also "catch on," in which case my hunting excursion would be profitless, and my only consolation would be that I did not expect to bag the audience, take it by storm and bear it away as a trophy, and I shall be content if I may contribute, however little, to the evening's entertainment by voicing in some measure the sentiment of all good people in favor of the distinguishing features of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. I have not been, Mr. President, an unobtrusive spectator of the vicissitudes of life. I am not one of those who speak of the world as cold and heartless. I do not believe that humanity is retrograding. I love to think of the world as bright and beautiful, of clouds with silver linings; and when I meet with croakers, those long visaged, bear-eyed unfortunates who talk of the good time past with never a word for the good time now, and the better time coming, those batish, owlsh men, who love darkness rather than light, I tell them to look abroad, and behold the asylums where the insane are clothed in their right minds; where the blind and the deaf are taught to read and talk; where the poor are fed, clothed and sheltered; where the widow and the fatherless find refuge from the pitiless storms; and in the presence of such exhibitions, cease their croakings and sit dumb. And why not, Mr. President, invite them to contemplate for a moment the benevolent purposes of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen? I know, sir, your Lodges have their Masters, Secretaries and Financials. I know the Grand Lodge has its Grand Officers; but I know, sir, that grander than all, robed in a regalia flashing in jewels brighter than stars, is enthroned the genius of benevolence, the spirit of fraternity, the crowning glories of brotherhood. It is this tutelary goddess that presides here to-night. It sparkles in the eyes and glows on the cheeks of the fair women around me. It pulsates in every manly heart of the Brotherhood, and there is in it a divinity, which in sunshine and in storm shall direct your order, Mr. President, in its upward and onward

career. When a Brotherhood fireman falls at his post, what then? His comrades gather up his lifeless remains, give them burial, mark the spot with a memorial tablet, and plant flowers where he sleeps. Is that all? Nay; not all. Then the Brotherhood finds the darkened home of the widow and the orphans and gentle words of condolence are spoken. Is that all? No, thank God, no. What more? A key. Gods, what a key. Look at it. How mysterious in its complications. How it flashes in polished power. There has been a death in the shining circle of the Brotherhood. A gem has dropped away. And now the great benevolent hand of the Brotherhood grasps the key, the massive doors of the burglar and fire-proof safe swing wide open, and a thousand dollars, by the fiat of the Order, drop into the hands of the bereaved. It is enough. The dead are buried; kind words are spoken, and a cloud with a silver lining floats away, bearing upon its dark brow a bow of promise, saying to the living: Thus shall it be to you and your loved ones in the day of calamity.

I do not wonder that fair women grace with their presence such occasions as this. It is in beautiful accord with their nature to encourage manly men in the performance of manly duties. It is an assurance that in the Lodge and on the rail their love and devotion attends them, and manly men demand no higher incentive to duty.

The exercises closed with a brief address by the Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

LaFayette, Ind.

The union meeting held at LaFayette, Ind., on the evening of April 30th, under the auspices of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36, was a magnificent success in every respect. Early in the evening the Pythian hall, in which the meeting was held was filled by a splendid audience. We wish to say here that of all the audiences we ever addressed none were more patient or more appreciative. It was made up of some of the best elements of LaFayette society, and the people evinced an interest in the exercises and in the Order generally, such as we have scarcely seen equalled.

Not a person left the hall during the entire programme, and even at the close of the exercises many remained to express to the visitors their appreciation of the Order and its principles.

Founded among such people Tippecanoe Lodge ought to be the peer of any Lodge in the Order in every respect.

We will let the LaFayette papers talk as before:

"But few, if any, literary entertainments within our recollection so greatly pleased and interested us, as the Open Meeting under the auspices of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which took place at Pythian Hall last night.

The exercises throughout were edifying and instructive, as well as pleasing, and in general tones bespoke the prosperity and advancement of the noble Brotherhood, which, not alone unites its membership for protection and beneficiary purposes, but, of still equal importance, advances the moral and mental faculties of each individual member,

and thereby the organization as a whole, and still farther brings to the fireman the realization of the fact that he is worthy of and should live for more than the sole purpose of shoveling "black diamonds" and pulling a bell cord.

The room was early filled to overflowing by members of the order and citizens of this city. Headlights trimmed and burning, sat at either side of the stage front, while the pick, shovel and scoop, the firemen's tools, were stacked in front of the President's desk. A large inscription of welcome was stretched over the stage front.

The object of this meeting was in the nature of a revival—to enthrust interest of the citizens in the organization and to stimulate the membership here to fresh activity.

On the stage: J. B. Whitest, of this city, Chief Engineer of Division No. 7, B. of L. E.; W. G. Brimson, of this city; Train Master F. B. Alley, of Indianapolis, Past Grand Master; Grand Master F. W. Arnold, of Terre Haute; Eugene V. Debs, of Terre Haute, Secretary and Treasurer of the Order; Rev. A. Blackburn, of the Baptist Church, this city; Edward Cunningham, of this city; M. W. Jamison and Sam Bricker of Logansport, Ind.

Handsomely printed programs were distributed in the audience.

Mayor F. E. D. McGinley was selected to deliver the opening address, but his attack of illness the evening before prevented.

W. H. Willoughby, of this city, Financier of the Order, presided, and in the absence of the Mayor's opening speech, made a neat address of welcome. He stated the object of the meeting was to set the aims of this organization right before the people.

HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

Grand Master Frank W. Arnold was then introduced and delivered an able and exhaustive address on the origin, rise and progress of the Order, with its aims and purposes. The address was listened to with close attention by the large audience.

At the conclusion of the history, the duet, "Come where the Rosebuds Sleep," was sung by Mrs. Ed. Taylor and Miss Lizzie Rouse. Mrs. Will B. Wood presided at the piano.

REV. A. BLACKBURN'S ADDRESS.

Rev. A. Blackburn, of this city, made an address, full of wit and sense. He said he was late in getting in, and he wished that hereafter when the young ladies wanted him to marry them, they would let him know early in the afternoon so he could make all preparations. Mr. Blackburn compared himself to the bell of an engine—an instrument of brass, used only to make a noise. He supposed he was sent for to represent the brass and the noise. For this they sent for a preacher. "I like that word Brotherhood," he said, "there is no grander word in our tongue. And I like that word Locomotive—something that moves, that goes. I do not know whether it will be safe for me to propound a conundrum or not—but I'll risk it. It is this: Why is a locomotive fireman like a preacher? It is not because their usefulness depends on their good looks; not because both are likely at any time of being blown up. When a locomotive fireman is blown up he comes down—a preacher never does. The right answer to this conundrum—and it is a good one for I made it myself—is: The usefulness of each depends on his action both on and off duty. We know little about a fireman on duty—I suppose that he rings the bell and bows to people he meets on the track, but we see little of him on duty. We

see him off duty. I was down to the machine shops the other day and a man who had an engine on stilts—may be that isn't the right name for it, but it is the best I can do—and he was doing his washing. A different washing was that from the way I wash. But he was repairing the engine. It is so with us; we must care for ourselves—keep up our physical machine." The speaker went on with good advice as to the care one should take to build himself physically. Because a man handles tools like those—pointing to the shovels—it does not follow that he has no need of knowledge or reading. He has vast use of knowledge, and he must gain it off duty. Here is the Public Library and a large resource for gaining knowledge. He eulogized the motto of the organization, "Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry," with the grandest of these words, "Sobriety," sandwiched in the right place. "A fireman has as much business in the firebox while on duty as in a saloon while off duty. In the firebox hell is only a little nearer, but it isn't so hard to get out of. Morality is gained off duty. If I have spoken a word to make a fireman better off duty so that he will be better on duty I will feel repaid. I guess I have rung this bell long enough," and he closed his remarks and was followed by an enthusiastic encore.

A quartette, composed of W. G. Brimson, Frank DuTiel, G. W. Washburn and A. G. Smith, sang "Queen of the Valley," with Charles H. Pierce as accompanist, on the piano.

SNIDER'S RIDE.

Edward R. Cunningham, of Cunningham & Temple's foundry, recited in German dialect the piece, "Snider's Ride." He managed the piece handsomely, and was loudly excused. It is a parody of "Sheridan's Ride." As an encore he recited Carlton's famous "Betsey and I are Out."

FRANK B. ALLEY,

of Indianapolis, Past Grand Master, was introduced, and spoke on "Life in the Cab." He said:

When I glance around and see all this array of talent, and all this expectant audience, I feel rather out of place. I would feel more natural could I just reach up and whistle for a station, or reach down and try the water gauge, or glance ahead for a signal. I would feel more at ease, but as it is the understanding that no apologies will be accepted, I will proceed on an imaginary trip with a couple of the "boys," and let you see for yourself who they are, what they do, how they spend their lives in this little 6x8 box, shoulder to shoulder, day and night, week day and Sundays. They in fact know no difference, and thus continue on until they are shattered in health, if not maimed by accident, and it does not require a great while to finally break down the strongest constitution. I will call these two "engineemen," as their risks, their minds, their objects are identical. The fireman of to-day is but the engineer of to-morrow. It is true the engineer assumes all the responsibility and must be of rare experience to be safe and reliable, because he must not err in his judgment. Should he make a mistake it would possibly be too late for correction. And it must be remembered that after a faithful service of many years a single mistake would cost that man his position, and be very damaging to his reputation, and probably bar him from getting a position elsewhere. Now compare this with men in

other employments, the mistakes of carpenters, machinists, masons—any employment. And you can at a glance see what rigid rules we are subjected, and on some roads men are made to pay for all damage or breakage. It matters not how defective the character of the work was that was damaged, he is the unfortunate that was held responsible at the time of the breakage. Therefore when you see these men you can just think of the responsibility attached to their calling. But let me give you a closer glance at their calling. So we will steam out of the Union depot on one of these fast trains through a labyrinth of red, blue, green and white lights, each signifying the positions and the various conditions of the net work of switches, and which train has the right of road. The engine, like a living being obeying the will of the engineer who is governing the speed of the train, by that greatest of all modern appliances the air break, when finally we reach the suburbs and are now whirled along with lightning rapidity. The air is very cold. The snow is blinding as the under current strikes the first car and is carried back into the cab, covering the engineer and fireman in a very disagreeable manner—thawing and freezing on their clothes—while the windows are coated with frost, keeping the engineer scraping a peephole for a look out. The fireman steps back in the tank for coal, the snow and dust almost blinds him. The speed is fairly terrific, the engine is swaying like a ship at sea, when suddenly the whistle of the air break betokens its use. And the sudden movements of the engineer as he jumps from his seat, and by a herculean effort throws the lever back and makes the hurried exclamation, "Look out, Sonny" (Pap and Sonny being common names for each other.) "Sonny" knows what that means, but instead of trying to save himself he flies to tank brake and sets it with all his power intent upon assisting "Pap" in making a quick stop as there is danger ahead, though he has no knowledge of the nature of it. A glance ahead shows a land slide caused by the snow and ice, and the track walker has discovered the same and was just in time with his signal to flag train with its human freight.

Pap lights his torch, jumps down in the snow, with tools in his hand, is soon under the engine repairing some strained or broken portion, while the passengers crowd around and some "Lord Dundreary" looking individual is launching a volley of foolish questions to the worried driver, and possibly receives a curt reply. He rushes back to the train and reports to the passengers his information which is a very confused account.

When the track had been cleared, the danger averted, and now the trials of the engineerman commence, time has been lost, the fire is dead, water has evaporated by loss of surplus steam. Connections must be made, their reputations are at stake. Pap says look out for her. "Sonney" increases the draught on the steam supplies, the engine begins to labor, and "Sonney" raises his eyes as he runs back to the tank for more coal, and spies that the last scoopful of coal is dancing on top of the ventilator of the postal car, "slightly charred," whirls around in haste, engine lurches, makes a dive for the furnace, strikes the door, coal goes up in Pap's corner, Pap grasps his bunions with a look that plainly says: "What do you take them shoes for, a coal cart, eh?"

When finally they arrive late, at their destination, and Pap worried, they cast their eyes around and spy the M. M. wending his way toward them. His first question: "Why were you late?" Pap explains. M. M. retires seemingly dissatisfied. Pap goes home tired and vexed, for a few hours rest, arises unrefreshed, returns to the engine house.

There with the fireman to prepare the engine for the next trip, which requires from two to five hours, packing, tightening joints. The fireman scouring, cleaning, getting supplies for the next trip, and the time is all counted in with the trip, paid only for actual mileage made.

A duet was sung by W. G. Brimson and A. G. Smith.

The Secretary of the Grand Lodge was next introduced and addressed the meeting briefly.

LETTERS OF REGRET.

Superintendent D. S. Hill, of the Lake Erie & Western, sent the following letter which was read:

John D. Wright, Secretary:

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., April 28.—Your kind invitation to attend a meeting of Lodge No. 38, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was duly received. I have deferred acknowledgment of receipt hoping that I might be able to be present, but now find that it will be impossible for me to attend. Having commenced my railroad life as a fireman, serving something over three years in that capacity, I have always felt a kindly interest for the boys that "run the left side," and I much regret my inability to meet with you. Allow me to convey to your Lodge and the organization at large my best good wishes for the success and prosperity of the Order, and believe me, Very truly,

D. S. HILL

THE CLOSING.

A quartette, consisting of Miss Lizzie Rouse, Mrs. W. R. Wood, Miss Lizzie Smith and Alfred Smith—sang: "Come where the Lillies Bloom."

The Rev. M. Blackburn then pronounced an eloquent benediction, and at 10:30 o'clock the interesting meeting adjourned.

Union Meeting Notes.

"Eureka!"

We are quietly getting there.

Ladies to the front—we must have them with us.

W. H. Willoughby is a first-class manager—we will need him again.

Colonel Maynard is still "one of the boys." God bless his noble heart."

All hail, boys! The Brotherhood is going forward with rapid strides.

F. B. Alley: "We have met the enemy and we are th—; no! they are ours."

The day at Indianapolis was pleasantly spent. The boys took good care of us.

"The throttle of eloquence was wide open" is the way one of the LaFayette papers put it.

Grand Master Arnold's "History of the Order" has elicited much favorable comment.

The boys of Lafayette are "big" in every sense of the term. Their hospitalities know no bounds.

We met Ernst, Willoughby, Wright, Crusey Thomas and a whole host of noble fellows at LaFayette.

"Bench" Tweedie was there in all his glory. Barring his stature, he is one of the biggest men in Indianapolis.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was well represented. Good! We want the veterans of the B. of L. E. with us.

With a union meeting in every city in the union, our Order would stand at the head of them all, socially, financially and numerically.

Alley, Hahn, and who was the other fellow that made up the trio at LaFayette that sat up all night, talking about the success of the meeting?

Crusey, of Lafayette is not the handsomest man on the rolls, but when you talk about the best, you will find his name near the head of the list.

The recitations of Mr. P. J. Kelleher, at Indianapolis, and Mr. Edward Cunningham, at LaFayette elicited, as they deserved, the most hearty applause.

The press of Indianapolis, LaFayette and Terre Haute did the handsome thing. They spared no expense in placing the issues of the Brotherhood before the public.

Mrs. Ida A. Harper, the gifted authoress, was one of our guests at Indianapolis. In the Woman's Department will be found an interesting account of the meeting from her pen.

The address of Past Grand Master Alley was highly lauded at LaFayette. It was delivered in a clear and forcible manner. We regret that lack of space forbids a publication.

J. B. Whitesit, Chief Engineer of Division No. 8. B. of L. E. was an honored guest at the LaFayette meeting. He has been on a locomotive thirty-seven years and is justly crowned "King of the throttle."

J. F. O'Reilly, of No. 16, was warmly congratulated at Indianapolis by Governor Porter, upon his excellent address. Bro. O'Reilly is able and eloquent and discusses Brotherhood matters like an old veteran.

An interesting feature at both meetings was the vocal music that interspersed the exercises. If space permitted we would like to mention all the sweet singers by name and thank them for the interest they added to our gatherings.

Both at Indianapolis and LaFayette the meetings were made up largely of ladies, the mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts and friends of our Order. This is a gratifying indication and we hope to see them with us more abundantly as time passes by.

The magnificent speech of Col. J. B. Maynard should be read by every member and every friend of our Order. It is elegant and eloquent and would do honor to any occasion. It is specially commended to our lady friends, whose cause has long since been espoused by the gallant Colonel.

Gov. A. G. Porter, notwithstanding his high position, is an exceedingly unassuming and courteous gentleman. The firemen are his special friends and on all occasions he has proven himself to be theirs. He has always something pleasant and profitable to say to the boys and invariably leaves them in the best of humor. Long live Governor Porter.

We have seldom listened to a more eloquent or logical speech than that of the Rev. Mr. Blackburn, and we wish that every member of the Order could have heard it. All that Mr. Blackburn said was to the point and it was said in a manner to carry conviction to every heart. The good advice of Mr. Blackburn will be treasured in our memories forever.

KIND DEEDS.

Kind deeds are streams of living light
That brighten all your path;
Kind words are like a tempered shield
To turn aside all wrath.

Guard well your lips, and let not pass
An angry, unkind word;
There's some whose lives are overcast
With thoughts by memory stirred.



The Tramp's Travels.

I endeavored, in my last letter, to give a slight expression of my views on the human race and its troubles and trials. No trade or calling, but drawbacks exist, in one way or another. Find me a trade, calling or profession that is perfect if you can?

People start out in life expecting this road easier than that and get left; in the long run, the way that seemed the smoothest and had the least thorns in sight was chosen and proved the worst, the fitness of the person being a secondary consideration; it is then they turn upon their fellow-men and curse their lot in life—this, instead of bettering their condition, only makes it worse; it's like "ye chronic of ye olden time" pouring cold water on a hot pin of an engine, it only makes the disease worse. I am strongly of the opinion that in many cases parents are largely to blame for the mistaken ideas that people sometimes have in regard to their fitness for *this* or *that* position in life. I say as long as young men and women choose honorably, let them alone, let them select their own calling, as the twig is *inclined* so the tree will be *bent*, is or should be the new version of an old adage.

Perhaps, some may think that I am too plain in speaking as I did about those members who never attend a lodge meeting and growl about everything that is done by those that do; well, if you don't like it, you are one of them, no doubt, and no honest Brotherhood man is losing any sleep on your account.

But I will branch into more pleasant topics: While in Chicago I met Bros. Burns, Winwood, McQuirk, Hannahan, Delaney, Barrows and about seventy-five others whose names have slipped my eccentric at the present time. Now, when you go to Chicago and want information about the Brotherhood, don't fail to hunt them up, as they can all talk Brotherhood to any one in grand style. Chicago bears the reputation of being the largest railroad center in the United States, not the largest city exactly, but has more roads centering there than any other, and then to go out beyond Thirty-ninth street and hear Bro. Hannahan, of Lake, say, with a majestic wave of the hand, "This is the largest town in the world." Whether John means to "timidate" one or not I

could not determine, but after a careful survey and forgetting that town in Colorado that takes up a whole county ninety miles long, I ventured to say, "I guess so," then another vehement, "I know it," from John and I was silenced. Well, I strolled around a day or so visiting the Rock Island shops and round house, where I saw some fine specimens of mechanical workmanship, and everything spoke volumes for the men in charge. I visited Garden City Lodge No. 50, not forgetting to go down to the sea side and rummage around the I. C. stables, where I saw many men trying to find the easiest way to make brass look white and some trying to "keep the old thing from blowing." I bade adieu to those royal fellows and headed for Terre Haute, as so many go to the seat of government. It would be a waste of time and space for me to dilate upon the beauties and attraction of the city by the Wabash, so I will relate my thoughts as the train rapidly brought me near the adopted home of the Brotherhood.

I thought of our Chart, and this is the way the panorama passed before my mental audience:

Here we see a man at the dawn of day and in the morning of life, starting out upon the road to earn a livelihood for his wife and little ones. An aged mother standing in the door implores God to protect her boy, a loving wife bids him God speed and he imprints a parting kiss upon the cheeks of his little ones. Many times before he has done this and fears no harm, but the black veil of the future lifts not and he little dreams of what his return will be. With a gay heart and happy thoughts he mounts his steed of steel and steam and is ready to start upon another trip. The Superintendent bids him come to the office a moment and there informs him that the heavy showers during the night have made sad havoc with the road, admonishes him to care for the many lives entrusted to him and the safety of the property under his control; then bidding him a safe voyage and giving him his orders, the train starts and is soon thundering along through pleasant fields, past farms and villages at a frightful speed. The brave man pictures to himself the joyful hearts rapidly nearing their destination, how kind friends, husbands, wives, fathers and mothers are anxiously waiting the time when his train is due, in order that they may again clasp in their arms the loved ones so dear, some of them meeting after years of separation, and then his thoughts, as he gazes along the track with watchful eye, with every nerve strained to do its duty at an instant's warning, return to the happy home

he left in the morning. On through the storm, into the night, rushing over bridges, dashing down hills, flying around the mountain base, but ever thinking of home.

Out into the darkness the headlight shows a sickly gleam, suddenly a flash of lightning, more vivid than the rest, reveals a vacant place in the rails. "The bridge is gone!" he shouts to his mate, "Save yourself!" Quick as lightning he applies the brake and reverses his engine; alas! the cause is vain; into the chasm, shrieking and groaning, the train is plunged without a moment's warning, and the mad torrent laughs at the picture of carnage and closes over those ill-fated ones with a hissing, angry rush. Soon all is still save the howling of the elements battling for the mastery. The little ones at home play in childish glee around the hearth; the wife and aged parents little dream that their idol has met his fate on the rail. The terrible news flashes over the wires at midnight, some one must go and tell the loved ones at home what has happened, but the better plan is to wait till morning. When the day dawns, kind friends gather round the stricken home and try to comfort the sorrowing ones. The little children do not realize their loss and cannot understand this strange proceeding; soon a few men come in sight carrying the earthly remains of their dear comrade, who but yesterday parted from them in all the warmth and strength of a vigorous manhood. Another day has come, but how different the scene, where all was peace, plenty and comfort; all is confusion, want and despair—he, who but yesterday was the life of a happy home, is no more, and aged parents, a loving wife and bright little ones mourn for him they worshipped. Then all that is mortal of our dear brother is laid away to rest forever. Kind friends go their way and weeping relatives return to a desolated home, but here comes some one with joy illuminating every feature, with light and happy step; he visits the home of the one who has just crossed the threshold of the Great Master's Lodge. Again the aged mother is seen in company with the little ones, teaching them to look to Him who rules the world for comfort and protection. The widow has again taken up the burden of life, for her darling orphans must live. This friend comes in and deposits his burden and like all true hearts in charity hastens away. The broken circle gather round the widow, and impatiently wait the opening of the packet. A sum of money greets their eyes, one and all join in fervent prayer to the Most High to bless the Brotherhood. They have come to lighten the

burden cast upon the household, and how nobly they have done their work can be read in those pale and haggard countenances beaming with love and thankfulness. But my day's journey is done and I must close while the boys of No. 16 are entertaining me. Fraternally yours,

THE TRAMP.

BROOKFIELD, Mo., April 9, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I think it is our duty and it should be a pleasure to us to say something for the good of the Order and I know of no better way than to express ourselves through the columns of our reliable Magazine. To begin with, I desire to let the readers of the Magazine and the rest of the fraternity know how our Order is prospering. Our Lodge is numbering about 55 members, all in good standing and we have ten applications for our next meeting.

Our worthy Master, who has been running a passenger engine on the "Old Reliable," is visiting friends at Hot Springs. Bro J. A. Coutier, one of our "varnished car" boys, is laying off, owing his engine being in the shop. Bro. LeClair has moved his family from Springfield and is holding down the left side of the 44. Bro. Kitter was promoted some time ago, and is now running a passenger engine on the East End. Bro. Devoy says that Bro. Coulter will have to buy the new hat. Bro. Hubbard, who has been firing the pay car engine for the past two years, left Hannibal with the special train for Mexico, when the boiler of Engine No. 5 exploded, throwing the engine entirely from the track and blowing the engineer and fireman about fifty feet from the engine. Bro. Hubbard is badly scalded but we hope he will recover in good time.

ARTHUR.

ONEONTA, N. Y., April 10th 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Susquehanna, No. 71 is in a flourishing condition. We number 57 members in good standing and more coming in. There have been a number of our brothers promoted to the right hand side, among them, Bros. Eisinger, Hand, Nichols, Smith, Disbrow, Watrons, Judd, Spencer and Davis. They all make good engineers and give entire satisfaction to the company. We have one of the best Master Mechanics that ever had charge of any railroad shops or rolling stock in this country. His name is Thomas Howard. He is good, kind and very thoughtful for the men in his employ. We have had so much sickness in the

Order that we have appointed a Lodge Physician, an experienced and worthy gentleman, Dr. Ives. He has just brought Bro. Willis Bender through a very severe attack of typhoid fever, for which we all feel grateful.

I would like to speak of the Brake-men's Brotherhood. The Grand Lodge Officers are putting forth great efforts to make it a success and are getting ready to organize sub-Lodges all over the country. It should receive every encouragement. With much respect I remain

Ever faithful to the B. of L. F.

C. C. B.

MITCHELL, DAKOTA, April 6, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As this is the close of a profitable and interesting day for Ferguson Lodge No. 190, I thought a few lines from your humble correspondent might be of interest to some of the many readers of our *best* of Magazines. We have not been able to hold meetings very regularly of late on account of the boys being overworked, and the need of rest during their short "lay-overs" was paramount to everything else, though I am glad to say there is none so hard worked that they forget to pay their dues and assessments promptly. Our Financier, H. O. Conkey, is the right man for the responsible and laborious position he so ably fills. We regret having to accept the resignation of our worthy Secretary, E. F. Hughes, who has gone on another division of the road, where he expects soon to unite with 152 at Wells, Minn. Since writing our last, our newly affiliated brother, William McAviney, from No. 29, met with a very serious and painful accident while running the switch engine in Sanborn, Iowa, being run into by the dispatcher, who was returning with a lone engine from a water tank some four miles from the round house. It being a very dark and stormy night the dispatcher lost his reckoning in approaching the yard, and the consequence was two badly demoralized engines and a narrow escape from death by the parties in charge. Bro. McAviney, in endeavoring to save his engine, remained too long at his post, and finally when he did attempt to save himself he was caught in the wreck and sustained injuries which brought him very near to death's door. I am informed that our unfortunate brother is now convalescent, owing to the kind and constant care of the Misses Nellie and Maggie McKeever, at whose house he was boarding. Promotions are now in order: Bro. Tom Comfort, for a long time the dispatcher at this place, holds down the cushion on the

right side of engine 125, and Bro. James McKeever, a knight of the scoop, has succeeded Bro. Comfort as dispatcher; several others have an expectant look as if anticipating promotion, of which due mention will be made in succeeding articles.

W. S. C.

WINONA, MINN., April 3, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I wish to write a few lines to the Magazine to tell you of the enjoyable time I had at the third annual reception of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 68, on Feb. 19th.

When I arrived at Eau Claire I was taken in charge by the committee and escorted to the hall, where I was introduced to the brethren. I was then taken to the Eau Claire house, where I was given a hearty supper, after which I was again escorted to the hall, where I met brothers from Lodges 61, 68 and 131. We all had a very enjoyable time, and I am very thankful to the members of No. 68 for their kindness to me on that occasion.

On February 22, I attended the first annual reception of Fort Ridgely Lodge No. 65, which proved to be a fine success.

No. 26 is getting along nicely, having seventy members on the rolls at this writing. We have a new set of regalia and the boys are very proud of them. We want our Lodge to keep pace with the rapid progress of our cause.

Yours, sincerely, F. A. M.

PERU, IND., March 30, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

We are well pleased in this locality with the able and interesting manner in which the Magazine is conducted. We are also satisfied that the Magazine is doing great good for the Brotherhood in expounding its doctrines and principles. One feature in the Magazine which does not add to its beauty or attractiveness is the "Black List" the publication of which is made a necessity by the continual delinquency of certain members. That is a question I wish to speak about: How is it that so many names have to be published constantly for non-payment of dues. It looks decidedly bad and the subject is deserving of our attention. My opinion is that the Brotherhood requires a well organized and vigorous effort to uplift those who care so little for their own interest, and teach them the important responsibility of having a standing among men. A few instructions and a little advice may have the effect to diminish the size of the "Black List" and save at least a portion of those who, through ignorance of their own interest, allow themselves to be cast from our ranks.

The members of our Lodge were considerably discouraged by the loss of their property by fire, but the insurance being promptly paid they have overcome their loss and are again on the road to prosperity.

Our worthy Master, who has been night foreman at the Peru shops, is now on the right hand side of a new Grant, doing good work. Bro. Chas. Weir and James Smith have also been promoted and are meeting with success

DICK.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 15, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As the welfare of an individual in a community depends to such a great extent upon the reputation he has acquired for truth and veracity, so I take it that the reputation of our Order depends largely upon the conduct of ourselves as members of such an institution, in the eyes of the world at large. Hence it is essential to our success that, by acting and living honestly up to our obligations, we perpetuate our good name and extend the good work of our organization. Such thoughts have suggested the following interrogations: Are we honest? Are we true to ourselves as men? Are we true to our families? Are we true to our Brotherhood? These are questions we can all ask of our own hearts, and there, trodden deep from human gaze, lies the answer that can make our inward feelings those of reproach and self-accusation, but which never, perhaps, reveal themselves to those around us, yet to our own minds are revealed by the lamp of conscience as brightly as the writing on Belshazzar's wall. Honesty does not simply consist of paying our dues, our debts and obligations of a financial character. It goes further—means more, deeper and grander things—it means that the obligation we have taken on bended knee, with hand on the Holy Bible, must be carried out in all earnestness, in all the sincerity of a sacred obligation. It means that when we meet a brother distressed and suffering, we are not acting honestly our part unless we inquire into his case, find out his circumstances and render all the aid in our power to him as to one of our own family. And I would ask: Are we not one family, bound together by common interests, by all the endearing ties that unite a glorious Brotherhood? How many there are in our ranks, men of sterling worth, who stand high in their respective communities as men of principle and honor, yet, through negligence or indifference, fail in this important part of their obligation. How often it is the case that worthy brothers are compelled by

circumstances over which they have no control, to travel to a different part of the country, to new fields, in search of employment, to earn an honest living for themselves and, perhaps, to seek a field where they are better rewarded for their efforts, where they can better provide for those who look to them for sustenance and the comforts of life, and that is a condition every man is justified in striving to attain. Now it may be that the brother, being a man of family, has not been able to lay by much of his monthly salary, perhaps none. If he has, being out of employment, the drain on his limited resources soon exhausts the little store of savings, and if he fails to secure a situation at once, he becomes dependent upon the charity of the world. Now comes the time, the golden opportunity for us to exercise the fraternal feeling that should characterize every man enlisted under the banner whose inscription is "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." Then is the time to take the brother by the hand, lead him out of the slough of despair into which he insensibly drifted, give him kind words of encouragement, which, as a balm for a troubled mind, has no equal, than which nothing is more calculated to inspire a sinking heart. Do not act dishonestly by allowing him to come begging for each meal, but go forward, meet him half way, and anticipate his wants. Do not act toward him as if he were a tramp or a person to be despised, but treat him as an honorable, but unfortunate man. Prove to him and the world that we are brothers in deed as well as name. We will thereby build a monument of glory to our beloved Order more enduring, more beautiful than marble, whose lofty summit will tower far above the horizon of human sight, and warm itself in the bright sunlight of truth, while all the world will pause to read on its earthly foundation the word *Charity*. The echoes of its praise will go ringing down the avenues of time in clarion notes, proclaiming that a brotherhood of men was organized at Port Jervis, A. D. 1873.

Fraternally,

BARON.

HENNIPIN, ILLS., April 24, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

It is with profound regret that I have heard of the death of our dear friend and brother, Earnest Gould. While the Order has lost a dutiful member, I have lost one of the dearest friends I had on earth. No one can feel his loss more keenly than I do, as we were so devoted to each other, and I can hardly reconcile myself with the thought that I can meet him no more on earth.

But his death is not without its lesson—it teaches us that sooner or later we, too, must make the journey across the mystic river. The angels called and he had to go, and we must all bow to the will of the inevitable.

I can but faintly express the sadness with which the thought of his death impresses me, and I can but stand at his grave and hear it in silence.

Ah! at thy tomb these tears I shed,
Tears, which though vainly now they roll,
Are all that love can give the dead,
And now love weeps, with all her soul—

Weep in remembrance of that light
Which naught on earth without thee gives.
Hope of my heart, now quenched in night,
But dearer dead than aught that lives.

Oh earth, that to thy matron breast
Hast taken all those angel charms,
Gently, I pray thee, let him rest
As gently as in a mother's arms.

He has gone from our midst and he will be missed, but not forgotten. His memory will be kept sacred by all who knew him as long as life shall last.

CHAS. COLEMAN.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., May 5, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Our Lodge is steadily increasing in strength and influence and we can now boast of over fifty members in good standing. As another evidence of prosperity several of our members contemplate matrimony, among whom Bro. Griffen is first to make the start. He will soon lead to the altar a popular belle of Salem, Ill. Bro. Bisson will soon unite with an accomplished lady of this city, and rumor has it that W. H. McGarrahan's name is next on the roll of honor. We wish all of them an abundance of success.

Yours, truly,

A MEMBER.

TO MAY.

[Dedicated to my little daughter, May, who died
January 13, 1884.]

She has gone from my home, from life she
has gone
To that better land over the way;
But I loved her, my darling, and through life
I shall mourn,
As I do for her kisses to-day.

For she came to me pure, in years that are
past
And *Papa* was the first that she said,
Yes, *Papa* was always her first and her last;
But alas! to her *papa* she's dead.

Then May, oh my loved one, in heaven await,
The release of your *papa*, your love
Then in glory and gladness you will share
your estate
With your *papa*, who'll meet you above.

—L. C. HILL.



WM. BENDER, of No. 39, mourns the death of his father.

E. IRELAND, of No. 38, makes fast time with the old mogul since the advent of a new daughter.

E. A. KINSLEY, one of 94's members, has been promoted to running at El Paso, Texas.

G. E. McCOSKER's face beams with delight since his wife presented him with a nice little girl.

CLINT ELLSWORTH, one of 61's live members, has been elected Supervisor of the Town of St. James, Minn.

A FIRST-BORN daughter has been added to the respective households of Bros. Lidders and Tobin, of No. 39.

JOHN JONES, of No. 38, says there is nothing small about him, except his feet. He is now heading for the office of Town Crier.

No. 67 Has amongst its members a poetical fiend, who is smashing up things generally. His identity is still an enigma.

THE boys at Terre Haute say that Bro. Jim Dodson, of No. 16, is quietly getting there. Charley Flaherty wants to know when it's coming off.

E. HARDMAN, of No. 38, is happy now and we all wish that his new life, so well begun, may continue bright and smooth through many years.

CLIFTON DOWNS, of "Just in Time" Lodge, was recently married to Miss Lee, of New Haven. The boys of 149 extend their congratulations.

M. J. COLLINS, of Bowling Green, Ky., was slightly disappointed when he found it was a girl instead of a boy. Here's to you, Bro. Collins.

THE members of Guiding Star Lodge No. 130 wish to thank Mrs. G. E. McCosker for the handsome silk book mark with which she presented them.

AMONG the pleasant occurrences at Tucson of recent date we note with special satisfaction the marriage of Fred Small, of No. 94, to Miss Ida Calloway.

BUFFALO Lodge, No. 12, returns thanks to the Rogers, Brooks and Pittsburgh Locomotive Works for handsomely framed photographs received for their Lodge room.

AFTER a severe struggle with typhoid fever, Bro. Herman Balway of Fortune Lodge No. 120, is on deck again. "Brock" is also the father of a bouncing girl.

OUR cause will not retrograde if the officers of all our Lodges are so much in earnest as the Master, Reuben Tyndall, and the Financier, J. W. Sinclair, of Excelsior Lodge No. 11.

CACTUS Lodge reports the promotion of F. D. Simpson, who is running a pusher on the hill, as also Bro. Lockwood, who is stationed at Deming as foreman of the round house, and C. W. Smith, who takes the place of Bro. Lockwood as night Master Mechanic at Tucson.

THE boys of 204 would like to know when Bro. C. E. Cramer is going to "set 'em up." Unless he does so soon, he will have to get his help from other quarters at his next well driving.

W. H. GRAY, late Financier of No. 39, has retired from the grocery business, C. H. Kendall, of the same Lodge, is north, while Bro. Hawthorn has assumed control of the "right hand side."

THEO. AYERS, the Warden of No. 11, after a married life of eighteen years, has just experienced the joy of being made a father for the first time. It is a fine girl and Theo. is very proud of her.

WE are pleased to notice that Bro. Pat Ryan, of No. 103, has been appointed Master Mechanic of the Henderson Division of the L. & N. R. R. Bro. Ryan will fill the position with equal credit to himself and the Order.

C. J. ROGERS, of No. 11, is home again after a sojourn in the West, and speaks in high terms of the favors he received at the hands of members he met during his travels. Bro. Rogers is one of our most active, wide-awake and enterprising members.

OUR esteemed friend, J. C. Spahr, of No. 94, and his "bonny bride," are receiving the congratulations of their many friends. The ceremony was performed at Deming, N. M., and a splendid reception followed the nuptials. We all wish the young couple many happy returns.

MARVIN HUGHITT Lodge No. 132 returns a unanimous vote of thanks to Mrs. W. S. Mason for a beautiful motto, "Good Luck to the B. of L. F.," with a horse shoe in the centre and wreathed handsomely with elegant flowers. The gift is fully appreciated by the boys.

WE regret to learn of the misfortune of Bro. Thos. Higginson, of No. 61, who had his leg broken recently by the stack of his engine, which encountered a snow drift and was driven through the cab.

W. H. RHODES, the popular Magazine agent of No. 13, was recently married to Miss H. E. Jones, the accomplished daughter of Engineer J. C. Jones. The young couple received many handsome and costly presents.

LATE reports announce that Bro. "Blondy" Hulbert, of No. 178, has gone and done it—that is, has got married to a handsome young lady from Pueblo. The marriage ceremony was performed in Grand Junction and was largely attended, considering that no one knew anything about it. Much joy and happiness is wished them by the brothers of 178.

SIDNEY VAUGHAN, of 69, is inconsolable over the loss of his old room-mate, James Pratt, who was married on the 23d of April, to Miss Jennie Bettie. "Jim" and his lady are each to be congratulated on their choice and will receive the hearty good wishes of all who know them.

WEDNESDAY evening, May 7, witnessed the marriage ceremony of Bro. Frank Gross, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, and Miss Anna Johnson, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Terre Haute. The happy couple is deservedly popular and their many friends wish them boundless happiness and prosperity.

ON May 2d, at 12:30 p. m., Bro. Joseph B. Milton, of J. M. Dodge Lodge, No. 79, was married to Miss Jennie P. Mitchell, at the residence of the bride's parents. The wedding was strictly private, none but the immediate friends of the family being present. The happy couple left on the 1:30 p. m. train for Texas.

F. DUPELL, the very faithful and efficient Financier of No. 75, has been presented with a handsome solid walnut bookcase and writing-desk combined, by his Lodge. Enterprise Lodge fully appreciates the merit of Bro. Dupell, who, as a Financier, has few equals, and no superiors, in our Order.

A. W. CLARK, of No. 204, seems to pride himself upon his graceful glides at the skating rink. But if we may judge from the number of court plasters he has sticking around beneath his clothing, and from the fact that he always has full possession of the floor, he must imagine he is encased in an armor of rollers.

The members of Wellington Lodge No. 181, B. of L. F., desire publicly to tender their thanks to Mrs. J. Hutt, Miss Boyle, Miss Cotterell, and Messrs. J. L. Dixon, C. E. Irvine and J. T. Lacy for gratuitous services kindly rendered by them on the occasion of the late concert; and also to Mr. Walton for enabling the employes to attend the concert.

BRO. C. J. ROGERS, the indefatigable Magazine agent of Excelsior Lodge No. 11, has lately enjoyed a respite from his labors as an engineer, and has taken a trip west, even as far as the "wilds of Missouri." During his wanderings out there he wrote frequently to inform the boys of his progress, safe arrival, and his expected day of departure for the east, and timed it so as to expect to reach Phillipsburg on Saturday eve previous to our last meeting in March. Great was the disappointment, therefore, when he failed to appear, and various the surmises in regard to it, for knowing the pertinacity with which he adhered to his object (that of obtaining the largest list of subscribers to the Magazine) no one could say that the threatened fate of the "book agent" had not overtaken him or that he had not succumbed to the seductive arguments of the eloquent cow-boy, as expressed by his little seven-shooter, and had given up his life, or some of the Magazine funds in his hands. It was deemed advisable to have a reward offered for his recovery, but as it was a matter of some doubt how he had disappeared, his best friends issued an advertisement, headed "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," and offered a suitable reward (said to be two cents) for his return. As Bro. Rodgers returned shortly afterwards, the question now is: "Is he entitled to the reward for bringing himself home, or should he have hired a little boy to take him and then divide the proceeds?"

For Firemen's Magazine.

MY LOVE AND THE DAISIES.

Sweet, simple daisy, in nature's hush,
Growing by the long, tall grasses side,
That stoop to kiss thy maiden blush:
For the daisy, I know, is the grasses bride.

Every daisy, in green fields growing,
Is a smile in the sunshine all day long,
That gives to the heart where grief is going
What music gives to the simple song.

The daisies and grasses are like "I'amour,"
The love of the butterfly to the flower,
That smile and kiss and woo "tousjours"
And fondly embrace at every shower.

Beautiful rose, so vain and proud,
Lovely lily and jasmine fair,
Sleep on the bosom of every crowd,
But my love, I know, by the daisy, there.

Green, green grass, gently waving,
Sweetly nodding to the daisies fair,
That smile to their gallants, but always saving
Their sweetest smile for my Lena's hair.

—Tim Fagan.

Firemen's Department.

OBITUARY.

Frazer M. Watson, a member of Excelsior Lodge No. 11, Phillipsburg, N. J., was buried on April, 18th, having died after a short illness of nine days, of typhoid pneumonia. According to call, a special meeting of the Lodge convened at the hall at 12:30, P. M., and having formed in line, proceeded to the residence of the deceased brother, and escorted the remains to the M. E. Church at South Easton, where impressive funeral services were held. After the Lodge and congregation were seated, the quartette of the choir rendered the familiar hymn, "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," in a very affecting manner. Dr. McGee, pastor of the church then read the 39th psalm and a portion of the 15th chapter, 1st Corinthians. After the 980th hymn had been sung the pastor delivered a very eloquent and touching address, very many eyes, unaccustomed to weeping, being filled with tears. He based his remarks on the 13th verse of the 14th chapter of Revelations: "And I heard a sound from heaven saying unto me: Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." He said the text was not to the dead but to the living and it conveyed the idea of a work to do. It is one thing to profess religion; another thing to possess it, to work out your salvation, and to have your name on the Lamb's book of life. We have here a voice from heaven—God's throne, God's voice, God, the centre of true joy, the giver of all peace, the author of love, the possessor of all power speaks to man to impress upon him the fact that they that die in the Lord are blessed. In order to die in the Lord they must live in the Lord, and be a new creature in Christ Jesus, being washed in the blood of the Holy Spirit, having Christ the hope of glory within them. Then when these combine, the life will be consistent with the profession. There will be no vacillation and no unholiness. Only those who have been washed can exemplify God's power to recreate, purify and make holy. It is an easy matter to be a christian if we will only let Christ do the work, but that is the part to which many object. They will not let Him do the work but wish to follow their own way.

Who of us can say: "If I die to day will I go home to heaven?" The practical question is—Am I saved? It is not necessary to die to be happy. Those that live in the Lord can enjoy happiness even here, in the family circle, in the shop, on the farm; on the road while rushing over the country God's presence with us brings joy.

Now how are they blessed that die in the Lord? Listen to God's word again. He says: "Be thou faithful until death and I will give thee a crown of life—In my father's house are many mansions—Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord for their works do follow them. The idea of work is prominent in the text. Are we working now? Age is coming on us with its feebleness and infirmities and work for us will soon be over. Let us therefore work for Christ while here below, seeing that we have the promise of eternal life hereafter, when in the company of the Good of all the ages past we shall clasp hands around the throne where there shall

be no sickness, no pains, no sorrow, no death, no parting, no weeping, but where God shall wipe away all tears and joy shall fill all hearts.

Some in our presence may have said: Oh, if I were only dead and with my loved ones. It seems to be an intuition implanted within the human to reach out to a better hereafter where we shall rest from the turmoil and strife of this life, and even without the aid of revelation we long for it. How soothing therefore to the troubled heart the assurance that they shall rest from their labors.

He closed with touching expressions of sympathy for the widow and orphans of the deceased, whose life was such as to make his end a peaceful one, under the assurance that Christ had died for him and pointing to the reunions on the other shore. He also commended the Order for their good work of Benevolence and Sobriety, and advised them to emulate the example of our departed brother in living good, upright, christian lives and being ready at all times for the Master's coming.

The choir then sang "Shall we meet Beyond the River," and the congregation was dismissed with a prayer and benediction by Rev. Mr. Sheppard, pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

The funeral cortege then proceeded to Hay's Cemetery where the body was interred with the usual form as prescribed by our ritual, after which, the members returned to the hall and after transacting some needed business were dismissed.

This was the fourth death in our Lodge since its organization, and we have reason to feel gratified by a turn-out of fifty-seven brothers who attended and whose appearance and behavior was so favorably noticed by the press.

X. L. C. R.

AMUSEMENTS.

AURORA, ILL.

One of the most social events of the season was the May-day calico party, given by Self Help Lodge, No. 80, which took place at Coulter's Opera House. A number of visiting brothers from Chicago and Burlington were present. Over three hundred tickets were sold and if the weather had been agreeable the attendance would have been much larger. While speaking about tickets, we must give due credit to Bro. Berry, who sold sixty-eight at one dollar each.

The hall was beautifully decorated and presented a cheering appearance. The band stand was enfolded in the stars and stripes, while red, white and green lanterns were hung about in different parts of the hall. On the center of the stand a monument was erected, composed of scoop and picks and surmounted by a large block of coal bearing the motto "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." Great credit is due the committee for the excellent manner in which the affair was managed.

We hope the members of No. 80 may enjoy many more similar occasions.

LINCOLN, NEB.

Of the recent ball of Bee-Hive Lodge No. 179 an exchange gives the following report:

"The ball and supper of Bee-Hive Lodge of Locomotive Firemen last night, although the first given by them was one of the pleasantest and most successful affairs of the kind ever given in the city.

The ball was held at the Masonic Temple and the music was furnished by the Opera House orchestra—two things which went far toward making the ball as complete a success as it was. About seventy-five couples were present and the management of the dance by

the gentlemanly floor managers, Messrs. Doolittle, White and Maxwell, was such as to make everything pass off smoothly and promptly, without the slightest occurrence to mar the enjoyment of the evening. The supper was served in the vacant room in the Webster block, and was a repast to delight the taste of an epicure.

This is the first ball given by this Lodge, which was only organized in September. The Lodge, although young, is in a flourishing condition, and now contains about forty members."

EAST DES MOINES, IOWA.

Confidence Lodge No. 102 gave their first annual ball Friday evening March 28. The hall was handsomely decorated with flags and banners and the motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," was arranged on the north end of the hall, and the letters which composed it was the artistic work of Bro. Chas. Krull. On the east and west walls were handsome oil paintings and pictures of all descriptions encircled with red, white and blue streamers and evergreens. At the head of the hall and beneath the gilt mottoes was a handsome headlight with red lamps on each side. In the northwest corner was the Robert L. Walker headlight, its brilliant rays illuminating Locust street magnificently. The guests began arriving as early as eight o'clock, and promptly at nine the violin struck up the grand march, and the ball was opened. The programme consisted of twenty-one numbers, embracing everything from Grand March to "Home, Sweet Home," waltz. The best of order prevailed during the evening and the ball was a grand success socially and financially.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

Last evening the members of Herald Lodge No. 161, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, gave their first annual ball at Grimes' Opera House, which was a marked success in respect to attendance and from a social standpoint. Everything conspired to general enjoyment of the association, nothing whatever occurring to mar the pleasantness of the evening.

The hall was quite elaborately decorated with streamers, flags and evergreens. Around the walls were distributed the following appropriate mottoes in letters of evergreen: "Benevolence," "Sobriety," "Industry." "Welcome," "B. of L. F., Organized at Port Jervis, N. Y., 1833—Burlington, Iowa, May 20, 1883." American flags hung in graceful folds from the balcony and presented a very handsome appearance. For many reasons the boys are to be congratulated upon the success of their initial ball and those present will anxiously await a repetition of the event.

The committees in charge were: Arrangements—C. C. Price, C. Earnest, J. W. Galvan, O. G. Brydolf, W. Wilder, Wm. Bock, J. Hiney, F. Burch.

Invitations—J. McGregor, C. Wiedemier, J. Hawksworth, W. Randall, F. Augustine, H. Calnan, J. Cummings, J. Rupp.

Reception—J. Welch, M. Grouchnor, N. V. Foster, Wm. Bockerman, J. Cunningham, J. H. Moore, G. C. Tillman, M. Smith.

Floor Managers—C. C. Price, C. Earnest, C. Bruntz, J. Hiney, G. C. Tillman, J. W. Galvan.

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

The following account of the recent ball of Charity Lodge No. 5 is taken from an exchange:

"Every year the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of this city hold a grand ball, and every year it results in a grand success. The boys are workers from the moment the date of the ball is decided upon, and nothing but success can follow

when every member interests himself actively, in one way or another, in promoting the entertainment. This year it was decided that a calico ball should be held, and last night was the date selected. Invitations, printed on calico, were issued, and in response to them the large dining room of the Grand Central hotel was last night crowded by merry dancers to the number of about 200. As a large number of tickets were disposed of, in addition to those presented at the door, the financial success of the ball must have been as satisfactory as its social. Of course, the distinguishing feature last night was 'calico.' The men could not very well attire themselves in that material, but all wore calico neckties. The ladies, however, seemed to have vied with others as to which could produce the most charming effect in 'calico,' and some of the results would have done credit to more expensive fabrics.

At the completion of the first half of the programme, supper was partaken of, and in preparing for it Messrs. Bromell & Co. excelled themselves. It was undoubtedly one of the finest spreads ever given in the hotel. Supper over, dancing was resumed, and continued until an early hour this morning. The music was furnished by Ketchum's string band. A great deal of the pleasure of the evening was due to the efforts of the committees, who did everything possible to entertain their guests."

RESOLUTIONS.

FT. HOWARD, WIS.

At a regular meeting of Baldwin Lodge No. 189 the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be and are hereby tendered to the Grant Locomotive Works for two handsome photographs of their locomotives received from them.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the above firm and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

EDWARD KING, } Committee.
CHAS. DENROD, }

MT. VERNON, ILL.

At a special meeting of Evening Star Lodge No. 112, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this Lodge tender a vote of thanks to C. O. Parker, Esq., Superintendent, and Thos. Walsh, Master Mechanic, for kindly assisting in making our first annual ball a success, also to the citizens of Mt. Vernon, Ill., for their liberal patronage.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded and a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

J. C. BRANHAM, } Committee.
A. TANCHERSLEY, }
CHAS. JOYCE, }

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

At a meeting of Rose City Lodge No. 45 the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be extended to Bro. H. H. Lindenberger, our Magazine Agent for 1883, for his valuable services rendered to this Lodge.

Resolved, That we present him with a silver water service as a token of our esteem and appreciation of his labors for Rose City Lodge.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Lindenberger, at Detroit; also that a copy be furnished the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

W. O. SHELLEY, } Committee.
F. H. BLIEMS, }
G. T. HAGER, }

MARSHALL, TEXAS.

At a regular meeting, held April 3d, Sunset Lodge No. 177 received from Mrs. C. M. Nelson, mother of Bro. W. W. Nelson, the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments, handsomely framed, upon which the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we, the members of Sunset Lodge No. 177, return our most sincere thanks to Mrs. Nelson for her beautiful present, and that we shall prize it as a token of her appreciation of our cause.

F. PATTERSON, } Committee.
A. A. GRANEY, }
THOS. KANE, }

SHOSHONE, IDAHO.

At a regular meeting of Re-Echo Lodge, No. 195, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we extend a vote of thanks to Bro. J. F. Mitchell for his untiring efforts to make our Lodge room a place of beauty, having built a handsome altar and a firm desk for the Financier and Secretary, and giving his time and energy at all times. Such men are an honor to our noble Order.

Resolved, That this resolution be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN BUCKLEY, } Committee.
GEO. B. LEACH, }
A. J. WILL, }

HUNTINGTON, IND.

At a regular meeting of Wm. Hugo Lodge, 186, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been made the recipients of an elegant frame for our charter, at the hands of Bro. J. R. Dickinson and his wife, and a handsome Secretary, at the hands of Bro. George Marston, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Bro. Dickinson and his wife, and also to Bro. Marston for their kindness to our Lodge and that we shall endeavor to prove worthy of their generous recognition.

DAVID H. FENTON, } Committee.
H. M. VANDEVANDER, }
FRANK T. HOLLAND, }

EAGLE GROVE, IA.

At a regular meeting of Marvin Hughitt Lodge No. 132 the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to our worthy Master Mechanic, W. C. Chapman, for procuring and presenting to the engineers and firemen a number of framed pictures of locomotives from the Baldwin and Grant Locomotive works, which beautify and adorn our hall.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be also extended to Mrs. W. C. Chapman and Mrs. J. M. Miller for a beautiful card receiver of their own manufacture.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes and published in our Magazine.

JOHN CANFIELD, } Committee.
J. M. MILLER, }
WM. LINDLER, }

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.

At a special meeting of Excelsior Lodge No. 11, B. of L. F., held April 18th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge are called upon to drape their Lodge room in mourning, it having been the will of Divine Providence to call from our midst our beloved Bro. Frazer M. Watson, and

WHEREAS, We feel it a duty devolving upon us to manifest the sorrow we feel for the loss of a brother whose memory will be ever dear to the hearts of the B. of L. F., and

WHEREAS, By the death of Frazer M. Watson the Brotherhood has lost a true and val-

uable member, his associates a firm friend and genial companion, and the family a kind husband and an affectionate father, therefore be it

Resolved, That we condole with the relatives and friends of the deceased, and especially to the desolate widow we would extend our heartfelt sympathy on this sorrowful occasion, assuring her that he was honored and loved as a man and brother by his fellow firemen.

Resolved, That we drade our charter in mourning for thirty days and that these resolutions be placed on our minutes and printed in the Firemen's Magazine, also in the Daily Free Press and Daily Argus and a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

J. W. SINCLAIR,
C. W. VANATTA,
JOHN S. NIECE, } *Committee.*

STUART, I.A.

At a special meeting of Stuart Lodge No 20, held February 24th, 1884, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The wife of our worthy Bro. Wm. Zerwick has presented this Lodge with some beautiful artificial flowers for the decoration of our hall on the occasion of our Third Annual Ball, held December 31st, 1883; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we regard this act of kindness as a mark of the high esteem in which our Order is held by this most worthy lady.

Resolved, That we extend to her our sincere thanks for the interest she has manifested in our welfare.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our Lodge and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

G. C. WELLS,
F. H. HUNTINGTON,
WM. HARLOW, } *Committee.*

WELLSVILLE, OHIO.

At a regular meeting of Alexia Lodge No. 98, held February 17th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been made the recipient of a beautiful motto, the work of Mrs. W. O. Sorg, wife of our worthy Bro. W. O. Sorg; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we regard this as a mark of the great appreciation in which our noble Order is held by this worthy lady.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to Mrs. Sorg for the gift received from her and for the interest she has taken in our welfare.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Sorg; also that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

C. S. GIVEN,
C. L. BOOTH,
W. P. SHEETS, } *Committee.*

CHARLESTON, ILL.

At a regular meeting of Little Giant Lodge No. 187, held April 6, the members were agreeably surprised by being presented with a very beautiful and neatly worked motto inscribed "Welcome." The motto is very beautiful in design and finish and is the work of Mrs. Emma Cooper, the wife of our esteemed brother. The following resolution of thanks was adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be returned to Mrs. Emma Cooper for remembering us so kindly and that we shall earnestly strive to prove ourselves worthy of this estimable lady's friendship, which so much encourages us to do our duty to the Brotherhood.

M. CALLAHAN,
T. HENSLEY,
J. STILLWELL, } *Committee.*

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

At a regular meeting of Sioux Lodge, No. 64, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been greatly benefitted during the past year by Bro. W. H. Roberts, our Secretary, and since he has held the office he has worked faithfully and zealously for the good of the Order, and we feel, although we must lose him as an officer, we have him as a true member still, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Lodge extends to Bro. W. H. Roberts a unanimous vote of thanks and deeply regrets his retirement from the office.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Magazine and spread on the minutes of the Lodge.

J. L. SHEELEY,
A. J. GOODRICH,
J. E. MORARTY, } *Committee.*

BOSTON, MASS.

At a regular meeting of Boston Lodge, No. 57, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been the recipients of many favors from our worthy Bro. W. P. Wood, in the manner of a set of signs for our Lodge room doors, and a beautiful pair of gavels, suitably lettered Master and Vice Master, therefore be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be extended to Bro. Wood and that we accept these gifts, not for their intrinsic worth alone but in the same spirit in which they are offered.

Resolved, That in Bro. Wood this Lodge finds a true soul and the B. of L. F. an earnest worker.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be extended to Bro. Wood and that the same be published in the Magazine.

J. C. EDWARD,
W. E. MUSGRAVE,
C. K. MITCHELL, } *Committee.*

NEWARK, OHIO.

At a meeting of Taylor Lodge, No. 175, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe to remove, by death, our beloved Bro. Geo. W. Sayre, therefore be it

Resolved, That by the death of Bro. Sayre we have lost a worthy brother and one who was in every way worthy of our regard and esteem.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the stricken household and that we commend the bereaved relatives to Him for consolation who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and that these resolutions be recorded in our minutes and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. HARDEN,
E. HILL,
H. BROWN, } *Committee.*

MANDAN, DAKOTA.

At a meeting of Onward Lodge, No. 41, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed brother, Ernest E. Gould, by whose death Onward Lodge, No. 41, has lost one of its best members and the B. of L. F. a true and worthy brother, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Onward Lodge, No. 41, tender to his bereaved parents and sisters their heartfelt sympathy; while they have lost a noble son and brother, we have lost an honored member, whose memory will long be cherished by us.

Resolved, That our thanks be extended to

the members of Overland Lodge, No. 123, and especially to Bros. Rhodes and Fair for the assistance rendered us during the death and burial of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days as a mark of respect to our deceased brother; also, that these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine and our city papers and that a copy be sent to the bereaved parents.

A. C. WERTY,
JAS. TAYLOR, } *Committee.*
C. E. ALLEN, }

EL PASO, TEXAS.

At a regular meeting of New Year Lodge No. 155, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been presented with a beautiful marble top table for our Master's stand, the gift of Messrs. Emerson and Berrien; therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard this gift as a mark of the appreciation in which our noble Order is held by these esteemed gentlemen.

Resolved, That we extend to Messrs. Emerson and Berrien our most sincere thanks for their kind remembrance and the interest they have taken in our welfare.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes; also a copy be sent to Messrs. Emerson and Berrien, and be published in the Fireman's Magazine.

D. B. MORRISSEY,
W. COWAN, } *Committee.*
J. REDMOND, }

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

At a regular meeting of Davy Crockett Lodge, No. 145, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst Bro. J. W. Halderman, who died of consumption, April 15th, and

WHEREAS, The Order has lost a good and honored member, and this Lodge one whom we were proud to call brother, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow our heads in submission to our Master's will we feel there is a void in our hearts that time alone can fill, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, also that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the Magazine for publication.

J. S. SMITH,
W. F. MCQUEENEY, } *Committee.*
W. J. SIMPSON, }

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL.

At a regular meeting of Royal Gorge Lodge No. 50, held Monday evening, March 31st, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our worthy and esteemed brother A. F. Weybe, by consumption, after five months illness, be it therefore

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the decrees of Divine Providence, we deeply deplore the loss and shall ever fondly cherish the memory of our departed brother, and in his death No. 50 has lost one of its most valuable members.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to the members of Midland Lodge No. 147, Temple, Texas, who so kindly responded to the call of our afflicted brother during his long illness, and also be it.

Resolved, That in evidence of our respect to our deceased brother, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be published in the Magazine.

W. G. PENNINGTON,
M. ZUMBUM,
W. H. HOLLIS, } *Committee.*

CHICAGO, ILLS.

At a regular meeting of Chamberlin Lodge No. 186, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Eclipse Division No. 111, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, having granted the use of their hall for the purpose of organizing the above Lodge, of the B. of L. F.; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of this body be gratefully tendered the said Division No. 111, of the B. of L. F.; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Eclipse Division No. 111, of the B. of L. F., and spread upon the minutes of this meeting.

P. HARTNEY,
MIKE JORDEN, } *Committee.*
P. H. LYNCH, }

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

At a regular meeting of Orange Grove Lodge No. 87, held in their hall on Sunday, February 1st, 1884, it was unanimously

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Lodge that we are under many obligations to Bro. Frank P. Shepardson for the able manner in which he settled the affairs of our late Bro. M. M. Smith, and his kindness in accompanying the remains of Bro. Smith to his home, free of any charge to this Lodge for his services; therefore, be it

Resolved, That, as a slight testimonial of our appreciation, this Lodge, as a unit, tender to Bro. Shepardson our sincere and heartfelt thanks, assuring him that his noble and generous action will live long in the hearts of the members of this Lodge.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to Bro. Shepardson and also published in our Magazine.

CHAS. A. VOGLSANG,
HORACE E. MOORE, } *Committee.*
JOHN A. KINGSLEY, }

ROODHOUSE, ILL.

At a special meeting of J. M. Dodge Lodge No. 79, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The lady relatives and friends of this Lodge hold its members in such high estimation as to present us with an elegant Bible and altar cloth, through the hands of Miss Mabel Casey and Miss Mary E. Donnelly, and a beautifully worked motto of our Order by Mrs. Daniel Stultz; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge tender their sincere thanks to all the ladies that were instrumental in making these presentations, assuring them that we highly appreciate the lively interest they manifest in our behalf, and that we shall always strive to so conduct ourselves as to retain their confidence and respect.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the minutes of the Lodge and also sent to the Magazine for publication.

F. SHIELD,
D. O. DONNELL, } *Committee.*
J. B. MILTON, }

NEW YORK, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of "Just in Time" Lodge B. of L. F. held March 23d, the following preamble and resolutions expressing sorrow at the death of Brother A. H. Randolph were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved Brother, A. H. Randolph, who met his death by a misplaced switch at Haverstraw, N. H., on the N. Y. W. I. and B. R. R., on the evening of March 11, 1884, therefore be it

Resolved, That we bow submissively to the will of the ever ruling Providence, and resignedly submit to it, we are deeply conscious

of the loss we have sustained in the death of our beloved brother, and realize our Lodge has lost an honorable member, the sorrowing parents and friends and society a good and useful member.

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved parents of our dead brother, our sincere sympathy in their affliction, while feeling that we can not estimate their sorrow we trust that they may be enabled to bear it with resignation, and fortitude.

Resolved, In the great affliction we have passed through by the loss of our beloved brother, we may try, though we never can express our heartfelt thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carpenter for the interest they have taken in our late brother; our daily prayer to God will be that he will guard and protect them from a similar fate, and if it be otherwise willed, that they all will be prepared, and have kind friends to do for them as they did for our beloved brother.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to "Adapted Daughter" Lodge B. of L. F., for their kindness in assisting us, in the burial of our deceased brother and for use of Lodge room and regalias.

Resolved As a token of our respect, and esteem for our departed brother, that our charter be draped for the space of sixty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the parents and friends of the deceased, and that they be published in our Magazine and recorded upon the minutes of the Lodge.

T. T. McCAFFERY,
MOGUL CALL,
CHARLES DEMING, } *Committee.*

MONTREAL, CANADA.

At a regular meeting of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Great Grand Master has again reminded us of his omnipresence by calling to eternal membership in the Grand Lodge above, one of our most beloved and worthy members, Bro. Chas. A. King, who was killed on the morning of April, 4th, by the overturning of his engine on the Central Division Grand Trunk Ry.

WHEREAS, Bro. King has endeared himself to our hearts and has been an untiring worker in our Lodge, and the embodiment of all the ennobling principles of our Order, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the divine will, we do not the less mourn the loss of so faithful and true a brother.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. King, No. 15 has suffered an irreparable loss, his family has lost a dutiful and devoted son and brother, and the Grand Trunk Ry a faithful and competent servant.

Resolved, That to the bereaved family of the deceased brother we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this, their great affliction, earnestly commending them to the care of Him who alone can heal the broken heart, and comfort the afflicted.

Resolved, That we, the members of No. 15 can never repay the debt of gratitude we owe to the officers and members of Island City Lodge No. 69, and Challenge Lodge No. 66, who so heartily came to assist us in performing the last duties to our deceased brother and showing by their numbers and sympathetic and gentlemanly deportment that the deceased brother had endeared himself to the hearts of all who knew him.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JNO. RYAN,
GEO. WELL,
ED. UPON, } *Committee.*

LETTERS OF THANKS.

GILROY, CAL., April 3, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I have received of C. Newton Wyckoff, Financier of Golden Gate Lodge No. 91, the sum of one thousand (\$1,000) dollars, which was paid on the policy held by my late husband, Charles L. Luckhardt. Please accept my sincere thanks for the kind sympathy shown to me and mine, and may the blessing of God be with you in your good work is my earnest wish.

Yours, respectfully,
MARIA L. LUCKHARDT.

NORTH SPRINGFIELD, Mo., April 5, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I wish to acknowledge through your Magazine the receipt of a draft for one thousand (\$1,000) dollars by the hands of Mr. M. W. Burwell, Financier of Frisco Lodge No. 51, of which Lodge my son, Thomas A. Robson, was a member. Permit me to tender to the members of your Brotherhood my warmest thanks and gratitude. That the Almighty Ruler may preserve your Brotherhood from such sad calamities as befell my dear son, is the earnest prayer of an afflicted mother. Believe me yours faithfully,

MRS. H. J. ROBSON.

MANDAN, DAK., April 20, 1884.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIRS: We, the parents and sisters of Ernest E. Gould, who was killed on the night of the 17th of April in an accident on the Omaha & Republican Valley Railroad, desire to express our sincere thanks to the Overland Lodge of Locomotive Firemen No. 123 and to Onward Lodge No. 41, of which our only son and brother was a member, and most deeply do we thank Bros. T. F. Rhodes and G. C. Fair for their faithful kindness and care of him who was no more able to care for himself. We desire to thank them all and they will long be remembered for their sympathy with us in our sad bereavement. May God bless and abide with them forever is our earnest prayer.

JOHN W. GOULD,
KATHERINE GOULD,
EMMA J. LEONBERGER,
JENNIE L. CARY.

VINCENNES, IND., April 23, 1884.

To the Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: Words fail to express the gratitude of the widow and orphans of your late brother, L. M. Phipps, as member of Old Post Lodge No. 17, for the draft of \$1,000, which was duly paid to me April 18, 1884, by the Financier of Lodge No. 17. This is an act the Brotherhood may well feel proud of; it was impossible for the Brotherhood to restore the loved husband and father, but they have done all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the bereaved family.

I also desire to express my gratitude to C. A. Cripps, Financier, and H. M. Hogan, Master of Old Post Lodge, for their kind cheering advice and their attention to my claim. It is but fair to state that the members were unanimous in their kind attention to my interests.

Again, I tender my heartfelt thanks to those warm hearted, sympathizing members of the noble Firemen's Brotherhood, and may the blessings of the widows and orphans ever attend them in their every day life, is the prayer of

ISABELL PHIPPS.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
7	T. A. Bowen.*	83	James Robertson.*
7	D. L. Stephen.*	83	C. C. Miller.*
12	W. R. Driscoll.*	83	H. B. Wicks.*
14	J. H. Tarbutton.*	83	Harry King.*
16	H. Brunk.*	83	H. T. Dunn.*
16	J. Harrington.*	87	A. Kellum.*
16	S. Swanson.*	87	F. Lampka.*
16	M. Krauss.*	94	R. H. Ewing ‡
17	Wm. Morgan.†	95	A. Kuhl.*
22	Geo. Matthews.*	95	C. Sullivan.*
32	A. B. Crandell.‡	98	C. C. Gould.*
39	W. F. Jones.*	98	H. J. Steiley.*
45	B. F. Cumiskey.*	99	Harry Couch.*
45	C. Chamberlain.*	107	D. Leadingham.*
45	J. Williamsou.*	127	Harry Coole.††
45	A. Brooks.*	131	J. T. Price.*
45	C. H. Sheridan.*	134	A. S. Morse.*
45	J. E. Bannerman.*	134	R. Brigham.*
46	R. Hillman.‡	134	C. A. Thebarger.*
46	F. Cawery.*	134	G. H. Russell.*
48	T. W. Welch.*	136	David Clark.*
50	R. L. Mann.*	140	M. W. Whalen.*
52	G. Rommelmeier.*	141	F. J. Penoyer.*
64	J. Dunn.*	143	Chas. E. Neal.*
64	J. N. Davis.*	143	Wm. Mouron.*
68	John Burns.*	143	Elmore Jordan.*
68	Henry Walk.‡	144	B. C. Gesner.*
71	Abraham Delong.†	145	J. J. Shanessy.††
72	G. W. Higgins.*	149	R. B. Sheridan.*
77	John Gleason.*	163	James Bullard.*
78	James Young.*	187	Samuel Elkins.‡
78	Frank Furman.*	193	Douglass Crabb.‡

* Non-payment of Dues.

† General principles.

‡ Defrauding members.

§ Drunkenness.

¶ Contempt of Lodge.

* Misusing Funds.

†† Unbecoming conduct.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
12	Jacob Brinckle.	50	John Creedon.
16	Alonzo Hunt.	71	A. Gardner.
18	Jeff. Powers.	74	Ed Murray.
30	G. W. Greenwood.	77	Wm. Enos.
33	A. Roesch.	94	Chas Gelger.
38	Thos. M. Taggart.	100	J. W. Sweets.
41	Thos. Rust.	100	M. C. Osborn.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WM. VAN HEES AND E. F. CLEARY.

Wm. Van Hees and E. F. Cleary, of No. 107, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

THOMAS BOWKER.

Thomas Bowker, of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

WM. DUNCAN.

Wm. Duncan, of Golden Gate Lodge No. 91, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

JAS. DOUGHERTY.

Jas. Dougherty, of Pacific Lodge No. 173, who left Winslow, Arizona, in November last, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

JOHN MCKENNA.

John McKenna, of No. 142, is requested to correspond with his Lodge. Any one knowing his whereabouts will oblige us by notifying his Lodge.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., May 1, 1884.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending April 30, 1884:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 30 and 40.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 30 and 40.	Total.
1	\$2 00	\$28 00	\$30 00	66	..	\$48 00	\$48 00
2	5 00	11 00	16 00	67	\$42 00	62 00	104 00
3	22 00	110 00	132 00	68	4 00	52 00	56 00
4	22 00	33 00	55 00	69	7 00	34 00	41 00
5	70	13 00	30 00	43 00
6	2 00	13 00	15 00	71	11 00	54 00	65 00
7	12 00	14 00	26 00	72	4 00	61 00	65 00
8	19 00	45 00	64 00	73	..	38 00	38 00
9	21 00	28 00	49 00	74	5 00	42 00	47 00
10	25 00	57 00	82 00	75	44 00	101 00	145 00
11	2 00	97 00	99 00	76	19 00	57 00	76 00
12	50 00	123 00	173 00	77	114 00	106 00	220 00
13	..	77 00	77 00	78
14	7 00	90 00	97 00	79	9 00	29 00	38 00
15	4 00	48 00	52 00	80
16	10 00	117 00	127 00	81	..	55 00	55 00
17	22 00	26 00	48 00	82
18	8 00	29 00	37 00	83
19	84	3 00	59 00	62 00
20	10 00	34 00	44 00	85	23 00	24 00	47 00
21	62 00	8 00	70 00	86	17 00	55 00	72 00
22	15 00	22 00	37 00	87	3 00	24 00	27 00
23	2 00	38 00	40 00	88
24	89
25	2 00	24 00	26 00	90
26	11 00	64 00	75 00	91	16 00	22 00	38 00
27	..	90 00	90 00	92	..	23 00	23 00
28	4 00	64 00	68 00	93
29	1 00	45 00	46 00	94	..	70 00	70 00
30	18 00	21 00	39 00	95	59 00	62 00	121 00
31	31 00	67 00	98 00	96	2 00	40 00	42 00
32	4 00	32 00	36 00	97	..	40 00	40 00
33	3 00	..	3 00	98
34	6 00	33 00	39 00	99	13 00	54 00	67 00
35	11 00	23 00	34 00	100	10 00	27 00	37 00
36	27 00	52 00	79 00	101	2 00	..	2 00
37	5 00	55 00	55 00	102
38	4 00	81 00	85 00	103
39	104	..	14 00	14 00
40	..	2 00	2 00	105	2 00	46 00	48 00
41	13 00	8 00	21 00	106	4 00	26 00	30 00
42	..	27 00	27 00	107	10 00	30 00	40 00
43	108	..	25 00	25 00
44	9 00	26 00	35 00	109	16 00	43 00	59 00
45	50 00	63 00	113 00	110	2 00	26 00	28 00
46	32 00	45 00	77 00	111	13 00	34 00	47 00
47	112	18 00	42 00	60 00
48	6 00	53 00	59 00	113	8 00	29 00	37 00
49	15 00	24 00	39 00	114	..	21 00	21 00
50	1 00	98 00	99 00	115	..	34 00	34 00
51	116	1 00	24 00	25 00
52	117	..	43 00	43 00
53	32 00	35 00	67 00	118	17 00	17 00	34 00
54	19 00	57 00	76 00	119	..	23 00	23 00
55	3 00	37 00	40 00	120	..	41 00	41 00
56	5 00	26 00	31 00	121	6 00	25 00	31 00
57	48 00	169 00	217 00	122
58	4 00	18 00	22 00	123	16 00	34 00	50 00
59	124	3 00	37 00	40 00
60	7 00	73 00	80 00	125	2 00	21 00	23 00
61	80 00	83 00	163 00	126
62	127
63	13 00	18 00	31 00	128
64	4 00	40 00	44 00	129	4 00	38 00	42 00
65	1 00	50 00	51 00	130	3 00	47 00	50 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 39 and 40.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 39 and 40.	Total.
131	\$12 00	\$22 00	\$34 00	164	\$3 00	\$25 00	\$28 00
132	4 00	20 00	24 00	165	..	22 00	22 00
133	7 00	26 00	33 00	166	5 00	14 00	19 00
134	5 00	9 00	14 00	167
135	168	..	27 00	27 00
136	18 00	20 00	38 00	169	1 00	41 00	42 00
137	..	24 00	24 00	170	6 00	16 00	22 00
138	..	31 00	31 00	171	6 00	10 00	16 00
139	5 00	19 00	24 00	172
140	..	48 00	48 00	173	2 00	27 00	29 00
141	174	..	25 00	25 00
142	3 00	71 00	74 00	175	6 00	22 00	28 00
143	2 00	14 00	16 00	176	2 00	..	2 00
144	17 00	..	17 00	177	..	28 00	28 00
145	178	13 00	40 00	53 00
146	8 00	14 00	22 00	179	2 00	26 00	28 00
147	1 00	12 00	13 00	180
148	10 00	8 00	18 00	181
149	6 00	92 00	98 00	182	..	21 00	21 00
150	183	..	20 00	20 00
151	1 00	39 00	40 00	184	1 00	15 00	16 00
152	1 00	8 00	9 00	185	..	10 00	10 00
153	186	..	10 00	10 00
154	9 00	15 00	24 00	187	..	14 00	14 00
155	188	5 00	..	5 00
156	2 00	35 00	37 00	189	..	17 00	17 00
157	..	27 00	27 00	190	1 00	1 00	2 00
158	6 00	24 00	30 00	191
159	192	..	6 00	6 00
160	1 00	35 00	36 00	193	..	9 00	9 00
161	1 00	31 00	32 00	194
162	195
163	2 00	15 00	17 00	196	..	17 00	17 00

Balance on hand April 1 \$7,348 50
 Received during month 7,265 00
 Total \$14,613 50

By claims Nos. 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106,
 107 and 108 8,000 00

Balance on hand May 1 \$6,613 50
 Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

BLACK LIST.

WM. ALEXANDER.

Wm. Alexander has been expelled from J. Scott Lodge No. 136, of Port Hope, Ont., for defrauding the Lodge. It has since been discovered that he is a dead-beat on general principles and that he will defraud any one that will trust him. We have no use for such men.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

CHANGE OF LOCATION.

Eastman Lodge No. 134 has removed from Richford, Vt., to Farnham, Quebec, the change of location taking effect December 8, 1883.

TO TRAVELING MEMBERS.

We are in receipt of many letters from members who have been out on a visit, requesting us to thank certain Lodges and members in their behalf for favors extended them. We must decline all such requests, for the reason that the space in our Magazine can be used to better advantage. If a traveling member conducts himself properly and proves worthy of the courtesies of the Order, it is far better than to return thanks through the Magazine. We desire to publish only such matter as will be of interest to our readers.

PROCEEDINGS WANTED.

We are desirous of obtaining a copy of the proceedings of our Third Annual Convention held at St. Louis in September, 1876, and any Lodge having a copy to spare will please forward same to the Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

TO LODGE CORRESPONDENTS.

We are having more Lodge correspondence sent in than we can possibly publish, and we are compelled to request some of our correspondents who write on subordinate lodge affairs, to be more brief with their articles and not to write too often. Our desire is to give all lodges an opportunity to be heard, and this can not be done if a few consume all the space.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
 Terre Haute, Ind.
 F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
 Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.
 E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
 Terre Haute, Ind.
 S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
 Terre Haute, Ind.

TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
 W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
 D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. J. Hannahan, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
 C. J. McGee, Secretary Danville, Ill.
 W. E. Burns Chicago, Ill.
 A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

Geo. Utter, Drawer 853 St. Thomas, Ont.
 Wm. Weller Port Morris, N. J.
 H. H. Burrus Kuobel, Ark.
 T. H. Vradenbough, 125 Main St.,
 B. H. District Boston, Mass.
 E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 S. Pueblo, Col.
 C. H. Maul, 830 N. 40th St. Philadelphia, Pa.
 W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Aurora, Ill.
 Zeb Moore, 715 Carroll St. Keokuk, Iowa
 F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Omaha, Neb.
 G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Toledo, Ohio
 W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Evansville, Ind.
 E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Elkhart, Ind.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
 F. L. Smith, Box 1308 Secretary
 A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
 J. L. Van Orden, 72 Court House Place,
 Jersey City Heights, N. J. Mag. Agent
- HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
 Meets 2d Monday.
 H. S. Lawton Master
 A. P. Green, 105 John St. Secretary
 A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. Financier
 Harris Atwood Mag. Agent
- ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
 J. E. Opp, 508 Grove St. Master
 G. Auchter, 202 Newark Ave. Secretary
 H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. Financier
 H. M. Freeland, 203 Pavonia
 Ave Mag. Agent
- GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
 F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Master
 M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
 W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Financier
 A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. Mag. Agent

5. **CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 863 . . . Master
G. Johnson, Drawer 863 . . . Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 . . . Financier
O. Dennee . . . Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
A. Platt . . . Master
Wm. Hearst . . . Secretary
A. C. Huestis . . . Financier
J. Tully . . . Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
J. S. Black, 497 C St., S. W. . . Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. . . Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St., S. W. . . Financier
F. A. Childs . . . Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Matthews, Box 376 . . . Master
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 . . . Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 . . . Financier
C. C. Cook . . . Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Mondays and Tuesdays
at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Coit, Commercial Hotel . . . Master
C. Mason, 15 N. Summit St. . . Secretary
F. J. Kistler, 214 S. High St. . . Financier
J. J. Lauer, Plqua Shops . . . Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. . . Master
T. P. Smith, 29 Jessie St. . . Secretary
A. H. Buse, 50 Brayton St. . . Financier
E. M. Crain, 481 Lake St. . . Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. Tindall . . . Master
P. Cummins . . . Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 . . . Financier
C. J. Rogers . . . Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
I. H. Crossman, 508 Swan St. . . Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 385 Swan St. . . Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. . . Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. . . Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Hull, 163 Pacific Ave. . . Master
R. Mulford, 212 Pacific Ave. . . Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. . . Financier
W. Rhodes, 154 Whiton St. . . Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. A. Tweedie, 258 E. Washington St. . . Master
W. T. Seeres, Box 66, Brightwood . . . Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. . . Financier
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St. . . Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. . . Master
G. A. Kell, 38 Charron St. . . Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Seigneur St. . . Financier
J. A. Gratrix, 4 Grand Trunk St. . . Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs . . . Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 817 N. 5th St. . . Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. . . Financier
J. Smith, 106 N. 11th St. . . Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. A. Gallaway . . . Master
J. H. Cook . . . Secretary
C. A. Cripps . . . Financier
H. M. Hogan . . . Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Miller, Box 103 . . . Master
H. B. Sims . . . Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 . . . Financier
J. B. Murphy . . . Mag. Agent
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. McBean, Box 8 . . . Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 . . . Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 . . . Financier
H. M. Johnson . . . Mag. Agent
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 317 . . . Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 . . . Secretary
W. Williams, Box 182 . . . Financier
G. Morse, Box 400 . . . Mag. Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Eddy, Kimmawick, Mo. . . Master
J. V. Blocker, 936 Russell Ave. . . Secretary
L. Ladenburger, 936 Russell Ave. . . Financier
W. M. Cushing . . . Mag. Agent
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. E. Bennett . . . Master
G. C. Pittenger . . . Secretary
R. C. Burns, Box 870 . . . Financier
F. W. Walker . . . Mag. Agent
23. **PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton . . . Master
M. DeVoy . . . Secretary
N. L. Cooper . . . Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. . . Mag. Agent
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
Glen Ewing . . . Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 . . . Secretary
H. E. Peters . . . Financier
J. E. Powell . . . Mag. Agent
25. **CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran . . . Master
L. Selling . . . Secretary
R. S. Pike, L. Box 744 . . . Financier
E. Ferry, Box 299 . . . Mag. Agent
26. **ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Keeler . . . Master
N. G. Wallace . . . Secretary
C. H. Williams, Box 674 . . . Financier
H. Tinkham . . . Mag. Agent
27. **HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. . . Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 15 12th St. . . Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 . . . Financier
W. T. McGougal . . . Mag. Agent
28. **ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Andrew Struthers . . . Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 . . . Secretary
C. W. Baskins, Box 824 . . . Financier
S. Hartman . . . Mag. Agent
29. **CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 . . . Master
C. M. Doucett . . . Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 . . . Financier
P. A. Loveland . . . Mag. Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Bruce . . . Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 . . . Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 . . . Financier
C. A. Clough, Box 406 . . . Mag. Agent
31. **R. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Johnson, 713 N. St. . . Master
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. . . Secretary
E. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. . . Financier
J. S. Clark, 1324 Commercial St. . . Mag. Agent
32. **BORDEE; Ellis, Kan.**
E. G. Pearson . . . Master
J. W. Hardesty . . . Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 308 . . . Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 . . . Mag. Agent

- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Key Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
T. Briggs Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Master
F. Kinch Secretary
H. W. Stephens, Box 1297 Financier
G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. Schermerhorn, Box 128 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
W. Gascoigne Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Ernst, 159 Salem St. Master
J. D. Wright, 145 S. 4th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
G. H. Thomas, 128 S. 4th St. Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. McCormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Drummond, Box 247 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey Financier
C. Barker, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, Room 6, Davis Block,
Davenport, Iowa Master
T. K. Holmes, Box 1223 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
C. H. Church Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ West Washing-
ton St. Master
C. Young, 911 West Mulberry St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
W. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2
P. M.
A. Morgan, 10½ W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, 911 W Johnson
St. Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 907 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
H. P. Mann, 2226 S. 10th St. Financier
N. Caruthers, 2130 S. 6th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 162 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. B. Crowe Master
W. O. Shelley, 1009 North St. Secretary
W. O. Shelley, 1009 North St. Financier
S. Knight, 206 Cross St. Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Cunningham, Western Hotel Master
E. McCormack, 1402 E. Wash-
ington St. Secretary
R. M. Goodwin, 730 Monroe St. Financier
J. Dorsey, Care Wabash Shops. Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Gift, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Secretary
E. J. McQuirk, 1557 Wabash Ave. Financier
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, 423 Race St. Master
G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
G. Gates, 423 Race St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
F. S. Cunnion Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
W. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3831 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4744 Indiana Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dear-
born St. Financier
J. E. Davis, 163 E. Harrison St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
M. G. Hall, Box 96 Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
J. A. Dryden, Box 69 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Du Flone, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
A. Swadner, Box 658 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
R. H. Brant Secretary
C. M. Leavitt, Box 1172 Financier
G. W. Curry Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 867 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 667 Secretary
G. A. Burnham, L. Box 23 Financier
N. G. Chamblin Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave Financier
T. Curry, 178 Spring St. Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 Master
O. F. Parker Secretary
E. Stewart Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Bunker Hill District Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 25 Lincoln St.,
Bunker Hill District, Boston,
Mass Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent

58. **SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. W. Myers Master
G. B. Stratton Secretary
B. H. Estabrook Financier
J. P. Clark Mag. Agent
59. **ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 Master
R. J. Howard, Box 721 Pueblo, Col. Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 276 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col. Financier
W. Henthorn, Canon City, Col. Mag. Agent
60. **UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
61. **MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
F. W. Dyer, 503 Westminster St. Master
F. Maher, 193 Penn Ave. Secretary
J. M. Sheire, 505 Robert St. Financier
B. Bradley, 663 E. 3d St. Mag. Agent
62. **VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh Master
S. J. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
63. **HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
Homer Davis, Box 772 Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
64. **SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Financier
A. Goodrich Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
J. Anseline Master
Wm. Bauman Secretary
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
66. **CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
J. Casey, G. T. Ry Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. Master
T. Cunerty, 38 Hackney St. Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
J. Fawcett, 27 Soho St. Mag. Agent
68. **EAU CLAIRE; Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona,
Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis. Financier
C. Miller, Box 76, Altoona, Wis. Mag. Agent
69. **ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer Master
N. J. Scott Secretary
F. W. Barr, Box 294 Financier
F. G. Lawrence Mag. Agent
70. **LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
J. Allen, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
71. **SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
D. V. Rorick Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Mag. Agent
72. **WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. Mag. Agent
73. **BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
S. Loynd, 73 Green St. Mag. Agent
74. **KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. Financier
E. A. Shipley, Cor. 9th and Mul-
berry Sts. Mag. Agent
G. N. Herron, Box 18, Armstrong,
Kansas Mag. Agent
75. **ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 3837 Haverford St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1009 S. 19th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 532 N. 35th St. Financier
W. H. Guthrie Mag. Agent
76. **NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251 Master
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Secretary
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
M. S. O'Rourke, 300 S. 11th St. Master
G. M. Wilson, 349 7th St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
78. **GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham Master
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 Mag. Agent
79. **J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
W. E. Donnelly, Box 188 Master
D. M. Young Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
F. Cuykendall Mag. Agent
80. **SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
G. Goding, Box 252 Mag. Agent
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Mag. Agent
81. **PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Secretary
W. J. Bain, Box 462 Financier
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Mag. Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d
Sunday at 3 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 3d St. S. Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. K. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
W. E. Richmond, 820 13th St. N. Mag. Agent
83. **TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
J. T. Gaynon, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
R. L. Craig Mag. Agent
84. **CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays
at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
J. Oxiaby, Box 2192, Battle Creek,
Mich. Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1664 Financier
W. McNeill Mag. Agent

- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and
2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1786 Master
C. Jennings, L. Box 870 Secretary
A. H. Dixon, L. Box 870 Financier
J. Kellum Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. H. Haskins, Box 302 Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
T. Lynch Financier
H. W. Smith Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart, Box 69 Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
T. F. Croake, Box 88 Financier
M. A. Noble Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson Master
J. M. Sights Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
N. Gorman Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
W. B. Taney Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
G. Betteiger Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Financier
C. K. Stewart, Box 317, San Diego Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
T. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops Secretary
C. N. Wyckoff, S. P. R. R. Shops Financier
A. Detrich, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Spath, 39 Tollman St. Master
T. Lee, 109 W. Albany St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 West Utica St. Financier
J. Hartigan Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Swartz Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
R. Gurley Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 Master
H. Gray, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
F. W. Clough, 303 Blue Island Ave. Master
J. Warm, 659 W. Monroe St. Secretary
L. P. Smith, 292 Fulton St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leibtag, Box 695 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 695 Secretary
S. J. Clark, Box 695 Financier
W. M. King, Box 695 Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 Master
F. Horner, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
W. J. Grant Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
G. S. Cole Secretary
R. W. Shields Financier
E. B. Mandeville Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets every Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y., L. E. & W. Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 182 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
G. Bowden, 6 Fairmount St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
W. H. Hummell Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
D. E. Hayes Secretary
F. S. Payne, 620 E. Maple St. Financier
C. M. Krull, 611 E. Locust St. Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Keyer, 1127 W. Broadway Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesnil St. Financier
J. P. Farrer, 827 Churchill St. Mag. Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCK;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
W. M. Reardon Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
O. M. Crane, Box 76 Financier
Phil. Smith Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 235 Berrim St. Master
C. McCutchie Secretary
J. C. Herron, 524 Mulberry St. Financier
J. T. Quinlivan Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
H. G. Bechhold Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
M. Glynn Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
J. C. McCabe Master
Wm. Davis Secretary
M. Heatherman, Box 23 Financier
J. W. Shea Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 4th St. Master
W. Davis, 3019 Atlantic St. Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 2926 Chouteau Ave. Financier
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
J. E. Brown Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 285 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent

- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell Master
J. Toal, Box 111 Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
J. Dolan Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. Joyce Master
C. Sursa Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
W. C. Vawter Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
N. C. Grant Master
S. L. Bristol Secretary
G. L. Oram Financier
J. Davis Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 Secretary
J. Dunn, Box 625 Financier
A. Heenan Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between
36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between
19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and Mth St. Financier
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and Mth St. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson Master
H. R. Boucher Secretary
M. Gleason Financier
G. H. Dawson Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Tuesday and 4th Friday 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 565 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 315 Grey St. Financier
R. Lister, 272 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and
the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Damant, Richmond St. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond St. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond St. Financier
W. H. Perkins, Richmond St. Mag. Agent
S. A. Allis Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
W. J. Gorham, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 83 Adams St. Master
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
J. M. Herman, 179 Gifford St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 143 $\frac{1}{2}$ W.
Fayette St, Room E Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Master
W. M. Brewer Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 83 Financier
O. C. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline, Box 421 Master
S. A. Mayall, Box 242 Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 Financier
H. W. Henson Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. G. Andrews Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House Secretary
T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
E. G. Fox Master
Wm. Rait, Box 356 Secretary
E. L. Gregg Financier
E. G. Fox Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
G. S. Tubbs Master
F. W. Snyder, Box 1636 Secretary
M. Keilher Financier
J. T. Dutcher Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
J. C. Clark Secretary
F. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gillette Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Thornton, Tecumseh House Master
T. S. Gill, C. P. Round House Secretary
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Financier
H. Lynes, 88 Common St. Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 55 Master
W. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Financier
C. E. Davis, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
J. Hooper, Box 494 Master
P. G. Crippen Secretary
G. R. Tedford, Box 110 Financier
J. H. Coterill, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
L. Bynes, 527 Greenbush St. Financier
J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
E. C. Clifford Secretary
G. M. Ratcliffe, Box 450, Stevens
Point, Wis. Financier
G. Shilling Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Box 10 Master
F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29 Secretary
W. T. Trusty, Box 37 Financier
J. McDonald Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. H. White Master
V. C. London Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
V. C. London Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
H. E. Cowan Master
H. E. Wade Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and
3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. S. Wheeler, Box 194 Master
D. B. Morrissey Secretary
M. P. Williams Financier
J. S. Wheeler Mag. Agent
J. Boyers Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. N. Johnston, Box 273 Master
G. Campbell Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
T. G. Dayman Mag. Agent

- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
P. J. Cook Master
A. Weggandt Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
F. Cooper Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Stow, Box 1287 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1344 Secretary
G. W. Mills, Box 706 Financier
J. Guhlin Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
E. Goble Secretary
E. F. Wright Financier
N. B. Whyers Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 134 Master
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Secretary
W. D. Yates, Box 599 Financier
A. F. Duey, Box 23 Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
W. G. Lyons, 51 Melita St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M. and every 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, 59 Wilts St. Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
F. Bittman, 107 Erie St. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, cor. Wood and Division sts. Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin, Box 459 Secretary
J. Norton, Box 448 Financier
J. Norton, Box 448 Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 196 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washington St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washington St. Financier
W. Creighton, (178) Cor. McKinnle and Travis Sts. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
R. J. McCool, Box 32 Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
L. E. Mayo Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 240 E. 128th St. Master
W. J. McCall, 326 Ninth Ave. Secretary
Mogull Call, 70 W. 92d St. Financier
J. H. White, 280 E. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
August Baker Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 98 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
H. Hall, 98 Murray St. E. Mag. Agent
J. Reid, 143 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
T. M. Perry Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willauer Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
Arthur Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Secretary
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Janders, Box 256 Master
R. P. Wardlaw Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
W. J. Dunnivant Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Mallin Secretary
C. H. Walr Financier
A. L. Sterley Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Tehan Master
B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
J. Hamlin, 521 Fort St. Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Hampton Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. Secretary
Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nashville, Tenn. Financier
G. R. Ruffin Mag. Agent
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 616 Locust St. Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
J. W. Galvan, 513 S. Main St. Master
W. H. Wilder, Cor. Linn and S. 6th Sts. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
F. L. Burtch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
W. A. Stephenson Secretary
F. A. Hamilton Financier
J. F. Bristol Mag. Agent

- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 15 Master
E. K. Park, Box 15 Secretary
J. N. Jennings, Box 15 Financier
E. K. Park, Box 15 Mag. Agent
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
G. E. Crider Master
E. A. Laughran Secretary
J. B. Gossage Financier
T. Fralick Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Iry Financier
G. Edwards Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
P. Foster Master
G. H. Marston Secretary
C. Wyman Financier
G. H. Marston Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. Tucker, Box 134 Master
L. E. Ferguson, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Mag. Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. Stirmemann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
H. Lounshay, Box 1179 Master
J. S. Lanning, Box 1053 Secretary
W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
D. Lawler Mag. Agent
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. H. Sutphen Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
A. S. Craik Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 224 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Financier
P. O. Toole, 60 Russell St., Halifax, Nova Scotia Mag. Agent
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Rochester ville P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochester ville P. O., Ottawa Financier
J. Smith, 672 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
P. A. Neely Master
A. L. Parker Secretary
W. H. Farnsworth Financier
T. J. Welsh Mag. Agent
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. Kirchner, 518 Calder St. Master
H. S. Gingrich, 1412 Wallace St., Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
I. Fridy, 430 Boas St. Mag. Agent
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
J. S. Buckingham, Box C Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
F. M. Howard, Box C Financier
J. Adkins, Box 790 Mag. Agent
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Hinchelliff, Box 374 Master
C. H. Porter Secretary
J. Hart Financier
A. F. Ely Mag. Agent
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
W. Ridener Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 120 Secretary
C. H. DeWolf Financier
W. H. Green Mag. Agent
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, Box 1081 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, Box 1081 Financier
D. Love, Box 1081 Mag. Agent
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Mag. Agent
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaekel Mag. Agent
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Hobson Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sangeen P. O. Mag. Agent
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
E. A. Brown, 448 E. 18th St. Master
G. W. Miller, 229 W. 22d St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French Sts. Mag. Agent
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Mag. Agent
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Thompson Master
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers Financier
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. R. Reeves Master
C. W. Bull Secretary
J. R. Conklin Financier
J. McGraw Mag. Agent
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Kerins, 416 31st St. Master
P. H. Lynch, 4026 Butterfield St. Secretary
P. Hartney, 2006 Dearborn St. Financier
M. Jordan, 3149 Hanover St. Mag. Agent
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Darigan Master
J. B. Stillwell Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
H. Lyons Mag. Agent
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M. and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
J. Devine, 480 Hubbard St. Secretary
C. S. Benjamin, 38 Artesian Ave. Financier
C. F. Billmeyer, 161 Artisan Ave. Mag. Agent

- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
R. C. Belknap, Box 186, Green Bay, Master
G. Hanrahan, Secretary
R. Parks, Financier
G. W. Watson, Box 189, Green Bay, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Crandell, Box 84, Master
G. H. Kings, Box 405, Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia, Financier
W. McAvinney, Mag. Agent
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Fields, Box 16, Master
F. Foote, Box 16, Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, Box 16, Financier
C. Fitzpatrick, Box 16, Mag. Agent
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 180, Master
E. Huggins, Jr., Secretary
J. M. Hughes, Financier
J. B. Reed, Mag. Agent
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Remington, Master
H. W. Hall, Secretary
C. H. Barnell, Financier
C. H. Remington, Mag. Agent
- 194. BOVANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 1 P. M.
M. T. Fisher, Master
J. M. Lucy, Secretary
P. J. Freeman, Financier
M. T. Fisher, Mag. Agent
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Buckley, Master
W. J. Glennan, Secretary
A. J. Will, Financier
J. F. Mitchell, Mag. Agent
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Col.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
F. W. Hawks, Box 39, Como, Col., Master
C. F. Donovan, 227 E. 12th St., Secretary
A. A. Philliber, 1813 Poplar St., Financier
W. J. Armitage, Cadillac House, Mag. Agent
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
J. F. Sweeney, Box 12, Savanna, Ill., Master
W. B. Gilman, Box 16, Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 937 Center St., Racine, Wis., Financier
W. B. Gilman, Box 16, Mag. Agent
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124, Master
T. H. Sheppard, Box 184, Secretary
L. R. Sherman, Financier
F. P. Mitchell, Mag. Agent
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby, Master
J. F. Crowe, 113 W. Boardman St., Secretary
D. Henselman, Financier
C. Batelle, Mag. Agent
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Monday at 2 P. M.
C. C. Griffin, Master
J. F. Hutchison, Secretary
Edward Lake, Financier
Witt Campbell, Mag. Agent
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
S. J. Stearns, Master
B. H. Lashley, Secretary
J. W. Turney, Financier
J. D. Bledsoe, Mag. Agent
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
W. C. Danenburgh, Master
Geo. W. McClure, Secretary
C. M. Gorman, Financier
J. G. Burkline, Mag. Agent
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
Geo. J. Hurley, Master
L. E. Parker, Box 105, Secretary
F. L. Elston, Box 322, Financier
J. H. Reneman, Box 351, Mag. Agent
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Albuquerque, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
A. W. Clark, Master
A. L. Parker, Box 115, Secretary
F. M. Armstrong, Box 240, Financier
C. E. Cramer, Mag. Agent
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
E. Leat, Box 313, Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St., Secretary
J. Tally, 57 Adams St., Financier
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St., Mag. Agent
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
T. J. Farrell, Master
O. E. Work, Secretary
E. F. Bynane, Financier
J. Cherry, Mag. Agent
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019, Master
Wm. F. Phillips, Box 974, Secretary
A. L. Carskadden, Box 185, Financier
A. Heckmann, Box 80, Mag. Agent
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. J. Lannan, Master
J. P. McDonald, Secretary
J. Elston, Financier
E. Pettis, Mag. Agent
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. McGourty, Master
J. McCarty, Secretary
W. B. Combs, Financier
A. Hartibus, Mag. Agent
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
T. Carroll, Master
W. Goggins, Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497, Financier
J. Zeiser, Mag. Agent
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Bennett, Master
H. L. Breisch, Secretary
C. Long, Financier
H. L. Breisch, Mag. Agent
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy, Master
T. H. Lynch, Secretary
E. Mahan, Financier
J. Bahler, Rome N. Y., Mag. Agent
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
C. S. McNally, Master
W. F. Wright, Secretary
D. J. Sisk, Financier
C. S. McNally, Mag. Agent
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave., Master
F. B. Hall, 119 E. Townsend St., Secretary
L. V. Tipton, 87 Oak Ave., Financier
C. S. Bowers, 261 N. Carolina St., Mag. Agent
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y., Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway, Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 59 Washington St., Greenbush, N. Y., Financier
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y., Mag. Agent



VOL. 8.

JULY, 1884.

NO. 7.

THE BRAKEMAN'S STORY.

F. W. Rockwell.

I had taken the train at Des Moines for the east, and when we were fully under way I induced the rear brakeman, Charley Glassner, to go with me into the smoking room of the sleeper for a cigar and quiet chat—for Charley was a good talker and full of railroad experience.

Our conversation happened to turn on the sleeping cars, and I incidentally mentioned that I always took an upper berth, because the steam pipes beneath the lower one made it so uncomfortably warm.

"Let me advise you, then," said Charley, "to always make the porter or conductor hook both the chains that hold the berth down, and ninety-nine chances in a hundred he won't, if you don't call his attention to it and insist on it."

"What chains do you mean?" I inquired, my curiosity at once aroused.

"Well, when the upper berth is opened, two little silver-plated chains are used to hold it down, being fastened to the middle. They seldom ever take the trouble to hook more than one, and if it should break or come unfastened the berth might close up, and there wouldn't be the ghost of a show for a man, for it has a spring lock, which can only be unfastened from the outside. A person would smother in a very short time."

"But has such a thing ever occurred?" I inquired.

"There are whispers of several such cases."

"But I should think they would have

become notorious, and the public be warned."

"A great deal of hush money may have been used. However, I will tell you a circumstance that came to my notice, which will leave you to judge for yourself."

At this I squared myself up and listened to the following story:

"Not six months ago we took on at Des Moines a young lady, her mother and little sister. She was the most lovely creature I ever saw. This, I think, is saying a good deal, for you must allow that in my business we see a great many pretty faces, married and single. But this one was seraphically beautiful. When I saw her on the platform, I could have fallen down and worshipped her; but I was required to do the infinitely more agreeable task of helping her on the train. I tell you what, Frank, the touch of her thrilled me through and through. It made me sick at heart to have to take my hand away and help the others. Of course, I was clear gone. The only time in my life, and it was the maddest, most delicious pain I ever experienced.

"I need not tell you that as soon as we started I found where they were seated, and made excuse to remain where I could feast my eyes on her face.

"They had sleeping car tickets and soon retired; and I had looked my last time on the beautiful vision, I supposed, though I knew which section they occupied, and took a long look at it, imagining I could see that lovely face through the thick folds of the curtain.

"Satisfied that my violent love spell was about at an end, I seated myself in the smoking room—as we are now—to dream of that face and build an air castle out of smoke, in which my lovely and delicious charmer was queen, and I her accepted John Brown. You see I was hopelessly lost!

"While I was absorbed in this delicious reverie, we were rounding Horseshoe Curve, just beyond which, in the timber, a freight train was halted.

"Tim Parrigan, the engineer, did not see her until she was pretty close. She had no flagman out, for she had not stopped yet, but was crawling very slow, trying to climb Lookout Hill without doubling.

"Tim grabbed the handle, and turned on the Westinghouse automatic with full force, bringing the train to a stand with a jerk, and just in time to prevent hitting. Then the conductor dropped off the freight, and asked Tim to buckle on and help them up the hill, there being a side track just beyond. This he did, but nearly a half hour's time was lost.

"When the air brake was put on so suddenly, I was thrown out of my seat here, and nearly butted my brains out against the other side. When I had gathered myself together, I took a peep into the sleeper to see how the passengers had fared.

"It was a comical sight, for about half of the dreamland tourists had been thrown out into the aisle, and there was an exciting scramble for their births, together with groans, screams and exclamations of a varied nature.

"A glance sufficed to show me that my angel was one of the discomfitted ones, and I was half sorry that I had not an opportunity to rush to her assistance, and half glad there was no necessity, from the embarrassment that might be occasioned.

"Matters were quickly righted, and by the time the freight was pushed up over the hill and side-tracked, all were serenely snoozing, even to the porter who had given me instructions to call a couple of traveling men, and stole off to bed.

"I soon saw that Tim was bound to

make up lost time, notwithstanding a bad piece of track on which he had to do it. He was whipping the engine up and down hills and around reverse curves at a terrific speed, the cars rocked almost like a boat. He was working her in the corner with full throttle, and the way we did spin was enough to raise the hair.

"I was still absorbed with the contemplation of our fair passenger, whose image seemed fixed before my eyes, though I took time occasionally to observe how like lightning we were going.

"We were nearing the point at which the traveling gentlemen wished to stop, and I started through the car to awaken them.

"Of course my eyes wandered to the section which held my beauteous vision, but I was not prepared for the sight which I could scarcely comprehend.

"The upper berth was closed!

"With the quickness of thought I jerked it open, and beheld the ashen, distorted features of the young lady who had created such a turmoil in my bosom.

"Smothered to death!

"Her arm was thrown up over her head and her limbs drawn and distorted in the convulsive struggle of death; but this was naught compared with the distended nostrils, bursting eyes and awful agony pictured in her face.

"That expression haunts me yet. And I often think of what must have been her feelings and thoughts in her living grave.

"The chain that held her berth had probably become unfastened by the sudden stop Tim had given the train just after rounding the Horseshoe Curve, and the subsequent swinging around the reverse curves, etc., had closed it up.

"What could she do? She might pound her hands into jelly—none of the sleepers would hear. She might yell herself deaf—no one but herself would hear a sound. Closed into a narrow space, and held by a spring lock, there was no possible chance for escape.

"What must be one's feelings when they come to fully realize that they are entombed alive? The air is rapidly exhausted, and seconds of time must seem

years of horror spent in convulsive struggles. It makes me shudder to think of it!

"But matters were not so bad with the young lady as I had supposed. I awoke her mother, who proved to be an eminently cool and capable woman.

"By means of some water and vigorous chafing life was restored and consciousness gradually returned.

"But there was no more sleep for either mother or daughter that night, and as passenger brakemen are not usually very bashful, and I am no exception to the rule, I succeeded in making their acquaintance, and was wicked enough to be glad the accident had occurred.

"My charmer was only more charming on acquaintance. She was so innocent and guileless, so vivacious, so glad of her rescue, and so overwhelming in expressing her gratitude to her rescuer, that I longed for an opportunity to do something superhuman, to rescue her from something that would require me to dare death and all the furies to show what I would willingly undertake for her.

"I would have undertaken anything, from jumping into a river to fighting a volcano, if I had thought it would please her.

"But I had no opportunity, for we were at the end of our run, and there was nothing left but to bid her good-bye, and wake up the drummers whom I had forgotten until then, and leave them to visit their wrath on the porter.

"That is the story of my love affair, and how near she came to being a victim of a treacherous upper berth in a sleeper."

"And did you never see the young lady again?" I inquired, enough interested to hope he had married her and ended the romance properly.

"Oh, yes!" he replied nonchalantly, "We carried her over the road about a month ago, but she was wearing orange-blossoms and had a great, big, ugly dude with her—a bank cashier or something of that sort—and she seemed to him the nicest thing in the world.

"You bet I didn't watch her section that time; but I believe that if I had seen an upper berth closed, and known that

fellow was inside, I should not have said a word, but calmly contemplated his misery and found comfort in it. Jealousy, you know, is not very tender in the thoughts of a rival."

AN ELOQUENT SPEECH.

Col. J. B. Maynard, of Indiana, is closely identified with every movement that has for its purpose the elevation of the cause of labor. For a quarter of a century he has championed the rights of the masses with zeal and fidelity rarely equalled.

At a recent meeting of workmen held at Indianapolis, Col. Maynard delivered the following eloquent speech:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—Any movement by laboring men to improve their condition has my unqualified sympathy and support. I need not, I surmise, say that on this occasion, surrounded, as I am, by laboring men, my immediate neighbors, by virtue of whose confidence and partiality I am on this platform, an honor which I esteem, and for which I am profoundly grateful.

"To me, Mr. President, this meeting is wonderfully suggestive. I have been led to conclude that it is the first of a series of meetings—the initial meeting—and that, if wise councils prevail, other meetings are to follow, meetings which shall go on gathering numerical strength and moral force, until they shall expand to proportions beyond the capacity of halls and rinks, and as workmen come in the pomp of their power and in the majesty of their cause—

"Come as the winds come when forests are
rended,
Come as the waves come when navies are
stranded,"

"Come as the people come when great interests are at stake." I say, when the workmen of Indianapolis are aroused to the magnitude of their interests, they will be required to meet in parks, in public squares, with the blue dome of the skies for the roof of their council tent; and, I say to you, Mr. President and fellow-toilers, that since the time when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy, the sentinel stars have not performed a more valuable ser-

vice than when combining their light to make the night day, where laboring men have taken council together to promote their well-being. [Applause.]

"I do not know the full purport of this meeting. I surmise, Mr. President, that the representatives of labor are here to feel each other's pulse, to know if each heart-throb is a drum-beat for organization. I think, as you look into each other's eyes and grasp each other's hands you will come nearer to each other in spirit and purpose; that the bonds of union will be strengthened; that your shibboleth motto will be, 'What is for the interest of one is for the interest of all.'

"I need not repeat in your presence the philosophical proverb, 'In union there is strength.' I know it, you know it, and men everywhere acknowledge its absolute truth. Union results from organization. There can be no union, no concert of action, without it. Organization pre-supposes a purpose, an object. The same is true of union. In many regards the terms organization and union are synonymous. This meeting, as I understand it, is called in the interest of labor, of labor organizations, and a union of such organizations. I understand that the different trades, or vocations, have each their special interests to subserve, hence we have a number of guilds, fraternities, associations, unions, organizations for purposes which relate to the welfare of their members, but they all have certain interests to promote which are recognized as common interest—interests which are as vital to the cigar-maker as to the printer, as essential to the cooper as to the carpenter, as indispensable to one laborer as to another—interests which ought to be upheld and defended by all who earn their bread by the sweat of their faces. And it is these interests, these pivotal, central interests, which, when they are fairly stated, are destined to bring about a grand federation, a majestic and powerful union of the laboring men, not only of Indianapolis, but of the Republic. [Applause.]

"This union has been too long delayed. There has never been a compact, efficient

labor union anywhere. The difficulty has been that laboring men have not made labor the central idea of their organizations. They have not enthroned labor, dignified and crowned it as the wealth-creating and wealth-preserving power of the world. As toilers, we have not sought nor demanded our rightful position in shaping public affairs. We have created colossal fortunes, handed them over to the few, and have then been content to crouch beneath their shadow; and, with the ballot in our hands, we have seen legislation go forward which robbed laboring men of their rights, without protesting in a way becoming our citizenship and our sovereignty.

"Mr. President, we start out with the declaration that labor creates the wealth of the world. I do not stop here to analyze to the bottom the proposition. I simply state it as an incontrovertible fact, admitted by every political economist who is worthy to be known as such. It is a self-evident truth. It would be as well to stand on the street at high noon beneath a cloudless sky and debate the question, 'Is the sun a luminous orb?' If, then, labor is the great wealth-producing force of the world; if, as a question in the world's economy it towers as far above all other questions as the peak of Chimborazo is above that of Mount Tom, then I say the organization of the workmen, the wealth-producing classes, is in order. [Applause.]

"I confess, Mr. President, that the labor question, in my mind, is one of transcendent importance. My readings and observation lead to the conclusion that no Nation has yet produced a brain large enough to grasp its magnitude. It expands to divine proportions. I read, sir, as you have read, the language of Christ when He rebuked the canting Pharisees, the hypocrites of His day, and declared, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.'

A poet hath sung:

"The perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God,
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one."

"If there are those who, in the discus-

sion of the labor question, seek to controvert its dignity or dwarf its importance, I refer them to the language of Christ, and here, reverently basing the declaration upon the teaching of the Holy Bible, I declare that Jehovah Himself is a working God, and that His son, the world's Redeemer, graduated from a carpenter's shop.

"With such an ancestry, it occurs to me, Mr. President, workmen may hold up their heads anywhere and everywhere, and decline to make apologies for any action they may deem it prudent to take whereby their welfare may be promoted. Indeed, sir, I conclude that the time for workmen to ask permission to live and toil has about gone by. Turn your attention where you will, and there will be seen agitation, unrest. The machinery by which labor is regulated is out of order. Men see it, know it, realize the condition, and are devising ways to remedy defects. The indications are that the old machine, like the old stage-coach, the old keel-boat, the old-fashion plow and printing press, will have to go. The pseudo philanthropists, who blubber about what they can do or may do for laboring men, and the arrogant nabobs, or rather thingumbobs, who brush laboring men aside when they appeal for rights where wrongs exist, or who lock honest men into their prison shops as they would hired convicts, will find out in due time that there is a necessity for different and more improved machinery by which to regulate labor interests, and this they will learn all the sooner if laboring men organize for their own protection. I have said, Mr. President, that any movement by laboring men to improve their condition and to protect their interests has my unqualified support. As a theme, labor thrills me with inexpressible emotions. It enraptures me by the grandeur of its achievements. It dignifies and glorifies our civilization and religion. It is the hope of the world. It cuts and sows. It furrows and plants and reaps. It delves and builds. It moulds and fashions. It feeds and clothes and shelters. It prints and paints and decorates. It civilizes and

christianizes, and it dignifies and glorifies human nature.

"Sir, as I pass along the streets of our city, the triumphs of labor meet the gaze on every hand. Enter the grand bazar of Charley Mayer, and from 10,000 toy throats comes the greeting, 'We are the products of labor.' Enter the justly renowned Trade Palace where Dickson receives his guests, and from cellar to roof, labor says: 'Behold my handiwork.' Go where 'Ryan, the hatter,' decorates heads with the 'latest styles,' and you will hear, blending with the persuasive voice of the salesman, the resonant tones of the despot—Fashion—declaring that there the genius of labor presides; and in every salesroom labor is ceaselessly proclaiming: 'I am King!' Enter any of the great industrial institutions, where the engines puff and the great wheels revolve, and to ears attuned will be heard labor saying: 'I am keeping step to the drumbeat of progress.' I am the avant courier of the good time coming when the deserts shall blossom and the nations shall learn war no more. Look at my plows and my planters, my mowers and my reapers, my engines and locomotives, rails and spikes, planes and saws, looms and spindles, and proclaim that the men whose skill and labor create these blessings, erect these monuments, have a right to organize, and have a right to be heard when the question, 'How shall wealth be distributed?' is up for debate. [Applause.]

"Take a look at the Parliament House of your Empire State as labor piles up the massive blocks and gives shape and grandeur to the building, and ask yourselves, aye, ask the world, if laboring men are in a position to hang their heads and ask favors of men who absorb wealth, but who do not create it.

"Mr. President, I am persuaded the era is dawning when full justice is to be done to labor and to laboring men; to be done because laboring men will organize and command it to be done.

"We hear much now-a-days about labor antagonizing capital. It is the climax of idiocy. Labor is capital; labor creates

capital, and labor does not antagonize itself—it will not commit suicide. But labor will see to it that in the distribution of its products it is not forever treated as was the poor Indian when the white man distributed the game. It must not always be the turkey-buzzard to the laboring man. That sort of distribution has been in vogue long enough.

“Look you! Do you see that lump of iron-ore? It contains one pound of iron. The ore is worth a small fraction of a cent. It is in the mine. Observe it, please, as it passes along through the various processes of labor until it is made into watch-springs worth \$150 a pound. Do you perceive in the process the wealth creating power of labor? You stand by a mound of clay, intrinsically of little value—presto, it has been transformed into bricks; estimate their value and calculate the miraculous powers of labor—nor cease your investigations until the clay heap challenges the admiration of beholders as in private or public buildings it adds beauty to your thronged thoroughfares. I could weary you, Mr. President and gentlemen, with illustrations showing the transforming and wealth creating power of labor in every department of the world's industries and activities. As I write the subject expands in grandeur of proportions. There are in this great Republic more than 10,000,000 of toilers who earn their bread and wear the badge of labor. We are informed of these more than 7,000,000 are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and that 2,630,920 are engaged in various mechanical work. I do not care to adhere to these figures rigidly. I will simply suppose there are 1,000,000 men in the Republic who are in a situation to organize for the advancement of their interests and the protection of their rights—and, therefore, for the general welfare of society—for I hold that what is for the best interests of the laboring classes is for the best interests of society at large, and I hold further that labor has the exclusive right to determine what is best for its interests.

“I know, Mr. President, as you know, that labor organizations have had their

misfortunes. I could name some of them—but in this regard labor organizations are not an exception. Capitalists have had their misfortunes, and commerce is not exempt. Banks have had their incapable, profligate and criminal officials, and have been compelled to surrender. Insurance companies have been compelled to fight fire and fraud. Merchants have experienced disasters growing out of misplaced confidence and mistakes in calculations, and even the Jim Keenes and Jay Goulds have seen their bucket-shops burst and their watered stocks evaporate. Labor, in its organizations, has not been more unfortunate, and the past furnishes no good reasons why laboring men should not organize now for their own well being; but there are many and cogent reasons why they should organize, and if the purpose of this meeting is to arouse attention to the subject here in Indianapolis, if the purpose is to unify and solidify the workmen of the city for their own good and the good of society, then I am with you. [Applause.]

“Mr. President, I do not underestimate what science has done to enlighten and help the world. I have only words of admiration for the student, the statesman, the philanthropist and the explorer. I seek, sir, to appreciate, as best I can, the agencies which combine to bless the world—the school, the church, the stage and the press. But, sir, high above them all, labor and skill, in the various departments of mechanics, have built their monuments. I admire the genius of a Franklin, who lassoed the lightning in its cloud home, and I equally venerate Professor Morse, who harnessed it to the wire. But, sir, who made the wire? Who has stretched it over all lands and beneath all oceans? Who has given to the subtle fluid its invisible tongue, by which it tells the news of the world to listening millions? Labor, skill—without which the lightnings would still be playing hide and seek in the mysterious regions of cloudland.

“I am not disposed to dwarf the well-earned and world wide fame of such investigators of such occult questions as

Darwin. He may have discovered that man's far-away progenitors were apes; but, sir, whether fiction or fact, I neither know nor care. But, sir, the man who discovered the power of steam, and, the men who have built the steam engine, the locomotive, are, I believe, by virtue of their achievements, entitled to pre-eminence as the world's benefactors.

"I have no words of disparagement for poets and orators. I confess to a liking for fact and fancy in oratory and song. But, sir, the men who bridge chasms, tunnel mountains and lay the iron track around the rugged sides of mountains, and take the locomotive above the aerie of the eagle, above thunderbolt factories, are their peers.

"It is in order, therefore, for workmen to organize, to look after their own welfare, and devise means for a more perfect union, and if this be your purpose, then, Mr. President, live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, you have my sympathy." [Applause.]

GEORGE DIDN'T WRITE IT.

Proof That Madison Wrote Washington's Farewell Address.

Boston Globe.

The old gentleman then edged his way in and opened an inner door, which was not locked, and then he took out quite a good sized book, looking like a sort of ledger or day book. "There," said he, "I bound that book myself. I would not let anybody touch it. The contents were too valuable to intrust to a workman." He opened this book, which had neither gilt nor printing upon it, and on nearly every page was pasted a beautiful specimen of Washington's composition.

"Heavens," said I, "what a noble clerk he was! Just see that writing; seldom a word erased, and the lines as straight as if they were ruled, and what ink he must have used to keep the tracery so strictly!"

"General Washington," said my friend, "trusted to nobody his work, and you can see that all of these letters are of a character that he especially says that no third eye must look at them."

We turned over letter after letter, some

written from Newburg, on the Hudson, some from Morristown, N. J., some from Philadelphia. Finally we came to one written about the year 1792. It was dated Fredericksburg, Va., and addressed to Mr. Madison, and said: "I wish to send you a very confidential communication, and I am particular about intrusting it to the mail here, lest it be intercepted." Turning over a few pages we came to the letter itself, and it was a request to Mr. Madison to prepare for Washington a farewell address to the people of the United States from their President, who had made up his mind not to serve two terms in the Presidential office. I sat down by my old host and read this letter all through loud. He tells Madison that he wishes him to put in phraseology the letter, and he also wishes his advice about the propriety of issuing any letter at all. Washington's manner is as delicate and timid as if it were for the first time coming into the public presence. He proceeded to reason out his approaching retirement to show that the office of President is distasteful to him, yet to fear that if he should issue an address of farewell prematurely it might be considered a bid on his part for re-election.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST. HELENA.

New York Sun.

The first place the average visitor asks for is Longwood, built for Napoleon, and in which he spent nearly five years, and finally died. The road to Longwood, which lies several miles from James Town, passes through some very pretty valleys, where all the available ground is used for farming purposes, and within sight of The Briars, a very pretty country house, in which Napoleon was lodged while Longwood was preparing for him. The latter place is handier to the town, and Napoleon greatly objected to the transfer; but Longwood is nearer the center of the island, and it was considered advisable to make attempt at rescue or escape as difficult as possible by keeping him far from the coast.

The house is sunk in a valley, and is a long, low structure, very much resembling

a two-story American summer hotel. Scarcely anything remains in the shape of relics; but the tomb near the house and lying under weeping willows, is guarded by a French sergeant and two soldiers. The ground was purchased by the French. Under the sarcophagus, which is about three feet high and protected by an iron railing, the body of the great emporor rested twenty-five years, and until it was taken to its final magnificent tomb in the Invalides.

A very near relative of the writer, who was present when the coffin was taken up and opened before the Prince de Joinville, said that the embalming had been done so well that though the skin had turned parchment hued the outline of the features remained perfect. It was under a tri-color of satin made by some woman on the island that the body was borne to the ship, and each of these ladies was presented by the Prince with a gold bracelet, in the name of the French nation. The same person who witnessed the exhumation became acquainted with Napoleon during the six years of his captivity, and declared that he could never meet the ex-emperor's eyes for more than a second. His glance remained till the last so piercing that it seemed to reach into the very soul of the person on whom it was bent.

LUXURIOUS PRIVATE CARS.

The Elegant Coaches in Which Railway Magnates Travel at Their Ease.

New York Sun.

"It is astonishing," said Mr. George M. Pullman the other day to a reporter, "to notice the luxury of railroad travel nowadays. Almost every railroad man of importance has a private car of his own. Take the Erie railway, for instance. President Jewett has a car, the Ramapo, which cost \$20,000; Mr. Blanchard has a car, No. 200, that is a beauty, while Superintendent Benjamin Thomas has car No. 225, also a beauty. Mr. Jewett's car was one of three built by the Pullman company—one for Henry Villard, and the other for Thomas W. Pierce, President of the Sunset route in Texas."

"What is the popular style of private cars?"

"The hard wood, Eastlake finish. Mr. Jewett's car is a pretty one, but the coach recently built for E. H. Talbot, of the Chicago Railway Age, is one of the most luxurious affairs ever put on a railroad track. It runs on twelve wheels, six of which were made in Germany by Krupp. The observation room at the end of the car is finished in oak, with plate glass windows extending to the floor, velvet carpets, and embossed leather furniture, including sofas. The bed-room is finished in maple and amaranth, and opening from it to the parlor, the most elegant apartment of the car. It is finished in solid mahogany, with inlaid panels and carvings of rare and costly woods from all corners of the earth, including the Holy Land. The butler's pantry, the kitchen, and the sleeping apartments for the servants are models of elegance and comfort. To duplicate the car would cost \$75,000—it was a present to Mr. Talbot."

"Who owns the most costly private cars in America?"

"That is hard to tell. Old Commodore Vanderbilt used to ride over his roads in a car that he thought was fine enough for a king. That car is now owned by the Wagner Parlor Car company, and is called the Iroquois, and anyone may ride in it who chooses to pay the extra fare. People who don't own as many pennies as the Commodore did dollars, can ride to-day in more costly and elegant cars than the elder Vanderbilt ever dreamed of. It costs at least \$20,000 to build a handsome car nowadays; the Iroquois did not cost more than half that."

"What kind of a car has W. H. Vanderbilt?"

"He has a handsome coach; it is seventy-five feet long, nine feet wide and about thirteen feet high. It has a kitchen in front; back of it is Mr. Vanderbilt's state-room. The dining-room, sitting-room and card-room comes next, while the observatory, of course, is at the rear. The fittings are very luxurious, and on the sides of the car are four views, representing the New York Central's bridge at

West Albany, the Grand Central depot at Forty-second street, Niagara Falls and one other I don't exactly remember. The car cost a great deal of money."

"They say Mr. Vanderbilt does some very fast traveling?"

"Yes; when he wants to make a trip he takes a special engine, orders all the trains off of a certain track, and then goes as fast as he can. A time table is generally made before the train starts, and is telegraphed to every station along the line, which precludes the possibility of an accident. Mr. J. H. Rutter, President of the New York Central, travels the same way. Jay Gould's private car is the Convoey, No. 143, or at least it used to be. It is the car Commodore Garrison used to occupy. It has accommodations for twelve people, and is not strikingly beautiful, though very comfortable. George Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania road, and Frank Thompson, the general manager, have the prettiest and most stylish cars on the road. They are elegant and comfortable and are noted among railroad men for the excellence of their cuisine. Mr. John W. Garrett's car, the Maryland, is strikingly elegant. His son, Robert Garrett, has a car called the Baltimore. Frank Coxe, of the Western North Carolina railroad, has a beautiful coach, the Daisy, named in honor of his daughter."

"Do many people own private cars?"

"Very few. Patti, Nilsson, Mrs. Langtry, Mme. Gerster—just a few like that, whose managers have cars built especially for them. Queen Victoria's private car is not so luxurious as the one recently finished at Utica for Mrs. Langtry, nor nearly so beautiful as the Mann boudoir car built for Mme. Patti. The late Judge Henry E. Packer, of the Lehigh Valley, was having a magnificent car, the Minerva, made for him when he died. It was all fitted up in mahogany, inlaid with carnation pinks and daisies, his favorite flowers. Formosa marble, cherry, birdseye maple, and embossed leather were also used in its fittings, while all the hang-

ings and tapestry were imported expressly for this purpose."

"How do American coaches compare with foreign ones?"

"There is nothing on the globe that can compare with our American rolling-stock. Anyone who can pay his way in a buffet car can to-day ride as luxuriously as the empress of India ever did. If a party of a dozen wanted to go to San Francisco, the cost is no greater to hire a hotel car, with cook and waiters, than it would be to ride in the ordinary coaches and dine at the eating houses on the way."

"What are the prices when a whole train is chartered by tourists?"

"About twenty-five cents a mile is the standard price, although no company will send an engine out for less than \$25 on a short distance. The schedule time upon nine-tenths of the roads in this country to-day is so fast that a special train could not better it much. There are but few trains to which special coaches may not be attached—those are the Chicago and St. Louis and the Washington limited expresses. These trains are made up of a certain number of cars, to exceed which would delay the train."

"Do railway magnates pay for having their cars hauled over the different roads?"

"Very rarely; in fact, I know of but one instance where pay has been exacted, and that occurred a few days ago, while Mr. Wm. B. Dinsmore was on his way to Florida in a private coach. When he struck the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, the conductor made Mr. Dinsmore pay fare, on the threat of cutting the car loose and side-tracking it. Every big road has a directors' car. The officers and directors use these cars to make their annual tours of inspection. Those directors of western roads who live in the east have the car sent on to them to the meetings and back. Rich men sometimes like to save money."

"There are also hunting cars, are there not?"

"About half a dozen. The Pullman company has two handsome ones, the Isaac Walton and the Davy Crockett.

The former was occupied by President Raval, of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, and a party of friends during the Mardi Gras at New Orleans. They took the car right into the city and lived in it. The charge for these cars is thirty-five dollars a day, which includes cook and waiters, all of whom expect douceurs, however. These cars, though smaller than the ordinary Pullman coaches, accommodate ten persons very nicely, and are provided with gun-racks, kennels for the dogs, and all kinds of ingenious fixtures. They are in great demand. I am told that Jerome Marble, of Massachusetts, built a car of this kind for himself, and afterward had two more made to let by the day. President Arthur took his Florida fishing trip last year in a hired car. There are many coaches made for the express use of families and private parties. These rent from \$20 to \$25 a day, and carry ten people. There are one or two cars for very high-toned parties at \$85 a day, the fitting including a piano in the main parlor. These are used principally by California tourists."

"The laundrying of the Pullman company amounts to a good round sum, does it not?"

"You can figure it out for yourself. Each car contains twenty-four berths, and the linen must be changed daily. Every day there are nearly 30,000 sheets, 20,000 pillow slips, 10,000 hand towels, and 3,000 roller towels to be washed. The average price paid for laundrying is 1½ cents per piece. Sixty-three thousand pieces a day would bring the laundry bill up to \$25,000 a month, which may be maximum; take \$10,000 a month for the minimum. In addition to the other expenses of running the cars, the number of combs, brushes, whisk-brooms, feather dusters, soap, towels, and tumblers stolen is enormous. One of the leading ladies of a traveling dramatic company was detected recently appropriating the soap and comb and brush in the ladies' toilet room."

"How much money, in your opinion, is invested in private cars in America?"

"That is a difficult question to answer.

Exclusive of the Pullman company's cars, let us suppose there are sixty private cars at \$30,000 each; thirty at \$20,000 each, and one hundred at \$15,000 each; in all 109 cars, representing \$2,500,000 cash. That is a moderate estimate."

A DUEL IN A DESERT.

St. Nicholas.

A lazy magician, tired of work, left Damascus and went into a sandy desert, seeking quiet and solitude. Finding a lonely place, he filled his pipe, and, after smoking it out, fell fast asleep.

An indolent wizard, looking for rest, came riding across the desert upon a magic camel, which he had made out of an old rug that morning, and, not seeing the sleeping magician, ran over him.

Now, magical creations cannot touch magicians without vanishing. So the wizard's camel vanished, the wizard fell plump down on top of the magician, and the baggage which the camel carried was scattered on the sand.

The wizard was the first to collect his senses, and asked, in a fierce tone:

"Where is my camel?"

The magician replied, with some anger:

"Don't you think you'd better ask some one who was awake while your camel was getting away?"

"You are the only man I have met."

"Perhaps," resumed the magician, "your camel may have climbed one of the trees with which you see the desert is covered; if you think I've got him, you can search me."

"I made that camel only this morning," said the wizard, complainingly.

"You are then a magician?" asked the other.

"No; I'm only a wizard," replied the first.

"Well, I'm a magician, and I should think you would know better than to drive your camel up against me."

"It was careless, I admit," replied the wizard. "But let that go. I hope I didn't hurt you?"

"Oh! not at all; I was lying down there on purpose; that is why I came to the

desert, where there are so many passing," remarked the magician.

"I cannot regret an accident which brings me so agreeable a companion," replied the wizard," with a low bow; and so entering into conversation, it was not unnatural that the wizard should propose a trial of skill, hoping thereby to gain some points from his more skillful acquaintance.

"I will, on one condition," assented the other.

"What is that?"

"That he who shows the best magic shall take the wand and power of the other. Do you agree?"

The wizard, although startled, boldly agreed.

"Let us lose no time, then," said the magician, with a crafty smile. "Are you ready?"

"Quite ready," said the wizard.

"Find that, then!" and, as he spoke, the magician threw his wand high into the air. An immense bird, that was flying overhead, clutched the wand, and flew off with lightning speed.

"A baby's trick!" said the wizard, laughing. "I learned that with the alphabet. The idea of playing magical hide-and-seek with me!" and, breaking his wand into nine short pieces, he stuck them up in the sand, forming a circle around him. Out from each suddenly sprang a wire and stretched itself along above the sand, like a serpent, only a thousand times faster; and down from this wire fell poles and stuck up in the sand. In the middle of the ring of sticks sat the wizard, with a telegraph instrument, ticking away for dear life. In a moment he stopped and listened. An answering tick was soon heard; and the wizard, smiling, said: "We shall have a dispatch very soon! Wonderful thing, the telegraph—wonderful!"

A speck was seen in the distance coming quickly toward them. It soon resolved itself into a small boy, running as fast as he could.

"Well, my boy?" said the wizard, rubbing his hands as the messenger arrived.

"Please, sir, here's a package and a letter for you, sir, replied the boy, puffing a little from his run. "Please sign my receipt."

"Certainly, certainly," said the wizard, scarcely hearing what was said; and handing the package to the magician, he opened his letter and read:

"BORNEO, July 12th.

"Your message received. Inclosed find wand, as requested. Had to shoot bird. Sorry. Will have it stuffed. Yours,

AHAB."

The magician opened the package, and there was the wand. Then he began thinking over his very best trick. At last he said solemnly:

"This time I'll show you something worth seeing!"

Then he wiped his wand in the skirt of his robe, and pronounced a long incantation. As the incantation proceeded, a crystal ball formed itself out of the air and floated before them.

"What's that for?" asked the boy. "That's the biggest marble I ever saw!"

"That," said the magician, "is the magician-tester. Merlin invented it for the express purpose of putting down conceited magicians. Such is its peculiar construction that only the greatest and most powerful magician can get inside of it."

"Get into that marble!" said the boy. "I don't see what for."

"Probably not," said the magician.

"Now, see here, Johnny," said the wizard, impatiently, "don't you think you'd better run home?"

"I must have my receipt signed," said the boy, positively; "besides, it's fun to see this game."

"Never mind him," said the magician. "Now, what I propose is this: You and I stand about twenty paces from the tester; then let the boy count three (for, while you pay for his time, we may as well use him). Whoever first appears in the tester shall be the winner."

"Am I in this?" asked the boy.

"Certainly," said the magician, smiling.

"Are you ready?" said the boy.

"Yes," they replied.

"One—two—three!" shouted the boy.

The wizard and magician did their best to get inside; but it was no use. Each turned away, thinking himself defeated. In turning from the tester, they met.

"Hallo!" cried the magician, "I thought you were inside the tester!"

"And I thought you were!" said the wizard, equally surprised.

"Well, what means this?" asked the magician.

"I can't tell," replied the wizard; "I didn't make the tester; there's been some mistake."

"Oh, no; it's all right," said the magician; "we must try again. Where's the boy?"

"Here I am!" said the boy's voice.

"Where?" they asked, not able to see him.

"In the marble!" said the boy. "I've won!"

There was no mistake. They could both see him, coiled up in the tester and grinning with delight.

"This is too ridiculous!" said the magician. "Come out of that, you little monkey!"

"I shan't," said the boy, clapping his hands with glee. "I've won, and I'm to have the prize!"

"You shan't have anything but a good thrashing!" said the wizard, and catching up his wand he rushed toward the tester.

But at that moment a crack was heard. The tester broke like a bubble, and forth from it came the majestic figure of the enchanter, Merlin.

"Merlin!" they cried.

"Yes," replied the enchanter, gravely, "it is Merlin. When a wizard and magician spend their mighty powers in juggling tricks fit only to amuse fools, those powers must be taken from them. You have made the agreement and must abide by it. Drop your wands! Go home, and work!"

They went home and worked, and neither of them married a princess nor lived happily.

Merlin laughed softly to himself, and remarking, "There's a couple of dunces!"

changed himself back into a messenger-boy, signed his receipt himself, and walked away over the desert. Soon he disappeared over the horizon, and all was still.

BROKEN HEART OF HENRY CLAY.

A Boston letter writer says: "Do you know what killed Henry Clay?" my genial Kentucky story teller asked me the other day. "If not, I will tell you. He died of a broken heart, not because he lost the Presidency, but his son. Henry Clay, Jr., was his father's idol. He was sent to West Point, where he graduated second in his class. After four months in the army he resigned, and began practicing law in Lexington, living with his father at Ashland. Not a young man in Kentucky promised better things than he did. When the Mexican war broke out he was determined to go. His father made no objection, and he went out as Lieutenant Colonel of the First Kentucky Regiment. At the battle of Buena Vista, Santa Anna, with 32,000 troops, nearly overwhelmed Gen. Taylor, with about one-eighth that number. Clay fought hard, but as his regiment was falling back a shot went through both legs. He was not mortally wounded, and three men picked him up to convey him off the field. It soon became evident that the Mexicans would overtake them. "Save yourselves, boys," he said, and taking the pistol which his father had given him, he handed it to one of the men with the words, "Take this and return it to my father. Tell him I have no further use for it." With that they dropped him and ran after the retreating troops. The last they saw of Clay he was lying on his back fighting a squad of Mexicans with his sword. Next morning his body was found, hacked to pieces and mutilated by the cowards who had killed him. The pistol came to his father, then a Senator. He never smiled again, and, though he lived several years after, I am convinced that he died from the blow."

THE true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have an humble opinion of ourselves.

A CONDUCTOR'S REMINISCENCES.

Leadville Herald.

"Yes, sir," continued the conductor, "we railroad men have some funny adventures with the tramping fraternity. Nearly all of those who beat their way have money, and prefer to take the risk incident to stealing a ride than to pay their fare. In an accident some years ago a beat was killed who had on his person over \$500 and papers showing him to be the proprietor of a livery stable in California. It is remarkable how persistent some can be. Six of them secreted themselves in the water tank of a "dead" engine that was being hauled in the middle of a freight train, and when discovered refused to come out, and told the conductor that they would like to see him crawl in there and put them out. A better plan suggested itself, that of pulling the engine up to the tank and drowning them out. They capitulated, when about six inches of ice cold water had been soused upon them, and all came forth like drowned rats, with the exception of a big Irishman, who could not force himself through the hole until the engineer had lubricated him with black oil.

The engineers on a western division were compelled to blow their engines out quite frequently, owing to the bad water. This is done by opening a cock that lets the water and steam out directly under the cab. While one of the express trains was rushing along in the night, the engineer found it necessary to 'blow her out,' and opening the cock, a most unearthly scream went up from under her feet. Jumping to the air brake and reversing the engine, the train was quickly stopped, and all hands rushed back to ascertain the meaning of that unusual cry. There on the track, torn to pieces by the wheels and scalded beyond recognition, was the remains of a man who had been stealing a ride on the brake beam of the engine tank so as to be near the heat of the fire box and had received the full charge of steam and hot water on his body, and been blown from his insecure seat without a moment's warning

into eternity, adding one more to that great list 'missing.'

Boot-blacks that are up to the times never pay fare. They wait until the train is under headway, run along beside a car, catch on to the irons of the door, swing themselves under and find a comfortable seat on a brake beam, where they while away the time playing cards and sleeping and enjoying themselves fully as well as those who may be reclining on cushioned seats immediately over them. Winter, however, drives them to shelter, and those who do not migrate to the sunny climes of the south, find a haven in some county jail, under whose friendly roof they sleep away the cold days and are fat and ready for the summer trip when spring opens.

Two men, while watching the loading of a car of United States bonded merchandise in New York City, concluded to take passage for San Francisco. They procured an auger and small saw, and during the night sawed a piece of beveling from the floor of the car, procured a supply of water and food, and rode 2,000 miles before they were discovered. One of them coming out for exercise gave the thing away. They were arrested and held until the custom house authorities in San Francisco had examined the contents of the car, and finding it undisturbed they were released."

DROP IT.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"See here," said an editorial writer, calling the editor-in-chief, "that fellow on the Wolfville Scalp has produced an argument that I cannot answer. What shall I do with him?"

"Let me see," mused the editor, looking over the argument. "I reckon you had better call him a liar and drop the controversy."

INQUIRER: What is the origin of the expression 'dog-trot?' Answer—It was originally applied, we believe, to the gait adopted by lovers when returning home from houses where a canine was kept.—[Burlington Free Press.

THE DISCONTENTED YOUNG WOMAN.

There is the discontented young woman who "has aspirations" which she longs to gratify. She wants to go on the stage. She wants to be a great authoress. She wants to sit high up, and be seen, and courted, and talked of, and admired and envied. She wants to rule over many empires, and scorns to rule over the one of which she is now the lawful queen. Her children are neglected, her husband's best coat is moth-eaten, her kitchen left entirely to the servants, her pantry full of croton bugs, her household marketing given over entirely to menials. She thinks this work beneath her. She has "aspirations." Her ambition soars above such things. She cannot get up an interest in such occupations. She does not know that the mind which fails of interest in one field of effort may in the end so fail in all fields. She has yet to learn that the governing mind governs in all fields, and that to excel only in one is to be the slave of that one.

It was he who was faithful over the small things that was set to rule over the many. It was the servant who buried his one talent that was cast out as unprofitable. It is the mind disciplined to rule with order and method in one field that learns to rule with order and method in all fields. What is gained by the discipline in one field of effort is good for any other field.

People's success in this world depends very much in knowing how to do the right thing at the right time and in the right place, and this is best learned by beginning immediate practice on the work before us. "Aspirations," too, are good things, but the steps upward and towards them are those directly under us. If we despise them and try to go up four steps at a time we make a sorry work of climbing and will never reach the top of a very high flight.

THE RECKLESS GRAND TRUNK.

Wall Street News.

An American, traveling in Europe this last winter, was introduced to an Englishman who betrayed the fact that he owned

\$25,000 worth of shares in the Grand Trunk road, and vigorously lamented the fact that he was receiving no dividends. After a little, growing more confidential, he said:

"I should like to make an inquiry or two regarding the road."

"Oh, certainly."

"I have heard that it was not economically managed."

"Well, I don't know."

"But, sir, I have been assured by Englishmen who have actually been over the road that it spends money to furnish ice-water for all its passenger cars and its station-houses."

"That may be."

"And the cars are painted up with gold stripes and gilt letters."

"Yea."

"And, sir, I have been told that engines have been seen running up and down the line with as many as thirty empty cars behind 'em, wearing out the rails and wheels and paying men for doing it! Is it any wonder, sir, that we are receiving no dividends?"

KIND WORDS.

T DeWitt Talmage.

Now I want to make you enemies of everything that antagonizes the marriage relation. The most of you, born of honorable parentage, I want to swear you by the cradle in which you were rocked, and the family altar at which in childhood you knelt, and the graves of your christian father and mother, if they have laid down beside each other in the last sleep, to set your faces against the influences which would bring marriage into disrepute. Remember the best eulogy that you can pass upon the institution is to make your own home relations right and beautiful.

Do not take offense too easily from each other. Remember that unkind words or unhappy treatment is often not a matter of the heart but a matter of the nerves. Husbands at the store and wives with household anxieties have their equipoise unbalanced. But few men and women in America have any nerves that

are worth speaking of. The delicate telegraph wires of the body are damaged by the storms, and so let the lightnings of temper run over them irregularly.

Know that these relationships at the longest will be brief. Spare all the harsh words you can and all severe retorts as far as possible, for before long a hearse will drive up to your door, and from your presence will be taken out the best friend you have in all the world and the richest earthly boon that God has in His omnipotence and infinity a capacity to bestow—a good wife. When a child is taken, that desolates the home, but a wife's departure desolates all the house and all the heart and all the earth. The silences are so appalling after her voice is still, the vacancies so ghastly, the gloom as though the midnight of fifty years hurried.

A child wandering from room to room with a hurt finger crying for mother, who will not come, and waking in the night and crying for a drink, saying, "No I want mother to bring it."

Reminiscences rushing upon the soul like a mountain torrent over which a cloud has hurst. Her jewels, her books, her dresses, suggestive of banquet or burials, put into the trunk, the fall of whose lid, with heavy thud, seems to say: "Dead." The morning dead and the night dead, and the air dead, and the world dead; I tell you, O man, in that hour, if never before, you would be willing to pay out in red coin of red blood every drop from your heart to buy back all the hasty and reckless words you have uttered, and all the slights. But you cannot buy them back. Words gone forth from your lips fly not in circles so as to come back again like doves to their cote, but in a straight line a million miles a minute across the eternities. Flattering epitaphology, though Dryden composed it, and polished Aberdeen granite, though Angelo chiseled it, could never atone for unkindness to the living.

SOME people look at everything, yet see nothing.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

Youth's Companion.

Victor Hugo sketches in *Les Misérables* a charming picture of two young lovers in a moonlit garden, who confess their mutual love, and confide to each other their secret sorrows, before she asks him, "What is your name?" This seems improbable and unnatural, but such indifference to ordinary habit and practice is not confined to works of fiction; for the spirit of this garden scene, if not the details, was duplicated not long since in a Western town.

A man and woman, advanced in years, tramped together into the town from a remote country district. He carried his coat on his arm. His collarless neck and shoeless feet showed that he did not cultivate personal vanity. The woman's appearance indicated that she also ignored the rules of fashion. The man left her at a store where he learned the way to the County Clerk's office.

Entering the office of that official, he said, "I want to get a pair o' licenses."

Experience enabled the clerk to understand that the man wanted a marriage license, and he asked the usual questions:

"What's your name?"

"Huh?"

"What is your name?"

"My name?"

"Yes your name."

"Oh? It's Jones."

"Yes. But which one of the Joneses are you?"

"Rasmus Jones."

The clerk looked thoughtful a moment. Words disguised by their pronunciation were problems that he was often called upon to solve. He seemed relieved in a moment, as he concluded that the name of an ancient scholar had somehow fastened itself upon this unscholarly person.

"Erasmus Jones," he wrote. "Whom do you intend to marry?"

"Huh?" as if uneasy at too many questions.

"What is the lady's name?"

"Oh! Suz'n."

"Susan what? What is the rest of it?"

"Huh?" perplexed again

"What is her family name? Her last name? Her—— is it Susan Smith, Susan Jackson, Susan"——

"Oh! I dunno."

"No. D',er hafe to know that?"

"You don't know?"

"Of course I do!"

"Well, you just hold on a minute. I'll go 'n' hear her," and off he went.

In a few minutes he returned with his intended bride, whose name proved to be Susan Williams. The license was made out, and a magistrate was summoned to marry the pair. The bridegroom, reluctantly, put on his coat during the ceremony, but as soon as that was finished off it went again.

Hanging it over his shoulder, he glanced at his bride and announced that "he'd been lookin' seventeen years for a woman that suited him, 'n' he guessed he'd found her."

The pair received the congratulations of the spectators and began their bridal trip homeward.

CURED BY LAUGHTER.

In a treatise on laughter Joubert gives a curious instance. A patient, being low with fever, and the physician in attendance at a loss as to how he should produce reaction, had ordered a dose of rhubarb, but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded.

Not long after a pet monkey belonging to the patient, that had been in the room all the while, seeing the goblet, slipped slyly up and touched it to his lips. The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup, Aha! His vision brightened. He cast a glance around, and then drank it to the bottom, where he got the full strength of the rhubarb. Mercy, what a face he made! The visage of the disgusted monkey spoke volumes as he tried to spit out the horrible taste, but finding that impossible, he seized the

goblet and hurled it to the floor, smashing it into a hundred pieces. The scene was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came in. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, until he sank back exhausted in a profuse perspiration which lasted until he fell asleep. When he awoke the fever was broken and he recovered.

A MOTHER'S KISS.

Post-Dispatch.

There is the infant kiss. The tiny lips and little, passionless face is moulded into smiles by a kiss—the first lesson in the language of life—and as it rests in the arms that are made of tenderness, and pillowed on a mother's bosom, who shall fathom the deep, earnest love and proud hope of a mother's kiss? And when, too pure for earth, the little spirit wings its way to the somewhere unknown land, does it not seem as if her very life would go out with the last sad kiss to the pulseless clay? Should the infant be spared to be her stay in the decline of life, "mother's last kiss" will be a spell to keep the school-boy in the right path when other home influences are forgotten or fled. And in later years "mother's last kiss" may prove the salvation of many a man whose lips have long been sullied and defiled by impurity. Though its influence may slumber, it can never be effaced, and through good or ill the memory of that kiss will continue until he sleeps to wake no more.

NATURE AND ART.

Texas Siftings.

A lady artist, who had painted a smiling cherub on her canvas, remarked to a gentleman observer:

"Do you know, sir, that with one stroke I can change this smiling boy into a weeping one?"

"That's nothing," said the gentleman. "At home, when my boy makes too much of a racket, I can, with one stroke of my cane, make him weep, and howl, too, instantly."

GROWTH OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

American Railway Journal.

A lecture was delivered on the 26th ult., before the Engineering Society of the School of Mines of Columbia College, by Prof. F. R. Hutton, of that institution, on the "Growth of the Locomotive Engine." The lecture was illustrated by drawings of the earliest types of the locomotive—the first of which, the Professor said, was construed by George Stephenson in 1829—with various subsequent designs by the same inventor. Pictures were also exhibited of the Trevithick engine, the Royal George, built by George Stephenson in 1825; also the Rocket, which on the occasion of its first trial ran over and killed the celebrated Member of Parliament from Liverpool, Mr. Huskisson. This engine is now preserved in the South Kensington Museum, London. The first attempt to use steam for locomotive purposes was attributed to Sir Isaac Newton, in 1680. In the opinion of the professor the honor of first utilizing the steam traction engine in this country belongs to Oliver Evans, and the event dates back as far as 1804. At this time the use of steam on a railroad first began, and was used for colliery purposes. The lecturer then described the various forms of the locomotive engine of the present day, and explained its essential parts. He treated of the various kinds of freight and passenger engines—the former with great weight, a number of small driving wheels, and great power; the latter with two large driving wheels and high speed. "In determining the pulling power of an engine," Prof. Hutton said, "the great point of consideration, aside from the size of the boiler and the area of the cylinder, is to keep the driver from slipping. This is to be secured by increasing the weight on the drivers. This weight, if concentrated directly on one point, would crush the wheels or track. This difficulty is obviated by increasing the number of driving wheels, and so on, distributing the weight. The Great Mogul engines have ten wheels. The larger the driving wheels the greater the

speed, and the smaller the wheels, the greater the strength, is the law. For this reason, the fastest engines have only one pair of driving wheels, and that very large, while the Mogus and Consolidation engines, used for coal traffic and heavy grades in Pennsylvania, have small driving wheels and many of them."

The Professor also related the story of a race between Peter Cooper's engine and an old gray horse more than half a century ago. He said that one of the chief obstacles to the attainment of high speed in those days was the lack of a sufficient draught through the fire box. In the stack of Peter Cooper's small, experimental engine, was a fan wheel, run by a belt, to increase the draft. With this device, it was thought that the locomotive would outrun the car horse, and a race was arranged, the engine and the horse car to run on parallel tracks. The start was even, the lecturer said, but the engine soon began to draw away from the nag. The distance was increased, and the prospect of a brilliant victory for the locomotive was all that could have been desired, when the belt slipped off from the fan wheel. Peter Cooper lacerated his hands in an attempt to readjust the belt, but it proved fruitless, and instead of distancing the old gray horse, the locomotive and the experienced nag came in neck and neck.

A RAVEN'S AMUSEMENT.

Whitehall Review.

Ravens are amusing thieves, who steal for the pleasure of hiding the stolen articles. An English gentleman, who owned a pet raven, cut down a rotten plum-tree. It was found to have been hollow to the core, and the hollow was discovered to be a sort of "robber's cave" for the use of the raven. Out of this hollow was taken a basket of things—the accumulation of months—that had been stolen and hidden away by the raven. The hoard was of a most miscellaneous character—spoons, knives, thimbles and pens; a pair of scissors, a comb, a bundle of boot-laces, a meerschaum pipe, two vesta boxes, etc.

Leaving the things on the ground beside the fallen tree, we got a hold of Monsieur Corvus Corax and laid him down quickly beside these proofs of his dishonesty, wondering what he would have to say to it.

And the rascal was quite equal to the occasion. He straightway assumed an aspect attitude of perfectest innocence and unconcern.

With one eye fixed upon our face, he seemed to inquire what it was all about, and to ask what in the world *he* had had to do with it, while with the other, he glanced at the things spread upon the ground, with many a merry blink and and twinkle, that very unmistakably indicated a lively recollection of the delight erstwhile the stealing of them afforded him.

We hid ourselves. When he found himself alone, the raven, looking keenly around, croaked twice a deep, guttural croak, and walked round the disinterred articles, as if admiring them.

He then took up a spoon in his bill

and carrying it with quick, decided step to the opposite side of the garden, hid it carefully away under the broad leaves of a gigantic rhubarb plant; and this he did, and very quickly, with every article of the hoard.

When he had finished the job, he uttered a favorite exclamation of his when he imagined he had just done something exceedingly clever and was perfectly satisfied with himself—a curious combination of laugh, chuckle and croak that seemed specially reserved for such occasions.

TOO SHOCKING FOR ANYTHING.

"Isn't it shocking" she said to George.

"Isn't what shocking, dear?" asked George, tenderly.

"Oh, I just think it is the most shocking thing I ever heard of."

"What is it? Pray tell me what it is that is so shocking," cried George, wild with curiosity.

"Electricity, love."

MY FRIEND.

"He is my friend," I said,

"Be patient!" Overhead
The skies were drear and dim
And lo! the thought of him
Smiled on my heart—and then
The sun shone out again!

"He is my friend!" the words
Brought summer and the birds;
And all my winter-time
Thawed into running rhyme
And rippled into song,
Warm, tender, brave and strong.

And so it sings to-day,
So may it sing away!
Though waving grasses grow
Between, the lilies blow
Their trills of perfume, clear
As laughter to the ear,
Let each mute measure end
With "Still he is my friend!"

—[James W. Riley.



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SPOTTERS.

The term "spotter," as defined by standard lexicographers, is one who makes spots—a spot, whatever else it may signify, means stain, flaw, blot, disgrace, reproach, fault or blemish, hence we employ the term for the purpose of pointing out to the readers of the Magazine a class of creatures who are entirely despicable. The professional "spotter" is a professional vagabond. There can be no exception. When a man consents to accept the position of "spotter," he admits his depravity and voluntarily invites the detestation of all honorable men. A "spotter," by virtue of the duties he agrees to perform, becomes an abandoned wretch. The men who employ him esteem him a villain, and the miscreant knows that his pay depends upon his proficiency as a scoundrel. His business is to spot his victim, just as it is the province of pestiferous flies to deposit eggs and breed maggots. He is selected for special work just as certain dogs are selected for

special work, though we have yet to hear of a dog of any breed so inexpressibly mean that he could be trained for the execrable business of a "spotter." There are dogs known as "setters" and "pointers," "ratters," "egg-suckers" and "sheep-killers," but none are known as "spotters." The "spotter" is a human being who possesses a devilish rather than a doggish nature. The trained "spotter" is an expert assassin, a disciplined murderer, not that he takes life, but that his mission is to murder reputation, stain and stab and destroy character, and the greater the number of his victims the more crime-damned cash he puts in his pockets. Only knaves by instinct can be induced to become "spotters," and when set on the trail of a victim, the chronicles of hell record nothing too vile, from falsehood to perjury, which they will not utilize to accomplish their ends. It is due the public that the "spotter" should be thoroughly and widely advertised. His traits, his instincts, his vile vocation and his methods of operation should all be known, so that he may be decently cursed and doubly damned by every honorable man in the land. In this connection we transfer to our pages the following in regard to the "spotter system" by a contemporary:

The public know little, almost nothing indeed, of the so-called spotter system of working railroads. It is probable the "spotter" and those who employ him, wish the public knew even less. The ways of the "spotter" are dark and sinuous. He hides in the slime of the dirtiest filth holes, which he leaves only to pursue his sneaking occupation. He visits the office of his employer at the hour of midnight, so that none may suspect his relations between the two; or that his despoiled and putrid carcass has been in close contact with respectability. The damning lies he pours into the ears of his employer; the foul suspicions he excites in his mind; his infamous assassinations of the characters of good and true men, are all black secrets securely locked in the hearts of the two. Were it not for the results of his work, as little would be known of the "spotter" as of other of earth's meanest, vilest creatures, that forever hide their loathsome and detestable shapes, from the pure light of God's bright sunshine.

Suddenly without warning or promonition there is an upheaval. Men who have always been deemed loyal, true and honorable, are falling on every side. The very atmosphere breathes suspicion and distrust. Employees who have grown gray upon the brink of danger, and whose cheeks have never blanched in the face of the most terrible situations, turn pale and tremble, for none know whom the official axe may next strike, leaving loved ones homeless, breadless. Innocence is no protection, and an honorable record seems the most surely to invite evil consequences. Then it is known that the spotter has been at work. His slimy trail is discovered here and there, and men shudder to think they have been in close contact with this creature, bearing the semblance of humanity and yet so nearly akin to the things that creep upon the face of the earth, in the disgust and loathing he inspires. But the spotter has gone to other fields to ply his infamous occupation and to poison and stab the characters of other men, and none can tell of the manner in which he did his work. Were it not for his victims, defenseless and paralyzed by the assassin blow dealt them in the dark, his presence would not have been suspected. But, as we have said, the public know little or nothing of the spotter system. Could it be unveiled and exhibited in the light of the noon day sun, in all its hideousness; its lying, sneaking hypocrisy; its cowardly and assassin like methods; its black and damnable treachery, an indignation would be aroused which would sweep it from the earth, and deliver to the penitentiaries and the hangman the debased creatures who make it possible.

We are certain that any plan which will weed out from the service dishonest conductors, will be heartily approved and supported by the great mass of railway employees. But the spotters favorite game is honesty, purity and worth, his own villainous instincts leading him ever to sympathize with, shield and protect the guilty. The world was never better for the Spanish Inquisition or any other of the dark secret and questionable agencies, working through crooked and dubious ways and employing conscienceless and villainous tools, notwithstanding they may have professed to forward the ends of justice or religion, and the world and the railway service is all the worse for the spotter system.

It would be difficult to paint the "spotter system" in darker colors. It is the climax of infamy. It is without a redeeming ingredient. It is founded in suspicion—a weakness peculiar to ignoble natures. A jealous, distrustful nature is an infirmity and a calamity. Such a nature, like that of the dungeon toad, generates poison, which, in the end, destroys the man as it does the reptile. Only suspicious men employ or tolerate "spotters." Honorable, high-minded, fair-minded men turn from the assassins of character with unutterable loathing. An average footpad, burglar or garroter is the soul of honor compared with a

"spotter," and yet we are told that these depraved knaves are found on many of our great railroad lines in the employment of their managers.

These spotting assassins are employed to spot conductors. The position of conductor is one of grave responsibility, aside from its financial duties. He is master of the train, its commander in chief. His authority is supreme. Conductors are chosen for certain valuable traits of character. They are supposed to be men of probity equal to the trusts imposed—sober and watchful. They are the custodians of valuable property and precious lives. We could paint the picture still more vividly. We could still further dignify the office of railroad conductor and keep far within the limits of prudent statement. But we have said enough to bring into prominence the despicable character of the "spotter" and the desperate scheme of railroad officials to destroy conductors, to rob them of their good name and to emphasize the declaration that amidst all the perils of their employment nothing compares with the dangers which the lurking, stealthy sleuth hound "spotter" has in store for them. The "spotter's" motto is, "Down the conductor." To accomplish his infamous purpose, he will not hesitate to lie, and, if that is not sufficient, would unhesitatingly add a blacker damnation to his soul by perjury. He wants his pay as did Judas, and as he earns it by treachery, by treason most foul, he can always be relied upon. If, however, he could find a conductor his match in depravity, then the "spotter" would as readily victimize his employer as, under other circumstances, he would the conductor. As we write we are reminded of an incident in the spotting business so unique and of

such astounding infamy that we cannot refrain from recording it here: On one of the great trunk lines of the country the managers concluded to put to the severest test the integrity of their conductors. It is to be presumed that the conductors on this line had proved to be too honest for the average masculine "spotter," and, therefore, a woman was chartered for the work. This feminine "spotter" was evidently selected for her persuasive talents. She could plead like an angel, and to add to the pathos of her pleadings and the logic of her tears, she was provided with a baby. The job was magnificently set up. The poor, forlorn, poverty-stricken woman was provided with a story of wretchedness and woe well calculated to draw tears from stones, and she recited it with becoming agony of expression and gesture. She wanted a free ride to a certain station where her husband had gone to obtain employment. She was penniless, alone, without friends, and in this condition she appealed to the conductor, for Christ's sake, to let her ride to the designated station. The conductor refused gently but firmly. The poor woman then got upon her knees, held up her child and with streaming eyes sobbed forth her plea for aid in this hour of her extremity. Gods! what a spotting picture was that for men, devils and angels to contemplate? But the conductor remained firmly fixed in his purpose to put her off at the first station. He said to her: "Madam, at the next station I will put you off of this train. I will take you to a hotel. I will provide you with food, shelter and lodging at my own expense. You shall not suffer, but you shall not ride on this train." The conductor, underneath that woman's disguise, saw the "spotter." Too gallant,

too much of a man, too noble-hearted to expose her, he treated her as if she were a lady, and while her mission was ruin, he paid her back in mercy and saved his position. That vile woman was transferred to another line and by her tactics swept it of every conductor to whom she made her mournful appeal. We have told a true story without embellishment and it brings into terrible prominence the perils of the conductor when a "spotter" is on his track. This spotting system, this spy surveillance is in all its parts, and as a whole, a standing infamy—in itself a corrupting agency. It is death to integrity, it is vicious from core to rind. If it is required to make a man a thief treat him as a thief. To treat an honest man as a thief, one of two things will inevitably result. He will at once abandon his position with intense abhorrence of his employer, or being suspected as a thief he will make his employer pay dearly for his suspicions. Honorable men, men of character, men worthy of positions of trust and responsibility, will not remain an hour in any business where spotters and spies dog their footsteps, secret agents bent upon their destruction. There is absolutely no protection against such depraved knaves as spotters, except to get out of their way. Hence the demand should be not only "out damned spot," but "out damned spotters."

MR. FRANK REARDON.

Writers of biography take special pleasure in giving prominence to incidents in the lives of men, who are referred to as "self-made." "Self-made men," usually referred to, are those who began life at the bottom round, and unaided, except by inherent forces, have worked their way up to positions of opulence, or to a controlling influence in public or in

private affairs. Such men are everywhere regarded with interest. Their lives are referred to as examples of what may be accomplished where there is a steady and a sturdy purpose to succeed in business. The history of our country is luminous with such bright examples of devotion to high aims in life, and this Magazine takes special pleasure in calling the attention of its readers to men who may justly be called "self-made," and among these we deem it eminently just to place the name of the MASTER MECHANIC whose name captions this article. Some years ago MR. FRANK REARDON started in life as a bench-workman in the machine shops at Omaha. We assume that he was a faithful, observant apprentice to a trade he had resolved to master in all of its details, and that he fully accomplished his purpose. From Omaha Mr. Reardon went to North Platte, where he worked his way up to the position of a foreman. This required time, application and fidelity. To be a foreman in a machine shop means recognized capacity. It is a step onward and upward. It is in the line of self-construction, self-making. The forces in operation are inward rather than outward. In such cases the brain is right, the heart is right, and of necessity the purpose, the ambition is right and the aim is high.

From North Platte, Mr. Reardon went to Eagle Rock, in Idaho, where he became Master Mechanic of the North Division of the Utah & Northern Railroad. The steady advancement in Mr. Reardon's case will be noticed. We have seen him, step by step, round by round, take higher and more responsible positions. He has rounded up his character, and now we see him, as a just reward of virtues everywhere recognized as of incalculable value,

GENERAL MASTER MECHANIC of the combined roads, the Utah & Northern and the Oregon Short Line, a total of more than a thousand miles of railroad, all under his management, with all the engine repairs, car-building, etc., under his control. For the present, this completes Mr. Reardon's work of making himself, and Locomotive Firemen will at once recognize him as a *self-made man*.

Mr. Reardon is an ardent friend of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and the friendship and confidence of such men cannot well be over-estimated. He is satisfied that the purpose of our Brotherhood is to encourage sobriety, industry and faithfulness to obligations, and that is the reason why he *wants* all the Firemen on his roads *members of our Brotherhood*. We do not know how we could pay Mr. Frank Reardon a higher compliment than to say he is a self-made man—at any rate there is in the declaration simple justice and a recognition of merit which all the world approves. Nor do we know how we could pay the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen a higher compliment than to record Mr. Reardon's words of commendation of the purposes of our Order. He understands our mission and approves it. He has noticed that Brotherhood Firemen make their deeds accord with their professions, that we are laboring in the right direction, and therefore he desires that the Firemen whom he employs shall be members of our benevolent and elevating Order. We assure Mr. Reardon that his words of confidence and cheer will not be without their good influence, and they encourage our belief that the time is not remote when every Master Mechanic in the land will as earnestly advocate the success of our Brotherhood as does Gen-

eral Master Mechanic Reardon. For a consummation so devoutly to be wished, we shall continue to labor with becoming zeal.

CHOICE OF DELEGATES.

At the adoption of our Constitution and By-Laws we drove our four traditional stakes. The position of those stakes can only be altered by the delegates in convention assembled. In other words our law is within the boundary of the requirements of our Brotherhood, reaching to its limit, but not beyond. It is brief, plain and to the point; we claim this for it, no more and no less. When a law is so lengthy, so filled with terms and phrases and quotations, whose meaning is not generally known and difficult to comprehend, it loses much of its force, becomes clouded and heavy, and too often the object for which it was framed is lost in the sea of expressions made to carry it. It is frequently so constructed that it will admit of as many interpretations as it has readers, each supporting his argument by reading from the same document, and yet in distinct contradiction to each other, till in the end we cry out for a law to protect us against the law. It is said, and with reason, that if we had less lawyers we would have better legislators; or less lawyers as lawgivers, we would have better laws. In speaking of these matters we wish to call the attention of our members to the result of the neglect of the people, of which they are a part, to interest themselves in the selection of their legislators, and that they—our members—may avoid, through a similar neglect, the compiling of a confused mass of laws by their indifference as to the qualities of their delegates.

Every Lodge should have pride enough in its dignity and standing to see that its representative is worthy of his position—one who does not forget his self-respect, and of whom it can be said: "He is a creditable representative of the intelligence of his Lodge"—one who is capable of forming his own ideas and expressing them. We will say here that while we

do not expect to find many orators amongst us, as the term is generally applied, yet he that speaks from the promptings of truth or sincerity is an orator, and possesses true eloquence. Though he may lack the gesticulations of a Talmage, or the fluency of a Butler, he will carry conviction with his argument, because he himself is imbued with the justness of the cause he advocates. When our convention is composed of such men our four traditional stakes will be placed in such positions that the interests of our organization shall be guarded with a care equal to that displayed at preceding conventions.

FALSE SENTIMENT.

False sentiment must not and cannot be tolerated in this Order. Like false modesty it is disgusting and odious, and wherever found is always in the company of hypocrisy.

False sentiment, like everything else that is false or dishonorable, is betrayed by the very fact of its being false, and its detection is closely followed by the condemnation of all true men. This false sentiment is working a great injury in our ranks, and its baneful effects is felt in every Lodge of our Brotherhood. It must be eradicated, and to do so effectually our best weapon is to throw upon it the full light of truth.

It has frequently occurred that members have hidden and covered up acts of drunkenness and other misconduct of their friends, that they would loudly and forcibly condemn in others. This is not just. Such men are false to themselves, to their friends and doubly false to the Order. It is said that our true friends are those who make known to us our faults, in order that we may see and correct them.

When a member knows that for such acts of his he shall be arraigned before his Lodge, and on conviction shall be expelled, the fear of losing his membership and the consequences will often influence him to a path that, perhaps, he would otherwise not follow. We are all human

and must admit that fear is a very potent lever in guiding our actions in this life.

Another vice, and one that is most injurious and unrelenting in its cruelties to its victims, is that of gambling. It has lately come to our knowledge that members of our Order have gone so far as to have their time-checks cashed at the table of a faro bank. Now, we ask in all reason, is it this man's friend who will shield him from the punishment that his Lodge would certainly inflict? Or rather is he not his enemy? He surely is not guarding the good name of our Brotherhood; and while we do not wish to be considered arbitrary, nor as dictating to a man the way he must live or the company he must keep, yet we feel fully justified in demanding of members, who are addicted to such vices, to renounce them or relinquish their rights of membership.

KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat on the bench in the sunshine,

As I went down the street,—

A woman whose hair was silver,

But whose face was blossom sweet,

Making me think of a garden,

Where, in spite of the frost and the snow

Of bleak November weather,

Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,

And the sound of a merry laugh,

And I knew the heart it came from

Would be like a comforting staff

In the time and the hour of trouble,

Hopeful and brave and strong,

One of the hearts to lean on

When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,

And met his manly look;

A face like his gives me pleasure,

Like the page of a pleasant book.

It told of a steadfast purpose,

Of a brave and daring will—

A face with a promise in it

That God grant the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing;

I saw the woman's eyes

Grow bright with a worldless welcome,

As sunshine warms the skies,

"Back again, sweetheart mother,"

He cried, and bent to kiss

The loving face that was lifted

For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on,

I hold that this is true—

From lads in love with their mothers

Our bravest heroes grew,

Earth's grandest hearts have been loving

hearts,

Since time and earth began!

And the boy who kissed his mother

Is every inch a man.

—Selected.



Influence of Personal Character.

BY OLD RELIABLE.

The immense importance of personal character is a subject which does not sufficiently attract the attention of individuals or society, yet it is to the power of gaining influence, what the root is to the tree, the soul to the body. It is doubtful if any of us can be acquainted with the infinitely minute ramifications into which this all pervading influence extends.

A slight survey of society will enable us, in some degree, to judge of it. There are individuals who, by the sole force of personal character, seem to render wiser, better, more elevated, all with whom they come into contact. Others, again, stand in the midst of the society in which they are placed, a moral upas, poisoning the atmosphere around them, so that no virtue can come within their shadow and live. Family virtues descend with family estates, and hereditary vices are hardly compensated for by hereditary possessions. Families retain for generations peculiarities of temper and character. We see the influence which men, exalted and powerful, exert upon their age, and upon society; it is difficult to believe that a similar influence is exerted by every individual man and woman, however limited his or her sphere of life, the force of the torrent is easily calculated,—that of the undercurrent is hidden, yet its existence and power are no less actual.

This truth opens to the conscientious a field of duty not enough cultivated. The improvement of individual character has been too much regarded as a matter of personal concern, a duty to ourselves—to our immediate relations perhaps, but to no others, a matter affecting our individual happiness here, and our individual safety hereafter! This is taking a very narrow view of a very extended subject. The work of individual self-formation is a duty, not only to ourselves and our families, but to our fellow-creatures at large; it is the best and most certainly beneficial exercise of philanthropy. It is not, it is true, very flattering to self-love to be told, that instead of mending the world, (the mania of the present day,) the best service which we can do that world is to mend ourselves. If each one mends, all will be mended—a wisdom amply corroborated by the

unsettled principles and defective practice of too many of the self-elected reformers of society. Man, naturally a social and gregarious animal, becomes every day more so. The vast undertakings, the mighty movements of the present day, which can only be carried into operation by the combined energy of many wills, tend to destroy individuality of thought and action, and the consciousness of individual responsibility. The mechanic complains of this fact, as it effects his labor; the moralist has greater cause to complain of it, as affecting the foundation of character.

If it be true that we must not follow a multitude to do evil, it is equally true that we must not follow a multitude even to do good, if it involve the neglect of our own peculiar duties. Our first, most peremptory and most urgent duty, is the improvement of our own character, so that public beneficence may not be neutralized by private selfishness, public energy by private remissness, that the applause of the world may not be bought at the expense of private and domestic wretchedness. So frequent and so lamentable are the proofs of human weakness in this respect, that we are sometimes tempted to believe the opinion of the cold and sneering skeptic, that the two ruling passions of men are the love of pleasure and the love of action, and that all their seemingly good deeds proceed from these principles. It is not so—it is a libel on human nature; men, even erring men, have better motives and higher aims, but they mistake the nature of their duties and invert their orders.

What should be "first is last, and the last first." It may be wisely urged that if men waited for the perfecting of individual character before they joined their fellow-men in those great undertakings which are to insure benefit to the race, nothing would ever be accomplished, and society would languish in a state of passive inertness. It is far from necessarily following that attention to private should interfere with attention to public interests, and public interests are more advanced or retarded than it is possible to believe, by the personal character of their agitators. It is difficult to get the worldly and the selfish to see this, but it is, nevertheless, true, and there is no wisdom, political or moral, in the phrase, "Measures, not men." Measures wise and just in themselves, are received with distrust and suspicion, because the characters of their originators are liable to distrust and suspicion. So the rulers of nations ought to be perfectly honest and upright; not because

such men would be free from all error, but because the faith of the governed in their honor would obviate the consequences of many errors. It is the want of unselfishness and truth on the part of rulers, and the consequent want of faith in the ruled, that has reduced the politics of nations to a complicated science. If we could once get men to act out the gospel precept, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," nations might burn their codes and lawyers their statute books. Much has been said, much written, on the art of governing. Why has the simple truth been overlooked or suppressed that the moral character of the rulers of nations is of first-rate importance. The important fact, then, of the great influence of personal character, can never be too much impressed upon us all, it is peculiarly needful that men be impressed with it, because their personal character must necessarily influence that of their children, and be the source of their personal character. For, if the active performance of the duties of a citizen interfere, and it undoubtedly does so, with the duty of self-education, of what importance is it that men enter upon them with such a personal character as may insure us confidence while it secures us from temptation.

How important it is, then, that everything in the education of man should tend to enlighten conscience, that he may enter on his arduous task with principles requiring only watchfulness, not reformation; and such a personal character as may exercise none but healthy influences.

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN.

"I'll give you gold and jewels rare,
And robes of fabric fine
And gems to deck thy brow so fair,
If you will but be mine.

"A royal palace richly wrought
In rare and quaint design,
And vertu from a far land brought,
If you will but be mine."

"Now," said the maid unto herself,
"If eager I do seem,
He may consider 'tis his pelf,
And not of him, I dream."

"I thank thee kindly, sir," she said,
"You need not longer stay.
On Hymen I now look with dread."
Its rule shall ne'er me sway."

She thought that he would tear his hair
And smite his breast in pain,
And call her cruel, heartless, fair,
And—ask her o'er again.

But to her hand he did not cling,
His hair he did not rend.
That night she saw his brilliant ring
Worn by her dearest friend.

—[*New York Journal.*]

Woman's Department

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

WHAT SHALL THE MONEY BUY?

Talking a few days ago to a gentleman of moderate wealth and excellent business qualifications, I said, in a jesting manner, "It is too bad you can have a carriage and a phaeton and a sleigh and several horses, when so many of your friends cannot afford any kind of a conveyance." His reply contained a whole sermon and here it is: "I have not a single expensive habit, I do not drink, nothing would induce me to risk a dollar in gaining, I very seldom smoke, I do not indulge in any high-priced restaurant suppers and simply by refraining from these costly practices I save enough every month to keep my horses and carriage." He is a man worth perhaps seventy-five thousand dollars and when he drives out in the cool of the evening, with his happy family, I always feel that he thoroughly deserves all the enjoyment he seems to have. His house is so handsomely furnished, his wife and children so beautifully dressed, his table so well-appointed that people imagine his income much greater than it really is. There are two reasons why he can afford all this; first, he is a prudent and economical business manager; second, he spends his money for the benefit of his family.

It is not altogether the size of a man's income that determines the financial condition of his family, it is the manner in which the income is spent. Some people will live as well on two thousand dollars a year as others will on four. I am well acquainted with two men in the railroad business, both in the same office, both receiving the same salary and both having the same number of children. One of these men has a pretty home, his wife keeps a servant, his children are well dressed and he lays by a certain amount of money every month. The other lives in a rented house, his wife does all her own work and his children are exceedingly shabby. The former is strictly temperate in all his habits, the latter takes several fifteen cent drinks every day, smokes good cigars and is very fond of treating his friends. He spends his money like a prince, while the butcher and the grocer are clamoring for their pay and his wife is ruining her health from overwork. One of these men will consume hours at the corner grocery berating monopolies and cursing capitalists, while

the other is preparing to be a capitalist himself. If you were to give each of these men five thousand dollars to-day, in five years from now the one would have doubled it while the other would have spent it all. It is but just to say there is also a great difference in women; one will economize and "manage" in a thousand ways that the other is too ignorant or too shiftless to take advantage of; but if women were given the actual money, the majority of them would set aside a portion of it for future use. As a rule the wives do not receive any part of the wages except for a specified purchase, to buy a dress or a pair of shoes, and they are given just enough for this purpose, so that it is impossible for them to save anything if they wish to do so. They say to themselves, "The more I economize, the more my husband has to spend and I might as well not make any special effort. He will manage in some way to pay the bills and, no matter what I do, he won't give me any money." So they grow discouraged and careless, and expenses multiply and they both grow old and life is a sort of a failure.

There is no one thing on earth a woman desires so much as a home. She who does not is an anomaly, there is something radically wrong about her. If a man feels that he is incapable of saving money he will be perfectly safe in giving his wife a stated amount each month as a trust fund to buy a home. He need not have the slightest fear that she will suspend payment or go into bankruptcy or speculate in stocks or bet it on the elections. She will save it faithfully and she will invest it in a home and, in all the years to come, the husband and the children and all the friends will enjoy the fruits of that ten or twenty-five dollars a month which was saved from the new bonnets and the opera tickets and the cigars and the drinks. And, after the home is paid for, it is so easy to add a nice chair and a bookcase and a picture now and then until, almost unconsciously, you find yourself surrounded by comfort and luxury. And then, with a little more self-denial every month, you may have your horse and carriage, a summer trip or a nice little bank account to give peace and contentment to declining years.

It is not so much the amount of money a man receives as it is the manner in which he spends it that counts in the long run of time. A few days ago a young man picked up a beautiful pearl and gold opera glass and said, "I wish I could afford something like this." "Can you not?" I asked. "No, it takes all I make to pay my necessary expenses." "You seem to be very fond of smoking," I re-

marked, "How much did your cigars cost last month?" He figured a little bit and said, "Fifteen dollars." "Just exactly the price of the opera glass," I said, "which would have lasted you a life time." Then, in a burst of confidence, he said, "It costs me at least two dollars every time I go out with 'the boys' and last night I spent five dollars drinking, smoking, going to the theatre comique, etc., and to-day I have the headache and am not fit to attend to business,—and I have got to ask credit for a suit of clothes." Thinking this was a good time to make an impression I said, "Now, don't you see that this money you spend in treating and so on leaves you nothing but the headache, and if you chose you might keep yourself supplied with gloves, ties, handkerchiefs, stationery, and you could make presents to your friends and go to the opera and do and have so many nice things with the money you drink up or smoke up." "Yes," he said, "I have to do without a great many of such things that I should like to have, and I am always in debt." I suggested it was a very good plan to make a rule that whenever you spend a dollar you shall have a dollar's worth of something to show for it. "Oh, I always do," he replied, "I have a dollar's worth of *fun*." This closed the argument.

A young man has peculiar ideas of "fun" and, until he has fully satisfied himself of their fallacy, he would better remain single, for these ideas are very expensive and it is hardly fair to ask a wife to help pay the bills. But when a man finally decides to marry he should make up his mind that his earnings, great or small, belong to his family. He has no right to ask a wife to go into a partnership where she shall give all her time and labor and not share equally in the profits. If she bear and bring up children the obligations of the husband are a thousand fold intensified. Whatever may be his income it should be considered as a fund for the proper maintenance of the family, and there are very few men who make any more than enough for this purpose. The man who drinks, gambles or otherwise wastes his money literally robs those to whom he owes the most sacred duty. If he have a small income his family must accommodate themselves to it, but if the revenues are large the wife and children have a right to enjoy them. One would suppose it would be the pride and ambition of every man to see his family in possession of every luxury he was able to afford, but many a wife could tell a tale of pinching, economy and self-denial that would be a revelation to those who knew the reckless liberality of the husband

down street among men. It is not charity which should begin at home, it is simple justice, for surely that cannot be called charity which is bestowed upon those of a man's own household. If this page should happen to meet the eye of any husband and father who freely spends his money for liquor and tobacco while his wife toils at the sewing machine every hour that can be spared from cooking and baby-tending; or who risks the precious dollars at the gaming table while his children look with envy at their well dressed and happy schoolmates, perhaps he may pause and ask himself these questions: If poverty and misfortune should come who would cling to him so faithfully as his family? And, in the days of prosperity and plenty, who are so deserving of the best that money can purchase or love provide? O, husbands and fathers! Bestow your wealth, your time and your affection upon those who are gathered about the home fireside, those who love you, whose future is entwined and blended with your own, whose place, if once made vacant, can never again be filled. Put your protecting arms about them, hold them close to your heart, for, even if fate is very kind, you can only have them a little while, and years of repentance, of grief, of tearful regret can never atone for indifference, selfishness and neglect.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

In five counties in Iowa women are Recorders, and in eleven counties they are County Superintendents.

The exquisite carpenter's and cabinet-maker's work in the Mayor's house at Passy, France, was executed by a lady. :

Women serve on juries in Washington Territory and are especially feared and disliked by gamblers, saloon-keepers and criminal lawyers.

The great Middlesex Mechanics' Association of Lowell, Mass., has adopted an amendment admitting women to full membership and removing all sex distinctions.

More than a hundred ladies in Louisville, Ky., are making a good living by purchasing goods for ladies who live out of the city, receiving a commission both from the purchasers and the merchants.

Miss Grace Babb, of Eastport, Me., has just graduated at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, having attended three courses of lectures, received a full laboratory instruction and served four years' apprenticeship with a qualified druggist.

Two sisters in Philadelphia, one a fine musician and one an artist of ability, found these occupations so crowded they were in danger of starvation, and, by chance, they happened to find they had a special knack of dressing dolls, at which they are making a comfortable living.

The executive authorities of the World's Fair to be held in New Orleans next winter are doing all in their power to make the Woman's Department even finer than that of the Centennial and it will be of great assist-

ance in showing what kinds of work women are capable of doing.

It has been earnestly recommended that the General Assembly of Indiana appoint a Commission to have a general supervision over the Prisons of the State, make investigations, recommend reforms, pardons, etc.; and it is further recommended that two members of this Commission be women, as "they are more acute observers, quicker to detect wrong and know better than men what should be required."

Women are exercising an influence in the political world that would not have been thought possible a few years ago. The wives of many who were Presidential candidates are remarkably strong women. Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Hendricks, Mrs. McDonald are all women of great power. Mrs. Carlisle shares the honors with the Speaker. Mrs. General Fremont is writing a book, and the list might be extended indefinitely.

A number of comments have been made in the newspapers regarding two women of Reading, Penn., who are breaking stone for a living. While this is almost the last kind of work one would select for them yet nobody should question the right of these women to earn an honest living in this way if they choose. At first one is tempted to exclaim, "It is too hard an occupation for women," and yet it is not as hard as washing at the tub all day and that has always been considered proper employment for this sex. These women work eight hours a day and then they are through and may rest till morning, but we know hundreds of women who stand at the ironing table all day and then run the sewing machine far into the night. We have seen women do all the labor of the household with a heavy baby on one arm and then sit up all night with a sick child and in the morning take up the same round again. There are thousands of women in our large cities who support themselves and children by making ladies' calico wrappers for 12½ cents apiece, by finishing off men's pants at 7 cents a pair, and by steady work they can do four pairs a day. There are women who make button holes at 30 cents a day, linen dusters at 8 cents apiece and men's drawers at 45 cents per dozen pairs. By the hardest kind of labor they make \$1.50 a week. Now is it any wonder they prefer to break stone?

DRRESSY ITEMS.

A very pretty young lady in the choir of one of our fashionable churches bought her a spring suit of a soft, delicate drab, purchased hat, gloves and ribbons to match and went to church on Sunday morning with the consciousness that she was looking uncommonly well. What was her exasperation, upon taking her seat, to discover that every lady in the choir was dressed exactly the same as herself, and there they stood, all in a row, like six angelic young Quakers, each one inwardly raging because her carefully studied toilet had been turned into a burlesque! All of which goes to prove that drab is the prevailing color this summer. And a most aggravating color it is, for, while there seem to be only two or three different shades, when the shopper begins to select the trimmings, the bonnet, the gloves, the velvet, the ribbons, etc., she finds the number of shades is

legion and it is impossible to match anything. There are the pinkish tinge, the mushroom, the slate, the steel and so on indefinitely. And, after all our trouble and anxiety and weariness, the drab toilet, when completed, is very unsatisfactory. It persists in giving a sallow tint to the complexion that is enough to make a woman dissatisfied with herself and all the world, it spots and fades and soils very easily and cannot be made over, but it is the style and therefore we must all have a drab dress.

The satines are exceedingly pretty, and the lady who has a skirt of the plain material, kilt pleated or trimmed with ruffles, and a nicely draped polonaise of the figured satine, finished with clusters of ribbon loops where they will have the best effect, is certain of one dress suitable for all ordinary occasions. Ginghams of plain or of plaid and plain combined, with rolling collar and cuffs, make neat house dresses, and they may be as elaborately trimmed with lace or embroidery as the fair owner desires or can afford.

For several summers it has been predicted that white dresses would not be worn the next season but the prediction fails. Never were the fabrics so beautiful as this summer. Patterns of embroidered mull at fifty dollars, embroidered nun's veilings and lawns as low as ten dollars and all varieties of goods and prices down to five cents a yard are displayed upon the counters. A white dress is very economical for it comes out of the laundry week after week as fresh and pretty as new and it suits all complexions and all ages. The grandmother in her snowy wrapper is as becomingly dressed as the babe in its spotless robes of lace and embroidery.

This summer two materials are combined in white so that two dresses which are half worn may join their forces and make one sound garment. It is impossible to make a white dress which will be unfashionable. Round waists and sashes, basques and overskirts, tucks vertical and horizontal, pleated or gathered ruffles, puffs and shirring, all are worn. The wearer has only to consult her figure and the amount of goods she has and she cannot be out of style. Before leaving this subject there is one word which ought to be said to young girls and that is, Never go on the street with your neck and arms exposed. We say "young" girls for it is not expected after a woman reaches years of discretion she will make such a mistake. Let there be no exception to this rule. However pretty the neck and arms may be, the public street amid the vulgar crowd, is not the proper place to display them. A woman cheapens her

charms by making them common. The girl who goes out in the broad light of day with uncovered throat would blush to the tips of her fingers if she could hear the remarks that follow her. Let the sleeve fit as closely as you please, suggesting the beauty of the arm it covers, but the tender, delicate flesh is not for the rude gaze of strangers. It is to be hoped no girl will be tempted by her vanity to make such an exhibition. A pretty foot, a well-turned ankle, rounded arms and shapely shoulders are among the beautiful things of earth, but even their loveliness cannot compare with that sweetest of all charms—womanly modesty.

ETIQUETTE.

There is a certain class of people who profess a sort of lofty scorn for the rules of etiquette. They say that such rules are made only for persons of wealth, fashion and leisure and that busy, working people have no time to bother with them. They regard these points of etiquette as merely arbitrary and made for the aristocracy. All of these are mistaken ideas. You might as well say the rules of grammar are only intended for wealthy people. Some sort of common laws are as essential to the body social as to the body politic. Why does a gentleman take off his hat when he meets a lady? Why does she bow in return? Why does he send a polite note of invitation if he wishes her company? Why does she send a courteous reply? Simply because it is etiquette so to do. There is no class of people so rude that they are not governed by some sort of social laws. The ancient origin of the word "etiquette" is "a little label affixed to a bundle to show what its contents are," and so it has come to be a kind of a mark designating the refinement and good breeding of men and women.

These rules of politeness all are founded on good sense and most of them have stood the test of ages and been found acceptable. The fundamental principles are a thoughtfulness and consideration for the wishes, tastes and feelings of others. He who forgets himself in his desire to make others comfortable and happy has mastered the elements of etiquette, the only hard part of the lesson. If two young men start out in life equal in respect to education, ability, etc., that one will succeed best who has the most polite, courteous and affable manners. Those women are most popular who are well-bred, kind and winning in their address. People cannot afford to ridicule the laws of social etiquette.

The proper place to learn politeness is

at home. Grown people may be shrewd enough to assume proper manners in company but children who are not well-trained will be sure to show the very worst side just when you want them to appear the best. It is hard to keep a constant guard over our actions, speech and habits, day after day, but it is the only way in which we can properly bring up our children. They are entirely too bright to learn by precept what we do not teach by example. If it will be agreeable to the readers of the Woman's Department we will give occasionally a few rules of etiquette, from standard authority, beginning next month with a chapter for children, and following with a few suggestions to those "of older growth."

MORE ABOUT BREAD-MAKING.

I hope our yeast was a success and that it has kept fresh and sweet, for now we want to make some bread. We have already secured the very best patent flour and will use no potatoes but if the flour is of an inferior quality take equal quantities of mashed potato and flour to make the "ferment," which may be made the night before if you rise early the next morning to attend to it.

RECIPE.

Pour gradually, stirring meanwhile, a quart of boiling water upon half a pint of wheat flour. When the mixture has cooled till it is lukewarm add a gill of yeast, stir well, cover closely and let it stand till thoroughly light and a mass of white foam. This will require from two to six hours, according to the strength of the yeast and the temperature of the place where it stands. When this "ferment" is perfectly light, beat into it vigorously about half a pint of flour, cover and leave it to rise, which will take from half an hour to an hour. It now becomes "sponge." As soon as the "sponge" rises, add more flour and give it another beating and so repeat each time it rises until it becomes too stiff to be easily stirred. The mixture then becomes "dough," and is ready for working or kneading. Knead it until it no longer requires flour to keep it from sticking to the board. It may then be placed to rise in a mass or it may be divided into four equal parts, moulded into loaves and put into a greased bread pan to rise for the last time. If the yeast is used which was described last week it will make the bread sufficiently salt.

If possible the ferment, sponge and dough should all be kept at the same temperature, 75°, during the entire process of breadmaking. For this purpose an earthen bowl is better than any other

vessel as it is not affected by draughts of air. While the bread is rising it should be covered with a thick flannel. Individual pans, each holding one loaf, are most desirable as the bread will bake more evenly. After the dough is thoroughly light it should not be again kneaded but should be carefully shaped into loaves and put into the pans. It is generally conceded that a great deal of kneading is necessary for good bread but the same result may be effected by pulling and stretching the dough and it is not so laborious. The tougher and more elastic the dough the better it is. It is difficult to say just when the bread is light enough to bake, but the dough should nearly double in size. After the bread is baked it should not only be light but should have no alcoholic smell but only the sweet, wheaten odor. If by tapping on the bottom of the loaf it gives a hollow sound it is done. If the crumb, when pressed, instantly resumes its shape and does not stick together it is properly baked. After the bread is taken out of the oven it should be leaned up on end where the fresh air can pass over it. If the "ferment" is made of boiling milk the bread will be still more crisp and tender.

Next month we will speak of rolls, buns, etc. These recipes are taken from the Bread Manual of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, President of the Chicago School of Cookery, whose bread cannot be excelled in this or any other country.

CORRESPONDENTS are invited to briefly express their opinions on any subject pertaining to this Department, and gentlemen are entitled to equal rights with the ladies in this respect. We will pay particular attention to all inquiries and hope for your co-operation in making it entertaining and instructive.

NOTES FROM IRENE.

To Woman's Department:

Again the Magazine has appeared in new beauty; and we have a Woman's Department, with our popular lady writer, Ida A. Harper, at its head.

With every number come letters from all parts of the Union telling of the good done and doing by the different Lodges, and of the progress the good editor is making in his efforts to build up the manners and morals of his readers.

Old Reliable, give us some more of your good, strong pieces, you are the Gladstone of the Magazine.

We have spring here now. I know nothing so fitting for a description of our April weather as Oscar Wilde's "Magdellen Walks." Oscar is not a great

favorite with gentlemen, however, and perhaps few of you are familiar with this little gem, but the ladies will remember it.

Mr. Ryan has been on a jaunt to Alvarado, and though he was always an enthusiastic lover of the Order of B. of L. F., he expresses himself like J. C. Gregory, as more than ever charmed. He met members of many different Lodges and found friends everywhere.

Little E. H. Payne, of Palestine, Texas, a great writer once said, "Do not despise small talents—they are sometimes needful as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun."

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary, that each deserves our respect, that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties, does honor to man. Above all let us be earnest. "Without earnestness no man is ever great, or does really great things," says another. Gladstone owes half his fame to his power of being in earnest, his power of throwing his whole soul into every effort he makes. The most soul-stirring pictures of Elihu Vedder, or of anyone, are those that have in them most depth of shadow.

IRENE.

GREENVILLE, TEXAS.

A TEMPERANCE LETTER.

To Woman's Department:

How often do men meet in good humor, then drink to excess, talk nonsense, fancy themselves insulted, take fire within, rave, threaten and then come to blows. How often is the hand of the intoxicated man lifted against his dearest friend, perhaps the wife of his bosom, "in one rash hour performs a deed that haunts him to the grave." Could we call around us, in one vast assembly, the young men of the present day we would say, Look at the generation who has just preceded you. The morning of their life was as cloudless and dawned as brightly as your own but behold now the smitten, enfeebled, idle, poor, irreligious and vicious, with halting steps dragging onward to meet an early grave. Their bright prospects are clouded, their sun is set never to rise again, no home to receive them, providence has taken all they had.

There are the father and mother, whose gray hairs are coming in sorrow to the grave. This is a broken-hearted wife and these are the helpless, innocent children, for whom the father has left no inheritance except dishonor, nakedness and want. And shall this, beloved youth, be your history? If you desert your home for the saloon, if you start out drinking daily a little, it is yourselves you behold in a glass. Why I hope so fervently for

the success of the temperance cause is that my child may not be a drunkard.

The grand and noble Order of the B. of L. F. has done more to abolish intemperance than any other organization in existence and they will do still more in the future. So, wife, mother and sister, let us help and encourage them all we can.

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

CHARLESTON, ILL.

KEOKUK, IOWA, May 20, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

As I am a sister of one of the members of Gate City Lodge No. 93, and a constant reader of your very interesting Magazine, but, having never seen anything in the Ladies' Department from here, I thought it would not be out of place to write a few lines in which to let the Brotherhood know that No. 93 is in a prosperous condition now, having a membership of sixty men, all working together with a will.

My brother is an active member and receives every encouragement from me to be prompt in his attendance at meetings, for, while attending meeting, whether son, brother or husband, one has as many temptations as another, we are sure they are in good society.

As this is the first letter I have written, I will not take up any more space. That God may bless every member of the Brotherhood and crown their efforts with success, is the wish of

A FIREMAN'S SISTER.

THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

A weekly newspaper, published every Saturday in Boston, devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational, industrial, legal and political Equality, and especially to her right of Suffrage. Lucy Stone, H. B. Blackwell, Alice Stone Blackwell, Editors; T. W. Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, Editorial Contributors; Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, Mrs. H. M. T. Cutler, Occasional Contributors; Susan C. Vogl, Business Manager. Terms—\$2.50 a year, \$1.25 for six months, 65 cents for three months, *in advance*, 6 cents for single copy. Club Rates—5 copies one year, \$10.00. Boston Office—No. 5 Park Street, where copies are for sale and subscriptions received. Specimen copies sent on receipt of two-cent stamp. The Woman's Journal will be sent on trial one month for 25 cents.

SWEET THINGS CHEAP.—You can make all kinds of fine and fancy candy at small expense by simply following directions, as given in that valuable little book, "HOW TO MAKE CANDY," which will be sent to any address upon receipt of 30 cents in one or two cent stamps. Address.

THE HOUSEWIFE, Rochester, N Y.

Special Correspondence

Evils of Intemperance..

Editors Magazine:

Easter, with its carnivals and gayeties, after the long season Lent, is again past, and great as were the expectations of the young, in regard to the number, size and endurance of the fancy colored eggs, which form so pleasant an accompaniment to Easter time we hope that they have not been disappointed. Hearing the chat of the children, as they count the days still intervening between now and Easter, and noting their delightful anticipations carries me back in memory to my younger days, and brings to my mind a question in regard to eggs, which interested me very much at that time and which seemed at first a hard one to answer. This question, which some of your readers may also have heard, was: "How many eggs could the giant Goliath, of Gath, of ancient renown eat on an empty stomach?" Search the records as you may, there appears to be no mention made of the fact that he ate at all, still less that he ate eggs or how many he could stow away in the stomach that formed a part of the massive body described to us by the sacred historian, nevertheless the question is a simple one and one easily and correctly answered by saying: "One egg, only," for after eating one, the stomach was not empty any more, even if it was not full. You see the question is not how many eggs would it, or did it, take to fill his stomach when empty, although it is framed in such a manner as to lead to that supposition, and thus misconstruing its meaning and leaving the mind bewildered amid the diversity of opinions in regard to the number of eggs it takes to fill an ordinary stomach, and then one so much larger, as Goliath's must have been. I knew one man—a miserly old farmer—who said that as one egg held as much nutriment as a pound of beefsteak, one at a meal was enough for any man. Why even the much abused railroad eating houses do better than that, and furnish two and even three eggs as a part of a meal. Having been blessed with a good appetite myself, a failing which seems also to be transmitted to my offspring, three or four eggs each is not considered very extraordinary eating in our family, in view of the facts which my investigations in that direction have brought to light. For instance, our

friend W. E., ate twelve eggs at a meal together with liberal slices of ham and bread, and says he can "on a pinch" put away nineteen eggs. Another friend, C. H., eats sixteen eggs for his Easter breakfast, follows it up with fourteen for his dinner and winds up with twelve for his supper, making forty-four for his day's eating. All these performers are, however, thrown in the shade by Mr. Pearsall's recent feat in New York. According to the papers he ate thirty eggs at a meal twice a day for five days, and then to show that his egg assimilating powers were not exhausted, he continued the same diet on the sixth day. Thus you will notice that there is a great difference in capacity for eggs, as well as some other things.

But as I have used the above discussion to illustrate my subject, I will now introduce some more facts as a further illustration, trusting that I shall be able to show their analogy, and prove what I desire to impress on all our membership.

Not very long ago I had the pleasure of meeting with my Lodge, and while there a circumstance occurred which I will relate as concisely as possible. Bro. M. arose and asked for information in regard to a brother (we will call him Jack) who, according to report, was not conducting himself properly, and was likely to bring reproach upon the Order. As our membership is widely scattered and employed on a number of different roads Jack and his failings were not generally known among us, and the question was asked, in what way does he fail to live up to our rules. "Well, report says he drinks," was the answer.

"Why, I drink too!" some of the brothers said—"I take a drink whenever I feel like it, but I do not get drunk." "I cannot say that Bro. Jack was drunk the other day," said Bro. S., one of our "old stand bys," "But I'll tell you what he did, and you can form your own opinions. He was firing for a friend of mine, who told me this, and this friend is a man whose word can be relied on, every time. He is running a drill engine and having but little to do that day, they laid in a switch waiting for work to turn up. As they were near the town Jack concluded that it would be a good chance to get a new pair of boots which he needed badly, and started off with one of the brakemen to get them. After a while Jack and his companion returned to the engine, Jack having the new boots on his feet. He complained of feeling tired from his walk and stretched himself out on a seat to take a rest. As he thus exposed the soles of his new boots to view,

one of the brakemen called the attention of the engineer and the other brakeman to their unusual appearance. After indulging in a quiet smile the engineer said to him:

"Jack, what's the matter with your boots?"

"Oh, nothing," said Jack, glancing down at his feet.

"I thought something was the matter with them," said the engineer, "because you changed them."

"Why, I did not change them," said Jack, "What do you mean?"

"You did change them," said the engineer, "for you have the left boot on the right foot and the right boot on the left foot."

"Well, now, I thought they felt queer," said Jack, after a survey of his understandings had convinced him that he had made such a blunder."

Another of our old members, Bro. G., also had some information in regard to the matter, derived from the brakeman who was with Jack when he bought the boots. Said brakeman whose veracity is not questioned, averred that only one drink was taken by Jack, while they were away from the engine that day. It appears thus to be established by creditable testimony, that one drink had mixed things up so badly for Jack, that he could not tell right from left in a new pair of boots, and to my mind fully carries out the simile between eating one egg and taking one drink. I consider it as much of an impossibility for a man to take one drink and say he is sober as to say his stomach is empty after eating one egg. Of course, as we have before shown some men require more eggs to fill their stomach than others, and while one drink will not affect some men quite as much as this one did Jack, yet I hold that their faculties are not as clear as they would be without the influence of alcohol in their system. I suppose by continued guzzling and swilling, the human frame can be so trained as to require a great deal of alcohol to entirely upset the machine, for I once heard a man say that he had put away forty glasses of beer at a sitting without effect on him, while I have read of others swearing under oath that ninety glasses did not make them drunk. But let us turn from this point to another phase of the matter. Our Bro. Jack took only one drink and was drunk, at least he had all the symptoms of the disease, except complete oblivion. According to our laws he should be punished for drunkenness, "but," says Jack, "I only had one drink, and many of you take a drink whenever you like. You dare

not in good conscience punish me for doing what you do yourselves. I do not seem to be able to carry quite as much as you can, but if you will only allow me to practice a little more, I may get so that I can carry as much as any of you." It would be impossible for the brethren "to cast a stone" as they were not without sin themselves.

I am truly thankful that this charge cannot be made against me, and it ought to be a fact, that it could not be made against any of our members with truth, for we are brothers and as such also our brother's keeper. If we are strong let us help our weaker brothers to be strong and let us never, by precept or example, teach them to do what may not hurt us but what may cause their ruin. The grand old apostle Paul uses some very emphatic language on this point, which ought to be adopted as a maxim by every brother of our noble Order. He says "Let no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." For "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

Even if it were not for these and other divinely inspired injunctions, the feelings of a common humanity would dictate sobriety—not thereby meaning simply to drink whenever you feel like it and have a chance, provided you can still say you are not drunk, but a total abstinence from all intoxicants. I suppose Jack was not drunk according to some, but his intellect was muddled, his vision clouded and his hand unsteady. I knew a man who would get very drunk, but even in the worst sprees he ever had, he would not own up that he was drunk, and would become very angry if any one even insinuated such a thing. It is therefore impossible to fix a limit and say a certain number of drinks can be taken and you will not be drunk. In fact only he who takes none at all is sober and ready to meet emergencies as they arise with a clear mind, a cool judgment and a steady hand. A gentleman after delivering quite a speech in praise of presence of mind in time of danger, closed his remarks with the, as he thought, unanswerable question: "What is better than presence of mind?" A lady in this hearing answered with great truth, "Absence of body," and was applauded by the house. In our daily employment we may be said to be in danger from some cause or other all the time, and as we cannot follow our avocation, and have absence of body, let us be sure to have the next best thing—presence of mind, by not doing anything to cloud the intellect or

impair the faculties, so that when danger comes, we may be ready to meet it with a fair chance of escape for ourselves, and the lives and property in our care. We should then ever be ready "to get the boot on the right foot."

According to the best medical testimony, even a teaspoonful of liquor has a perceptible influence on the human system, and accelerates the action of the heart in a marked degree. The aged Dr. Paul, of Belvedere, N. J., an eminent physician, makes the following rather startling statement: "The life of a man depends on the action of the heart, and according to the more or less robust constitution of a man, the number of his heart pulsations will be. These pulsations being, as it were, counted out to him at his birth, anything that will cause a quicker action of the heart, will exhaust life just that much earlier. Thus if the natural pulse be 60 and it were increased to 90 per minute by rum, a man is giving up 1½ hours or days of natural life, for every hour or day spent under this influence." Think of this, and then dare to throw away your hours or days of life so recklessly. Time is fleeting swiftly, without being hurried by us, for days, months, seasons and years seem to pass away with ever increasing velocity, and Easter, Fourth of July, Christmas and New Year follow each other as if they were determined to annihilate all difference in time, and come altogether.

Shall I give you more reasons for abstaining? Do it for the sake of your family. As our fraternity is composed of workmen only, it is to be premised that we do not earn a great deal more than we need to maintain our families in comfort and decency. Curtail your income by needless self indulgence in drink, which will not be of any benefit to you or your family, and you may deprive them of even the ordinary necessities of life, or of a chance to make provision for old age or sickness, when they come upon you. You may say the Brotherhood will not let me suffer, but what right have you after you have flung away your money, health and life, to expect help from a Brotherhood whose motto you willfully ignored, and whose teachings you rejected in your mad folly.

Abstain for the sake of peace and quiet in the family. See the thousands of once happy homes where rum now reigns supreme, where the man who once was the protector, has become the family tyrant, where the wife slaves on, heartbroken at the change wrought by rum in her once fond husband, and where the children hide in terror when

they hear the staggering footsteps of a drunken father. Then look upon the homes which rum has never cursed, where the husband is still the protector of his loved ones, who watch with glad anticipation for his return from work, assured of his love and tender care for them. Having looked at the two scenes, choose ye which it shall be in your case, and having determined on sobriety, make it total abstinence and your home will be safe from the fell intruder.

Again, drinking associations are debasing. Take up any of our daily papers, and you will find a long list of crimes, covering the whole calendar from petty larceny to murder. Read the evidence at the trial or inquest as the case may be, and in nine cases out of ten the crime will be found to be the direct or indirect result of strong drink. Criminals derive their courage from rum, and when under its baneful influence, are ready to commit atrocities at which we stand aghast and shudder with horror. A man cannot retain his self-respect and good character long if he associates with the low and debased; on the contrary, he must take C. J. McGee's advice, as given in the January Magazine, and shun evil companions and cultivate the society of the good and the pure who are not to be found in rum-holes.

Once more, there is a time coming (it may be very near to some of us) when we must give an account for the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil, and a searching investigation by an all-seeing Judge shall be made of our record here below. How will you be able to answer in that day, if you have not cleared your skirts of rum, or how will you escape the penalty pronounced long ago against the drunkard? It will not avail at that time, to say, I only had one or two drinks, but your own conscience will quickly admonish you that your excuses will be in vain, and your doom is sure. I say, therefore, practice sobriety by abstaining from all intoxicating drinks.

First—On account of your example to others who may be weak in this regard and not have the same amount of self-control.

Second—In order to preserve our Order from reproach by your conduct, or that of others, a just enforcement of our laws against this evil.

Third—Out of regard for the financial welfare of your family, remembering that the liquor bill of our nation is larger than the bread bill.

Fourth—On account of the peace and quiet in the family where rum is not permitted to rule and ruin.

Fifth—To save yourself from bodily harm, so often received by those who "tarry late at the wine."

Sixth—So that you may live out the full measure of your days, without exhausting your vitality while under the influence of drink.

Seventh—So that you may be cool and calm in the hour of danger, and able to perform all your duties in a creditable manner.

Eighth—In order to escape the debasing influence which drink and drinking associates would exert over you if you were to indulge with them.

Ninth—On account of the great hereafter in which we are assured very little happiness is in store for those who have scorned instructions and would not hear.

Hoping many will heed and be wise, I will close, but may at some future time, explain to you how I came to take what may be called radical views on this question of sobriety.

X. L. C. R.

Earnestness.

Editors Magazine:

It has been said and I believe by Joseph Arch—"Form unions, join hand to hand, heart to heart, and you as men will be able to command your own future." And since the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was organized as a society, what has caused our success? Need I answer—nothing but well directed organized action. The same can be accomplished by all classes of workingmen if they will employ the same means. We must purge ourselves of all selfishness, husband our resources, be faithful and true to each other and the teachings and principles of our organization, and labor earnestly. Earnestness is the key to success, coupled with application it is a great unraveler of the mysteries of which our world is still so full. We can hope for no grand or important issue to our efforts, unless we are in earnest. He who is not in earnest over the work before him, however small, however great, however trivial, however important, need look for no termination thereof that will do himself credit, nor expect to reach as satisfactory a compensation as would be a meed for earnest endeavor. No one who ever accomplished a great object did it without earnestness; and no one who ever undertook a task without determination ever achieved a very brilliant issue. Earnestness then is an earnest to success, and this is just what is needed day by day among locomotive firemen. A man who starts out to do life's battle determinedly in earnest, needs no truer pledge of final success than the con-

sciousness that it is dead earnestness that drives him on. He needs no one to decide for him whether he is in earnest or not, neither can any one determine this for him. He must know this for himself, and knowing, can easily foretell the successful or unsuccessful end of his labors. Truly, calamities may fall upon him that may steal from him his gathered possessions, but if he holds fast to earnestness, hoping ever in justice it fails not to bring to its crippled disciples, he will find that the misfortune was but a passing trial, that when gone, proved to be a blessing in disguise. As members of our Order, we must be in earnest. Let no divisions, jealousies or unpleasantness mar our progressive work. Let there be oneness of purpose, oneness of effort. Let our earnestness be tempered with wisdom, so the influence of the Order will be felt to a far greater extent among those with whom we are daily associated. Let us not only cherish a spirit of kindness towards each other, but let us set a high estimate on every manly excellence and every moral virtue. Let us be men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core, men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others, men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole, men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels, men who will tell the truth and look the world right in the eye, men that neither brag nor run, men who neither flag nor flinch, men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs deep and strong, men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged as long as they have life, men who know their messages and tell them, men who know their places and fill them, men who mind their own business, men who are not too lazy to work, men who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for. Hence, men who are to guide the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to success.

VERIX.

HENCE 'tis hypocrisy as well
Will serve to improve a church as zeal;
As persecution or promotion
Do equally advance devotion.
Let business, like ill watches, go
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow;
For things in order are put out
So easy, ease itself will do it;
But when the feat's designed and recent
What miracle can bar the event?
For 'tis more easy to betray
Than ruin any other way.

—[Butler.



A Trip out West.

BARABOO, WIS.

Editors Magazine :

On the 24th day of last October I started, accompanied by my sister, thirteen years old, for Avon, Washington Ty., where all my folks are now living. On the morning of the 25th we found ourselves in the busy city of St Paul.

I met many B. of L. F. boys who took pleasure in bestowing any kindness that was in their power upon me. I can assure the members of our great and glorious Order, that if they never traveled they will be surprised at the strength of the Brotherhood. I met brothers from Pine City and Fargo Lodges, in fact I met members from nearly all the Lodges, on the Northern Pacific road, but as I neglected taking their names they have slipped my mind, but it will be a long day before their kindness to me will pass from my memory.

It is a grand sight to anyone that never saw the western country. You have the timber, the prairie, the lake and rivers, the plains and bad lands, the alkali hills and mountains, all on one straight piece of track, and yet in some places it is very crooked.

We had the misfortune to go over both ranges of mountains in the night but when we left Helena I made up my mind that I would not miss it all, so I rode on the engine over Mullen Tunnel. With two large consolidated engines they pulled fourteen cars up to the mouth of the tunnel and from there they doubled, taking seven cars at a time to the top of the mountain, two and one-half miles. The engineer told me the grade was two hundred and seventy-three feet to the mile and their sharpest curves were sixteen degrees, he also told me that it was all one of our eight five-foot drive wheeled engines could do to pull her tank up that hill. When we arrived at the top of the hill we found about two and a half feet of snow, and it was bitter cold. Fifteen miles farther, the snow disappeared and there was a great change in the atmosphere. We passed through considerable good timber in Idaho; but there is a great deal of that country along the N. P. R. R. that is almost worthless. It is like the people of the last days, there is lots of land but little will be chosen. I saw places in south-

east Washington Territory, and north-east Oregon where the sand blew as snow does in Dakota; I saw sand fences along the track to catch the sand—they have Chinamen working night and day to keep the track clear.

We followed the Columbia river from Waloola Junction down to Portland, a distance of two hundred and twenty-eight miles without being out of sight of the river. Some places the basin of the river was three or four miles wide, at other places the mountains came right up to the water's edge, and sometimes almost perpendicular for two thousand feet. Below the Dalles we saw several little streams coming down the mountain, making leaps from two to five hundred feet. These falls of pure crystal water add greatly to the endless scenery along the Columbia river. Just a week after we left St. Paul we arrived at Portland where we remained over night. We found Portland to be a busy, rich city of about forty thousand inhabitants, three thousand of whom are Chinamen, the curse of the Pacific coast.

The next morning we took the steamer for Kalama fifty miles down the river, from there we took the cars again for Tacoma, from there we took a steamer for Seattle where we had to stay three days and four nights, as the steamer that runs up the Skaget river only makes two trips a week. Seattle is a very lively city of about twelve thousand inhabitants. There are several large saw mills there which employ a great many people, there are also extensive coal mines near there. They have a narrow gauge railroad for the purpose of bringing the coal to Seattle, a great deal of which goes to San Francisco.

On the eighth of November we started from Seattle on a flat bottomed, sound steamer to go to our new, unseen home, a distance of about sixty-five miles. It seemed a shame to have to stop so long, so near and yet so far from home. That evening about eight o'clock the tide began to go out, and at ten we struck on a bar. In the morning when I got up I discovered that we were standing on dry land about four rods from the channel of the river. I got down and walked around the boat. The ground was hard and quite dry, but in a little while the tide began to come in and at ten o'clock we were floating in about four feet of water. About one p. m. we entered the mouth of the Skaget and after winding our way through the dense forest for about fifteen miles the captain landed us on the bank of the river about a hundred feet from my brother's house. We were glad enough to get off for we had

been traveling over two weeks and were very tired.

The next morning we finished our journey in a row boat, and after about two hours of hard work we succeeded in getting up the river about three miles to the home of our parents. We found a snug little house on a patch of clearing of about seven acres facing the river. It reminded me of what I had read about people in New England about a hundred years ago. People do all their traveling on foot or in a canoe on the river. They have no use for wagons yet, as their roads are few and rough and their produce is about all used in the camp.

The river is deep and the banks are straight, so every rancher has a landing and delivers his produce on the bank of the river and the river steamer carries it to its destination. I thought I had seen big timbers in Michigan, but it is small in comparison to that in north-western Washington Territory. It is nothing to see trees six and eight feet in diameter and three hundred and fifty feet high. The largest tree I saw was twelve feet in diameter, that was a cedar. The land along the Skaget is very rich and productive, that is, for crops that will grow there. The climate is very much like that of England. Some of the oldest inhabitants told me that the coldest they had ever known it to be was ten above zero and the warmest about seventy-five above. Apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, and all kinds of small fruit are very productive there, and the trees seem to be as hardy as the trees of the forest. The people out there seem very much different than they do here. When you meet a stranger he speaks to you as though he were acquainted, and the neighbors seem more friendly and accommodating. They are like one large family, all at home trying to have a good time.

After finishing my visit I started for home, leaving my sister to make her home with her parents. I thought I would come back over a southern route, so on the 5th of December started; but on account of high water on the Skaget river I did not get to Seattle in time to take the ocean steamer for San Francisco on the 6th, and there was no other steamer until the 13th. I went to Portland and sailed from there on the 7th on the Steamer Oregon. On account of a heavy fog we could not leave Portland until about 10 a. m., and we did not get to the mouth of the Columbia river until dark. We then anchored and lay over until morning, so as to go over the bar at the mouth of the river by day light, as it is somewhat dangerous, the

water being so shallow. After we got out on the ocean the wind blew quite strongly from the southwest and the steamer rocked considerably. I stayed out on deck as much as I could but after being on rough water for about two hours, I began to feel sea sick. I was pretty sick for about half a day, but after that I could eat as much as the best of them. I saw lobsters, porpoises, shark, flying-fish and a great many more strange looking sea animals, but I did not see any whales. The second mate told me that it was the first trip they had made in six weeks without seeing them—it was on account of the ocean being so rough that they stayed under water. We could see land most of the time but we were about twenty miles from shore and could not see much of the country. About day break of the 10th we came in sight of the Golden City of San Francisco, and about 7 o'clock the same evening entered the Golden Gate harbor, one of the most beautiful and best protected harbors in the world, the entrance being only about half a mile wide. After you get in, there is ample room to anchor all the ships that sail. At nine o'clock we were along side the long dock where most of the passengers were glad to get off for they were a sick looking, sick feeling lot of people. I made my way up through the crooked, hilly, and beautiful city to the Central Pacific depot, where I found some of the big-hearted boys from Golden Gate Lodge, No. 91. After having a splendid visit with them for about three hours, I found that one of my old friends, a conductor from the C. & N. W. R. R. was running out of there. I found him with very little trouble, and that night I went with him down to Menlo Park, on his run, a distance of thirty-two miles south of San Francisco. We started from San Francisco at 6:30 p. m., and I could not see much of the country but around the little station it was like the richest garden in mid summer. Flowers of all kinds, such as we call house plants here, were in their natural state, only a great deal larger and more beautiful than I ever saw before. When I saw all these beautiful things and every thing looking so comfortable and happy, it made me think of the parable of the rich man, when he had his barns full and bade his soul take its ease, eat, drink and be merry.

The next morning we left Menlo Park at 4:50 and arrived at the city at 6:30 and that finished his work till 6:30 p. m. We then had all day to look around at the endless curiosities and beauties of the city. We went through Chinatown the first thing, and it is a great marvel to see

thirty thousand Chinese living where about two thousand white people could live. Next we went out to the Cliff House and Sandy Beach, where we saw more than a thousand sea lions in their natural state in the sea. About forty rods from the shore are spangling rocks about fifty feet high and about two hundred feet across and around, and on these islands of rocks is where the sea lions live; some are upon the rocks sunning themselves, others are sporting in the water. A little farther down is a beautiful sand beach where the breakers roll in in elegant style. I succeeded in getting a few shells and a bottle of sand to bring back with me; as the shells are kept picked pretty clean I could not get any very nice ones. Thus I spent five days in San Francisco, visiting Woodward's Garden, the Golden Gate Park, the Presidio, the U. S. Mint, and the Docks where ships from nearly every country in the world can be seen. But the most marvelous and curious relic I saw was the saloon that actually has not been cleaned out since 1849, commonly known in San Francisco as the Cobweb Saloon.

On the afternoon of the 15th I resumed my journey homeward over the Central Pacific. I passed through some beautiful farming land along the Sacramento river, and at the point we crossed, is the largest ferry boat in the world. It has four tracks abreast, capable of carrying forty-eight loaded cars. It grew dark before we reached Sacramento and therefore I could not see much of the city. The next morning when I awoke we were away out on the plains of Nevada. Everything looked barren and desolate out there after being so lately among the flowers and gardens of California. There are people all over this dry, good-for-nothing land, some herding cattle along the scattering Alkali creeks, others hunting and trapping, and still others working in salt fields. I saw places where they were scraping up salt just as they can sand in a huge sand pit, and carrying it to a sort of bin made of planks along the side tracks so they can load at their leisure. I did not see much game, with the exception of the antelope.

When I arrived at Ogden I came to the conclusion I would go across the mountains on the Denver and Rio Grande, the model managed road of the Rocky mountains. I found all straight-forward Brotherhood men there, as well as everywhere I had been. This road is a narrow gauge road, but they are not very narrow in the amount of business they do. They run through more scenery, around more and sharper curves, up

and down more mountains, through more glens and gorges, and over more exceedingly high land than any other road in the world. I rode from the mountain top down to Salida on an engine, a distance of twenty-one miles, and about seventeen miles of the way the engineer had his engine hooked in the back motion. They use the water brake to keep the valves and cylinders from cutting. While we were descending the mountain the fireman showed me the main track in four different places, looking off to one side and below us. The farthest track was not over a mile away and we had to go seven miles to get there.

There are many places through the Black and Grand Canon, and the Royal Gorge, where the rocks tower up from five hundred to two thousand feet above the track nearly perpendicular and sometimes fairly hanging over the track. In the Grand Canon they have a hanging bridge over the head waters of the Arkansas river, where the gorge is not wide enough for the river and the rail road. The rocks on either side there are two thousand feet above the track. There are many beautiful little towns among the mountains, but as I had no time to stop I can not tell you anything of importance about them. I arrived in Denver at nine o'clock P. M., on the 18th, and being pretty tired I stopped over there to rest and see the city. The next morning I ran across Bro. S. D. Wadsworth, of Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, who took great pleasure in showing me the city, which has a more rushing business appearance than any city I had seen since I left St. Paul. The air was so full of frost that I could not see Pike's Peak, but what I saw of the Rocky Mountains, I don't think they appear to be nearly as high as those of the Pacific coast where they tower up fifteen thousand feet from almost a level with the ocean. I saw Mount Hood, Mount Tacoma, and Mount Baker. I could see Mount Baker from Avon, a distance of about one hundred and twenty-five miles. On the 20th I continued my journey over the Union Pacific from Denver to Sterling, thence to Denver Junction, where we struck the main line. The most of the way we were in the Valley of the South Branch of the Platte river where we saw thousands of cattle and sheep picking their living through the thin sheets of snow that covered the ground. That part of the country, I was told, belongs to the Government. It grew dark before we reached North Platte, and the next morning we were in Omaha, so I did not see much of the Eastern part of Nebraska, but what I saw of the western

part I liked very much. We crossed the Missouri river from Omaha to Council Bluffs, where the passengers from the Union Pacific have their choice of four direct routes to Chicago. I took the C. N. W., as I am an employe of that company. It was pretty cold and everything was covered with ice and snow, so very little of the wealth of the great State of Iowa could be seen. In the afternoon of December the 22d, I arrived in Chicago, stopped over Sunday with my uncle, and Monday I came up to my old home and birth place in the rough old State of Wisconsin, County of Sauk and City of Baraboo. Although I have no near relatives around here I consider this my home. I got back in time to help eat a big Christmas dinner and wish all my friends a "merry Christmas and happy New Year."

Fellow-readers of the Magazine, do not pass all your days in the town in which you were born, but get out into the world, remembering you can not learn it all from books, and if you have half an eye for observation, I can assure you that you will return perfectly satisfied that you have seen enough and know enough more about the world to pay you a hundred fold for your time and trouble.

HENRY FINKHAM.

BOONE, IOWA, May 18th, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Our members have secured a splendid gold watch, chain, and charm which they intend as a testimonial of their regard and esteem for one whom they have always found kind and obliging in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him. I refer to Mr. George Horner, late foreman of the Boone round house, who has recently resigned. The charm represents on the front the door of a safe in black enamel. (It was always *safe* to trust George for he would do what was right.) The other side is plain and bears the following inscription: "Presented to George Horner by the B. of L. F., Boone, Iowa." The locomotive department have secured a splendid gold watch, nicely inscribed, which they intend shall accompany the chain. The whole makes a beautiful testimonial of the regard and esteem in which the man is held by those who served under him, and also shows that engineers and firemen can appreciate one who tries to do right, even if he is not always in accord with their feelings. And now a word in regard to the regalia lately received per Mr. M. C. Davis of Indianapolis, they are very beautiful, both in material and in workmanship, and in all respects superior to what we expected.

CLINKER.

COMO, COL., May 20, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

In the May Magazine Tim Fagan replies to a communication of mine which appeared in the March number, and points to some of what he considers the errors of said communication. I am very glad Tim has done this, because I do not like to see all that is published in the Magazine swallowed silently by the Brotherhood as if it were gospel truth. It makes no difference even if I am the author of the matter published, and a keen intellect and quick perception can discover errors and contradictions in it, I like to have them pointed out; it benefits me, and it benefits the Order to have such corrections made. My only regret is that we do not have more controversy and less gossip. We should not hide our light under a bushel and be afraid to speak out for fear of contradiction, but on the contrary, when a thought steals into our head and shapes itself into an idea which our common sense tells us is an original and good idea, we should give the Brotherhood the benefit of it, and we are doing ourselves and our brothers an injustice when we allow a bright idea to commit suicide in our brain through fear of not being appreciated or of possible contradiction. I am thankful to Tim for his kind eulogy of me, thankful that he appreciates the motives which prompted me to appeal for charity to an erring brother, and, while not wishing to create the impression that we have resolved ourselves into a mutual admiration society, I would say that all Tim has said regarding my qualities as a man and brother, can with tenfold as much added be applied to him, and I have confidence enough in his excellent judgment and good sense to know that what I shall say to controvert his arguments will create no ill-feeling, but furnish him food for thought, which, developing into ideas, will without doubt appear in the Magazine for the edification of all. Tim says he sees no contradiction in the action of a Lodge expelling a member for his first offence, and the sentiment expressed in the preamble, as quoted in my last, but rather the protection of that sentiment. Here Tim and I differ. I maintain there is a contradiction. If the man was an old offender, and had been at the bar of justice of the Lodge and had been reasoned with, reprimanded and offered an opportunity to reform on various occasions previous to committing the offence in question and was then expelled, I could see the protection of the sentiment, because in that case the man proves incorrigible and deserves his fate, but here it is the

first offence. The man was never accused of any ill-doing since becoming a brother until now, and being a man endowed with reason, having a soul the image and likeness of his Creator, we would naturally suppose that, if properly handled, he would prove capable of better things, and I maintain that it is the duty of a Lodge to reason with such a man, point out the error into which he has fallen, show him the proper course to pursue to make a good Brotherhood man, warn him against relapsing into his old faults under penalty of forfeiting his membership, and then give him proper time to show whether he has appreciated the lesson taught him or not. Of course, if he should persist in his evil ways after such remonstrances, we cannot get rid of him too quick; but on the other hand, he is liable to reform and become one of our shining lights. We do not know, nor does the man himself know, of what he is capable until put to the test, therefore we should not be too hasty to judge. Tim's box of oranges does not clinch his argument, nor does the man with the wounded hand strengthen it; on the contrary, it only serves to illustrate mine—*oranges*, being only vegetables, cannot be reclaimed when decayed, but there is a vast difference between vegetables and humanity, and our confidence in the better side of human nature is such that we scarcely, if ever, despair of the good overcoming the evil in it. Take the case of a murderer, his hands reeking with the blood of his victims, captured and sentenced to death, yet he is not considered so far lost to the influence of good as to be abandoned to the evil promptings of his own heart; we see the minister of God visit him in his last hour and try to turn his thoughts to the contemplation of better things. A man with a wounded hand is not going to have it amputated if there is any possible chance of avoiding such an operation. He will strain every effort, use every available means at his command and will only part with the member as a last resort to save his life. Tim says my reasoning would throw in the balance the whole Brotherhood against the chances of redeeming one man's character and that charity does not consist in elevating one man at the expense of ten. It is not necessary to make any such sacrifice, nor does my reasoning imply that any such sacrifice is necessary, and yet we could have but a very poor opinion of ourselves and very little confidence in our moral strength if we thought such a prospect possible. Christ tells us there is more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner who has repented than over the ninety-nine righteous who have

not gone astray. "How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains and seeketh that which is gone astray?" etc.

If it is the mission of the Brotherhood to raise the fallen, to enlighten the darkened, to give moral strength to the morally weak, to reform the drunkard, I do not see how we can sacrifice our self-respect by extending the hand of charity to a fallen brother, rather do we sacrifice our self-respect when we discard him the first time he falls. No man has more respect for law than I—the law of the land as well as the laws of our Brotherhood, and I heartily endorse all Tim has said regarding the law. But we are not infallible, we are only mortal, consequently liable to error. Admitting that our laws are wise and just, which they are, are we not liable to err in administering them and in our zeal to be legal, become not only severe but unjust? The last sentence of the preamble reads: "With these aims and purposes in view the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen consecrates itself to the elevation of mankind." This was also the mission of Christ, and every Christian knows whom it was he was most solicitous to elevate. Tim says, "the welfare of the Brotherhood first and the individual after; to the end that the many may be benefited in preference to the few." A very good motto as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough; I would have enough of the benefits to go around so as to reach all. How can we look to the welfare of the Brotherhood, without a care for the welfare of the individuals composing the Brotherhood? Is not the Brotherhood a grand combination of ten thousand individuals, banded together for mutual protection and support, each individual member being an integral part of the great whole, just as a man's hand is an integral part of his body, or as a single orange counts in filling a box? I do not build my hopes upon the merits of the particular case we are discussing, as my sentiments are in part wasted in that quarter. It is the principle I am trying to elucidate, and I hope Tim will recognize the fact.

Yours in B. S. and I.
THOS. P. O'ROURKE.

GLENDIVE, MONTANA, May 18, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

A great deal is being said about the proposed Firemen's Home, and as it is a question which should interest all lovers of our Brotherhood, I thought it would

not be out of place for me to say a few words in regard to the so-called "Home." As I understand it, it is to be a home for disabled firemen—the surplus on hand, I suppose, must be used in some way for the good of the Order, but it is a question in my mind whether it cannot be used in some other way that will be of more benefit to our disabled brothers. Let us suppose the insurance were raised from one thousand dollars to two thousand dollars; a brother so disabled that he could not follow firing, could, with two thousand dollars start himself in some business by which he could make a good living, and he could do this in a locality to suit himself. We must remember we have members in the far East in Nova Scotia, in the West in California, in the North in Manitoba and in the South in Texas to be benefited by the home, and disabled brothers would have to go from any of those parts mentioned, one thousand miles or more even if the home should be located in the most central part of the continent. Take for instance a man with a wife and perhaps two or three children as the case might be, would it be reasonable to expect him to leave his wife and family to go to the home? He certainly could not take them all with him—besides, a man with any ambition, even though he could not handle the scoop, or pull the throttle, would like to be in some business, so that he could feel in a measure, independent and earning a living for himself and his loved ones at home, and at the same time enjoy the company of old time friends and acquaintances instead of being away from all that is near and dear to him. I have no doubt but that the home would benefit a few, but I do not think it would satisfy the majority. During the past four months I have met with brothers from all parts of the country, most of whom have thought the home would be a grand affair, but they have in most cases changed their minds. Then again can it be made a paying institution, or will it take from the funds of the Order thousands of dollars every year? An institution of this kind will require quite a number of hands in the different departments, to some of whom no doubt, would be paid large salaries. At the present time we have but few salaried officers, and I am happy to say we have just the men we want, but I for one, am opposed to adding to this staff until the work of the Order becomes so great that our friends at Terre Haute cannot do it all, then by all means give them the required help. As far as my experience goes, I find that where we have one member disabled we have

twenty killed, and as one great object of our Brotherhood is to care for the widows and orphans, can we do this in any better way than by raising the insurance as high as the funds of the Order will allow, so that when the husband and father is taken away the widows and orphans may receive the benefits which he secured for them while living? This is a matter which should be carefully considered by all. Fraternally,

T. POLLARD.

RIVER DU LOUP, QUEBEC, May 12, '84.

Editors Magazine:

For the first time since the organization of our Lodge, death has invaded our ranks and has left a vacancy in our midst. It is with a feeling of sadness that we have to record the death of our late Bro. A. Robinson, who died on the 3d of May, of acute rheumatism, after an illness of four weeks. Bro. Robinson, by his quiet and unassuming demeanor, made himself a favorite with all who knew him, both in his capacity as fireman on the I. C. R. R. and in his private life amongst his friends and the public generally. No better evidence of his worth could be found than was evinced by the large concourse of citizens of all classes that attended the funeral service, conducted by the Rev. J. H. Fowler, and afterwards followed his remains from the house to the station, from which, in charge of a deputation of the brothers of the Lodge, consisting of Bros. Gorham, Gosselin, Montgomery and Carmichael, he was conveyed to the residence of his parents at Maple Green, N. B., by special car, kindly granted for our use for the occasion. On the arrival of the train at Campbellton we were met by a large number of the brothers of Sugar Loaf Lodge, No. 144, who, through the kindness of J. E. Price, District Superintendent, had a special engine in readiness to convey the brothers with the remains to Maple Green, from where, on the following day, he was conveyed to Dalhousie and buried there with all honors by the B. of L. F. The funeral cortege, as it passed through Dalhousie on the way to the churchyard, was very imposing, there being fifty-two teams in the procession. On arrival at the grave, after a very impressive prayer had been offered by the Rev. Mr. Russell, of Dalhousie, the beautiful funeral service of our Order was gone through, assisted by the brothers from Campbellton, after which the remains of our late brother were consigned to the tomb, there to await the roll call at the day of judgment, where we must all meet and be judged. Bro. Robinson, though lost to us, will not be forgotten, and his memory will long remain green in our

hearts. Our thanks are due to the Rev. Mr. Herdman, Presbyterian minister, and to the Rev. Mr. Wells, Methodist minister, both of Campbellton, for assisting at the funeral service. COLONIAL.

HUNTINGTON, IND., May 7, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Since the organization of this lodge last June, there has not been a word said about its good work in our Magazine, and I therefore assume the task, having been invited to do so by some of our members.

Business is very slack here at present, making times very dull, but nevertheless the boys are all trying to hold their own.

Among the hard-working Brotherhood men among us are Bros. Foster, Dickinson, Van, Marston, Wyman, Murphy and Holland, the latter of No. 14.

The dudes are quite numerous, being led by Bros. Plumb and Butler.

It is reported that Bro. R. Murphy will, at an early day, embark upon the matrimonial sea.

Bro. Toby is well worthy of the good reputation he has gained for himself during his sojourn with us. He is a staunch supporter of the Brotherhood, and manages to arrange his affairs so that he is enabled to attend our meetings nearly every Sunday. The boys seem to think there is some other attraction for him up in the swamps, as he has to travel 142 miles to attend to his business here.

A. H. REDDIE.

CRESTON, IOWA, May 1, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I have noticed that our expulsion list averages fifty names per month.

How it is possible for any man who has the slightest claim to decency to allow himself to be published in this way, I cannot understand.

Let me say one word to delinquents, who make up the largest part of our expulsion lists: If you are not satisfied with the Order why do you not pay up and withdraw like a man. In this way you can preserve your manhood, while, if you allow yourself to be kicked out you at once bring upon yourself the scorn and contempt of all honest men.

A few words now about our Lodge. We have one hundred and ten names on our roll, all in good standing, and our meetings are usually well attended and give evidence of the prosperity of our Lodge.

H. K. Burkit, our worthy Master, has given up the scoop and gone into business. His business card reads as follows: "H. K. Burkit, Funeral Director and Embalmer." We wish him success in his new departure.

POLKA NEWPORT.

STATFORD, ONT., May 13, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Avon Lodge No. 38, the "Banner Lodge" of Canada, once more rises to speak through the columns of the Magazine and to record a few of the passing events in connection with it. The night of the 16th of April saw the Town Hall of Stratford-on-Avon filled with a bright and gay assembly of ladies and gentlemen eagerly waiting for the call to whirl round in the giddy and fascinating dance. Many of our fairest ladies were there and the gentlemen—well, of course they were nothing less than the best, being created gallant "Knights of the Scoop," each one wearing his coat of arms on the occasion. All were provided for in the excellent and well arranged programme, there being dances for the boys "Round the Horn," as well as the "Locals" also a "Leap Year Special," each lady choosing her favorite knight, and who could complain when they had run so far as to need a little rest, or to oil up and take water, to be politely asked to "take the siding" for supper. Everything ran along smoothly without any slipping on the grades, broken rails, or misplaced switches, each one reaching his destination well pleased and recording the trip on the tablets of his memory as the pleasantest of all the year. In short, it was such an occasion of unalloyed pleasure and happiness that doubtless (had he been present) the grand old Bard of Avon, himself, would have danced for very joy at the sight. Much of the success was due to Bro. Ben Yapp, Chairman of the Committee, whose suggestions and plans were admirable, resulting in a financial and social success unparalleled in the history of B. of L. F. balls in Stratford. I must now switch off onto another branch.

Bro. Tom Collins was getting so thin that the poor fellow was reduced to about 210 pounds, and of course something had to done. Some wily fellow gently whispered to him "try matrimony," and Bro. Tom quickly took the hint, no doubt expecting that this valuable recipe would prove a veritable elysium of joy and a panacea for all his woes. So this well known old-timer has at last joined that great "band of martyrs whose members are to be found everywhere, meekly sawing wood and carrying water and descending on the values of the solid comforts and happiness to be found in this world's renowned remedy." The pleasing event took place at Brantford on the 7th of May, the fortunate and happy lady being Miss Bessie Mortimer, of Brantford. Bro. Jas. McLellan, E. Ball and D. Murrey were among the privi-

leged guests. It is whispered around that Bro. Geo. Yapp is heading for the same remedy.

A short time ago we had a little trouble here—the Grand Trunk officials gave notice of a reduction in our wages, but thanks to Mr. J. Bown and the other members of the Engineer's Grievance Committee (who acted for both the Engineers and Firemen), the matter was amicably and very satisfactorily settled, thus again demonstrating that friendly arbitration (and not force or strikes) is the true solution of the difficulties occasionally arising between capital and labor.

I fully endorse the opinion of Tim Fagan in his reply to T. P. O'Rourke, and think that strict adherence to our Constitution is the true foundation of our great success. If we have made a mistake by admitting a man who regards neither law nor principle, our Order must be vindicated, and we must suffer the consequences of that law, for if we allowed our hearts to guide us we should soon become disbanded and broken up, as a ship without mast or rudder is left to the mercy of the waves. I would like to say a word or two with regard to the proposed "Home for Disabled Firemen." I cannot say that I approve of the plan—If we have a surplus of money for investment, would it not be better to form a Contingent Fund, emanating from and under the control of the Grand Lodge to provide for special cases of disability *at their own homes* and among their own friends, instead of sending them perhaps thousands of miles away, among comparative strangers? Each case of course being protected from fraud or misrepresentation, by the certificate of the Subordinate Lodge. I simply make the suggestion and would ask all delegates to the coming Convention to give it their most careful consideration before voting upon this most important question.

Bro. Graham, a short time ago, had a heavy bereavement in the sudden loss of two of his sisters. All our members deeply sympathized with him, and feel that although time is beginning to heal the bitterness of sorrow, yet our brother must feel the void in his heart, and now with fraternal greeting on behalf of all the members of old 38, I am

Yours, etc.

W. E. BROOKER.

CHILLICOTHE, O., June 3, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Scioto Lodge, No. 202, asks to be enrolled on your list of correspondents, trusting that the space in your columns devoted to us will be so creditably filled, that you

will not feel that time and material might have been better used. Our Lodge was organized March 5th by Bro. S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor, with a charter membership of nineteen. We now number twenty-five, and three applications in waiting. Meetings are held every Monday night. Our members evince an earnest and enthusiastic interest in everything pertaining to the Order, the meetings being well and regularly attended and business dispatched with energy and precision. J. G. Burklin, our Chaplain and Magazine agent, and W. C. Danenburg, our worthy Master, have been promoted to the right side, and are doing satisfactory work. We are much indebted to the engineers for the use of their commodious and elegantly furnished hall, and to Bro. Gabagan for a nicelamp. The encouragement given us by Mr. E. E. Evans, our highly esteemed Master Mechanic, is appreciated by all, as is also the kindness of Mr. G. Bosley, our gentlemanly round house Foreman, who effects all necessary changes in his power, that we may attend the meetings. We desire to extend, through your valuable Magazine, our thanks to various Corresponding Secretaries for cheery and encouraging letters. The advice therein contained meets with approval and will be heeded. Since our organization Bro. T. B. Carlin has taken unto himself a "better half," formerly Miss Lizzie Keller, and a new arrival has put in her appearance at Bro. Danenburg's. The "wee bit of femininity" will prove no encumbrance.

Faternally,

G. W. McCLURE.

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CEDAR RAPIDS, IA., May 1, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As No. 27 has been poorly represented in the Magazine for some time I take it upon myself to send you a few items.

No. 27 is doing exceedingly well, having ninety-eight good members on the rolls, with the number still increasing.

C. W. Phelps, our efficient Financier, has been sick for some time, but is rapidly improving.

Brother D. Brant has increased his responsibility by taking unto himself a partner for life. He now wears a very important look along with his spring suit.

Brother J. M. Hickox has retired from the road, and now superintends a butter and egg house. Our wish is that he may find contentment and shekels in the distribution of oleomargarine and hen fruit.

Brother H. F. Walbrand is rejoicing over the advent of a bran new girl. This is enough this time.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

COMO, COL., June 1, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As there seems to be considerable misunderstanding regarding the nature of the proposed Firemen's Home, upon which the Eleventh Annual Convention is to take action, it would be well for all Lodges to have a clear conception of the matter, so the respective delegates can act intelligently at Toronto. A large number are laboring under the impression that what we are about to establish is an hospital, and that if a member becomes sick or injured temporarily he is to be sent to this hospital for treatment. This is certainly a most mistaken idea. Such an institution would be of little benefit to the Order, on account of the scattered condition of our members, no matter how central or advantageously located, it would be of no benefit to those outside of its immediate vicinity. What we want is a home for those who are utterly destitute and homeless, a refuge for the superannuated and helpless, and an asylum for the parentless orphan. There are hundreds of men in the Order who have no living relatives and are entirely alone in the world—these men when worn out by old age and hard service, broken down by disease without hope of recovery—consumptives and the like, or disabled by accident so as to be rendered incapable of earning their own livelihood, have no one to look to for relief outside of the Brotherhood, and it is for the deserving of this class the Home is to be established. The man who has a home and means and family connections, does not want to cast himself on the charity of the Order when disabled, and we are not building the Home for him; it is for the utterly destitute and helpless, who are friendless and alone, and the orphans of deceased members left without parent or guardian, that we want to provide a place of refuge; at least such is the idea of

THOS. P. O'ROURKE.

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LAS VEGAS, N. M., May 14, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As we are only a few months old and have not yet been represented in the Magazine, I will give you a few words in regard to No. 204. We are named "Montezuma" after the ancient chief of the Aztec Indians. We are getting along very well, having about twenty-five members in good standing. Our Master, A. W. Clark, has been promoted on the Atlantic and Pacific, as also our Vice-Master, Byron Archibald, on the Santa Fe. Both are meeting with success in their new positions. Our members are all good, energetic workers, and will do their full duty.

A. W. S.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 21, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

It was with feelings of honest pride and hearty congratulation that I perused the pages of the March Magazine, and I wandered back in memory to the second convention, when I thought of those I met there. It has been a struggle from which we have emerged with honor and fidelity, and we of to-day must refer with kindly thoughts to those who so nobly stood united in our days of doubt, when we were so nearly wrecked financially. We should allot all due honor to those who contributed by word and deed to the sustenance of our Order until we freed ourselves from the debt which came near ending our usefulness. Therefore I would say to the newer members of our beloved Order, we owe a debt of gratitude to those who bore the brunt, and who, by their indefatigable efforts, wrought for us the success we enjoy to-day. We long ago reached a point which I had supposed would be our limit, but it seems not. It looks as though we were destined to advance far beyond our present eminence. And now I must speak of our little Lodge here, which has ever been my pride and delight; although small in numbers, I trust she is large in her desires to perfect herself in those attributes which our noble Order teaches. No. 2 can never expect to grow great in numbers, as we now embrace nearly all of the desirable men of the footboard in this locality, but she possesses vast energy and enterprise. On February 14 occurred our First Annual Social, at which some 200 couples were present. As guests we had Supt. Chamberlain, Asst. Supt. Durfee, Master Mechanic Greggs, of the Providence and Worcester railroad; Master Mechanic S. F. Whalley, Road Master Hammond and Foreman of Repairs Lamb, of the N. Y. & N. O. R. R.; Master Mechanic's Clerk, Arthur Averill, of the N. Y. P. & B. R. R.; D. O. Black, Esq., proprietor and manager of the *Daily Telegram*; Bros. Bullard and Updike, of 73, and Bro. Clarke, of 57. Everything passed away pleasantly and harmoniously, and at 3 o'clock we arrived at the terminus, all deciding it to be the most brilliant and successful affair ever given by railroad men in this vicinity. I cannot close this letter without mentioning some of the worthy train men who make Providence a temporary abiding place. To-day I rode behind Bro. John Burnham, who has so long guided the Shore Line express from Boston to this city. John is one of those staunch, ready fellows who have added honor to our craft. We must also speak of his conductor, Mr. George

Schermerhorn, a genial, good man, who never forgets that he is a man in his position. I admire such men with all my heart, and I know that they are appreciated by their employers and the public at large. I want to see the time come when all railroads will be manned by noble, generous and manly men.

WANDERER.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., April 20, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Since I have been appointed correspondent (a most novel and unhandy position for me to fill) I will attempt to write something now and then that may prove of sufficient interest to be published in our valuable organ, the *Magazine*. Right here let me explain who, what and where we are. We are a new born sister Lodge about thirty days old, having been born on the 5th of last March, and christened Montezuma. Our home is in the City of Albuquerque, Territory of N. M., and the number of our dwelling is 204—in the garden spot of the southwest, the Valley of the Rio Grande, at the eastern terminus of the A. & P., and about midway on the southern extension of the A. T. & S. F., we command a territory that has long felt the need of, and will fully appreciate the motherly care of the Brotherhood.

Our officers are men of sterling worth and honor and true brothers to the principles of our noble Order. Our membership is as yet quite small, having but fifteen regular members enrolled. However, at each meeting there are applications presented which impel us to look forward to a time not far distant when the banners of "Montezuma" shall wave o'er the battlements of a strong and shining citadel.

With a heartfelt *bon voyage* to the Brotherhood, I remain

Fraternally yours,

204.

BRAINERD, MINN., May 26, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I desire to note the promotion of W. Lincoln, A. C. Farrar and George Royal, of our Lodge, who are now ROYALLY seated on the engineer's side of their engines. Bro. Lincoln has resigned his office as Financier, and Bro. W. J. Bain has been elected to fill the unexpired term. A vote of thanks has been tendered to Bro. Lincoln for the faithful manner in which he discharged his duties. Bro. J. W. Brown, our worthy Master, was married recently to Miss Mary E. Goodman. The happy pair received many elegant and costly presents.

C. B. W.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
April 16th, 1884. }

Editors Magazine:

As I have seen several letters in the Magazine from Lodges all around us, I thought I would let my brothers know that No. 178 still lives and flourishes, with fifty members and plenty of applications. Business is not so brisk as it has been the past winter, but we have an accident occasionally to cause a little excitement and give us food for thought. I must mention one in particular which happened with us, and one I shall never forget as long as I remain on this earth. It was a bright sunny morning in April, we left Salt Lake City at 10:20 P. M., and went to Provo City for dinner and left Provo at 12:30. My engineer and myself were in the best of spirits and the old 95 seemed to partake of our good feeling, for she bounded away over the shining steel with a speed that gave us ample proof that not many houses lay between us and Green River. When between Castle Gate and Price Station, rounding a sharp curve I saw Will start up suddenly and at the same instant I saw a man laying asleep, or drunk, upon the track not ten lengths away. With lightning quickness the engine is reversed, the air is on—still he sleeps, unconscious of the impending danger, while with that vindictive tread that knows no mercy, the iron monster is rapidly nearing him. I glance at Will; he is calm, but pale as death! The throttle is clasped in an iron grasp and the whistle shrieks its awful warning. Oh, heaven! will he never wake? One moment and we are upon him, crushing and mangle his poor body into a shapeless mass! When I looked at Will again he was laughing. He said, "Barney, this is the 1st of April."

Well, I wasn't exactly mad, but I have been trying to borrow a revolver ever since to go gunning for the fellow that laid that stuffed man on the track.

Yours fraternally,
BARNEY V.

TOPEKA, KAN., May 31, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

There has been nothing said about the Flower of the West, No. 205, so I presumed it would not be out of order to let your readers know that we are getting along well and that we intend the "Flower" shall bloom and be an honor to the cause. We have thirty-six members, and they all attend meetings promptly and regularly. Our Master, Ed. Leat, discharges his duties faithfully and sets an example for others to follow. Our Financier, Bro. Talley, is thoroughly

reliable and takes good care of the funds of the Lodge. We fear we shall lose him, as he has been ordered to take charge of an engine in Mexico. If he goes, we hope he may prosper, and our best wishes will go with him. Our Secretary, J. E. Thomas, deserves great credit for his fidelity to his duties. Among other things, he has taken charge of the "goat" and diets him on barb wire, carpet tacks and oyster cans to keep him in lively spirits. Our Magazine Agent is doing first-class work and is meeting with success. The rest of the boys are up to the standard and will keep the banner of our Lodge afloat.

H. A. S.

SILVER BOW, MONTANA, April 24, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As none of the boys in Eagle Rock seem disposed to write you, please accept a few lines from along the line.

Our Master, Norman Grant, makes the 27 dance over the road, Jack Bristol has a steamboat whistle on the 26, George Orum and Milt. Russell make fly runs in the Eagle Rock yard with 45, Pete Dorenson and C. R. Goodale are hostlers, Little Tommy Wharton has the cleanest engine on the road, Frank Jenkins runs the 37. Orville Adams is proud of the 9 since she has the air brakes. John Sweeney, from Royal Gorge, runs the 7, Jim Frost, with the 36, makes enough noise for four engines. Ed Nye says the 34 don't do well where she has five exhausts. Bro. Milligan, the sweet singer from "Cash Valley," is still firing on the south end. Farmer, from Fargo Lodge, thinks he is solid with the "school marm" since Dan Rowland left, but Charlie Bakers' fireman, Patsy, calls around and sings, leaving poor Farmer in the lurch. Theson Sage, from 28, and Will Dean run the 10. Joe Davis is hostler at Butte. C. W. Green, from Hawkeye No. 27, as usual, is firing a good passenger run, and Harry France, from some Lodge in Missouri, is hostler at Spring Hill. Most of our number are on the right side, but take as lively interest in Lodge affairs as ever. Would like to hear from some of the Eagle Rock boys.

C. K.

EAST DES MOINES, IOWA, May 28, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I think it is the duty of Confidence Lodge and its members, and should be a pleasure to them, to say something for the good of the Order through the columns of our Magazine. Our Lodge is now numbering about fifty-five members, all in good standing, and four more applications for our next meeting. Our worthy Master, Bro. Broski, deserves special praise for

his good work. Bro. Payne also deserves credit for the financial standing of the Lodge. Bro. Hayes, our Secretary, is contemplating matrimony. Bro. P. Combs is again holding the 173 level. C. M. K. is roaming the State on the 89. Bro. Payne is performing on the 117 until the pride of Iowa comes out of the shop. Bro. Hammer, on the 229, says he is going to procure the necessary documents and make himself a happy man. Bro. Bixler holds the "O" passenger at 150 and not a pound less. Bro. Breecher is hostler at Des Moines. Many of our members have been promoted to the right hand side, among them Bros. Cleary, Hayes, Hanson, O. Hammer, Anderson and Whittaker, all make good engineers and give excellent satisfaction to the company. The members of 102 are proud of their new regalia; they are "dandies." The general standing of Confidence Lodge No. 102, is A No. 1. Hoping that these few lines will find space in our Magazine I will close. Yours Fraternally,

A MEMBER.

BARABOO, WIS., June 9, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

We are now within a few months of the time when the delegates of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will assemble in their Eleventh Annual Convention to transact the business of that honorable body. Therefore it is the duty of every member of the Order to study and discuss, both in and out of Lodge, the constitution, which will help much toward the instruction of our delegates. By this means they will know more fully the wishes of those they represent. Our constitution, as I view it, needs amending. More power should be placed in the Grand Lodge in regard to insurance collections. It would probably decrease our membership, but those remaining would be Brotherhood men.

Again, we need a different system for Financiers of Subordinate Lodges. Death notices should be sent to the Grand Lodge to be distributed among the members of Subordinate Lodges. Further, I would say, it might be well to create the office of Insurance Agent, for those Lodges which desire it, as it would relieve their Financiers of one-half their labor, who are unable to fill their office as they should and attend to their other duties. Before closing I wish to say a word to delinquent members. If they will look at the back assessment columns in the beneficiary statement of the Magazine they will see the stigma which they have placed upon the character of the organization. Then let them think of their obligation and ask themselves if they are Brother-

hood men. Delinquent brothers, you establish a bad precedent. Think of new members! Your example teaches them from the beginning that their obligation is only to be looked upon as a matter of form. Brothers, turn over a new leaf, pay your assessments and help to give your Lodge character, show our Grand Lodge that we appreciate their efforts to place us on a firm basis and elevate the Order in the estimation of all mankind.

RADICAL.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, May 27, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

The members of No. 125 seem to be very modest, as they have little to say in the Magazine. I am proud to inform you that we have a Lodge of first-class men, who are a credit to our cause. We have eight members who are doing good work on the right hand side, viz: John Burke, Chas. Anderson, R. M. Stewart, Sam Barnhill, S. C. Cook, John Payette, W. W. Hill and Wm. Horrigan. The last named is "way up," pulling varnished cars—he is large enough to pull anything that has a coupling to it. Bro. Meredith and Sullivan, of the Wabash, are running here and are good boys. Bro. Paddy Tripp who has been firing a mogul for the past two years, has been honored with promotion and now sits on the right hand side. Paddy will prove worthy of the trust and we all wish him success. Bro. Lee Pemberton, after a long sickness, is looming up again—the boys are all glad to see him around. Since our organization we have yet to publish the first case of expulsion. Our members have all proven true as steel to their obligations, and there is not one among them who would pollute the fair fame of the Lodge by allowing his name to appear in the black list.

F. E. STINE.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., May 27, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I am pleased to say that No. 46 is at the front. For quite a long time we had a hard struggle, but we have come out victorious at last. The struggle has been against delinquents—against those who would not pay what they owed, but thanks to a faithful Financier and a fearless Master, they have been made to pay up or "move on." We have now about sixty members in good standing and plenty of money in the treasury. The members attend meetings regularly and pay their dues and assessments promptly, and everything indicates a prosperous future for us.

M. H.



AFTER a severe illness, Bro. Gill, of 127, is up and around again.

No. 79 is in good working order, new members being admitted at every meeting.

"PISGAH's golden strand, shineth in the happy land"—how is it, you Colorado boys?

THE police force of LaFayette has a valuable acquisition in Brother John Crusey, of No. 38.

E. TURK is one of the lucky members of 59, being safely enthroned on the right side.

J. B. MYERS, of No. 77, has been doubly blessed. He has been presented with a pair of bouncing boys.

J. McCoy and Frank Ciasna, of No. 36, are now serving in the fire department of LaFayette.

J. C. SHARP has been transferred from Lodge 80 to 204. He is one of the stalwarts in the cause.

AFTER a visit to the flood sufferers in "Injeanny" and St. Louis Bro. M. Lillis, of No. 21, has returned to Pueblo.

CHAS. ERNST, Master of No. 36, has retired from the LaFayette fire department, having served faithfully and well.

WM. DIXON, of No. 59, has left the *Charms and Embraces* of Leadville's cloudy pinnacle for the more genial atmosphere of Pueblo.

THE members of No. 121, tender their sympathy to Brother Wm. Brewer in the loss of his little daughter who was dear to all who knew her.

THE members of 127 were happily surprised when Bro. Jonah brought his new wife home with him. They all wish him abundant happiness.

TOM GRANT, the Prince of Winnepeg, acknowledges that he is not a success as a base ballist. A disjointed thumb brought him to that conclusion.

It is said that Norman Mitchell, of No. 84, is now a solid man. Miss Mary Campbell, one of Battle Creek's fairest daughters, is the junior partner of the firm.

WE are in receipt of cards announcing the marriage of Bro. George Dunlop to Miss Ella K. Payne, at Palestine, Texas, June 1st. May prosperity be with them.

JOHN NIALAND and L. Bynes of No. 130 are exchanging congratulations. The former is blessed with a new boy and the latter rejoices over the acquisition of another daughter.

THROUGH the generosity of Bro. Wils. Evans, of No. 11, whose home was cheered by the arrival of a "wee" little girl, the boys at Port Morris smoked good cigars on Decoration Day.

FRED HARVEY, late Master of No. 82, has been presented with a magnificent watch chain by his Lodge, as a testimonial to his faithful services. The chain is a beauty and Fred fully deserves it.

At a meeting of F. G. Lawrence Lodge No. 172, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Bro. Armstrong for three beautiful banners, and to Bro. Smith for a handsome picture presented to the Lodge.

J. A. TWEEDIE, of Indianapolis, has changed his headquarters to 19 N. Meridian street, where he has opened an elegant tonorial parlor and announces himself ready to "scrape" his friends in the latest and most approved styles.

E. S. BOWEN, Esq., Vice President of the N. Y. L. E. & W. was recently married to the widow of Judge Devereux, and sister of Archbishop Ryan of St. Louis. Mr. Bowen is an uncle of Bro. W. M. Eckerman of No. 33.

AN Italian gentleman writes us that he is prepared to make engagements for his new lecture on "The Influence of Perpetual Motion on the Physical Sciences." Address P. H. S., North Platte, Neb.

"DADDY" CARR is what the boys of 59 call him. His prediction has been verified and he has served notice on Mayo for that engine to pull the little Carrs with. The full train will be made up in due time.

It is said that the "Prophet" will be looking for the author of "Scriptures from Latin," at the coming convention. The "Orator of the Valley of the Platte" will see to it that fair play is had.

THOUGH a new correspondent "Old Reliable" has already acquired the reputation of being the "Gladstone" of our Order. He thinks well and writes well and his articles are a credit to the Magazine.

S. HARTMAN, better known among the boys at North Platte as "Flat Wheel," paid us a friendly visit on his way to Glenn Falls, N. Y., his old home. He is a Brotherhood man clear through, and Elkhorn Lodge may feel proud of him.

J. S. GORGAS, of No. 11, and his amiable wife are rejoicing over the safe arrival of a little boy. As Bro. Gorgas is now on the right hand side of his engine he can easily bear the additional expense of the new boarder.

THE members of the Good Will Lodge, No. 52, wish to tender their sincere thanks to Mrs. John Freeman for a handsome lithograph of the Lord's Prayer. To show their appreciation of the gift, the Lodge has had it placed in a beautiful frame to hang in their hall.

THERE is a good deal of quiet speculation about the identity of the "Tramp." He is much admired for his candid utterances by the law-abiding members of our Order, but those of law-breaking proclivities, such as delinquents and non-attendants, have a holy horror of him.

MARRIED, on the 6th of May, Bro. W. J. Miner of No. 12, to Miss Kittie Shields, one of Buffalo's accomplished daughters, in presence of a large number of friends. The parents were numerous and costly. The members of No. 12 offer their congratulations and hope that the little Miners will rise up and call them blessed.

Our able correspondent X. L. C. R. is attracting wide attention. He lends an inclusive pen and discusses a wide range of subjects in a manner that indicates a keen observation and a careful study of Brotherhood events. We commend the articles of X. L. C. R. to the careful perusal of all our members and the public generally.

"He is a bouncing fellow, bright as a dollar and as genial as June"—that's what James Welch of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, says of the new boy that just arrived at his house.

It gives us pleasure to announce that S. J. Murphy, of No. 61, has gone into business at St. Paul. His stock, among other things, will contain books, stationery, notions, fancy goods, cigars, tobacco, fruits, confectionery, and last, but not least, the Firemen's Magazine will be kept constantly on hand. Success to Bro. Murphy, is the wish of us all.

We have been favored with a stereoscopic view of the wreck on the Humaston & Shenandoah R. R. which occurred last October, in which Bro. J. G. McLeod of No. 56, had a narrow escape. The engineer, Mr. A. B. Worden, was killed outright. The wreck was caused by a misplaced rail, near a bridge, causing ninety-two feet of trestle to give way and precipitating the engine a distance of thirty-eight feet. The wreck was a frightful one and Bro. McLeod is to be congratulated on his lucky escape.

J. C. SPAHR and lady were generously remembered by their friends on the occasion of their marriage. They were presented with a beautiful table scarf by Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Sargent; a handsome tidy by Miss Pierce; two silver napkin rings and a set of Bohemian glasses by Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Simpson; a set of silver tea spoons by Mrs. Thompson; a comb and brush in a satin case by Mrs. R. Fetterly; two silver napkin rings by Mr. and Mrs. Kldder; a beautiful bird and cage by Mr. George Hammond. The Independent Club, of Deming, tendered them a splendid reception, for all of which Bro. Spahr and lady return their most grateful thanks.

JOHN HORN, of Eureka Lodge No. 14, was united in marriage to Miss Minnie McDonald, at Montezuma, Ind., May 9th. Bro. Horn is one of our most worthy members and we wish him all happiness. The Montezuma Era, in an extended notice of the affair, speaks as follows: "After the most hearty congratulations, and a brief Horn Duett, the guests joined in on a 'full chorus,' to a choice variety of delicious cakes and a multi-form variety of other goodies. But one sentiment seemed to prevail, viz: that so enjoyable an affair has not been given in Montezuma for many a day. We extend our sympathy to the excellent host and hostess and our congratulations, and best wishes for the Mr. and Mrs. Horn. About forty participated in the festivities. The bride was the recipient of many nice presents."

It is with pleasure we chronicle an exciting bear hunt on the Cumbras mountain in Colorado on the line of the D. & R. G. In which one of our most valiant members was one of the chief acrobats. Conductor Grant of the snow brigade, and Bro. J. D. Sullivan, started out one fine crisp December morning to hunt the savage monarch of the forest. After about an hour's tramp, a dismal howl startled the bold nimrods from their reverie; a snarling, growling, grizzly head appeared in the bushes, and in order to get a better view and shoot with better effect, Bro. Sullivan sought the umbrageous foliage of the tallest pine in southern Colorado. Mr. Grant manfully escaped to the train. In the hurry and bustle Bro. Sullivan forgot to take his rifle along in his aerial flight, and scared, oh no! just weak in the knees. Bro. Sullivan's new book "What I don't know about bear hunting, and how to buck snow," is in press and will be issued next centennial.

Firemen's Department.

For Firemen's Magazine.

ONLY A COMMON FIREMAN.

BY ONE OF THEM.

No, parson, I'm not a "purfessor," I'm sorry to have it to say;
I'm only a common firemen, that never had time to pray.
With polishing up in the round house, and rustling over the road,
We wouldn't have time to get solid, if the trumpet of Gabriel blowed.
But I respect my mother's God as much as the very best
And I b'lieve He takes an interest in us, as well as the rest;
An' I b'lieve I'll stand a show with Him on the awful Judgment day,
For I've always done my duty, though I had no time to pray.
An' if this aint true religion, both pure and undefiled,
To help a brother's widow and support his orphan child,
To strive to raise the fallen and to help the boys along,
My ideas of Christianity are certainly dead wrong.
I don't understand the prophets nor swaller all they say,
For every preacher turns them his own peculiar way
But Jesus said that "greater love hath mortal never shown
Than dying bravely at his post in darkness and alone."
Why, parson, there was my pardner, down on the "Santa Fe"—
As good a stoker and square a man as you could wish to see.
'Twas hard to find his equal for keeping "wind" on a mill,
His name was Wm. Maginnis, but they called him "Tallowpot Bill."
Poor Billy was kinder curious and quiet like and still,
But the man that tried to bully him was sure to get his fill.
He was the first among us to wear the golden shield,
That held two shovels and a pick upon an azure field.
And when the foreman ordered him to "throw that thing away,"
Bill mopped the round house with him in a silent kind of way
Then quietly informed him 'twas only for his good,
To teach him to respect and love the Firemen's Brotherhood.
One terrible stormy evening when the wind it blew a gale
And the rain came down in torrents, and sometimes froze to hail,
The dispatcher issued orders to Billy's engineer
To go ahead of No. 6 and see th' track was clear.
They helped her up the mountain to the top of the divide
Then they pulled the pin and started down upon the other side,
And everything went lovely till they reached the wooden bridge,
Standing high above the river that came rushing down the ridge.
And, when he saw one end was gone, the engineer he flew
And Bill was gettin' ready for to bid the mill adieu.

For 'though he loved the 63 like any sweet-heart dear,
 He was only a common fireman and not the engineer,
 For the engineer had left her when he saw the death ahead
 And, at the bottom of the dump was lying like one dead,
 Bill was hanging out upon the step and just about to drop
 For he knew in that short distance 'twas no use to try to stop.
 But suddenly he started, and his face grew deathly white
 As they neared the broken viaduct, a hundred feet in height,
 Of the fast express behind them, he'd just begun to think
 And the hundreds that must perish, if they ever crossed the brink
 And, "Oh, my God," he whispered, beneath his hurried breath,
 Then he scrambled back into the cab, prepared to meet his death.
 He grasped the whistle lever as the stringers broke in two,
 And, as they took the fearful plunge, the danger signal blew.
 E'en as they hung in mid-air, he held it open wide
 Till the waters closed about him in a roaring, hurrying tide
 And, mid the war of elements, without a prayer or groan,
 Poor Billy's soul went up unshrived, to meet his God alone.
 Alone, I said, for while the train was coming down the hill
 The engineer behind had heard that whistle, loud and shrill,
 Then he quick reversed his engine and the "Westinghouse" applied,
 And they stopped within a car-length of that torrent, deep and wide,
 And when they rescued Billy, my pardner, true and brave
 From the ruins of his engine and that awful watery grave,
 They found his hand still grasping the whistle lever fast
 As if the thought to save the train had been his very last,
 And so they disconnected it and left it in his hand
 Like a monarch's golden sceptre or a fairy's magic wand.
 And with his hard and grimy hands clasped idly o'er his breast
 We laid his mangled body to its long and dreamless rest.
 Well, parson, I've told you the story about Bill Maginnis, poor lad,
 Though, mebbe the metre's peculiar and mebbe the grammar is bad,
 I know Bill wasn't a Christian and for churches he didn't care
 And he could handle a shovel much better than lead in prayer
 An' he couldn't talk of pearly gates, or harps with golden strings
 An' as long as the 63 held out, he had no use for wings
 But he acted his religion, in his own peculiar way,
 Tho' he couldn't sing Old Hundred if he tried a half a day.
 But if ever I make my meeting point the top of Zion's hill
 The first one I expect to see is my old pardner, Bill.
 Baptized in fire and water, both in darkness and alone,
 He perished, not to save his friends, but folks to him unknown.
 And, parson, I'm bettin' my money, when we meet on judgment day,
 That he'll ride in the heaven-bound sleeper, an' he won't be beatin' his way.

SPECIAL SERMON.

On Sunday evening, June 8th, the members of the respective Lodges of the Order of Railway Conductors and Brotherhoods of Engineers and Firemen, of Terre Haute, Indiana, attended in a body a special sermon at the First Baptist church, preached for the occasion by the Rev. J. K. Wheeler. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers, made up in the most artistic designs, and above the pulpit, in the midst of the floral ornaments the word "Welcome" appeared in prominent letters. The programme was opened with prayer, after which the choir sang, very beautifully, several selections appropriate to the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Wheeler then delivered his sermon to the "Knights of the Punch, Throttle and Scoop," and commanded the closest attention of his vast audience from beginning to end.

Mr. Wheeler is a profound thinker, a clear reasoner and a powerful speaker. His discourse gave evidence of a careful study of the labor question, so far as it affects the social, moral and intellectual welfare of the laboring classes. He spoke at length on the question of sobriety, appealing earnestly to railroad men to abstain from the alluring vice of strong drink. His ideas on the relation of capital and labor were strikingly original and every point he made was sustained with unanswerable argument. He believes that benevolence, sobriety and industry, tempered with intelligence, are the foundation stones upon which the laboring man should build. Good books should be our inseparable companions, places of bad repue should never be frequented, and our high ambition should be to solve that we are a credit to our calling, an honor to our friends, a blessing to our family—in a word, exemplary men, worthy of the emulation of our fellows.

When the reverend gentleman came to the question of Home, upon which he dwelled at length, he stirred the heart of every listener. Every word that fell from his lips bore evidence of the speaker's love of home and the fireside. He elaborated his thoughts with pathetic tenderness, making home the dearest spot on earth and touching a responsive chord in every breast.

We wish that all our members could have been present—the sermon was replete with gems of thought, attuned to high and noble purposes and those who heard it will ever remember the Rev. Mr. Wheeler with profound gratitude.

UNION MEETING.

A call for a union meeting at Denver, Col., May 15th, was issued by Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77 in the latter part of April. The purposes of the meeting were defined as follows:

"The primary and most important reason that prompted the issuing of this call, is to consider the best and most effectual means of stopping, as much as possible, all unnecessary traveling by members of the Order, who, without sufficient reason, leave their situations to roam aimlessly over the country, thereby bringing our Order into disrepute—showing us in a false light—and seriously injuring the privileges that accompany our card of membership, and clogging the legitimate and useful mission for which it was originally intended. We recognize this card as our letter of introduction and card of recommendation, for this it was instituted and endorsed by the seal of our Brotherhood, and as such should and will be protected. We must see to it that its abuses must decrease and not increase. The next is, that in view of the fact that a home for decrepit and maimed locomotive engineers and firemen is about to be erected in some locality to be des-

ignated by the coming convention, next September; and as we consider the location of this structure with deep interest, and as of vital importance to the well-being of its inmates; and, that we may bring to bear an influence, supported by the assistance of all the Western lodges, on the convention, to the end that the Home may be established in Denver. First, for the reason of our geographical situation, which every member will admit is most central; next, for the unequaled salubrity of our climate, which in itself is sufficient to justify our claim. We feel confident that every delegate and visiting brother who attended the tenth annual convention will corroborate our statement in this respect, and while we do not care to mention the grandeur and sublimity of scenery, yet we would call attention to the clear, pure and unadulterated atmosphere that surrounds us. Another reason for this call is to meet in social intercourse, and partake of the benefits arising therefrom. For these and whatever other objects, relative to the good of our Brotherhood that may be advanced, we request your co-operation in this union meeting to be held in Denver, on May 15th, at 10 o'clock, a. m., in our hall, No. 379 Larimer street."

The meeting was well attended and had the most gratifying results. All questions pertaining to the welfare of railroad men generally and members of our Order particularly were discussed with a spirit that indicated the earnestness of purpose with which the participants were imbued.

The Brotherhood of Engineers, Order of Railway Conductors and Yard-Master's Association were all represented, and by virtue of No. 77's broad and expansive hospitalities they were all made to feel themselves at home. We admire the generous spirit and broad views of our Rocky Mountain brethren. They are as grand as the mountains from which they take their name, their aims are equally high and their ambitions equally lofty.

The Denver News gives the following report of the meeting:

"The union meeting held by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and other railroad men at Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' hall yesterday, was fairly attended and the exercises were of quite an interesting character. There were some thirty delegates present from various parts of the New West, and many Lodges who felt unable to send delegations sent letters and communications expressing sympathy with the objects of the meeting.

Among those who attended may be mentioned: Charles Eastman, of Fort Worth, Texas; J. W. Flood and Mr. McMahon, of Lodge No. 14, of Indianapolis; Robert Reynolds and Frank Corey, of Amboy, Ill.; Mr. Kinney, of Omaha; T. P. O'Rourke, of Leadville; J. W. Armitage, of Leadville; William Coombs, of Larimer City, Wyo.; P. Mullahey, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; G. Sandahre, of Fort Worth, Texas; F. Schuyler, of Lodge 32, Ellis, Kan.; W. D. Yates, of Salida, Col.; J. A. McLean, of Division 222, B. of L. E., Salt Lake City; H. S. Hinman, of Pueblo; J. B. Buckley, of Shoshone, Idaho.

The meeting was called to order by W. F. Hynes. Mr. C. M. Wilson acted as Secretary. Mr. Hynes stated the objects of the meeting and the reasons for its being made public. The traveling card, as mentioned in the call for the meeting, had been abused, and as these abuses are public, the remedy should also be public. The brotherhood of firemen had many difficulties to contend against. The conductors' and engineers' societies were composed more generally of men of age and experience, but the firemen were usually young and just starting out in life. It was, there-

fore, necessary to make the rules of the Brotherhood strict.

The Secretary read letters and communications received from A. Campbell, Assistant Supt. of the Burlington & Missouri; R. E. Ricker, Superintendent of the Denver & Rio Grande road; O. H. Dorrance, Superintendent of the Smoky Hill Division of the Union Pacific; D. K. Smith, Division Superintendent of the Colorado Division of the Union Pacific, and other railroad men, regretting their inability to be present.

Letters were also read from the Lodge of the Order of Railway Conductors at Peach Springs, A. T.; the Bonanza Lodge of Locomotive Firemen, of Missoula, M. T.; F. P. Sargent, Vice Grand Master, of Tucson, A. T.; the Montezuma Lodge of Albuquerque; the Mitchell Lodge of Locomotive Firemen, of Mitchell, D. T.; the Etna Lodge of Jonesboro, Ark., and other Lodges in various parts of the West. The letters generally expressed sympathy with the objects of the meeting and some suggestions were made as to the remedy for the traveling card abuse. A good deal of favor was expressed for the location of the firemen's home in Denver.

Mr. T. P. O'Rourke, of Lodge No. 77 of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood in Denver, offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Recognizing the identity of the intents of capital and labor, and feeling that much good can be done by the establishing of this fact to a still closer and better understanding to the end that the present harmony and good feeling existing with the members of our Order may not only continue but extend to other and all branches of industry, therefore be it

Resolved, That we earnestly urge upon all Lodges the importance of teaching to members the justness and honesty of protecting the property of their employers with the same interest displayed in guarding that which belongs to themselves, believing that securing the welfare of the business from which we derive our livelihood is certainly advancing our own.

After the adoption of this resolution the meeting took a recess till afternoon.

The afternoon session opened at about 2 o'clock. Mr. Hynes, in calling the meeting to order, said there were some present who desired to have a committee of arrangements appointed and a permanent organization of the meeting effected.

The committee decided that the temporary organization, with Mr. Hynes as chairman, was perfectly satisfactory. Mr. Hynes stated the next business in order was the consideration of the establishment of a firemen's home in Denver.

Mr. O'Rourke, of Denver, offered the following resolution in regard to the home:

Resolved, That a committee of three from among the members of the Order, from each railroad running out of Denver, be appointed to wait on the officials of their respective roads and ascertain what encouragement we may expect from them for the establishment of the home in this city, and also that a committee of three be appointed to wait on the city officials and Chamber of Commerce for similar reasons, and that a committee be appointed to have plans and specifications drawn up, with the probable cost of the home, that our delegate to the Toronto Convention may be fully and intelligently informed on the subject.

Mr. Kinney, of Omaha, offered an amendment making the resolution read in Denver, Omaha or some other Western city.

Mr. Kinney said the Brotherhood had been offered four acres of land near the public park in Omaha for the erection of a home, if a \$20,000 home could be built. They had also been offered four acres of land by another party with no condition as to the cost of the

building. Omaha thought they could raise \$8,000 towards the object. Still, Denver had many advantages of climate and situation, and if Denver seemed to offer more inducements the Omaha people were willing to favor Denver rather than Chicago or any point east of here.

Mr. Kinney's amendment was adopted and a vote taken to send three delegates from each road to ascertain the opinion of railroad officials on the matter, and also to appoint committees to wait on the city council and the Chamber of Commerce.

The matter of the abuse of traveling card privileges of the Order was then called for.

O. M. Richardson, of the Denver and Rio Grande, offered the following resolution on the abuse of the traveling card:

WHEREAS, The evil of too much traveling among members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, caused by the carelessness of Subordinate Lodges in issuing traveling cards to members who leave their employment simply to stroll around the country without any real necessity so to do, while others are careless and negligent regarding their situations because they think it no trouble to get a traveling card to look up another situation, thereby imposing on the good of the Order and showing it up in a wrong view to the community at large; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge be instructed at the Eleventh Annual Convention by the different delegates to advise some means to prohibit the issuing of traveling cards to any except those who get out of employment through no fault of their own and are forced to go elsewhere for work, and members who are called away by sickness or death, or something really necessary.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to every Lodge throughout the United States and Canada.

This resolution occasioned a great deal of general discussion. Conductor Harmon, of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, and other members of the Conductors' Brotherhood who were present, were invited to give their views on the matter. The conductors said they had experienced a good deal of the evil spoken of. Mr. O'Rourke, of Denver, favored the establishment of a bureau of information in connection with the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood, which could pass judgment on all cases and issue traveling cards when proper. This was not generally favored by the delegates, the objection being that it was too slow a process for a fireman to get a card from Terre Haute.

Mr. Burt, of Salt Lake City, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the delegates to the coming international convention at Toronto be instructed to pass an order to refuse a card in case of the brother applying for it leaving work out of malice or from some trivial reason, and that Lodges also be instructed to expel any member leaving his situation to remove from place to place because companies are not satisfied with every little point of his work.

This resolution was finally adopted as the sense of the meeting.

The next topic discussed was the establishment of a labor bureau in Washington. The Chairman called attention to the matter of railroad education and to the duty of bringing before the public the character, responsibility and standing of railroad employees; also to the safety brake advocated by Senator Bowen, of Colorado.

P. J. McGill, of the Denver Lodge of the Engineers' Brotherhood, spoke of the propriety of bringing the matters spoken of before the public. He thought the aim of both Brotherhoods was to furnish competent and trustworthy men to the railroad companies, and

the more railroad companies and the general public knew of the principal objects and purposes of these Orders, the more they would respect firemen and engineers and the better Legislators could understand the labor and railroad questions that came before them.

Several delegates had some good words to offer on the same topic.

Under the order of unfinished business some discussion on the condition and prospects of the Union Pacific hospital was indulged in. Some statements were made and reports of committees read charging that the patients at the hospital were being grossly neglected; that the hospital was in a filthy condition; that the bed clothing was frequently not changed for weeks and months, and that at present the hospital was only provided with one nurse.

The following resolution had previously been read by the Secretary:

All railroad hospitals are established and maintained by a tax levied on all employees. This tax is but a mere trifle, deducted from the pay of the individual, but in the aggregate amounts to many thousands of dollars, and has so far, as we understand, proved ample to meet all demands. The companies very wisely and humanely, in the interests of the employees, takes upon themselves the superintendency and management of these hospitals, or rather delegate this power to whom they consider the proper parties. This again is subdivided into ratios as there are hospitals; hence it is reasonable to expect that abuses are liable to creep into the government of these hospitals without the knowledge of the railroad company management. Such we have reason to believe is the case concerning the conditions on which the new Union Pacific hospital in Denver to be conducted.

We feel it our duty to respectfully call the attention of the railroad company to the matter and so avoid any possible misunderstanding hereafter, confident that an existing wrong brought to their knowledge will be righted, and believing that they will entertain this with the same kindly spirit in which it is advanced.

After a great deal of debate a report made by an investigating committee of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, B. of L. F., was, at the request of those present, read by the Secretary.

It was moved that a copy of the report be sent to Surgeon-General Mercer and S. S. H. Clark, general manager of the Union Pacific. There was some discussion as to who the proper parties to apply to were.

Some of the gentlemen present were in favor of going a little slow in the matter and thought that the troubles spoken of were only of recent date.

Mr. McGill, of the Engineers' Brotherhood, said that until lately he had heard no complaint, and it had been generally reported that the hospital was well managed. Some of the trouble and carelessness was probably caused by the changes incident to a removal to the new hospital.

J. M. Noland asked if the idea was to let the patients at the old hospital die before they opened the new hospital. He thought there was no use having a report made unless it was brought to the attention of the railroad company in some way.

After a good deal of talk on all sides of the question the motion to send copies of the report to railroad officials at Omaha was laid on the table, and after some further business the convention adjourned. It was the intention to have the meeting rather informal, as the gathering had none of the official significance of a National Convention of the Brotherhood. There were some good speeches made, however, and considerable business transacted.

Last evening the delegates witnessed the initiation ceremonies of Rocky Mountain Lodge of Denver, after which they were invited with their ladies to a pleasant social reception and re-union."

SPARKS.

"The evening reception was a pleasant affair in spite of the rain storm."

Mr. Kinney, of Omaha, is a good talker, and so is Mr. O'Rourke, of Denver.

Mr. Noland was one of the brightest young men among yesterday's speakers.

The Salt Lake delegation were all heard from, in fact they took quite a leading part in the meeting.

Similar union meetings to that held yesterday in Denver, have recently been held in different parts of the country.

Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, Little Rock and one or two other cities are rivals of Denver in seeking to secure the Firemen's home.

The Firemen's Brotherhood can always call together a very handsome set of men. Youth, music and enterprise, all characteristic of the Brotherhood.

W. F. Hynes makes a very good presiding officer, and can make a good speech if occasion requires it. He performs his part without noise or bluster.

Eastern Lodges took more interest in the gathering than was expected. Kansas, Arkansas, Illinois and other States east of here were represented in the meeting yesterday.

There was an unusual number of ready talkers at the convention. The orators used good language and seemed to know how to put their thoughts into plain, vigorous Saxon."

AMUSEMENTS.

CRESTON, IOWA.

The Daily Advertiser, of Creston, Iowa, gives an extended account of the brilliant ball of Advance Lodge, No. 101:

"Advance Lodge, No. 101, B. L. F., has placed itself far ahead of any other Creston organization in the matter of holding annual receptions, which was plainly demonstrated by the firemen's grand annual ball at the Pine street opera house last evening.

A grand success was predicted, and every preparation made to make last night's reunion the grandest social event of the season, and the three hundred people who were present and participated in the festivities will bear cheerful testimony that the social prophecy was fulfilled. Most of the crowd gathered at the hall early, and at nine o'clock the grand march was commenced, the Northwestern band, under Prof. Thayer, furnishing the music. As the baton of the musical director gave the signal for the orchestra to go ahead, the deep tones of an engine bell rang up the stage curtain, disclosing to view the novel spectacle of a large engine (wooden) that had been built on the stage, apparently ready for a run on the road. The scene presented at this time was one never to be forgotten. The brilliantly lighted hall, trimmed with evergreens, with cages of canaries nestling among the green sprays, the feathered songsters singing a merry accompaniment to the orchestra strains, wreaths of flowers, festoons, mottoes, pictures, hothouse plants placed in every niche of available space, the engine on the stage, seemingly about to rush from a strip of woods out amongst the startled but pleased throng of merry dancers, with the headlight throwing its bright rays over the happy faces of Creston's society people, all formed a picture that will long be remembered by the light-hearted devotees of Terpsichore who were present last evening. A novel programme consisting of twenty-two numbers, containing all the latest dances, was called "Time Table No. 3, to take effect at 9 o'clock p. m., Tuesday, 20th 1894. For the

exclusive use of the guests. Read all the rules and proceed accordingly."

The dances were all named after the C. B. & Q. trains, and all trains stopped "twenty minutes for refreshments" after the first part of the programme had been completed. The programme time table excited considerable merriment, and numerous were the compliments that were showered on the locomotive firemen, on the new and original idea. Refreshments were served at the Hazel and Palace restaurants, after which the second part of the program was rapidly finished, a large number staying for the final dance. The night's fun ended about 3 o'clock, with everybody tired, but pleased at the royal manner in which they had been treated while they were the guests of Creston's locomotive firemen.

The Creston Lodge has done much toward elevating the moral and social status of its members during its short existence, such receptions as that of last evening doing their share to dispel the seeming social barrier that has arisen between society and the knights of the rail. Though the Lodge had accomplished much in the past it has great possibilities for the future. With its present strength it should and no doubt will work a wonderful change in its branch of railroad life. Whether in the cab, on the foot-board of his engine, facing the death that lurks in every steel rail, that is ready to spring from every curve and cut, or whether in the halls of pleasure, the Creston locomotive fireman should command that respect that every true son of toll demands from an exacting public. To-day the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen includes the United States and Canada and it is said within the next six months Mexico will be drawn within the charmed circle. The bond of Brotherhood knows no limits, and may the Creston Lodge grow until its blessings are realized in the hearts and homes of every fireman."

LARAMIE, WYOMING.

The Laramie Boomerang gives a good report of the fifth annual ball of No. 86, as will be seen by the following:

"The fifth annual ball of Black Hills Lodge No. 86, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, occurred at Holliday's Opera House last night. There was no attempt at decorating this elegant theater—it needs none. At each wing on the stage was simply a locomotive headlight, with ornamented front. One of these bore the words, 'Organized October 27, 1878,' the other, 'B. of L. F., No. 86, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,' all wrought upon the glass in brilliant capitals. The grand march began shortly after 9, Mr. Simon Jones acting as prompter, and the Laramie orchestra, assisted by Professor F. W. Herbert, furnished the music, which, of course, was of the highest order. At 11:30 o'clock the guests repaired to the Thornburgh, where Manager Towne, aided by General Marsh, Mr. Towne, Mrs. Marsh, and a corps of handsome assistants, had prepared an elegant banquet, and were present to serve the merry company with the choice refreshments. Eleven tables were set in the spacious dining parlor of this elegant hotel, laid with 100 covers. The menu, while not elaborate or extravagant, was varied and first-class, comprising the choicest edibles—from cold meats to tropical fruits, ices and confections—served in the most tasteful and elegant manner. Mr. Towne had but short notice given him; but the character of the banquet needed no such an apology, as it was superbly choice in every respect, as are all feasts served at the Thornburgh on such occasions. After supper the guests returned to the Opera House, and chased the glowing hours until the streaking of the dawn, when they retired, having enjoyed a night of pleasurable indulgence in the graceful art.

The Committee of Arrangements deserve praise, as do all the others, for the manner in which the affair was conducted. Every attention was paid to details as well as to the pleasure of the guests, and the gallant engine feeders may well feel proud of this their fifth annual ball. There were about seventy couples present, although a much larger number of tickets were sold."

JACKSON, TENN.

The members of Friendly Hand Lodge, No. 201, understand how to manage a ball as will be seen by the following: "The Firemen's ball at Tomlin's Hall, Tuesday night, was well attended by the beauty and the chivalry of Jackson. It was, indeed, a place

'Where youth and love and beauty meet
To chase the hours with flying feet.'
The young men looked the very embodiment of gallantry—and the young ladies beautiful and graceful as Houris in the Moslem's dream of paradise, moved like fays and fairies through the 'giddy mazes of the dance.' It was an occasion of pleasure unmarred by a single bitter feeling or contretemps of any kind. Among those present were a young couple, just married that evening—Mr. William Chilton and Miss Eleanor Burke. May the pathway of this now happy pair through life be ever strewn with roses of hope and blossoms of joy. And may the worthy and gallant Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen have and enjoy many re-unions as full of pleasure as the one just past."

PARSON, KAN.

As will be seen by the following report, the first annual ball of Great Western Lodge, No. 24, was a grand success: "The first annual ball of Great Western Lodge, No. 24, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, at the opera house last week, was one that proved highly successful in every particular. At an early hour the galleries began to fill and when the ball was fairly begun a large number of spectators looked down upon the brilliant scene with decided interest and pleasure. The music was furnished by Keyes' orchestra. There was a fine attendance and dancing was kept up until a late hour. A more orderly, decorous and well conducted ball has never been known in the social history of the city. At 11 o'clock a splendid banquet was discussed at the Abbott House."

RESOLUTIONS.

PARSONS, KAN.

At a regular meeting of Great Western Lodge No. 24, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Almighty Father to remove from this world our worthy brother, Wm. Fitzpatrick, who died of small pox at Tohico, Mexico; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Fitzpatrick the Brotherhood has lost a faithful member.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved mother and relatives, and while we deplore their loss, we pray that God, in His infinite mercy, will sustain them in their sad affliction.

Resolved, That, as a token of respect and esteem for our deceased brother, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions, with the seal of the Lodge attached, be sent to the mother, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JNO. B. TURNER,
J. E. POWELL,
F. B. RUSSELL, } Committee.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

At a regular meeting of Eureka Lodge No. 14, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, At the entertainment and union meeting given under the auspices of this Lodge, the following named persons: Gov. A. G. Porter, Miss A. L. Abromet, Miss Katie Wenger, Miss E. Murdock, Messrs. Andrew Smith, T. W. Brown, A. Heckler, P. J. Keller, Col. J. B. Maynard, G. M. F. W. Arnold, Bro. J. F. O'Reilly and P. G. M. F. B. Alley, so kindly volunteered their services to make it a success, therefore be it

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be and are hereby tendered to the above named persons and we shall always hold in remembrance the favor they have bestowed upon us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to each of the above named persons and published in Firemen's Magazine.

WM. LINDEMAN,
V. BRANSON,
C. A. HAMILTON, } Committee.

CORNING, N. Y.

At a meeting of Fellowship Lodge, No. 121, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our beloved brother, W. Willard, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Willard, our Lodge has lost one of its best members, his parents, a fond and devoted son, and the community are honorable and upright citizen, and although we deplore his loss, we humbly bow in submission to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender to his family our most heartfelt sympathy, in their bereavement, assuring them that we share their loss and sorrow.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased brother, also that they be printed in Firemen's Magazine.

GEO. R. QUICK,
J. N. ROBINSON,
JABE ORCUTT, } Committee.

FREEPORT, ILL.

At a special meeting of Union Lodge, No. 138, held May 4, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from us our esteemed brother, William Fiscus, who was killed by being struck by a bridge on the C. M. & St. P. R. R., April 28th, 1884, and,

WHEREAS, The intimate relations of our deceased brother with the members of this Lodge render it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his many virtues, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been called from labor to rest.

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Fiscus, Union Lodge, No. 138, has lost a true and cherished member who was ever ready to assist the needy and distressed of the fraternity, prompt to advance the interests of the Order, an honest and upright man.

Resolved, That guided by the power of love we extend to his bereaved wife, fatherless children and relatives our earnest and sincere sympathies in this their sad hour of sorrow and distress, and feeling how far short all human sympathy goes towards filling the void made in their hearts, we would earnestly commend them to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded heart and gives strength to bear the sad bereavement.

Resolved, As a token of respect for our departed brother, that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, that a

page of our record be dedicated to the memory of our deceased brother, that a copy of these resolutions be presented to his family and published in the Freeport papers and our Magazine.

W. G. POWELL,
LOUIS RAME,
WM. A. BURBAKER, } *Committee.*

RIVER DU LOUP, QUEBEC.

At a regular meeting of Colonial Lodge, No. 119, held May 9th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved brother, A. Robinson, thereby showing to us the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, be it therefore

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his widowed mother, also to his brothers and sisters in this their great affliction.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to A. R. McDonald, Esq., District Superintendent, also to A. Ouellet, Esq., Locomotive Foreman, also to F. Crockett, Esq., Chief Train Dispatcher, for their kindness in furnishing a special car for the use of the delegation of the brothers in charge of the remains of our late brother, from River du Loup to Campbellton.

Resolved, That we, the members of Colonial Lodge, extend our thanks to Misses Maggie Maxwell and Minnie White for their kindness in making the beautiful wreath for the casket, also to Mrs. A. Shickle for the unremitting care she bestowed upon our late brother during his illness, also for her kindness in accompanying, at great personal inconvenience to herself, Brother Robinson's sister to her home at Maple Green, and for services rendered at the time of the funeral.

Resolved, That we extend to our brothers of Sugar Loaf Lodge, No. 14, our thanks for the unremitting attention displayed by them, also for valuable assistance received from them at the funeral, and that we shall always hold them in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of sixty days as a token of our esteem for our deceased brother, and that these resolutions be published in the Magazine and a copy sent to his mother, brother and sisters.

W. CARMICHAEL,
W. L. DUNCAN,
W. J. GORMAN,
F. GOSSELIN, } *Committee.*

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

At a regular meeting of Challenge Lodge No. 66, the members were greatly surprised on entering the Lodge room by its changed appearance, and well they might, for the wives, sisters and sweethearts had put up a magnificent set of new curtains and poles, an elegant writing-desk and several other adornments in the Lodge room, to the value of eighty dollars. During the course of the meeting we were waited upon by the following committee of ladies, viz.: Mrs. V. Wendley, Mrs. H. Lavole, Miss L. Link, and Miss C. Merrin, to present us with the new furniture, and the following address:

"Some of you are no doubt surprised at this intrusion of your secret domain. Permit me on behalf of the wives and sisters of this Brotherhood to present you with this token of esteem. In so doing allow me to speak of the warm sympathy we have for you as an Order, and how it cheers our hearts to hear of the many acts of kindness done to those that are in need. We believe you to be as intelligent, true and noble men as are found in any of the walks of life. Will you accept this presentation, not for its value, but for the good will with which it is given, and hope that you may all live to enjoy it, and when the last trumpet shall sound we may all be

ready to join the great Order above." Which was responded to by Bro. S. Daly, Master, in a few remarks, saying: "Wives and sisters of the members of this Lodge—in behalf of the members I accept this beautiful gift, knowing that it comes from the hearts as well as the hands. It is a most appropriate gift, and in days to come may deeds and records contained be such as to merit your kind approval, and now, this being the first time you ever visited our Lodge room, in the name of No. 66, I bid you all a cordial welcome, and as the ice is broken, we shall expect to see you often; and remember, whenever you drop in on us you will be warmly received. And now, in behalf of the Lodge, I extend to you all our sincere and heartfelt thanks for this magnificent present."

After a few short speeches from the members, a pleasant conversation took place, and when the Lodge resumed business the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The lady friends of our worthy brothers have presented to this Lodge these elegant presents; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender to those ladies our sincere and heartfelt thanks for the interest manifested by them in our behalf in making us this beautiful presentation which now adorns our Lodge room, and we will ever hold in kind remembrance the fair donors, and hope and trust that their lives may be long and of the utmost happiness.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to each of the ladies, with seal of the Lodge, and printed in the Magazine.

F. FLAGLER,
F. ROONEY,
E. MORRIS, } *Committee.*

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

TO MASTERS.

The semi-annual and quarterly pass-words, taking effect July 1st, have been forwarded.

TO SECRETARIES.

General Circular No. 4, very important, has been sent to you.

Quarterly Reports of the Grand Lodge for the quarter ending May 31st have been forwarded.

TO FINANCIERS.

There will be no assessment for July. Collections on delinquencies will be reserved until returns for the August assessments are made.

Grand Dues Notices, for the collection of Grand Dues for the year ending July 31st, 1885, have been forwarded to your address. Members have until August 1st to make payment, and Financiers to August 10th in which to make their returns to the Grand Lodge. All members whose names are on the rolls to and including July 31 are assessable.

TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

General Circular No. 5 has been issued for your benefit, and if you failed to receive a copy, you will notify the Editor of the Magazine.

EUGENE V. DEES,
G. S. and T.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THOS. TENNANT.

Thomas Tennant, of No. 183, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

FRANK KERNS.

Frank Kerns, of No. 149, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

JOHN TAMPLIN.

John Tamplin, of Franklin Lodge No. 9, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

HARRY DOWLING.

Harry Dowling is requested to correspond with the Financier of Northern Light Lodge No. 127.

JOHN MCGRAW.

John McGraw is requested to correspond with the Financier of Mt. Whitney Lodge No. 139.

MEMBERS OF No. 21.

G. Supernoxki, James Buck, Arnot White, Jas. Lynch and W. F. Lynch, of No. 21, are requested to correspond with their Lodge.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
3	Joseph Mason.*	61	A. H. Gage.*
5	T. R. Baldwin.*	61	J. H. Magner.*
5	S. Ettenheimer.*	61	D. S. McEvoy.*
5	M. McGregor.*	61	August Nordsen.*
5	A. McPherson.*	61	Thomas Quinlan.*
5	D. McCallum.*	61	P. K. Sullivan.*
5	J. McAdams.†	61	C. Sinks.*
6	A. Campbell.*	66	John Gorman.*
15	W. Crivier.*	76	Robert Ross.*
18	J. A. Moore.‡	76	J. K. Elliott.*
19	R. W. Richmond. †	78	John Bouker.††
31	John Noonan.*	78	George Rodecker.*
31	E. T. Cobb.*	82	John Kneedlar.*
43	C. Murray.*	82	B. F. Morse.*
43	S. A. Rhoads.*	85	George Tibbetts.*
43	M. Birney.*	85	Thos. Heenan.*
43	S. Grollman.†	103	C. W. Hodge.†
45	J. A. Phillips.*	109	Burton Springer.*
45	W. A. Kolley.*	109	Wm. Halton.*
45	E. B. Chase.*	111	Ben. Newkerk.†*
48	Hugh W. Nevins.††	118	Herbert Healy.*
48	Wm. Clark.*	118	John Hughes.*
49	John Gillison.*	118	G. W. Smith.*
49	Louis Desmond.*	119	F. Chenard.*‡
49	Moses Walls.*	123	A. A. Hurley.†
49	Frank Mefford.*	123	M. V. Travers.*
49	Collin Parks.*	125	H. I. Coffin.*
49	A. E. Lindemood.*	134	D. H. Dolloff.*
49	Wm. Pfaff.*	134	Frank Carroll.*†
54	H. Rankin.*	136	Wm. Alexander.*‡
61	George Blake.*	141	Ed. McDonald.*
61	John Lloyd.*	141	Jerry Lynch.*
61	James McCarty.*	141	Geo. Miller.†
61	Dan Bornalt.*	149	W. C. Marshall.*
61	D. E. Casey.*	152	P. G. McCarty.*
61	O. Chase.*	152	Wm. Beach.*
61	C. W. Gage.*		

* Non-payment of Dues.

† Fraud.

‡ Contempt of Lodge.

§ Unbecoming conduct.

¶ Selling Liquor.

†† Robbery.

‡‡ Drunk and Disorderly.

§§ General principles.

¶¶ Defrauding Lodge.

‡‡‡ Defrauding members.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
3	John Gallagher.	36	Chas. H. Gore.
10	S. C. Myers.	42	C. E. Thompson.
16	Swan Swanson.	47	W. C. Ackerman.
16	Jas. Harrington.	61	James Maloney.
16	Martin Krauss.	66	John Burnes.
16	Harvey Brunk.	78	J. L. Kiehlar.
22	Geo. Matthes.	85	Thos. Quinlan.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, R. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 1, 1884.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending May 31, 1884:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 41 and 42	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 41 and 42	Total.
1	66	\$3 00	..	\$3 00
2	67	18 00	..	18 00
3	\$15 00	114 00	\$129 00	68
4	69
5	40 00	38 00	78 00	70
6	46 00	..	46 00	71
7	72
8	73
9	74
10	75
11	76
12	77
13	78
14	79
15	6 00	50 00	56 00	80
16	81
17	82	2 00	112 00	114 00
18	83
19	..	35 00	35 00	84
20	85
21	86
22	2 00	..	2 00	87
23	88	..	46 00	46 00
24	..	38 00	38 00	89	..	43 00	43 00
25	90
26	91	1 00	..	1 00
27	92
28	93	..	46 00	46 00
29	1 00	..	1 00	94	4 00	..	4 00
30	95	2 00	..	2 00
31	96
32	97
33	98
34	9 00	36 00	45 00	99
35	100	1 00	28 00	29 00
36	101	..	92 00	92 00
37	..	52 00	52 00	102	..	36 00	36 00
38	103	9 00	48 00	57 00
39	1 00	65 00	66 00	104
40	105
41	5 00	..	5 00	106
42	5 00	..	5 00	107
43	1 00	64 00	65 00	108	17 00	28 00	45 00
44	109
45	110
46	111
47	3 00	117 00	120 00	112
48	113
49	114
50	115
51	116	10 00	33 00	43 00
52	117	..	43 00	43 00
53	118	9 00	..	9 00
54	119	..	23 00	22 00
55	..	37 00	37 00	120
56	121
57	122	3 00	40 00	43 00
58	123
59	..	91 00	91 00	124
60	125
61	126	1 00	28 00	29 00
62	1 00	39 00	40 00	127
63	128	2 00	21 00	23 00
64	3 00	41 00	44 00	129
65	5 00	53 00	58 00	130

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 41 and 42	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Assess'ts	Assess'ts 41 and 42	Total.
131				169			
132				170			
133	\$7 00		\$7 00	171			
134	6 00		6 00	172			
135		\$49 00	49 00	173			
136	8 00	21 00	24 00	174			
137				175			
138				176		\$12 00	\$12 00
139				177			
140		46 00	46 00	178			
141		39 00	39 00	179			
142				180	\$3 00		3 00
143				181		19 00	19 00
144				182		21 00	21 00
145	1 00	15 00	16 00	183			
146				184			
147				185			
148	10 60		10 60	186			
149				187			
150		33 00	33 00	188		30 00	30 00
151				189			
152				190	2 00		2 00
153		26 00	26 00	191		13 00	13 00
154				192	2 00	6 00	8 00
155		18 00	18 00	193			
156				194		9 00	9 00
157				195			
158				196			
159	5 00	23 00	28 00	197			
160				198			
161				199			
162	1 00	72 00	73 00	200			
163	6 00		6 00	201			
164				202			
165				203			
166				204			
167	1 00	23 00	24 00	205		5 00	5 00
168							

Balance on hand June 1 \$6,613 50
 Received during month 2,431 00
 Total \$9,044 50
 By claims Nos. 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114,
 and 115 7,000 00
 Balance on hand May 1 \$2,044 50
 Respectfully submitted,
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

F. W. Arnold Grand Master
 Terre Haute, Ind.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
 Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
 Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
 Terre Haute, Ind.

TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. J. Hannahan, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
C. J. McGee, Secretary Danville, Ill.
W. E. Burns Chicago, Ill.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

Geo. Utter, Drawer 558 St. Thomas, Ont.
Wm. Weller Port Morris, N. J.
H. H. Burrus Knobel, Ark.
T. H. Vradenbough, 125 Main St.,
 B. H. District Boston, Mass.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 S. Pueblo, Col.
C. H. Maul, 830 N. 40th St. Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Aurora, Ill.
Zeb Moore, 528 S. 5th St. Keokuk, Iowa
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Omaha, Neb.
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Toledo, Ohio
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Evansville, Ind.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Elkhart, Ind.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- DEER PARK**; Port Jervis, N. Y.
 Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 1808 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 1297 Financier
J. L. Van Orden, 72 Court House Place,
 Jersey City Heights, N. J. Mag. Agent
- HAND IN HAND**; Providence, R. I.
 Meets 2d Monday.
H. S. Lawton Master
A. P. Green, 105 John St. Secretary
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. Financier
Harris Atwood Mag. Agent
- ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. E. Opp, 508 Grove St. Master
G. Auchter, 202 Newark Ave. Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. Financier
H. M. Freeland, 203 Pavonia
 Ave. Mag. Agent
- GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. Mag. Agent
- CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
 Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 553 Master
G. Johnson, Drawer 553 Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 553 Financier
O. Dennee Mag. Agent
- PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
 Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
A. Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
J. Tully Mag. Agent
- POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
J. S. Black, 497 C St., S. W. Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St., S. W. Financier
F. A. Childs Mag. Agent
- RED RIVER**; Denison City, Texas.
 Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Matthews, Box 378 Master
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
C. C. Cook Mag. Agent
- FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
 Meets alternate Mondays and Tuesdays
 at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Coit, Commercial Hotel Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
F. J. Kistler, 214 S. High St. Financier
J. J. Lauer, Piqua Shops Mag. Agent
- FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
 Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
T. P. Smith, 29 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 50 Brayton St. Financier
E. M. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. Tindall Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106 Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 98 Financier
C. J. Rogers Mag. Agent

- 12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 305 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Mag. Agent
- 13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Hull, 163 Pacific Ave. Master
R. Mulford, 212 Pacific Ave. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 185 Pacific Ave. Financier
W. Rhodes, 154 Whiton St. Mag. Agent
- 14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. A. Tweedle, 19 N. Meridian St. Master
W. T. Screeb, Box 66, Brightwood Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St. Mag. Agent
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. Master
G. A. Kell, 33 Charron St. Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Seigneur St. Financier
J. A. Gratrix, 25 Favard St. Ft. St. Charles Mag. Agent
- 16. VIGO; Torre Hanta, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debe Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
J. Smith, 106 N. 11th St. Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. A. Gallaway Master
J. H. Cook Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
H. M. Hogan Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Master
H. B. Sims Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. F. McBean, Box 8 Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 Financier
H. M. Johnson Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 317 Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Secretary
W. Williams, Box 182 Financier
G. Morse, Box 400 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kimmswick, Mo. Master
J. V. Blocker, 988 Russell Ave. Secretary
L. Ladenburger, 838 Russell Ave. Financier
W. M. Cushing Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. E. Bennett Master
G. C. Pittenger Secretary
R. C. Burns, Box 870 Financier
F. W. Walker Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 8 P. M.
Glen Ewing Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Secretary
H. E. Peters Financier
J. E. Powell Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran Master
L. Selling Secretary
R. S. Pike, L. Box 744 Financier
E. Ferry, Box 209 Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Keeler Master
N. G. Wallace Secretary
C. H. Williams, jr., Box 854 Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 15 12th St. Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
W. T. McGouglal Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Andrew Struthers Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
C. W. Baskins, Box 824 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
P. A. Loveland Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Bruce Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
C. A. Clough, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Johnson, 718 N. St. Master
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
E. S. Clark, 1824 Commercial St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
E. G. Pearson Master
J. W. Hardesty Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 308 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Key Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshler Financier
T. Briggs Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Master
F. Kinch Secretary
H. W. Stephens, Box 1297 Financier
G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
A. Schermerhorn, Box 128 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
W. Gascolgne Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Ernst, 150 Salem St. Master
J. D. Wright, 145 S. 4th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
G. H. Thomas, 128 S. 4th St. Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. McCormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Drummond, Box 247 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey Financier
C. Barker, Box 818 Mag. Agent

- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, Room 6, Davis Block,
Davenport, Iowa Master
T. K. Holmes, Box 1223 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 118 Financier
C. H. Church Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ West Washing-
ton St. Master
C. Young, 911 West Mulberry St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
W. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2
P. M.
A. Morgan, 10½ W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, 911 W. Johnson
St. Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 607 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
H. P. Mann, 1816 S. 10th St. Financier
N. Caruthers, 2130 S. 6th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 240 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 118 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. B. Crowe Master
W. O. Shelley, 1009 North St. Secretary
W. O. Shelley, 1009 North St. Financier
S. Knight, 206 Cross St. Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Cunningham, Western Hotel. Master
E. McCormack, 1402 E. Wash-
ington St. Secretary
R. M. Goodwin, 208 S. 6th St. Financier
J. Dorsey, Care Wabash Shops. Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 4th
Monday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 283 Maxwell Ave. Master
W. E. Burns, 2130 Butterfield St. Secretary
W. E. Burns, 2130 Butterfield St. Financier
W. E. Burns, 153 22d St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, 423 Race St. Master
G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
G. Gates, 423 Race St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
F. S. Connon Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
W. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3831 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4744 Indiana Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dear-
born St. Financier
J. E. Davis, 163 E. Harrison St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
M. G. Hall, Box 98 Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
J. A. Dryden, Box 69 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Du Fhone, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Lains, L. Box 626 Financier
A. Swadner, Box 658 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
R. H. Brant Secretary
C. M. Leavitt, Box 1172 Financier
G. W. Curry Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Noberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 687 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 687 Secretary
G. A. Burnham, L. Box 23 Financier
N. G. Chamblin Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave. Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
T. Curry, 178 Spring St. Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 Master
O. F. Parker Secretary
E. G. Stewart, L. Box 417 Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
E. E. Roundy, 26 Chapman St.,
Bunker Hill District Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 25 Lincoln St.,
Bunker Hill District, Boston,
Mass. Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. W. Myers Master
G. B. Stratton Secretary
B. H. Estabrook Financier
J. P. Clark Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 Master
R. J. Howard, Box 721 Pueblo, Col. Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 276 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col. Financier
W. Henthorn, Canon City, Col. Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
F. W. Dyer, 503 Westminster St. Master
F. Maher, 193 Penn Ave. Secretary
J. M. Sheldre, 505 Robert St. Financier
B. Bradley, 663 E. 3d St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh Master
S. J. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
Homer Davis, Box 772 Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent

- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Financier
A. Goodrich Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
J. Anseline Master
Wm. Bauman Secretary
F. G. Lindell, Box 332 Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
J. Casey, G. T. Ry Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. Master
T. Cunerty, 33 Hackney St. Secretary
J. Pratt, 78 Huron St. Financier
J. Fawcett, 27 Soho St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona, Wis. Master
A. M. Klingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgall, Altoona, Wis. Financier
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer Master
N. J. Scott Secretary
F. W. Barr, Box 294 Financier
F. G. Lawrence Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
J. Allen, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
D. V. Rorick Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 656 Financier
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Brayerton, 438 Mickle St. Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
J. Brayerton, 438 Mickle St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
S. Loynd, 73 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1480 Wyoming St. Financier
E. A. Shipley, Cor. 9th and Mulberry Sts. Mag. Agent
G. N. Herron, Box 18, Armstrong, Kansas Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 3837 Haverford St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1009 S. 19th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 532 N. 35th St. Financier
W. H. Guthrie Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251 Master
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Secretary
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
M. S. O'Rourke, 300 S. 11th St. Master
G. M. Wilson, 849 7th St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham Master
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Boodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
W. E. Donnelly, Box 186 Master
D. M. Young Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
F. Cuykendall Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
G. Goding, Box 252 Mag. Agent
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Secretary
W. J. Bain, Box 482 Financier
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 8 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 3d St. S. Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
W. E. Richmond, 820 13th St. N. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
J. T. Gaynon, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
R. L. Craig Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
J. Oxtaby, Box 2192, Battle Creek, Mich. Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1064 Financier
W. McNeill Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1796 Master
C. Jennings, L. Box 870 Secretary
J. F. Kellum, Box 1796 Financier
J. Kellum Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. H. Haskins, Box 302 Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
T. Lynch Financier
H. W. Smith Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart, Box 69 Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
T. F. Croake, Box 88 Financier
M. A. Noble Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson Master
J. M. Sights Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
N. Gorman Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
G. Battelger Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
G. Battelger Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Financier
C. K. Stewart, Box 317, San Diego Mag. Agent

91. **GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Master
T. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Secretary
C. N. Wyckoff, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Financier
A. Detrich, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Mag. Agent
92. **FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Spath, 39 Tollman St. . . . Master
T. Lee, 109 W Albany St. . . . Secretary
S. C. Foreyth, 166 West Utica St. . . . Financier
J. Hartigan . . . Mag. Agent
93. **GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Swartz . . . Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. . . . Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. . . . Financier
R. Gurley . . . Mag. Agent
94. **CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 . . . Master
H. Gray, Box 218 . . . Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 . . . Financier
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 . . . Mag. Agent
95. **CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
F. W. Clough, 303 Blue Island Ave. . . Master
J. Warn, 659 W. Monroe St. . . . Secretary
L. P. Smith, 292 Fulton St. . . . Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. . . . Mag. Agent
96. **ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leiblag, Box 695 . . . Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 695 . . . Secretary
S. J. Clark, Box 695 . . . Financier
W. M. King, Box 695 . . . Mag. Agent
97. **ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 . . . Master
F. Horner, Box 72 . . . Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 . . . Financier
W. J. Grant . . . Mag. Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck . . . Master
G. S. Cole . . . Secretary
R. W. Shields . . . Financier
W. J. Toy . . . Mag. Agent
99. **ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
C. W. Beach, 30 Foehner St. . . . Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. . . . Secretary
C. W. Beach, 30 Foehner St. . . . Financier
G. Bowden, 6 Fairmount St. . . . Mag. Agent
100. **ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins . . . Master
J. H. Fenwick . . . Secretary
J. H. Fenwick . . . Financier
W. H. Hummell . . . Mag. Agent
101. **ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket . . . Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 . . . Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 . . . Financier
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 . . . Mag. Agent
102. **CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson . . . Master
D. E. Hayes . . . Secretary
F. S. Payne, 629 E. Maple St. . . . Financier
C. M. Krull, 611 E. Locust St. . . . Mag. Agent
103. **FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 8th and Lexington Sts. . . Master
R. C. Stader . . . Secretary
T. McGuire, 835 Dumesnell St. . . . Financier
J. P. Farrer, 827 Churchill St. . . . Mag. Agent
104. **"OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
W. M. Reardon . . . Master
J. D. Smith . . . Secretary
O. M. Crane, Box 76 . . . Financier
Phil. Smith . . . Mag. Agent
105. **PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 235 Berrin St. . . . Master
C. McCutchin . . . Secretary
J. C. Herron, 624 Mulberry St. . . . Financier
J. T. Quinlivan . . . Mag. Agent
106. **KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. . . . Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. . . . Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. . . . Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. . . . Mag. Agent
107. **ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness . . . Master
H. G. Bechhold . . . Secretary
C. H. Ness . . . Financier
M. Glynn . . . Mag. Agent
108. **PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
J. C. McCabe . . . Master
Wm. Davis . . . Secretary
M. Heatherman, Box 28 . . . Financier
J. W. Shea . . . Mag. Agent
109. **PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 4th St. . . . Master
O. Dearing . . . Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 536 Argyle Ave. . . . Financier
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. . . . Mag. Agent
110. **OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig . . . Master
J. E. Brown . . . Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 . . . Financier
J. E. Brown . . . Mag. Agent
111. **BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell . . . Master
J. Toal, Box 111 . . . Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 . . . Financier
J. Dolan . . . Mag. Agent
112. **EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. Joyce . . . Master
C. Sursa . . . Secretary
J. C. Branham . . . Financier
W. C. Vawter . . . Mag. Agent
113. **CLARK KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
N. C. Grant . . . Master
S. L. Bristol . . . Secretary
G. L. Oram . . . Financier
J. Davis . . . Mag. Agent
114. **MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 . . . Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 . . . Secretary
J. Dunn, Box 625 . . . Financier
A. Heenan . . . Mag. Agent
115. **GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between 26th and 27th Sts. . . . Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. . . . Secretary
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and Mth St. . . . Financier
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and Mth St. . . . Mag. Agent
116. **ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson . . . Master
H. R. Boucher . . . Secretary
M. Gleason . . . Financier
G. H. Dawson . . . Mag. Agent

- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 565 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 815 Grey St. Financier
R. Lister, 272 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 8 P. M.
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Sta. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. Financier
W. H. Perkins, Richmond Sta. Mag. Agent
S. A. Allis Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
F. J. Gorham, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 83 Adams St. Master
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
J. M. Herman, 179 Gifford St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 143½ W. Fayette St, Room E Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Master
W. M. Brewer Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 83 Financier
O. C. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline, Box 421 Master
S. A. Mayall, Box 242 Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 Financier
H. W. Henson Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. G. Andrews Master
W. E. Johnson, 2015 Burt St. Secretary
T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
E. G. Fox Master
Wm. Ralt, Box 356 Secretary
E. L. Gregg Financier
E. G. Fox Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
G. S. Tubbs Master
F. W. Snyder, Box 1686 Secretary
M. Kelliher Financier
J. T. Dutcher Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Astoria, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
J. C. Clark Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gilleece Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Thornton, Tecumseh House Master
T. S. Gill, C. P. Round House Secretary
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Financier
H. Lynes, 83 Common St. Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 55 Master
W. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Financier
C. E. Davis, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Hooper, Box 494 Master
P. G. Crippen Secretary
G. R. Tedford, Box 110 Financier
J. H. Coterill, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
L. Byrnes, 527 Greenbush St. Financier
J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhall Master
E. C. Clifford Secretary
G. M. Ratcliffe, Box 450, Stevens Point, Wis. Financier
G. Shilling Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Box 10 Master
F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29 Secretary
W. T. Trusty, Box 37 Financier
J. McDonald Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. H. White Master
V. C. London Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
V. C. London Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
H. F. Cowan Master
H. E. Wade Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. S. Wheeler, Box 194 Master
D. B. Morrissey Secretary
M. P. Williams Financier
J. S. Wheeler Mag. Agent
J. Boyers Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. N. Johnston, Box 273 Master
G. Campbell Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
T. G. Dayman Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
P. J. Cook Master
A. Weygandt Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
F. Cooper Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Stow, Box 1267 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1944 Secretary
G. W. Mills, Box 766 Financier
J. Guhin Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
E. Goble Secretary
E. F. Wright Financier
N. B. Whyers Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Griffith, Box 134 Master
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Secretary
W. D. Yates, Box 599 Financier
A. F. Duey, Box 23 Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
W. G. Lyons, 286 Calhoun St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. B. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M. and every 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, 59 Wilts St. Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Financier
F. Bittman, 107 Erie St. Mag. Agent

- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1700 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, cor. Wood and Div-
vision sts Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1700 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin, Box 459 Secretary
J. Norton, Box 448 Financier
J. Norton, Box 448 Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 186 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
W. Creighton, (178) Cor. McKinnie
and Travis Sts. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
R. J. McCool, Box 32 Secretary
C. P. Jones Financier
L. E. Mayo Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sun-
day at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 249 E. 128th St. Master
W. J. McColl, 328 Ninth Ave Secretary
Mogull Call, 70 W. 92d St. Financier
J. H. White, 280 E. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
A. Ellstrom Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 98 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St. Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St. Financier
H. Hall, 98 Murray St. E. Mag. Agent
J. Reid, 143 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 80 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 80 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
T. M. Perry Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 810 Financier
C. Willauer Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEN; Ottawa, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
Arthur Hill, Box 468 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Secretary
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Janders, Box 268 Master
R. P. Wardlaw Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 266 Financier
W. J. Dunnavant Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 143 Master
John Malin Secretary
C. H. Walr Financier
A. L. Sterley Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Tehan Master
B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
J. Hamlin, 521 Fort St. Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Hampton Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. Secretary
Nashville, Tenn. Financier
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nash-
ville, Tenn. Mag. Agent
G. R. Ruffin
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 616 Locust St. Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
J. W. Galvan, 513 S. Main St. Master
W. H. Wilder, Cor. Linn and S.
8th Sts Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison
St. Financier
F. L. Burtch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
W. A. Stephenson Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
J. D. Bristol Mag. Agent
- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 15 Master
E. K. Park, Box 15 Secretary
J. N. Jennings, Box 15 Financier
E. K. Park, Box 15 Mag. Agent
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
G. E. Crider Master
E. A. Laughrau Secretary
J. B. Gessage Financier
T. Fralick Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Iry Financier
G. Edwards Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
P. Foster Master
G. H. Marston Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
G. H. Marston Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. Tucker, Box 134 Master
L. E. Ferguson, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Mag. Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2 P. M.
F. Stirnemann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent

160. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday evening.
H. Loushay, Box 1179 Master
J. S. Lanning, Box 1068 Secretary
W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
D. Lawler Mag. Agent
170. PRAIRIE; Haron, Dakota.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. H. Sutphen Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
A. S. Craik Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 224 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Financier
P. O. Toole, 60 Russell St., Halifax, Nova Scotia Mag. Agent
172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa Financier
J. Smith, 672 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.
Meets every Sunday evening.
P. A. Neely Master
A. L. Parker Secretary
T. H. Farnsworth Financier
W. J. Welsh Mag. Agent
174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. Kirohner, 518 Calder St. Master
H. S. Gingrich, 1412 Wallace St., Secretary
L. A. McNeal, 1206 6th St. Financier
L. Fridy, 430 Boas St. Mag. Agent
175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
J. S. Buckingham, Box C Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
F. M. Howard, Box C Financier
J. Adkins, Box 790 Mag. Agent
176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff, Box 374 Master
C. H. Porter Secretary
J. Hart Financier
A. F. Ely Mag. Agent
177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
W. Eldener Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 120 Secretary
C. H. DeWolf Financier
W. H. Green Mag. Agent
178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford, Box 1061 Master
W. J. Horne, Box 1081 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, Box 1081 Financier
D. Love, Box 1081 Mag. Agent
179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 166 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 166 Mag. Agent
180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaeckel Mag. Agent
181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Hobson Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sangeen P. O. Mag. Agent
182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
E. A. Brown, 448 E. 18th St. Master
G. W. Miller, 229 W. 22d St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 88 W. 17th St. Financier
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French Sts. Mag. Agent
183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
R. G. Shepard, Box 314 Mag. Agent
184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Thompson Master
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers Financier
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Mag. Agent
185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. R. Reeves Master
C. W. Bull Secretary
J. R. Conklin Financier
J. McGraw Mag. Agent
186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Kerins, 416 81st St. Master
P. H. Lynch, 4026 Butterfield St. Secretary
P. Hartney, 2806 Dearborn St. Financier
M. Jordan, 3149 Hanover St. Mag. Agent
187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Darigan Master
J. B. Stillwell Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
H. Lyons Mag. Agent
188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M. and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
J. Devine, 880 Hubbard St. Secretary
C. S. Benjamin, 38 Artesian Ave. Financier
C. F. Billmeyer, 161 Artesian Ave. Mag. Agent
189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
R. C. Belknap, Box 186, Green Bay, Wis. Master
G. Hanrahan Secretary
R. Parks Financier
G. W. Watson, Box 166, Green Bay, Wis. Mag. Agent
190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Crandell, Box 84 Master
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier
W. McAvinney Mag. Agent
191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Fields, Box 16 Master
F. Foote, Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, Box 16 Financier
C. Fitzpatrick, Box 16 Mag. Agent
192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
E. Huggins, Jr. Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
J. B. Reed Mag. Agent
193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Remington Master
H. W. Hall Secretary
C. H. Barnell Financier
C. H. Remington Mag. Agent
194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.
Meets every Thursday at 1 P. M.
M. T. Tisher Master
J. M. Lucy Secretary
P. J. Freeman Financier
M. T. Tisher Mag. Agent

- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Buckley Master
W. J. Glennan Secretary
A. J. Will Financier
J. F. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Col.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
E. Noble, care D. & R. G. Shops . . . Master
C. F. Donovan, 227 E. 12th St. . . . Secretary
J. Stamm, care D. & R. G. Shops, Financier
W. J. Armitage, Cadillac House, Mag. Agent
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
J. F. Sweeney, Box 12, Savanna, Ill. Master
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 987 Center St.,
Racine, Wis. Financier
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
T. H. Sheppard, Box 184 Secretary
L. R. Sherman Financier
F. P. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
J. F. Crowe, 113 W. Boardman St. Secretary
D. Heinselman Financier
C. Batelle Mag. Agent
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 P. M.
C. C. Griffin Master
Wm. Campbell Secretary
Edward Lake, Box 223 Financier
Witt Campbell Mag. Agent
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
S. J. Stearns Master
B. H. Lashley Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
J. D. Bledsoe Mag. Agent
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
W. C. Danenburt Master
Geo. W. McClure Secretary
C. M. Gorman Financier
J. G. Burklime Mag. Agent
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
Geo. J. Hurley Master
L. E. Parker, Box 105 Secretary
F. L. Elston, Box 822 Financier
J. H. Reneman, Box 351 Mag. Agent
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Albuquerque, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
A. W. Clark Master
A. L. Parker, Box 115 Secretary
F. M. Armstrong, Box 240 Financier
C. E. Cramer Mag. Agent
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. . . . Secretary
N. A. Seelinger, 146 Jefferson St., Financier
W. D. Whitney Mag. Agent
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
T. J. Farrell Master
O. E. Work Secretary
E. F. Bynane Financier
J. Cherry Mag. Agent
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019 . . . Master
Wm. F. Phillips, Box 974 Secretary
A. L. Carskadden, Box 185 Financier
A. Heckmann, Box 80 Mag. Agent
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. J. Lannan Master
J. P. McDonald Secretary
J. Elston Financier
E. Pettis Mag. Agent
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. McGourty Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. B. Combs Financier
A. Hartibus Mag. Agent
- 210. IS-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
T. Carroll Master
W. Goggins Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
J. Zelser Mag. Agent
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Bennett Master
H. L. Breisch Secretary
C. Long Financier
H. L. Breisch Mag. Agent
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy Master
T. H. Lynch Secretary
E. Mahan Financier
J. Bahler, Box 366, Rome N. Y. Mag. Agent
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. McNally Master
W. F. Wright Secretary
D. J. Slak Financier
C. S. McNally Mag. Agent
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave. Master
F. B. Hall, 119 E. Townsend St. . . . Secretary
L. V. Tipton, 87 Oak Ave Financier
C. S. Bowen, 261 N. Carolina St. Mag. Agent
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Green-
bush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brooksby, 59 Washington
St., Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway,
Greenbush, N. Y. Mag. Agent
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, Box 1266 Master
H. C. Cleveland Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, Box 1127 Financier
A. L. Twombly Mag. Agent
- 217. DERRICK; Oil City Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 10 A. M.
Geo. A. Sutherland, Box 142 Master
John Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
Frank Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
R. B. Patterson Mag. Agent
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburg, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Ed. McHugh, P. & L. E. Shops . . . Master
Wm. Welsh, P. & L. E. Shops Secretary
A. T. Richey, P. & L. E. Shops Financier
J. M. Maloney, P. & L. E. Shops
Mag. Agent
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Alleghany, Pa.**
Meets 2d 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
Richard Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. . . Master
H. B. Shaffer, 144 Bidwell St. . . . Secretary
D. W. Triem, 141 Bidwell St. Financier
Robt. Palmer, 153 Sedgwick St.,
Mag. Agent
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Jos. E. Bowen Master
F. P. Freeburn Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
Jos. E. Bowen Mag. Agent
- 221. HUBON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan Master
H. J. Carruthers Secretary
S. Allward Financier
A. G. Muirhead Mag. Agent

AUGUST, 1884

VOL. 8.

NO. 8.

PROGRESS

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FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.



BAKER-CO-CHI

EUGENE V. DEBS,
EDITOR.
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

BENEVOLENCE.
SOBRIETY.
INDUSTRY.

WM. F. HYNES,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
DENVER, CO.

MOORE & LANGEN, PRINTERS, TERRE HAUTE, IND.



VOL. 8.

AUGUST, 1884.

NO. 3.

THE PASSENGER'S STORY.

The night mail upon the Cumberland Valley railroad had reached the heavy up grade a few miles beyond Kanakia station, when it became evident to the passengers that something had gone decidedly wrong. The speed of the train sensibly slackened, there came a series of tremendous jolts, accompanied by a curious and unpleasant whirling sound, followed in turn by a complete stoppage. A dozen heads were thrust inquisitively out of the car windows and as many voices insisted upon knowing all about it immediately. In these days of magnificent collisions and holocausts, the travelling public exhibits an astonishing amount of interest in railway concerns, to the great scorn and indignation of all officials connected.

"You have nothing to fear," said the conductor, who passed through the car, superb in gold buttons and official dignity. "We have struck an up grade where an oil train stopped an hour ago. The tracks are oiled, and the drivers don't take hold. We shall get the sand running in half a minute."

It was, doubtless, clear enough to those who understood such matters, but to me his explanation was mere jargon. As somebody said of Coleridge's commentary upon his poem, "Christabel," I wish he "would explain his explanation."

The gentleman who occupied the seat immediately in front of me, a fine, middle aged man, with an erect, military air, seemed to have no difficulty in making

out the state of affairs. He smiled and nodded with an exceedingly knowing look, and was preparing to settle himself comfortably in his seat again, when I tapped him upon the shoulder and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but what has happened? The conductor's explanation is Chinese to me. What does he mean by the tracks being oiled?"

The gentleman turned about so as to face me.

"It is a simple matter," he said courteously, "to those who have an idea of railroad affairs. The power of an engine depends upon the friction of the drivers on tracks—taking hold, as it is called. If there is oil upon the rails, especially upon an up grade, there is no friction, consequently the wheels simply spin around upon the tracks without moving the train."

"Ah," said I, "I comprehend."

"I could illustrate the case by an event which occurred to me upon this very spot some years ago. I have always thought it a rather remarkable incident, and perhaps you may find it so. The circumstance I refer to," he continued, "took place during the war. I was at that time an adjutant on Gen. Thomas' staff during the exciting and momentous campaign in the mountains of Tennessee. If you remember, there were many times when it was feared that our last hour had come. Our communications were repeatedly cut off and our whole command in danger of instant destruction. It was at one of those times that the event I will relate occurred."

"We were at this time intrenched upon a spur of the hills around Chattanooga, whither we had been driven by the desperate courage of the confederates. Our own men had fought bravely and well, but they were exhausted with long marches and constant action. Our stores had run low, and but one line of communication was open to us—that of the railroad into the eastern part of the State. By a brilliant flank movement, the confederates succeeded in throwing a line across this one highway, and there we were, hemmed in like a woodchuck in his burrow. Starvation or surrender stared us in the face. One or the other of these alternatives we must accept in a few days at most, unless some unexpected change took place very speedily.

"It is, perhaps, difficult for us to comprehend the feelings of a commander, hitherto successful, and with the fate, perhaps, of a nation depending upon his action, placed in such a position as our general then was. I saw his face grow hourly more pale and despairing, his step slower and more feeble, and his whole air, that of a man whose heart and spirit were breaking under the strain. But Thomas was not the man to yield until every resource had been sounded to the bottom. And there was still one resource yet left—a very desperate and almost hopeless one, it is true.

"Forty miles to the eastward of us lay Stockton's command of nearly 30,000 men, serenely unconscious of our danger and their own. Several days before Stockton had been directed to occupy a pass in the mountains on the left, and to hold it until further orders. Of course, unaware of the predicament of the main army, he would make no movement to our relief. Communications were now cut off, and it seemed a matter of impossibility to reopen them through the heavy lines of confederates, which lay across the railroad. Gen. Thomas, however, determined to try it, and I was selected for the dangerous but honorable duty of the attempt.

"We had reason to suppose that the enemy had not destroyed the railroad,

and that if we were not captured at the outset we might get an engine through to Kanakia station, where Stockton lay.

"At 10:30 o'clock, my orders were given me, and I mounted the engine, which was either to carry me to my death or save the army. It was not a powerful machine, but it was the best at our disposal, and in good order, fortunately. One of our men, who had been an engineer, undertook to manage the engine and another to fire it. Both were cool, tried men, but as we stepped into the cab together, I saw them shake hands with their comrades and bid them farewell. Evidently neither of them expected to get through alive.

"Put in a couple of extra tallow cans, John," said the engineer. "We are going to make time, and I expect the old machine will heat up finely."

"The cans were stowed away in the caboose, the engineer opened the throttle valve, and amid an impressive silence in the crowd surrounding the starting point, we moved slowly away. About two miles distant, lay the battery which the enemy had thrown up to command the road, beyond that were several more, to say nothing of several picket lines scattered along the track. So you will perceive we were to run a pretty warm gauntlet.

"We had proceeded but a very short distance when there was a flash and a report from the shrubbery skirting the road, and a bullet crashed through the window of the cab. An outpost had already discovered us, and had given us a foretaste of what we were to expect further on.

"Let her out!" I said to the engineer. "There is no use in trying to hide ourselves. Speed is our only chance now."

"Very good, sir," replied the engineer, opening the valves as he spoke. The engine bounded like a spurred horse. On we went, swaying from side to side, until it seemed as if we must jump the track. Meanwhile our enemies along the road were not idle. Bullet after bullet whistled by us, but fortunately, what with the

darkness and the rapidity of our motion, none of them reached us.

"We had now arrived in sight of his first battery. By the lights moving hurriedly along the parapet it was obvious that our approach was expected. As we passed abreast the battery it gave us its first compliment in the shape of a round shot followed by a storm of grape. Here, again, the darkness and our speed saved us. Several of the grape shot glanced off the frame of the engine without doing any damage.

"Give her some more fire, John," said the engineer, grimly. 'If they happen to knock a hole in us with one of them bits of iron, you won't do no more firing, my boy, I can tell you that.'

"Not in this world, any way," responded the fireman, with saturnine humor. 'Can't tell what I may do in the next world, William.'

"The reckless bravery of the two men in the face of such danger shamed away my own arising tremor and I folded my arms and looked toward the battery, which was evidently preparing to give us another salute. It came in the shape of a conical shot with so true an aim that it whizzed within a foot of the boiler and carried off the bell, which fell with a clang among the bushes.

"Thank you," said the engineer with a grin. 'We don't need the bell, anyhow. You can use it yourself to ring to dinner with.'

"By this time we had passed out of range of the first battery, and were under the guns of two more. The works had been instructed to command the junction of our road with another running south. There was also a station at this point, and as we whirled by I saw an engine standing upon a siding with steam up. I caught sight of a number of men running towards it, as well as others busy with a car that stood near it. What they were at I could not make out, for we passed them like a flash of lightning. At this moment, too, the batteries, which had probably received telegraphic notice of our approach, opened fire upon us, and

for a moment the air seemed alive with shrieking iron.

"More fire, John," cried the engineer; 'ram her full to the door, or it's all up with us.'

"The fireman stooped to obey, but at that moment a shell struck upon the caboose and burst within three feet of us. It was a ten-inch monster, and how any of us escaped alive I fail to see. As it was, when the dust and smoke cleared away I found the top of the cab gone, a portion of the caboose torn off and the fireman lying in a heap on the floor, with an arm broken.

"I'm knocked out, William," he groaned; 'and now who's to fire her for the rest of the trip?'

"I will," I said; 'I think I can manage it.'

"After placing the poor fellow in as comfortable a position as possible, I seized the shovel and began my new duties.

"By this time we had passed out of range of the batteries, which now and then, however, sent a sullen shot in our direction, as a parting evidence of their good will.

"We are safe!" I said, with a sigh of relief; 'that was their last line of works. The road is clear before us.'

"I hope so, sir," responded the engineer. 'How is your arm, John?'

"Very bad, William," groaned the fireman; 'but that ain't the worst of it. We ain't through with the trouble yet.'

"What do you mean?" I asked. 'The scouts say there are no troops beyond us except our own, at Kanakia station.'

"But they are following us," replied the poor fireman. 'They are after us hot and heavy.'

"I looked at the engineer under the impression that the fireman was in a delirium with his injury.

"He's right, captain," said the engineer, listening intently. 'Sure as fate they have pulled out that engine we saw at the junction, and are chasing us.'

"But there's no possibility of their overtaking us," I replied.

"I don't know about that," he said gravely. 'That engine's a heavy one,

and I have seen her make a good fifty miles with a train behind her. This one is a light machine, and I can't promise more than forty at the most. Besides, they have the advantage of us in the fact that they have a car attached, and we are running alone.'

"I should suppose that our lightness would be rather in our favor than otherwise," I responded.

"Got something to balance her," grunted the fireman sententiously.

"John is right," explained the engineer. 'You see, sir, if an engine has no weight behind her, she is apt to jump and pound the rails, and, if you put her at her full speed, to get off the track altogether. So, while that engine behind us can do her level best, we can't even let out to forty miles, without danger of a smash-up.'

"I now comprehended the extent of our peril. We had only to run the gauntlet of Scylla to be more effectually destroyed by Charybdis. To have been killed by a round shot from the fort, would have been, at least, a soldier's death. To be run down and picked off coolly like ducks on a puddle, was, to put it mildly, a decidedly undignified way of settling accounts with the world. As for surrender, I am certain that neither of my comrades thought of it as a way of escape, any more than I did. A sacred trust, involving the fate of an army, perhaps of a nation, had been placed with us. To yield it to any but the skeleton hand of death itself was a notion which never entered our heads. It was then life, and more than life that hung upon the issue, and it was with such sensations as come to few men's experience that we listened to the dull roar of the approaching engine.

"Meanwhile, our own little machine was not idle. I had kept the furnace at a white heat. The steam pent up in the boiler, groaned and wheezed like the breathing of an imprisoned giant. The wheels spun around upon the track, crashing from side to side, until there were moments even when the engineer peered with a startled eye at the compli-

cated mechanism below. As we passed over a long trestle bridge across a wide marsh, I saw, emerging from the shadows at the other end, the black form of the pursuing engine, followed by the car, through whose lighted windows a crowd of armed men were visible. Here we had a momentary advantage; for, desperate as our enemies might be, their engineer dared not carry his weighty engine over the light frame work as rapidly as we had gone. It was but a trifling gain, however, for, once on the solid road bed again, the monster came on at redoubled speed.

"More fire, Captain," muttered the engineer at this moment. 'On this grade we must do our best, or it will be all over in less than five minutes.'

"I opened the furnace door and began to shovel in the coal. Upon the instant there was a flash and report from the cab windows of the pursuing engine, and a rifle ball smashed the clock in our cab, within an inch of the engineer's head.

"The flames give them a fine mark," observed the engineer, calmly. 'That ball was meant for me, and but for the swaying of the engine it would have hit, too.'

"I completed my task as fast as possible, and closed the furnace door. We were now in darkness again, and if a ball reached us, it must be by accident. Our enemies made no further attempt, however, confident, doubtless, of running us down very shortly. And well they might be. We had ten miles yet to run before reaching a point where they would themselves be in danger of capture or destruction from our own division at Kanakia. During the last ten miles they had decreased the distance one-half, and running as we now were, it would be all up with us in five miles more.

"Is there nothing we can do?" I asked anxiously.

"Pitch something on the track," said the fireman, from his corner. 'Maybe you can catch their wheels. Try one of these fire-bars.'

"It's a good idea, John," replied the

engineer. 'Perhaps you had better make the experiment, captain.'

"I seized one of the heavy bars, a piece of metal as thick as a crowbar and ten feet long, and clambering over the coal in the caboose, leaned down and dropped the bar as nearly as I could across the track. Heaven forgive me! But with what interest I waited for some crash or outcry which should signal the destruction of our pursuers. In a moment there was a sharp clang along the rails behind us, and crackling among the bushes lining the road.

"She has kicked it off," said the engineer. 'Try my heavy overcoat. I've known a piece of cloth like that to get among the wheels and jam them so that you couldn't stir them an inch.'

"I did as directed. The garment fell across the track, and exactly where the forward trucks could strike it. Presently there was a heavy jolting sound behind us, and a shrill escape of steam.

"Caught!" cried the engineer. 'If it has only wedged into the piston bar they may work it out.'

"Some accident had certainly happened to our enemies, for all sounds of pursuit rapidly died away, and we began to breathe freer. We had now reached a point within the line of outposts. At this moment I saw the engineer lean forward and listen again intently.

"What is it?" I asked.

"After us again," he said quietly. 'The coat merely retarded them a little. There they are!'

"I could now plainly perceive the black figure of the engine, emitting white clouds of steam into the pale night sky, whirling swiftly around a curve not sixty rods behind. Angered with the delay, and knowing that if we were to be captured at all it must be within the next ten minutes, they were coming more rapidly than ever. We were at the foot of this very up grade where we now are. It extends for nearly three miles beyond Kanakia, and is one of the heaviest in the country. It was at this point that our fate was decided. From the moment we ran up it, our light engine began to

lose ground hopelessly. Our pursuers were now so near that we could plainly observe the movements of those in the engine cab by the light of their gauge lamp. The platform of the car was crowded with men, cocking their muskets and making ready for an exterminating volley.

"Oh, for five minutes more!" I groaned. 'It is horrible to be trapped or killed in sight of friends and safety.'

"Yes," muttered the engineer, there is no hope now. When they fire there won't be much left of us. And they will, too, in half a moment.'

"I've an idea," said the fireman, arising stiffly from his corner; 'I can't fight and I can't fire the machine, but I've one arm left, and that'll do to hold her steady while you and William are putting a spoke in their wheel.'

"But how?" cried the engineer. 'Speak quick, John; moments are gold, now.'

"Where are the tallow cans we put on board?" asked the fireman.

"Bravo, John, just the thing!" exclaimed the engineer, as if perceiving a meaning in the other's words which escaped me utterly. "Captain, those dispatches are safe, and you owe it to John; for I should never have thought of it in a lifetime."

"By this time the fireman was standing at the valves, and the engineer had found the tallow cans, two brass vessels, each holding a gallon or more, with long curved spouts. One of these he gave me, while he kept the other himself, and we scrambled over the coal to the rear of the tender. I had not the remotest idea what we were going to accomplish, and there was no time to lose in any explanation.

"Now," said my companion, in an excited tone, 'lean over and pour your tallow carefully upon the track as we go along. Don't waste a drop, and don't leave a foot of rail unoiled.'

"I obeyed him in silence, and soon the tracks for a long distance behind us were shining with the thick, greasy fluid. When the contents of the cans were ex-

hausted the engineer said, as he arose from his cramped position:

"I think we've fixed them, John, old man, you can ease her up a trifle. We needn't smash the machine with trying to get away. We shall have no more trouble to-night."

"I looked back and saw that our pursuers had just reached the oiled section of the track. Their own momentum carried them forward some distance; then there was a harsh, whirring sound and a furious escape of steam. All was plain to us now. On the up-grade the drivers, finding no resistance on the oiled track, simply whirled around, without bearing the engine on a foot. It was as helpless as a hamstrung elephant.

"At this moment a shot was fired in the road before us, and a hoarse voice commanded us to halt. Well aware that we were now among friends, our engine was stopped, and the facts explained to the officer in command of the detachment.

"There is little more to relate. Our pursuers and their engine were neatly captured. Stockton's division made a forward movement, and relieved Thomas and his army from their perilous position. As for myself and my brave companions, we were not forgotten, and I am glad to say that the inventive John, whose timely suggestion had saved our engine, and perhaps our army, left the service with the rank of captain in the engineer corps."

Having finished his story, and the train at the same time beginning to move on, my interesting companion wrapped himself up in his cloak and was soon asleep.

HOW A LOCOMOTIVE BOILER EXPLODED.

American Machinist.

In a paper read before the Engineers' Society of Western Pennsylvania, L. C. Burwell gives interesting particulars about the locomotive boiler which exploded last March, when the engine was running the Chicago limited express. The boiler was built at the Allegheny shops, Pittsburgh, and put to work in the beginning of 1880. Some time after, a crack developed in the angle of the throat sheet

in the same place on both sides of the boiler. These were repaired by putting copper plates over the cracks, fastened with screw rivets. The rupture which caused the explosion originated at this throat-sheet crack on the right-hand side, and it extended from there into the seam joining the wagon to the barrel of the boiler. The rupture also ran down into the fire-box leg, making the whole length of opening about twenty-eight inches, and opening to a width of six inches. This had the effect of stripping four stay-bolts in the side of the fire-box immediately adjoining the rupture, and resulted in stripping or breaking every stay-bolt in the right hand side of the fire-box. Thus freed from its fastenings, the right side of the fire-box was thrown violently against the left, carrying with it part of the tube sheet and doubling down the crown sheet. At the same time, the force of the explosion tore up the track and lifted the rear end of the locomotive, turning it completely around, throwing the engineer and fireman high into the air and forward of the train, killing them instantly.

THE GREAT INFIDEL.

Boston Herald.

"Ingersoll lectures for money," said a positive young man of straight orthodox belief, at a South End breakfast table last Sunday morning, "and you can't convince me that he believes what he says. He makes a dollar readily by talking against religion and it is as much a part of his business to do so as it is to plead a star route case."

Another young man whose religion, if he has any, is of less orthodox strictness, took issue with the first speaker and defended the genial colonel's honesty of purpose. Finally, the orthodox young man expressed a doubt as to whether Ingersoll would give a complimentary ticket to a person who wished to attend his lecture, but who couldn't afford the price of admission to the Boston theatre. A third young man suggested a test, and forthwith a note was despatched to Col. Ingersoll, saying that three poor but hon-

est young men were anxious to listen to the great infidel's argument in re-orthodoxy, but couldn't afford the cash to purchase the tickets. Would the colonel kindly favor them with complimentaries, etc., hoped he would pardon such a demand on the part of entire strangers, etc. Before lunch time a blue-coated messenger rang the door-bell and delivered to one of the young men an envelope containing a card, upon which was written "Admit three. R. G. Ingersoll. May 11, 1884." The orthodox young man had nothing more to say about the motive of the infidel colonel, but he refused to go to the lecture as a matter of principle. The other two drew lots for the possession of the card as a souvenir, and the winner bought two tickets to the lecture.

A DETECTIVE'S STRATAGEM.

A lady of fortune in Paris (wife of one of Napoleon's favorite generals), owing to some combination of circumstances, found herself in difficulties, and in immediate want of a sum of money.

Monsieur Le Flo being her friend, and a respectable merchant, she went to state her necessities, and offered him a case of valuable jewels as a security for repayment, provided he would advance her eight hundred Napoleons. He agreed and the bargain was concluded without any written document, the lady depositing the jewels and receiving the money.

At the end of a few months, her temporary difficulties being ended, she went to her friend's house to repay the money and receive back the jewels. The man readily received the money, but declared to the astonished lady that as to the jewels he had never heard of them, and that no such transaction had taken place.

The Countess, indignant at the merchant's treachery, instantly repaired to the office of Fouché, hoping for justice from this western Solomon, though unable to conceive how it could be obtained. She was instantly received by that gentleman, who listened attentively to her account of the circumstances.

"Had you no witnesses?" asked the Count.

"None," replied she.

"Did no servants pass in or out during the transaction?"

"Not one."

The Viceroy reflected a moment. "Does your friend smoke?"

"No, sir," said the lady, astonished at this strange question.

"Does he take snuff?" then asked Fouché.

"Yes, sir," said the visitor who now feared that the Minister's wits were wool gathering.

"That is sufficient," said he, "retire into the adjoining chamber and keep very quiet; and your jewels shall be restored."

Fouché despatched a messenger for the merchant who immediately presented himself.

"I have sent for you" said the Count, "that we may talk over some matters in which your mercantile knowledge may be of use to the state."

The merchant was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy, while the Count entered into conversation with him upon various affairs connected with his profession.

Suddenly the Minister put his hand first in one pocket and then in the other with the air of a man who has mislaid something.

"Ah," said he, "my snuff-box! Excuse me for a moment while I fetch it from the room."

"Sir," said Le Flo, "permit me to have the honor of offering my box to your excellency."

Fouché received it as if mechanically, holding it in his hand and talking, till, pretending some business, he went out, and calling an officer, desired him to take that snuff-box to the merchant's house, asking his wife as from him by that token to deliver to the bearer a case of jewels which he had there.

He returned to the apartment and remained in conversation with his guest until the officer returned, and delivered to him a jewel case which he had received from the merchant's wife.

The Count then returned to his fair complainant, and under the pretence of

showing her some rooms in the place, led her into one, where, among many objects of value, the jewel case stood open.

No sooner had she cast her eyes upon it than she started forward in joy and amazement. Fouche requested her to wait there a little longer and returned to his other guest.

"Now," said he, "before going any further, I wish to hear the truth concerning another affair in which you are interested. Are you acquainted with the Countess La Morn?"

"Intimately, sir; she is my friend."

"Did you lend her 800 Napoleons at such a date?"

"I did."

"Did she give you a case of jewels in pledge?"

"Never!" said the merchant vehemently, "the money was lent without any security, merely an act of friendship, and she has invented a story concerning some jewels which has not the slightest foundation."

In vain Fouche begged him to reflect and not, by adding falsehood to treachery, force him to take measures of severity. Le Flo persisted in his denial.

The former left the room suddenly and returned with the jewel case in his hand, at which unexpected apparition the astonished merchant changed color and entirely lost his presence of mind.

Fouche ordered him from his presence, with a severe rebuke for his falsehood and treachery, and an order never again to enter the palace. At the same time he commanded him to send him the next morning \$800 with \$500 more, which he did, and which were by the Viceroy's orders, distributed among the hospitals. Fouche gave a serious warning to the lady for having made a bargain without writing, but promised at her earnest entreaties, neither to tell the Emperor nor her husband, the general.

"Train up a child in the way he should go," and when he gets old enough he will go—after the girls.—[*Norristown Herald*.]

UNCLE ABE AND THE 'POSSUM.

Uncle Abe was a Virginia negro. He was fond of 'possum. Having caught one in a persimmon tree, he got his wife, Dinah, to cook it for him. Abe, having no appetite for it when it was "done brown," requested that it should be placed in the cupboard until morning. The favor was granted, and uncle Abe laid down before a log fire and went to sleep.

His son, Mose, coming in late, got the 'possum and ate it, laid the bones down at Uncle Abe's head, smeared the old man's face and hands with the grease, and went to bed. The following morning Uncle Abe awoke and asked Dinah, "whar's dat 'possum?"

"In de cupboard," which she explored and found it missing.

Returning, Dinah inquired: "Abe, when did you eat dat 'possum? Dar's de bones at yer head, yer face smells of 'possum, and yer hands are greasy."

"Maybe I did eat dat 'possum but If I did, it did me less good dan any 'possum I ever et."

OBEYING ORDERS.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Frederick the Great, whose brilliant victories elevated Prussia from an inferior to a superior position among European nations, was noted for the strictness of his military discipline. He trained his army to move like a machine. His soldiers were disciplined so to obey orders that they had no will of their own.

The discipline which the great Frederick stamped upon the Prussian army remains to-day, in all the clearness of the original impression. Not long ago, a little event took place at Powdowsk, a military station near Berlin, which shows what is the German soldier's idea of obeying orders.

The officer in command one morning posted a veteran in front of his own residence, with orders to pace up and down a certain distance, and on no account to lower his gun from the "carry." The officer, a pompous, self-important man, was expecting visitors that day, and he wished to impress them with his

military style. Calling the soldier before him, he gave his orders.

"You are to pass the distance assigned with the gun at the 'carry.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"On no account are you to deviate from your walk, or remove the weapon from its position. You understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"You will observe strict silence. On no account are you to speak with any one on your beat. Do you understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"Very well; go and obey!"

An hour after, the officer's guests were ushered in his presence. They entered each with a broad grin on his countenance.

"My friend," asked one of them of the host, "what is this procession in front of your house?"

"Procession! Procession! There is no procession!" blurted out the host, growing red in the face.

"But look for yourself."

The commander rushed to the window. There was the soldier, as stiff and erect as his own weapon, with eyes stolidly staring right ahead, marching solemnly up and down his beat, while following him was a mob of young street loafers, armed with old brooms, sticks, pitchforks, and other improvised weapons. Seeing that the soldier was apparently oblivious to all around him, one bold scamp had affixed to the sentinel's coat-tails a string, at whose end dangled a rusty tin can. And this unique procession had been going on for half an hour, to the intense delight of the populace in the street and the edification of the guests when they arrived.

Out rushed the irate officer. The mob, seeing him, dispersed, and he began to vest his anger on the sentinel.

"Idiot! Blockhead! Senseless! Why did you not strike them down, disperse them?"

"The commander forgets. I had orders not to remove my gun from position."

"True. I am a fool! But you might have ordered them off.

"The commander, pardon me, forgets again. I had orders not to speak."

"It is true. But—"

"There is no but. You ordered. I obeyed. What more can be said?"

Indeed, nothing could be said. The officer swallowed his wrath as best he could. It would be altogether unmilitary to punish a soldier for obeying orders.

WHITTIER'S CHILDHOOD.

Surroundings Among Which He Was Raised.

Whittier contributed to the christening ceremonies of one of the little lakes close to East Haverhill, among the hills of old New England, where he was born, by his poem entitled, "Kenola Lake."

It closes with this devout stanza:

And when the summer days grow dim
And light mists walk the mimic sea,
Revive in us the thoughts of Him
Who walked on Galilee.

The veritable old home is a two-story house with a large chimney in the center. The small square porch at the side of the house, and particularly the stone step, must be noticed, for it was on this door-stone gray and rude, that the "Bare-foot Boy," Whittier being himself the poem, enjoyed his

Bowl of milk and bread.

The house stands in a hollow and the roads about it form a sort of irregular triangle, and by driving back and forth you can get not only the views given in Hill's picture of the place, but others equally attractive. On the drive toward the house and near Kenola Lake, is a short street, which is worth while to drive down. Here you will find a picturesque one-story house, with a door in the center reaching to the roof. I think you cannot fail to recognize it from this description. It was in the home of Mrs. Caldwell, the "elder sister" of the poet, of whom he writes in "Snow Bound:"

O heart so tired! thou hast the best
That Heaven could give thee—rest;
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things.
How many a poor one's blessings went
With thee beneath the low green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings!

On the return drive you will wish to see the spot where stood the school house of Whittier's childhood, and of the poem entitled, "In School Days."

In this poem you will remember, he has celebrated the devotion of the little girl with

Tangled golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving
who said,

I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you;
"Because," the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because," you see, "I love you."

You must take the road as you drive toward Haverhill proper (the homestead is East Haverhill), which will bring the house on the left and the barn on the right. Soon after passing the latter, and on the same side of the road, you will come to the site of the school house, which was not until within a short time torn down, much to the regret of all tourists. Here, says one of his companions, Whittier used to sit and read bible stories when the other boys were at recess. I can easily believe this of him, for his poems abound in scriptural allusions that he used with a skill which could only be gained by early familiarity with the old and new testaments.

A DECEIVER.

A gentleman, who was closely wrapped in a fur coat, surmounted by a cap to match, took a seat in a railroad car by the side of a lady. He made several attempts to draw her into conversation, but without avail. At last he exclaimed:

"Madam, why are you so ungracious? Do you take me for a wolf in sheep's clothing?"

"No; quite the reverse," answered the lady.

HOW TO WORK THE BRAIN.

Golden Rule.

There are among our readers a large number of them looking forward to or just entering upon an intellectual life, in some form—either in literature, the ministry, law, medicine, or some other field wherein their powers both as students and thinkers should be so developed and disciplined as to secure the greatest and best results.

The class of young men who imagine that there is some occult connection between gin and genius, and that late hours and a general Bohemian life are

essential to literary and artistic advancement, is much smaller than twenty years ago. But there are many young fellows coming on who think that certain carelessness of life and manner—an autocratic sort of independence—a grand contempt for conventionalities and a superb scorn of regularity of all sorts—such as has characterized a few great geniuses in the world, is just the thing for them to affect.

Yet, if there is anything which even a very clever young man should congratulate himself on, it is the knowledge, early acquired, that he isn't a genius. For if he thinks otherwise, the chances are a thousand to one that the mistake may spoil him—while if he prove to be a genius the world will be sure to find it out before he does.

Among the hackneyed definitions of genius none are better than these: "Genius is only great perseverance—patience—earnestness;" or, "Genius is only a great capacity for receiving discipline." There is a vast difference in natural gifts, but the "genius for doing fourteen hours of hard work per day" is the sort that has changed the face of the world.

It is of the first importance, therefore, to know how to work to advantage. And one of the best rules is to learn how to organize your time. That is what Lord Bacon meant in saying, "to choose time is to save time." And by that we have no idea that the wise man meant that we should choose to burn the midnight oil as a regular habit, nor that we should loaf around the edges of our work, as it were, waiting for "a mood" to come and tell us to take hold.

The habit of our most healthful, cheerful, lasting literary workers—those who do the most of the best kind of brain labor—is to apportion their time so as to bring all their duties within certain prescribed limits, and then to do each task in its own time—extraordinary events alone preventing. In this they are wiser than the ministers, for example, who form the vicious habit of delaying the preparation of their sermons until the

last moment and then drive it through with a rush. Much good work is done under a stress like this, but Nature takes notice of it—that watchful and inexorable guardian who knows neither pity nor injustice.

DEATH.

Dr. Sweetland, of the Edwardsburg Argus, writes as follows of Death: "Saturday morning the sun rose and rode through a crystal sky, sending its bright warm, life-giving rays to dissolve the dews; to distill new life into opening buds and expanding flowers, painting with a brighter hue Nature's carpet of green grass; awakening the dull insects into a newer life, and bringing from the throats of the feathered songsters the sweet songs of this bright, beautiful, vernal season, and luring man to thoughts of permanence and peace, as he beheld the glories of earth and sky and felt the rich blood of health in his veins and the breath of life on his lips, when, borne along on the morning air moistened with dews and laden with perfumes, there came a sound from the metallic lips and tongue of the church bell that made the heart beat with unsteady stroke and go out in helpless pity to the family whose circle had been broken. These intonations proclaimed to the living that they must die, and that grim, ghastly Death is an unwelcome visitor at the house of a friend. The one thus suddenly touched with death was Edgar Crandall—friendly, genial, fun-loving Edgar Crandall—one who had no rare virtues and no low vices. He was not a model of saintly grace, neither was he a great sinner, and whatever may be his present condition, whether it be an eternal slumber, a prison or a paradise, it is a condition as good, if not better, than that in which a majority of the human race will find themselves placed. Beyond the reach of cold cruel death; beyond the shroud, the coffin; beyond the stillness and the darkness of the grave, hope and love wishes for, dreams of, and believes in brighter and better things for each and all who are forced to walk the weary rounds of life

and endure the frigid embrace of that insatiate monster, Death. Even now, perchance, the deep, dark and impenetrable veil that hides from mortal eyes the mysteries of infinity, may be lifted from this friend and neighbor, and he may be enjoying the companionship of a darling daughter and others gone before, and waiting to welcome wife, son, relatives and friends who are to follow him."

IN COLD BLOOD.

How Hard an Old Soldier Found It to Kill a Young Guard.

Philadelphia Record.

"I've killed many a man," said an army colonel, "but always in battle. I never was so placed as to feel obliged to kill a man in cold blood but once. I never want to be placed in such a position again." "How was it?" I asked. "Well," said the colonel, sighing, with unwillingness to go back to that disagreeable day, "you see I was one of the 100 Federal prisoners brought down from Savannah to Charleston to stop the shells and balls from General Rufus Saxton's batteries. You remember we were stockaded there on a space in front of Charleston as a sort of target for the Federal guns. Well, on the way down from Savannah to Charleston we were to escape. We planned it in Savannah. The train, a rambling, shambling affair, drawn by a wheezy old locomotive capable of something like ten miles an hour on a dead level, was to be guarded by old men and young boys unfit for field duty. They were armed, of course; but we outnumbered them ten to one. Every man in the secret had his part to play—a signal to give, a guard to watch, a gun to seize. Each of us carried an improvised weapon of some sort. I remember I picked up the bolt of an old car coupling and hid it under my shirt, and I suppose all the others had arms of some description. My duty was to kill a guard who stood right in front of me at the end of the car when the signal should be given. It was an old passenger car. I sat in the last seat facing the wood box, and the guard stood by the stove. Presently he came over

and stood by the woodbox. And such a guard! A white-haired farmer's boy of some 17 years, so sleepy with long duty that he could scarcely keep his eyes open. He had a good face, with a very innocent expression, that refined the appearance of his coarse clothes and dirty shoes. He had an old fashioned musket—a muzzle-loader, with a big percussion cap. And this was my victim! I looked him all over and measured him carefully. One blow of my hard bolt on that soft head would end him.

"I have no idea of the scenery of that route. I saw but one thing all that way—that boy. I watched him as the hawk watches the little chicken. And as I watched I pitied him more and more. He was so young, so fair, so innocent. I steeled myself with the thought that he must die if we would be free. At the time though I was looking for some way in which I could do my duty and yet save that boy. I tell you it's a terrible thing to sit for hours opposite a tow-headed boy measuring him for a coffin. I don't know what fear is, but I confess without hesitation to a tremor every time I thought of his dying gasp. As I watched him (and everybody else in the car was watching me) I wondered whether I could not disable his gun and then content myself with stunning him when the moment came. With such care as you can scarcely conceive I reached forward through those short legs for the nipple of the musket. After several trials I touched the gun, oh, so carefully, and in a moment more had the cap in my hand. I threw it out of the window. Then the whole car breathed freer. I know I did. The guard still slept. I wondered whether I couldn't get that musket away. I could try. I did, with inconceivable patience and care, I slowly disengaged the dangling legs; I carefully lifted the clasped fingers; I put the hands in his lap; I took the musket slowly from between his legs and quietly pushed it under the seat on which I sat. As I did so, he shook himself, turned over with his head against the wall, and went on with his nap. Now I was myself again. He

was in my power, and no blood would be shed. But just at that moment word was passed to me that the plan had failed. The coward who was to give the signal was afraid to give it; the point was passed; it was all over; the locomotive was whistling for the next town. Oh! how mad I was! I could have killed that coward without a quiver. But there was no help for it. I slowly and carefully pulled out the gun of the sleeping guard, put it between his legs again, and quietly clasped his fingers around the barrel. And then we rolled into town; and he awoke and shook himself, and yawned and looked sharply at me, better for his sleep. But he never missed that cap."

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

Springfield News.

A party of four persons were traveling on the Hudson River road one summer. In a seat was a young lady and a young gentleman who had been very attentive to her. In the seat behind them sat their friends, one of them was a sportive young lady, fond of practical jokes and rather defiant of public opinion. As the train dashed through a short and very dark tunnel, she leaned over and imprinted a resonant kiss on the young lady in front of her. A scream followed and laughter came from the darkness all over the car. As the train ran into daylight the insulted young lady turned on her innocent escort, and with snapping eye and flaming cheeks said:

"How dare you insult me in this manner?"

"I assure you," he said, stammering in confusion at the strangeness of his position, "that I have done nothing."

"Nothing!" she repeated, and burst into tears.

The passengers now ceased laughing and looked at the unfortunate young fellow indignantly. After further protests, which were not heeded, he went to the smoking-car. The sportive young lady wrote a note the next day and explained matters. The young couple were reconciled, married, and the other young lady was not invited to their wedding.

An annoying practical joke was played

on a bashful young man who was accompanying a young lady on a journey. While going through a tunnel a friend knocked off the bashful young man's hat, forced his fingers through his hair, kissed the back of his own hand and then slapped his own face violently. Every one in the car looked in that direction when the light came, and the friend was apparently the most surprised of all. The mussed up appearance and confusion of the astonished victim convinced the spectators that he had tried to steal a kiss and had been slapped. The young lady understood the situation and blushed painfully. The friends got off at the same station, a rough-and-tumble followed, and the practical joker was whipped.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

Good breeding iz the only thing that can make a phool endurable.

Laffter proves nothing. Wise men laff, and idiots grin all the time.

Servitude iz so unnatural that an honest servant is the rarest ov all things.

There iz great art in knowing how to give without creating an obligashun.

Heroizm iz simple, and yet it iz rare. Every one who duz the best they kin iz a hero.

Cunning is a weak imitashun of wisdom and iz liable at any time to merge into fraud.

Gravity iz becuming to a phool at all times, but only to a wize man on state ackashuns.

Very menny seek knowledge, not so much fur the truth az fur the speckulation thar iz in it.

If a man has got the right kind of religion he can pick up a creed ennywhere that will fit it.

Gratitude iz a word that you will find in the dictionaries, but you will not find much of it anywhere else.

A true friend iz one whom yu can chide for his faults, without giving offense, and who, without giving offense, can chide yu.

Nature haz never made ennything perfekt, and she luvs variety so well that she never haz made enny two things just alike.

Indolence iz a quiet malady, but it haz eat up more foundashuns and tipt over moresuperstrukturesthan wild ambishun ever haz.

All ov natur's works ar a part ov a perfekshun ov a plan. She makes no mistakes, creates no vacancys, and guesses at nothing.

Ideas are what wins, but if a man hain't got but one, he is very apt to run that one into the ground, and take himself along with it.

As selfish and ill-bred as the mass of mankind are, I prefer to live with them rather than go into solitude and try to live with myself.

Buty is a dangerous gift. The vanity it inspires, and the base flattery it attracts its possessors are not to be envied.

Charity makes no mistakes that she can be charged with.

Happiness has no abiding place, but often is very near at hand, like the old woman's spektacles. After hunting for them hi and lo, she found them at last safe on her nose.

If you will sit down and wait, young man, at least one-haff ov the good things ov life will at sum time eddy around near yu, while the more yu chase them the more they will break into a run.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN ?

Cardinal Newman's Answer to the Question.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinders the free and unembarrassed action of those about him ; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself.

His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature ; like an easy chair or a good fire,

which do their part in dispelling cold or fatigue, though nature provides means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful to the absurd; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome.

He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets every thing for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, and is too well employed to remember injuries.

If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. He throws himself into the mind of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes, he knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its

mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness of feeling which is the attendant on civilization.

STOCK-WATERING.

Youth's Companion.

The highest law court of New York not long since gave a decision in a case which involved the legality of what is known as *stock-watering*. This process in its simplest and, in the popular opinion, most offensive form, is this:

Suppose a company has a capital of one million dollars; ten thousand shares at a par of one hundred dollars each. By vote of the company, or of its directors, one additional share is issued for every four shares held by each stockholder. These shares are given away. The man who held one hundred shares now has one hundred and twenty-five, the whole number of shares is twelve thousand five hundred; the nominal capital of the company is a million and a quarter dollars.

Something like this was done by the Western Union Telegraph Company, but it is not necessary to go into the details of the operation. A suit was brought to forbid the company to pay dividends on the new shares which had been issued for nothing. The first court where the case was tried, issued an order, or injunction, forbidding the payment of dividends. The Court of Appeals of New York has now reversed the decision.

This is equivalent to saying that in New York it is not illegal to "water" stock, or to issue shares and increase the nominal capital of a company, when no additional capital has really been put into it. But what is legally right may sometimes be morally wrong, and it is worth while to examine this question in the broader light of justice and fair dealing.

And it must be said, in the first place, that stock watering does not always, or even usually, inflict a wrong upon the

community. Almost all corporations have no restriction upon the amount of dividends they may pay. All honorable corporations of course make all the money they honorably can.

Now take a manufacturing, a railway, or telegraph company. It is capable of making six, ten, or twenty per cent. upon its nominal capital, and this capital we will suppose has been actually paid in. If it can make twenty per cent., it makes it, and distributes it in dividends. Now if issuing two shares of stock for one will enable the company to charge more for its service, or for what it produces, than it could charge and collect before, then the act of doubling the stock injures the community.

But it does not, at least not ordinarily, confer any such power. People say that the Western Union Telegraph Company is a monopoly, and can charge what it will for telegraph service. Not to discuss that point, it is very plain that increasing the number of shares does not make it more a monopoly than it was, or add to its greed of gain, or enlarge its power for dividends.

Seven and a half per cent. dividends on one hundred shares are equal to six per cent. on one hundred and twenty-five shares. The company earned all it could before; it earns all it can now. It distributed all it earned then; it does the same now. Then it made larger dividends on a smaller number of shares than is the case at present.

Suppose six per cent. to be a fair rate of dividend upon a railroad stock. Then the shares of a railroad which earns and pays nine per cent. dividends should be worth one hundred and fifty dollars each. If the company determines to water its stock one-half, what happens?

There are three shares where there were two before. The company earns as much as before, and no more. The dividend reduced to six per cent. Each of the three shares is worth one hundred dollars. The whole are worth three hundred dollars. The dividend on the three shares is eighteen dollars, the same as that on the old two shares.

Now in all this, who has been hurt? It would be difficult to say that anybody has been injured. And the illustrations we have chosen show just when the evil of stock watering, so far as the general public is concerned, may be felt.

Whenever the possession of a larger nominal capital enables a corporation to charge more and collect more for its goods or services, stock-watering is injurious. In all other cases it is merely a matter of convenience to the corporation itself, how it will divide its earnings,—a little on many shares, or more on fewer.

This, however, is a consideration of the subject only so far as the public at large is concerned. Stock-watering is, nevertheless, accompanied by evils of its own. It promotes stock speculation in more ways than one. It is usually resorted to by boards of directors who speculate.

Some of these directors, knowing that a "stock dividend," as it is called, is contemplated, buy more shares before the plan is made public, and thus "feather their own nests." The real evils of the system therefore fall, not on the public, but on owners of shares who do not have inside information, and on speculators who get caught on the wrong side of the market.

A BOY'S VARIETY OF APPLE.

Said a boy to a larger one eating an apple:

"Will ye gimme a bite?"

"Naw"—discouragingly.

"Will you gimme the core?"

"There ain't goin' to be no core"—annihilatingly.

IN THE DINING ROOM.

Exchange.

It was at the Cataract house in Sioux Falls. A son of the Emerald Isle was ushered into the dining-room at the dinner hour and the polite steward took hold of the back of the chair to push it into place. The guest looked around suspiciously for a minute, and then said loud enough to be heard all over the room: "By the howly Moses, if yez jerk that chair from under me I'll knock the whole top of yer head off o' yez."

BURCHARD'S HINTS.

Prevent dust rising from the floor by washing it with water in every pail of which is poured a teacupful of common molasses.

Preserve white satin dresses through the winter by wrapping them in blue paper, with brown paper outside, sewn together at the edges.

To make cream rise pour the milk into a broad flat dish so that the milk shall not be over an inch in depth, as the cream can not rise well through a greater distance. Retain the cream in the milk by pouring the milk into a deep narrow vessel.

To make starch for linen or cotton, stir one ounce of the best starch into just enough cold soft water to make a thick paste, carefully breaking all the lumps. Add about a pint of boiling water, a little bluing and a good sized lump of cut loaf sugar. Bring to the boiling point and let simmer for half an hour, or boil hard for a less time, stirring it well to prevent its burning. When not stirring, cover to protect from dust, and when removed from the fire cover to prevent a scum from rising.

To remove a ring from a swollen finger, begin at the extremity of the finger and wind a thread evenly around it, bringing each coil close to the preceding but not overlapping in any place, until the ring be reached. Pass the thread under the ring with the aid of a needle, straight or better curved, and carefully unwind the thread from the finger. The ring follows each coil as it is successively unrolled, and by almost imperceptible degrees is brought over the knuckle and removed.

QUEEN CAKE.—Queen cake is made of eight eggs, a quarter of a pound of almonds, a pound of butter and a pound of sugar, half a pound of currants and a pound of flour. Beat the whites of the eggs in a cool place for half an hour. Work the butter to a cream, add slowly and gradually the sugar, and mix all. Beat three yolks with a few drops of saffron water and put them into the butter;

beat all together and then add the currants, flour, spice, etc. Sprinkle all with sugar and place in a shallow tin and bake.

A HINT AS TO BEDS.—Those who find an excelsior mattress too hard, feathers too warm, and a hair mattress too expensive, may make a feather bed very comfortable by laying a piece of straw matting covered with cotton cloth upon it.

LAUNDRY HINTS.—It is not a good plan to have the white lawn and cambric dresses "done up," as the phrase is, to lay away for the winter, for the expectation that they will look fresh and be ready for immediate wear in the spring will be disappointed. Of course, they should not be put away dirty, but the starching and ironing may well be left till spring; only common calicoes should be starched and ironed before packing away. To starch muslins and piques, melt three or four inches of spermaceti candle into a good-sized panful of starch. Starch the articles thoroughly, and while wet fold between some sheeting or table linen, and pass through a wringer.

OYSTERS AND MACARONI.—Brown several slices of bread in the oven, then pound them to crumbs in a mortar, and, having thoroughly buttered a baking dish, sprinkle it with the crumbs. Then put in a layer of oysters that have been slightly stewed in milk and butter thickened; put next a layer of macaroni that has been boiled twenty minutes; then succeeding layers of oysters and macaroni to the top of the dish. Sprinkle more crumbs on the top, strew about bits of butter and brown quickly in a hot oven.

CREAM CAKE.—Beat three ounces of butter to a cream, and mix with it very smoothly one-half pound of potato flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, two table-spoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, the rind of a lemon (which has been well rolled to soften) sliced very thinly, and a teacupful of clotted cream. If a little sour it improves rather than injures the flavor. This should make a light batter. Place it into a well-oiled dish and bake until brown.

THE MINIMUM LOCOMOTIVE.

Following are some points about the little locomotive built at Oil City, Pa., the smallest engine in the world, being but eight inches long and weighing but a pound and a half. Three years, counting ten hours as a day's labor, have been devoted to its construction. There are 585 screws in the engine. The steamage is but one-quarter of an inch in diameter; the pump throws but one drop of water to every stroke; the headlight is only one-half of an inch in width, seven-eighths of an inch high, and three-eighths of an inch long. The space in the lamp is so small that it is almost impossible to get enough oxygen in it to support the combustion. The fire is kindled by using a gill of alcohol, which runs the engine for half an hour. The stroke of the cylinder is one inch; bore, 5-16; the throttle-lever is but five-eighths of an inch long; the reverse-lever is one inch long; arranged with a thumb-latch and click; the fire-box is seven-eighths of an inch wide and one inch long; the smoke stack $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches high and 5-16 of an inch in diameter; the steam-dome is 9-16 of an inch in diameter; the driving-wheels are $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter; the front truck-wheels half an inch, and those of the tender are the same size. The tender is but $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, and two inches high. The metals used in its construction are brass, solid silver, gold, and steel.

RED JACKET'S TOMAHAWK.

Inter Ocean.

One little anecdote of Red Jacket related by Judge Sheldon at the meeting of the committee at the Buffalo Historical society recently will be found interesting: "There was once," said the judge, "a blacksmith's shop on the corner where the postoffice now stands, kept by a man named Reese. He was a very fine workman, a real artist in his line. One day Red Jacket came into the shop with his interpreter—he would never speak English, you know. Well, he wanted a new hatchet or tomahawk made. They had some talk, but Reese finally said he would make the hatchet for him, and

told him to come in two weeks for it.

"When the time was up Red Jacket came for his hatchet. It was a fine piece of workmanship, too. He went off, but returned in a day or two with the hatchet. It didn't suit him. Of course, Reese was mad, but he told Red Jacket if he would make a model out of maple wood of just such a tomahawk as he wanted he would make it for him. So Red Jacket made his model and brought it to Reese, who told him to come after it in a week. Red Jacket came in a week, with his interpreter, as usual. Reese had told several people and several were in the shop when Red Jacket came in. Reese handed him the hatchet. Red Jacket looked it all over, flung it across the room, grunted 'Ugh,' and went off mad as thunder. He had forgotten to make an eye in his model, and Reese made the hatchet without an eye."

OUR GOLD PRODUCE.

One cubic inch of pure gold weighs 11,144 ounces or .8965 pound avoirdupois. One cubic foot contains 1728 cubic inches and, therefore, weighs 1203,552 pounds avoirdupois or 1462.65 pounds troy weight. One pound troy is equal to 12 ounces, hence one cubic foot equals 17,451.80 ounces. One ounce of pure gold is worth \$20,671.83 and one ounce of United States standard gold is equal to \$18,604. If the estimated amount of gold produced in California since 1850—\$1,700,000,000—is correct, it would be equal to a solid mass of $4712\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet, or to a cube of 16 feet 8 inches, or nearly 37 cords if piled like wood. It weighs 5,640,428 pounds avoirdupois, or 2820½ tons, which would require eight locomotives, at least, to haul it. In double eagles, if laid close together, it would cover completely an area of forty acres and in single file would girt an orbit of $575\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

ONE way to prepare onion flavoring for a vegetable soup is to take a large onion, remove the outskin, then stick cloves into the onion, and bake until it is nicely browned. The peculiar flavor thus gained is relished by the epicure.

AGE OF THE EARTH.

Richard Proctor.

The age of the earth is placed by some at five hundred millions of years, by others one hundred million years; and still others, of later time, among them the Duke of Argyle, place it at ten million years. None place it lower than ten millions, knowing what processes have been gone through.

Other planets go through the same process. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth, is that they are in a so much earlier or later stage of existence. The earth must become old. Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would at one time lose all its water and become perfectly dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct.

As the earth keeps cooling it will be-

come porous, and great cavities will be formed in the interior which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress, so far that the water diminishes at about the rate of the thickness of a sheet of writing paper each year. At this rate in 6,000,000 years the water will have sunk a mile, and in 15,000,000 years every trace of water will have disappeared from the face of the globe.

The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is in an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creatures we know could breathe it and live; the time will come when the world can not support life. That will be the period of old age, and then will come death.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the showery vapors gather over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cottage chamber-bed,
And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreary fancies into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into woof
As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother, as she used to years ago,
To survey the infant sleepers ere she left them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—a serene, angelic pair—
Glide round my wakeful pillow with their praise or mild reproof
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes' delicious blue.
I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all untrue;
I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras that can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure deep fountain, whence holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature—that subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.



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THE WEALTH PRODUCING POWER OF LABOR.

The Firemen's Magazine is the organ of a Brotherhood of laboring men, hence we assume that the prudent discussion of labor questions is specially its province and no small part of its mission. We would treat such questions upon their merits as belonging to the economies of politics, by which we mean the "science of government," and absolutely free from partisan theories and the demagogism of charlatans. Let it be understood that labor underlies individual, state and national prosperity, and its position at once becomes of commanding interest to all men of reflection, and the laboring man takes high rank in social, political and financial affairs. He may not assert his rank, he may consent to be obscure and unknown, he may be content to receive what he can get in the general distribution of the wealth he creates, but the fact remains nevertheless that without him not another dollar would be

added to the wealth of the world. In 1876 Col. R. G. Ingersoll presented the name of a distinguished citizen to a convention for official honors. In the course of his eloquent remarks he took occasion to refer to the wealth-creating power of labor. He said that the United States demanded for President "one who knows enough to know that the National debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, BUT BY LABOR; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money." That language was used eight years ago, and it cannot fail to be of interest to the general reader to know, in so far as labor has met the requirement, how much money labor has contributed to the welfare of the Federal Government. Every dollar that has gone into the Federal Treasury has been contributed by labor. Without labor not a dollar was made of all the vast sum totals which have been required to keep the governmental machinery in motion. From 1876 to 1882, both inclusive, labor has contributed \$262,082,673 towards the payment of the National debt, and for civil and miscellaneous expense, war, navy, Indians, pensions and interest, the sum of \$1,139,520,856, a grand aggregate of \$1,391,603,529, and if the expenditures of 1883 was the average of the years named, then the sum total was \$1,501,832,451. Every dollar of that vast sum was made by labor, and yet that was only a fraction of what labor contributed to the wealth of the country.

But it must be considered that all the

money to pay any debt and all debts must be made by labor, and Col. Ingersoll wanted a man for President who knew enough to know and appreciate that fundamental financial fact. Declarations in regard to the wealth-producing power of labor are continually made. They find their way into the current literature of the times, and at stated periods politicians magnify the importance of labor. At such times laboring men take courage and are apt to say, "Justice is to be ours at last," but, when the laws are enacted, it is too often found that expectations are doomed to disappointment, and that labor was recognized only in words, not in deeds, and that the distribution of wealth proceeds on the old basis—luxury on one side, a bare subsistence on the other. Labor has always been modest in its demands. We do not refer to visionaries, but to practical laboring men. Their first great demand is to live comfortably. In a house that shall shelter them and is built in consonance with civilized rather than savage or barbarian life. It is understood that we refer to laboring men of America. If they create all the wealth, if they make all the money, then simple justice demands that the laws of the land, if they are not enacted with special reference to their welfare, shall not operate to their detriment.

Col. Ingersoll said that the people of the United States have the necessary industry to make the money required to pay the National debt. Manifestly, if it is paid, labor will pay it out of the surplus money it makes, and yet while labor creates this abounding wealth, it is forever confronted with privation. It exists from hand to mouth. It is continually anticipating to-morrow, next week, next month, next year. It is fearful of some

change that shall reduce it to absolute penury and privation. There is almost universal unrest in the ranks of labor. Vague intimations are made that wages are to be reduced, or that idleness, with its untold miseries, is to supervene. Corners are created by which the necessities of life are made more difficult of procurement; banks fail, by which the little savings of the poor are annihilated, and panics sweep over the land producing wide-spread ruin. We are not drawing upon the imagination. We do not deal in exaggeration. The plain, naked facts suffice without attempting adornment. These "business troubles" impose their severest penalties upon labor. The laboring man's home is the first to realize the depression, and he is powerless to avert the catastrophe.

It is not surprising, therefore, that in the ranks of laboring men there is earnest discussion upon questions relating to their well-being. They see banks and corporations combining for the purpose of protecting their interests. Manufacturing establishments combine in matters relating to wages, profits and production. Money, which labor creates, is, by various methods, made to contribute embarrassments. Laboring men have sought in vain for a panacea for the ills to which they have been subjected and which they fear in the future. If they have advocated combination, as monopolists have done, they have been denounced as "socialists" or "communists." The wild utterances of blatherskites have been the texts upon which the press has commented as voicing the aims of the great body of laboring men of the country, and the purpose has everywhere been manifested to degrade rather than to dignify labor. But a new era is dawning. Labor-

ing men are growing in intelligence and moral power. They are beginning to realize the vastness of their numbers. They are taking council together, and are asking themselves why, in the halls of State and National legislation, they may not have their representatives? They have the ballots and they have the brains. They have rights and great interests, vital, far-reaching interests, at stake, and they know they have a right to be heard when any question, directly or remotely, affecting the welfare of citizens is up for debate. If, as Col. Ingersoll declares, labor makes the money, the wealth of the country, labor has rights which will eventually be asserted and conceded. Postponement does not mean abandonment. Laboring men are preparing to take the tide at its flood and move on to a position of influence in governmental affairs, which their numbers and their intelligence and their interests demand with ever increasing emphasis.

We hear much of State, inter-State, National and International Expositions. What are they but the exhibitions of the triumphs of labor? Absolutely nothing. And yet who, of all the managers of these Expositions, eulogize laboring men, the men of skill, who are transforming this "Land of the free and home of the brave" into a paradise? Those who visit such places where everything is eloquent of labor, discover the entire management in the hands of men who, if their salvation depended upon their success, could neither make nor drive a nail.

The time is coming, it is at hand, when the wealth creators of America will command audience when they speak. In this age of combination they too will combine to place men in power who will represent their interests and, therefore,

the best interests of the Republic. "Divide and conquer" has had its day. Henceforth unification, strength and victory.

RINGS.

Occasionally complaints are made of the existence of "rings" in the Lodges of our Brotherhood. These complaints are usually vague—in common parlance—without head or tail, and when fairly analyzed are found to be the creations of those who have earned the reputation not only of fault-finders, but as neglectful of their duties as members of the Lodge. The Magazine, in so far as its contents relate to the affairs of the Brotherhood, has but one purpose in view, and that is the supreme good of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. We do not deem it wise to speak harshly of comrades, even when severity of expression seems warranted by their misdeeds or mistakes, believing it is better to bear and forbear until indulgence ceases to be a virtue, but when patience is exhausted, when advantage is taken of lenity and is vitalized as a means for mischief, we have urged and shall continue to urge upon the Lodges the exercise of the severest discipline.

But we have selected for a topic for this writing "Rings," a word of very general use when organizations of any description are under discussion. The term, when applied to the governing machinery of organizations, is designed to convey the idea that proceedings are disreputable and that the programme ought to be changed. "Ring" is, therefore, deemed a term signifying wrong-doing, personal favoritism, a purpose on the part of the ringsters to employ improper means to carry out certain arrangements and circumvent

others who are not in the "ring." A "ring" is a clique, junto, cabal, faction, organized to do that which open, free and fair, discussion and deliberation would prevent or modify, and we are told that such combinations are formed and found in the Lodges of our Brotherhood. Is it true? Who are those who make the charge and urge the complaint? Such queries have much to do with a right understanding of the subject. It will not do to assume that Locomotive Firemen are perfect, that they have outgrown the frailties peculiar to human nature, and, therefore, can make no mistakes. We confess to a liking for men who can and do make mistakes, such men are not eternally blowing about their own perfections, or croaking about the imperfections of others. They are usually manly men who have the courage to acknowledge their mistakes and with brains and conscience sufficient to correct them when found. They do not belong to the goody class who make broad their phylacteries, stand on the corners of the streets and make long prayers that they may be seen of men. They are not found in the ranks of fault-finders, croakers, blue devil and green-eyed creatures, who prate about the defects, the weaknesses, the frailties and foibles of others. They take a cheerful view of affairs. They lend a helping hand when work is to be done and the car of progress is to be advanced. But to the question, Who are the men who complain of "rings" in the Lodges of our Brotherhood? What are their antecedents? Are they the workers, the prompt payers, the regular attendants, the whole-souled, open-handed, frank and manly men upon whom our great and beloved Brotherhood relies when any of its interests are at stake? Our information

leads us to conclude that they are chronic fault-finders, and that the "rings" about which they croak are simply their brethren, who finding if the Lodge work is done at all they must do it—the men who bear the burdens and take the responsibilities of failure or success. Such men not ought to be stigmatized as ringsters, and we are confident the good sense and the fair play principles, which pre-eminently distinguish Locomotive Firemen, will forever shield them from the attacks of men whose records show that whatever else they may be, they are not efficient workers in the Lodges of which they are members.

But admitting for the sake of the argument that there are Lodges where "rings" have been organized for improper purposes, cliques and combinations for personal ends and aims, then what? Simply this, break the rings. How? By outvoting them. Ah! but say those who are troubled about "rings," "We can't do that, the ring is in the majority!" The admission is fatal, since a majority is never a "ring." If it be asserted that majorities are wrong, there is but one remedy, and that is to appeal to the judgment and conscience of the majority and by massing facts and arguments win over votes enough to change the programme.

It is not an easy task for minorities to convince majorities that they are wrong, and this is especially true when majorities are able to show that the complaining minority is unfaithful to obligations, neglectful of duties and chiefly distinguished for fault-finding. It should be remembered that to maintain an organization such as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen requires mental and moral endowments of a high order. There must be fealty to pledges and faith in possibil-

ities. Purposes must develop earnestness and indomitable will. It is wrong that the work for the welfare of the Order should devolve upon the few, but when the situation foreshadows disaster, if the few go with the irresolute and neglectful, it becomes a flagrant abuse of the bonds of brotherhood for these hesitating and heedless members to stigmatize the zealous workers as being unmindful of the interests and welfare of the Order, or as being the organizers of "rings" in the Lodges for purposes at war with the general prosperity, and it would doubtless be promotion of the good of the Brotherhood if such croakers were out of it. Their influence is demoralizing. They are trouble breeders. They create embarrassments, foment strife and are unworthy of consideration. Our survey of the field leads us to the conclusion that the brethren of our Brotherhood who are charged with the formation of "rings" in the Lodges, are the earnest men who appreciate the blessings which the Brotherhood was organized to confer, and that the "rings" about which complaint is made are simply earnest consultations in regard to the best methods to carry forward our expanding enterprises, and if we are correct in our conclusions we are enabled to see more distinctly than ever before that those who croak and play dog in the manger would confer a great favor upon the Lodges of which they are members if they would muster up sufficient courage to get out of them. There is abundant room in our Lodges for earnest, faithful members, but those who make it their business to find fault and embarrass the progress of the Brotherhood should be informed in a way not to be misunderstood that their room is incomparably more valuable than their company.

TRUTH.

It is always better to tell the truth than a falsehood. No matter what the circumstances may be, a candid and truthful statement of the facts, will always prove beneficial to us in the end. We cannot afford to indulge in misrepresentation, for, sooner or later, the fact comes to light and then even the truth will awaken doubt and suspicion. We must be absolutely honest. We must represent our aims and purposes fairly and we must practice what we preach. It will not do for us to declare war on drunkenness simply for effect. If we establish laws in opposition to intemperance and fail to enforce them, we are guilty of misrepresentation. We must not pretend to be what we are not. If our principles are good, and we believe they are, we should strictly adhere to them. Every member should be the embodiment of our teachings. As applied to our relations with our employers, the matter of being truthful is a very important one. They will respect us in proportion as we deal honestly with them. It sometimes occurs that engineers and firemen get into trouble on the road, through negligence, or a similar cause, and in order to avert the blame, they misrepresent the facts to their master mechanic or superintendent. In other words they indulge in falsehood to screen their guilt. This policy will not do. As a general thing, the truth eventually comes to the surface and he who told the lie can never hope to be trusted again. It is certainly better to tell the truth and manfully bear the consequences. No matter what the result may be, we will at least preserve our honor and manhood.

MEMBERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.

We fear that it is too much the habit of our members to let the responsibilities of the Lodge rest upon a few men. If these few men are at their posts, well and good, but in their absence everything goes wrong. Every man of our Order ought to feel its great responsibilities. Don't depend upon one or two men. If your Master is sick or absent don't let

the meetings lose interest and force. There are other men in your Lodge just as good and just as competent as the Master. Learn the fact that our organization does not depend upon a few men, it depends upon our principles. Every member should learn to do his duty independent of others. The success of our efforts does not depend upon a few grand officers. The grand officers are well enough in their places, but if they die or resign others can perform their duties as well as they have been performed. It would be a sad thing if our grand Order depended upon one or two men. Our order is founded upon principle and its life depends upon no man's life. It will flourish when all of its present members are dead. The Lodge that depends upon the efforts of a few will die with them, the Lodge founded upon the good sense of all of its members will live forever.

INTOXICATION.

We have frequently heard it said, by engineers and firemen, that they never get drunk on duty, leaving it to be inferred that they are free to indulge to an unlimited extent when not on their engine. This is a false idea, and the Brotherhood emphatically denies that any locomotive engineman has the right to allow himself to become intoxicated under any circumstances, or at any time. If he does so, he forfeits his membership in our Order. If at one time or place he gives to his passion such an unbridled sway, what guarantee has he that he will not do so at another? It is said with truth: "Play with the fool at home, and he will play with you abroad." We cannot too severely condemn the criminality of drunkenness in men of our calling, and we urge on every Lodge in our organization to punish it as it deserves.

THE Railroad Reporter of Burlington, Iowa, is making wonderful progress. It increases in merit with each issue and we now count it among our most interesting exchanges. Success to the Railroad Reporter.

THE Labor Herald, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is one of the best papers in the country, published in the interest of labor. It is in every way qualified to discuss labor questions and is doing great good in the cause to which it is so loyally devoted. We admire the dignity with which the Labor Herald maintains its position on all questions that come within its province. It is neither too radical nor yet too conservative and manifestly it wields a potent influence in dignifying labor and promoting the welfare of laboring men.

THE "Western Railroader" is the title of a new paper recently started at Moline, Ills. It is a bright and newsy sixteen page paper devoted to the interests of railway employes in every department of the service, and sold at the low rate of one dollar per year. We take pleasure in commending the "Western Railroader" to all our readers as a valuable acquisition to the field of railroad literature and worthy of the most liberal patronage. J. P. Bledsoe is the managing editor and Miss Mattie Bledsoe has charge of the Ladies' Department. Mr. Bledsoe is in thorough sympathy with railroad men and we bespeak for his paper the largest measure of success.

LIFE LILIES.

I wandered down life's garden,
In the flush of a golden day,
The flowers and thorns grew quickly
In the spot where I chanced to stray.

I went to choose me a flower
For life, for weal or woe;
On, on I went, till I stayed me
By the spot where the lillies grow.

"Yes, I will carry a lily,"
I said in my manhood's pride,
"A bloodless, thornless lily
Shall be my flower" I cried.

I stretched my hand out quickly
To where the pale blossoms grew.
Was it the air that shivered?
Was it a wind that blew?

Was it my hand that scorched them?
As I touched the blossoms fair,
They broke and scattered their petals
On the sunny noontide air.

Then I saw a great, bright angel
With opal-colored wings.
Where the light flashed in the feathers
In golden glimmerings.

He said, "Thou hast sinned and suffered:
Lillies are not for thee,
They are all for the little children,
Emblems of purity."

"Shall I never carry a lily?
Never?" I bitterly cried.
With his great eyes full of pity,
The heavenly one replied:

"When the heat of the day is over:
When the goal is won," he said,

"Ah, then I lay God's lilies
In the hands of the stainless dead!"
—*All the Year Round.*

Contributors' Column

The Means of Securing Personal Influence.

BY OLD RELIABLE.

The qualities which seem more especially needful in a character which is to influence others, are, consistency, simplicity and benevolence. By consistency of character, I mean consistency of action with principle, of manner with thought, of self with self. The peculiar evil arising from want of consistency, is the want of trust or faith which it engenders. This is felt in the common intercourse with the world. In our relations with inconsistent persons, we are like mariners at sea without a compass. On the other hand, intercourse with consistent persons gives to the mind a sort of tranquility peculiarly favorable to happiness and to virtue. It is like the effect produced by the perception of an immutable truth, which, from the very force of contrast, is peculiarly grateful to the inhabitants of so changeable a world as this. It is moral repose. This sort of moral repose is most peculiarly advantageous, because it allows ample scope for the development of mental and moral faculties; banishing from the mind all that chaotic bewilderment into which dependence on inconsistent persons throws them. It is advantageous too in another and more important way, it prepares us for a belief in virtue; a trust in others, which it is easy to train up into veneration for the source of all virtue; a trust in the origin of all truth. There can be no clearness of moral perception in the governed, where there is no manifestation of a moral right in the governor. In speaking of moral perception I do not mean to say that men have, properly speaking, a moral perception of inconsistency; but it effects their comfort and well-being, nevertheless. There is, in the nature of man, as great a perception of moral as of physical order and proportion; and the absence of the moral produces pain and disgust to the soul, as the absence of the physical does to the senses. This state of pain and disgust is felt, though it can never be expressed, by men, who are under the management of inconsistent persons—that is, persons whose conduct is guided solely by feeling, (good or bad), by caprice or impulse; and how injurious it is to them, we may easily conceive. If however, their present comfort only were endangered by it, the evil

would be of comparatively small magnitude; but it effects their character for life. They cease to trust, and they cease to venerate; now, trust is the root of faith, and veneration of piety, and when the root is destroyed, how can the plant flourish? Perhaps we may remark that the effect here produced upon children is the same as that which long intercourse with the world produces in men; only that the effect differs in proportion to their differing intellectual faculties. The child is annoyed, and endeavors to lose the sense of discomfort in a universal skepticism as to human virtue, and a resolving of all actions into one principle, self-interest. He thus seeks to create a principle possessing the stability which he desires, but seeks in vain to find; for be it remembered, our love of moral stability is precisely as great as our love of physical change—another of the mysteries of our being. The effects on the man are the same as on the child; he ceases to believe, and he ceases to venerate, and in the end is in the most degrading of all conditions: the abnegation of all abstract virtue, generosity or love. Now, into this state men are brought by the inconsistency of others, they are placed in a condition, moral and intellectual, which we consider an evil, even when produced by long contact with a selfish and unkind world. The value of principle, then, in itself so precious, is enhanced tenfold by constancy in its manifestations, and therefore consistency, as a source of influence, can never be too much insisted upon. Consistency of principle is brought to the test in every daily, hourly occurrence of man's life, and if he has been brought up without an abiding sense of duty and responsibility, he is of all beings most unfortunate. It is a great mistake to suppose the two qualities are incompatible, and the supposition that they are so, has done much mischief. The error arises not from the extent, but from the narrowness of our capacity. *To aspire* is our privilege, and a privilege which we are by no means slack to use, without considering that the operations of infinitude are even more incomprehensible in their minuteness than in their magnitude, and that, therefore, to be always looking from the minute towards the vast, is only proof of the finite nature of our present capacity. The world is sometimes surprised to see extraordinary proofs of moral influence exercised by persons who never planned, never aimed to obtain such influence, nay, whose conduct is never regulated by any fixed aim for its attainment; the fact is, that those characters are composed of truth and love—truth, which

prevents the assumption even of virtues which are not natural, thereby adding to the influence of such as are. Love, the most contagious of all moral contagions, the regenerating principle of the world! The virtue which mainly contributes to the support of consistency—without which, in fact, consistency cannot exist—is simplicity: consistency of conduct can never be maintained by characters in any degree double or sophisticated, for it is not of simplicity as opposed to craft, but of simplicity as opposed to sophistication, that I would here speak, and rather as the Christian virtue, single-mindedness—the desire to be, opposed to the wish to *appear*. We have seen how rarely influence can be gained where no faith can be yielded. Now an unsimple character can never inspire faith or trust. People do not always analyze mental phenomena sufficiently to know the reason of this fact, but no one will dispute the fact itself. It is true there are persons who have the power of conciliating confidence which they are unworthy, but it is only because they are such exquisite dissemblers, that their affectation of simplicity has temporarily the effect of simplicity itself. This power of successful assumption is fortunately, confined to very few, and the pretenders to unreal virtues and the utterers of assumed sentiments are only ill-paid laborers, working hard to reap no harvest-fruits. An objection slightly advanced before, may here naturally occur again, and may be answered more fully, viz: the opposition of the conventional forms of society to entire simplicity of thought and action, and consequently to influence. The influence which conventionalism has over principle is to be utterly disclaimed, but its having an injurious influence over manner is far more easily obviated; so easily, indeed, that it may be doubted whether there be not more simplicity in compliance than in opposition. Originality, either of thought or behavior, is most uncommon, and only found in minds above, or in minds below, the ordinary standard; neither is this peculiar feature of society in itself a blameworthy one, it arises out of the constitution of man, naturally imitative, gregarious and desirous of approbation.

Nothing would be gained by the abolition of these forms, for they are representatives of a good spirit—the spirit, it is true, is too often not there, but it would be better to call it back than to abolish the form. We have an opportunity of judging how far it would be convenient or agreeable to do so, in the conduct of some *soi-distant* contempters of forms. We perceive that such contempt

is equally the offspring of selfishness with slavish regard; it is only the exchange of the selfishness of vanity, for the selfishness of indolence and pride, and the world is the loser by the exchange. Hypocrisy has been said to be the homage which vice pays to virtue. Conventional forms may, with justice, be called the homage which selfishness pays to benevolence.

Conventionalism will never injure the simplicity of such characters as these, nay, it may greatly add to their influence and secure for their virtues and talents the reception that they deserve; it is part of benevolence to cultivate the grace that may persuade others to the imitation of what is right. "Stand off, I am holier than thou," is not more foreign to true piety than "Stand off, I am wiser than thou. It is true benevolence as relates to those "things indifferent," in which we are told that we may be all things to all men. Powers of pleasing are a very great source of that influence, and there is no telling how great might be the benefit to society, if all on whom they are bestowed would be persuaded to use them, not as means of selfish gratification; but as an engine for the promotion of good. Such powers are as sacred a trust from the Creator as any other gift, and ought to be equally used for His glory and the advancement of moral good.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

NIGHT.

Night, like a hooded nun,
Steals out from the dark cloister,
And makes fast the gates
The weary day has left ajar;
Lights a silver lamp, and hangs it
High in the o'erarching heavens,
Here and there affixing lesser ones
Against the dark, cerulean walls
"Till they are all ablaze with stellar lights
That so purely gleam, one well may think,
As pensively he sits amidst the deep'n'g
 shadows
And looks heavenward, with untiring eyes
Beyond—there are celestial regions,
Dazzling fair, of which they are the beacons—
And his soul is stirred to holy joy.

MORNING.

And now approaches Vesta with her torch,
Day's altar fires to rekindle. Swift the
Flaming gold arising thence, irradiates
All the sky. The earth is full of incense.
Slowly night gathers up her jewels—then,
With winged feet, retreating, backward
Flings the liquid gems, which, shattered,
Fall, sizzling a gleam each blade of grass,
Each leaf and flower. Then they upward lift
A royal offering to the king of day,
Who now his entrance makes—intenser brilliance
Adding to his glorious light.
Glad paeans greet him, as his wonted role
He reassumes. New vigor thrills along the
 veins
And quickens laggard feet.
Heaven be praised for the sweet freshness
Of each newborn morn!

Special Correspondence

The Toronto Convention.

Editors Magazine:

The time fixed for the annual convention of our Order is fast approaching, and preparations for the gathering of the delegates at Toronto, are going on. The delegates have been elected, and as they are to carry out the instructions of their respective Lodges, it behooves us as members of the Order, interested in its welfare and prosperity, to give some thought to a number of important measures which ought and may come up for discussion and action before the convention. A little time and study devoted to this point while at our work, or at our homes will enable us to form some idea of the merits or demerits of the measures so as to give intelligent instructions to our delegates and save much time and discussion at the convention. Our delegates should come to the convention like they would to a store or a market, knowing what articles they need for their household, prepared to secure them, and reject all improper things that might be offered for their acceptance. In order that they may be able to do this, we as individual members should know what we want, or what would appear to be needed to help our cause or its workings, and advance the interests of our Order. Having considered our duty as members, let us consider the duty of the delegates elect, and some of the work to be done.

Our delegates should be men full of love and zeal for the cause—men, who no matter to what other society or societies they may belong, while enjoying the honors and emoluments of firemen's delegates, will throw aside all previously formed conceptions of preeminence attained by their other affiliations, and work with heart and hand for the Order they represent at Toronto. After listening to the encomiums pronounced on the Order, as represented in the City Hall at Denver, it was in very poor taste for one of our Western delegates to hint that we, as an Order, did not have brains enough to keep a good thing if we had one, and that we could not expect to vie with some other societies for that reason. As he, however had to resort to prevarication in attempting to conceal what every one knows, not much honor is reflected on the society which he represented, and was an advocate of, while paid to represent and work for the B. of L. F. Hence

the necessity of electing men, who will for a time at least, be willing to forget their affiliation with others, and earnestly strive to make this, the youngest of the leading secret societies, a worthy competitor with all, even the "oldest and best."

While we have no reason to feel ashamed of the work done in organizing this Order, and bringing it up to its present status in membership and system of laws, yet all will be ready to admit, that still further efforts will have to be made to render our organization as perfect as it is desired by those who love it, and would rejoice to see it the peer of any similar organization in the world. It is to be hoped that the committee on ritual and secret work appointed at the last convention, will submit a creditable report, recommending suitable changes and additions to both, so that by their adoption we may be enabled to render our ceremonies still more impressive and practical, and our members better equipped for travel than at present. This is one of the most important measures to come before the convention, and deserves careful consideration so that when it is done "it may be well done."

We should also have a careful revision of our Subordinate and Grand Lodge laws—not one hastily looked over at a convention, but made by a suitable committee with time and material, sufficient to enable them to construct a set of laws that will be plain, and cover all possible cases which may arise. Our laws on trials, for instance, are very incomplete, and ought to be amended and show code of procedure and give forms suitable to the case.

It seems as if it would be right and proper now, to fix a limit in age beyond which our Order will not admit members. This would be nothing more than a just measure of equity, for our Order is composed principally of young men—perhaps the majority are under 30 years, hence it is an injustice to them, to admit men of 45, 48 or 50 into the Order on the same terms as one of 30 or 25 years. In all societies it is supposed that members come in on an equality, but ours permits a flagrant breach of the rule, by giving the preference to men who seek the shelter of our fraternity late in life, after our Order has succeeded in achieving a success, while they stood aloof looking on with folded hands, while others were working with desperate courage to preserve the life, and perpetuate the principles of the Order.

From the decisions of the Grand Lodge on points presented in the past, a digest should be made, by referring to which,

the precedent established in similar cases could be ascertained, and thus obviate the necessity of bringing a like case before the convention for review. It would also serve as a guide to coming conventions, showing the rules established by previous ones, and prevent conflicting rules being made.

The report of the committee appointed at the last convention to consider the project of establishing a hospital or home for sick, disabled or indigent members, will no doubt engage a good deal of attention at our next convention, and should be considered with due care. It seems, however to be the prevailing sentiment of the eastern section of our Order, that the scheme is chimerical and unpractical, likely to do more harm than good. The use of such an institution for hospital purposes, would only benefit a very small portion of our membership, in the immediate vicinity of its location, for in the greater part of injuries to railroad men, a long journey to a hospital, beside the pain attending such removals, would put that patient beyond the reach of recovery and frustrate any possible good to be derived from the treatment received after reaching it, even if it were possible to reach it alive. Hence as a hospital, its limit of usefulness would be very small, and not at all commensurate to the outlay required to establish and maintain the institution. Its utility as a home is still more problematical. Judging by the numerous notices of weddings among our membership, as published in the Magazine, it seems as if all the brothers fully believed the truth proclaimed by God at the creation, namely: "It is not good that man should be alone," hence they are looking out for their helpmate. A glance at the list of our membership will convince any one that we believe in matrimony, and home comforts to follow, and perhaps no one can enjoy the blessings of a happy home with greater zest than the Fireman who returns to it after a laborious day's work, during which all was bustle and excitement. How pleasant it is at the end of a long run to be able to escape from the heat and dust, to leave behind the noise of the hissing steam and the clatter of the wheels, to hasten to your home, assured of a glad welcome from your loved ones, and in the quiet home, or in a romp with your little ones, to forget the turmoils, cares and anxieties of the past, and gain rest and strength for the coming toils. Years of happy home-life serve to bind the family together with chords of love which seem to become stronger and more firm as age arrives and duties and cares increase. It is not

strange therefore that a strong love for home is felt by every one, that every heart beats in full sympathy with the poet as he sings of "Home, Sweet, Sweet Home," and is ready to admit that "there is no place like home." A home, such as is under consideration by our Order could not, however, be a home such as is described by the poet, for as has been said "Home is where the heart is," and such a home would lack the essentials of home ties. No member of our Order who has established a home for himself where he is the Superintendent, and where he is assisted by his wife as Manager, will ever need the assistance of the home of the Brotherhood, if he has practiced the cardinal principles of our Order namely, Sobriety and Industry, with a due degree of economy added. By observing sobriety much needless expense is saved, and by industry all time is properly utilized, even if not fully employed on the roads; hence in following the motto of the Order our membership ought to be able to make provisions for old age or infirmity by three different ways:

First, by not living up to their income, laying aside a little, while in the prime of life and working full or over time, assured that in the mutability of all things here below, a change will come when the sacrifice of a little present gratification will seem small in comparison with the benefit afterwards received therefor.

Next, a member known as an industrious man, is one who can be relied upon for faithful discharge of his duties every time, and under all circumstances, and a man with an established character for industry, is a man sure of a situation with any company, even if he should not be able to continue in the active service on the road.

In the next place, no member who loves his family, and whose family reciprocates his affection, would ever need the Home of the Brotherhood, for a crust and water with your loved ones would be preferable to separation and luxury, and no member who has faithfully discharged his duties to his family while in health and strength, need fear that their affection will wane or grow less when he becomes sick or weak.

There is therefore only one class of our members who would, and could be benefitted by such an institution, and that is a class in a great minority now—still getting less every day—our bachelors. By a number of years training they may be able to make themselves "at home, wherever they hang up their hats" and might feel at home in an institution under the care of the Order,

but in all seriousness these men who have passed through life without "finding a helpmeet," ought to be the very last ones to seek a refuge at the hands of the Brotherhood, for if they had only themselves to provide for all through life they ought surely to have something laid up in store, so as to be able to pass the winter of their days in comfort if not in affluence.

Another reason against the home, already suggested from some quarter, is the creation of more offices, which might create strife among aspirants for their emoluments and honors, and serve as profitable sinecure for those in, and bones of contention for "the outs" and make our noble machinery more complex and difficult to handle and keep in order.

Instead of this home it would perhaps be a better plan to create a fund to assist aged or infirm members (who do not yet come under the class of total disability) in some way, either by paying them a certain sum as a loan against their policy, or in certain cases even the amount of their policy, to enable them to retain their homes, and keep the family circle unbroken.

A scheme to provide a fund to relieve members taken sick or disabled away from home, will also be submitted to the next convention, and should receive a favorable consideration.

A movement should also be made to enable the Grand Secretary and Treasurer to pay deaths and disability claims just as soon as presented, instead of sending out notices of assessment after a claim is made, and thus waiting for the slow process of collecting the money through the various Lodges, and having it transmitted to headquarters, to be again transmitted to the respective beneficiaries. In order to do this it would be necessary to have some money on hand, enough to pay several month's death claims, but after paying up ahead in this way, our assessments would not come any faster or more frequent than now, and the money would come into the hands of those for whose benefit it is designed at a time when it is of the most service to them.

Hoping that much good work may be done for the advancement of our cause and the perpetuity of our Order at the convention so soon to meet in Toronto, I am as ever
X. L. C. R.

Woman's Department

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

In a recent sermon on this subject, Rev. J. Minot Savage, of Boston, said:

"I spoke in one of the sermons in this course concerning the slavery of women to the kitchen, and called the kitchen, as it exists to-day, what I believe it will be unanimously called in future ages—a relic of barbarism. Women are decried because they have not a passionate love for the kitchen. I honor them for it. I hope the day will come when they will be no more bound to it than their husbands are. I never could see why it is a woman's business to cook any more than a man's. Men in this Nineteenth century are regarded as the best cooks; they have learned it as a science; have studied it as an art. It is not my purpose to dwell on this, but only to touch on it as one of the things which we are to hope for when the world gets wholly civilized. The best women of the world are now slaves to the process by which the food is prepared to keep our bodies alive. How can you expect, then, women to have strong brains for working out the higher ideal?"

It seems remarkable to hear such sentiments by a man but if they had to be spoken I am glad it was not by a woman. I prefer not to hear the labors of a woman in her own kitchen called "slavery" or a "relic of barbarism." The kitchen of to-day is a monument of the progress made since the barbaric ages. We only have to go one generation back to find the huge old fireplace with its swinging "cranes" and its three-legged "spiders" where the poor housewife boiled and roasted and baked herself almost as much as she did the food for the family. Then there was the big brick oven that it required half a day to heat and enough must be baked at one time to last a whole week. When the "cookstove" was invented it was regarded almost as a gift from heaven, although it was rickety, smoky and very imperfect. This primitive affair with three legs and two covers has gradually developed into the range that is almost without a flaw and which places cooking among the fine arts. But as if this were not sufficient, it has been supplemented with the gas and gasoline stoves that actually cause kitchen work to seem like the make-believe of our childhood days when we played at keeping house. With one of these stoves, in a modern kitchen, with its hot and cold water, its sinks, elevators, roomy cupboards and every imaginable convenience, my lady may prepare a meal and wash the dishes while wearing her very best dress. There is no department about

To-morrow! To-morrow is only a dream!
A will-o'-the-wisp dancing over Life's stream.
To-morrow's a nothing, intangible, frail;
To depend on to-morrow will nothing avail.
Don't believe in to-morrow: if you grasp it
It will fade,
To-day's only real—to-morrow's a shade.

the household that has made such advance from barbarism as the kitchen.

Another reason why it is not pleasant to hear cooking described as a slavery is because, no matter how great the civilization, women will always have to superintend this part of the world's work, and it will seem much harder if it is looked upon as drudgery. While it is true, as Mr. Savage says, that the best cooks in this century are men yet it is wholly impracticable that the cooking of families in general shall be done by men. They have too many fields of labor to enter in great numbers into the kitchen which, at best, offers small wages for a large amount of work, and it is utterly improbable that men should ever do housework simply for the love of it. A few will study it as a science, become expert and demand such wages as only the very wealthy can pay but, for years to come, the cooking of the ordinary family will be done by women.

We may consider all kinds of labor as slavery, if we choose, but it is a very unfortunate view to take. If a woman is obliged to make her living by working in the kitchen the very wisest thing for her to do is to make herself thoroughly proficient. She will then be in demand and can select her own place and fix her own salary. The position of "hired girl" need not be a reproach if the girls themselves do not make it so. There is a tendency now to make a special study of cooking, and training schools of cookery are being established in many of our cities. The old, established schools at New York, Boston and Chicago are besieged with applications for teachers and many ladies of education and refinement are fitting themselves for these positions. Whenever you elevate any occupation into an art or a science and prepare for it by a thorough and systematic training you lift it above slavery and make it an independent calling.

I judge that Mr. Savage had reference more particularly to married women who are obliged to spend so much time in the kitchen they have no leisure to otherwise improve themselves. There are many cases of this kind and they are much to be regretted, but it is just as essential that a wife should understand house-keeping as it is that a man should understand business. The welfare of the family depends just as much upon it. No matter how bountifully the husband provides for his table the family cannot enjoy the food unless the wife knows how to prepare it. A house full of servants can not compensate for the lack of knowledge on the part of the mistress. I thought to-day as I glanced through Mrs. Emma

P. Ewing's latest manual describing how to prepare over forty kinds of vegetables that there was no excuse for a woman not learning how to cook. There are so many excellent books on the subject and most of her neighbors can give her information so that all she needs is to go into the kitchen and experiment. Every woman who marries enters into a contract to see that her meals are well-prepared, and her house in good order. Only extreme circumstances can justify her in failing to keep this contract.

But this does not imply that she is to do all this with her own individual hands. If a man is able to do so he should always employ some one to assist his wife in her household duties. If the house is large, if there is much company or if there are children, there is always too much work for one woman. The conscientious housekeeper cannot possibly bring her work up to the proper standard without assistance unless she is busy every moment, and it is asking too much of a woman to work more than ten hours a day. Men only work ten hours and are asking to have time reduced to eight and yet it is a common thing for women to work from five in the morning until ten at night. This is not right. Women, and especially mothers, should be protected. They are useful to society and very necessary to their families and they should not be permitted to carry burdens which would be too heavy for a man. He does the work of one man each day but she is required to do the work of two or three women, to be cook, nurse and seamstress. This is not just.

Perfect womanhood should be evenly developed and it seems proper that every woman should have a certain amount of leisure to employ as she thinks best, either in reading, resting or in social intercourse. There is scarcely any occupation for a man but that permits him a certain number of hours for himself but if a woman attempts to do all her own housework, sewing, attending the children, &c., (and many women are required to do all this,) she cannot have one single hour of leisure. The reason women are so narrow in their views, so easily prejudiced and so interested in trifling matters is because their sphere is so very limited and because they allow it to absorb all their time and energy and intellect. There are two things which cannot fail to broaden one's ideas and give her a large and comprehensive view of life and these are, 1st, a daily reading of books, magazines and newspapers, and 2d, association with cultivated and refined people. The former of these may be possible to every woman.

In conclusion, married women cannot afford to forsake the kitchen entirely but it is not necessary that they should spend all of their time in this department. A good wife will always keep a careful supervision of her kitchen, a good husband will always provide some one to do the heaviest part of the labor. The woman who sacrifices her health, her beauty, her pride of appearance and her mental advancement through a mistaken idea that it is her duty to "save" should be taught by her husband to economize in some other direction. The home should be conducted just as the shop, the store and the office, with the wife for manager or superintendent and as many assistants as are necessary to do the work. House-keeping is one of the most useful and agreeable occupations in the world if it is conducted on the same sensible and systematic principles as all other kinds of business.

A WORD FOR THE BABIES.

The heated season brings many discomforts and inconveniences for us all but no class suffers so helplessly and severely as the babies. Each year hundreds of the little ones are sacrificed to the heat of summer and the inexperience of mothers. The former cannot be avoided but there is a remedy for the latter. Many a mother in later years remembers with grief and regret the mistakes she made in the management of her first children and she is very fortunate indeed if none of her little ones were sacrificed to these errors.

It is almost impossible to make any specific suggestions in regard to diet as it must necessarily vary with the age, health and locality. Very young children should depend entirely upon the mother. After they are a year old they may have different kinds of food but must be carefully watched to see that it agrees with them. Bread and new milk and perfectly fresh, ripe fruit are very acceptable in some cases. Bananas may be safely given to quite young children. The juice of a nice piece of broiled steak they are very fond of. Oat meal and graham crackers are said to be harmless. Little children are often fretful because they are hungry. The many kinds of "prepared food" in the market should be very sparingly used and it will generally be found that a better substitute can be obtained in the home pantry. Perhaps there is no one thing from which very young children suffer so much as from thirst. Mothers are criminally careless in this regard. I have known children three months old who had never tasted water, and I have

babies half a teaspoonful each day when they had their bath! Children will very often cease fretting and go to sleep if you will just give them a drink of water. If the baby is teething and its gums are feverish it will be greatly relieved by placing in its mouth fine splinters of ice, picked off with a long pin.

All the medical journals in the world to the contrary, I do not believe it is best to immerse a baby in water every day. It is much more beneficial to sponge half of its body and then cover it up and sponge the other half. A great many babies are bathed to death. Young children should wear flannel all summer but it should be very soft and not too heavy. If the child is broken out with prickly heat dissolve a little borax in water and wash it off and it will afford immediate relief. Then powder it and place a soft, fine linen or cotton cloth inside of the flannel shirt. There could be no greater cruelty than to let the flannel come in contact with the irritated skin. The nicest powder for infants is made in this way: Take a white flannel bag about three inches square and fill it with silver gloss lump starch. Dip it quickly into cold water, wetting every portion of it, then lay it on a plate in the sun till it is thoroughly dry. Rub it between the hands a moment and it is ready for use.

Dress the children loosely, too many of them are bandaged like mummies, until the blood cannot circulate or the food digest and people wonder that they cry. Then, keep them cool. Let them have the morning and the evening air but do not take them out in the middle of the day. There is nothing more painful than to see a baby trundled about the streets with the glaring sunlight streaming down into its poor, little, flushed face. Keep them as quiet as possible in hot weather. Do not fear that they will suffer for want of exercise. The more quiet you can keep children of all ages during the heated season the better it is for their health.

Over and above all things be patient with the little ones. When the mother is warm and tired and worried it is very aggravating to have the baby cry and fret hour after hour but nothing is gained by getting out of patience. Babies do not cry unless there is some cause for it and the wise and considerate mother will set herself to work to find out and remove the cause. When the other children came in hot and dirty and cross I have often seen the provoked mother give them a good shaking and a slap, exciting herself and making them scream louder than ever. If she would take the overheated, uncomfortable little youngsters, wash and comb them and give them

something to eat she would find her efforts crowned with peace, quiet and serenity. The very first object in the care of children should be to make them physically comfortable.

We have taken up more space than was intended but perhaps there is no subject of more importance. August and the early part of September are the most fatal months for babies. The cool nights and mornings seem not to be healthful for them. A sudden change of temperature in the summer is very apt to prove disastrous, and the cooling rains and breezes that are so grateful to grown people mean sickness and perhaps death to the babies. I sincerely hope that all our good mother-readers may bring their precious little ones safely through the summer and enjoy their sweet presence for many years to come.

ETIQUETTE FOR THE CHILDREN.

Politeness is simply the graceful expression of a kind and generous heart, but a very warm-hearted person may be extremely awkward and a very selfish-hearted individual may have cultivated the art of etiquette until his manners are almost perfect. But children are not skillful at deception and they are very apt to act out their natural disposition. The place to begin their training is at home and the time is as early as they can understand what is said to them. A book on etiquette, which is one of the very best, is published at Minneapolis and is entitled "Manners that Win." In a chapter for children may be found the following suggestions:

"When you play, play a fair game. Never impose on or tease those who are smaller or weaker than yourself, or allow others to do it. Protect, feed and cherish every pet animal that depends upon and trusts you. Shut every door after you without slamming it. Never call to persons up stairs or in another room, go quietly and speak to them. Speak kindly and politely to others. When told to do or not to do a thing by your parents, obey without asking any questions. Tell of your own faults, not those of your brother and sister. Be prompt at every meal. Never sit down in the parlor or at the table with dirty hands or uncombed hair. Never interrupt any conversation but wait for your turn. Do not use slang words. Do not use tobacco. Walk erect, with the shoulders thrown back. Do not bother other people with your troubles. Do not be frightened out of your self-control. Be respectful to older persons. Never whine or grumble. Never stare at people. Learn to be neat. Do not meddle. Always speak the truth. Learn the value of time.

This is a long list of rules and a chapter might be written upon each one. Many of them are as applicable to grown people as to children. They comprehend the more conspicuous faults, and any child who follows them accurately will be almost too perfect for this earth, but if the children read them carefully each one will recognize some particular error that is especially his own, and may make an effort to correct it. Children seem to have a natural tendency to fall into unpleasant ways, and it requires constant watchfulness on the part of parents to counteract them. While there is nothing so lovable as a well-behaved child, there is nothing so disagreeable as one who is untrained and spoiled. It is not easy for parents to see the faults of their own, for love is so blind and one is sometimes tempted to wish for some healing power to open their eyes. We are apt to say, "O, they will outgrow these annoying ways," but instead of that they are constantly adding to them until they are almost beyond our control. The life of a parent is one of sleepless vigil and never-ending care, but if our children are a credit and an honor we are a thousand fold repaid.

I wish the boys and girls who read the Magazine would look over these rules of conduct and if they think of any that have been omitted they would write them out and send them to the "Woman's Department."

A FEW MINUTES IN THE KITCHEN.

Was the bread a success? Perhaps many of the ladies have methods they like better. There is a wide range of opinion in regard to cooking. It is claimed by many that the bran in Graham flour is very irritating to the stomach, while others who suffer from dyspepsia think they cannot eat anything else. Others prefer Whole Wheat flour, which contains the entire food principle of the wheat without the hull. The bread from this flour is made exactly like that described last month and may be baked in loaves, twists and fancy rolls. It is also very nice baked in muffins and eaten warm.

GRAHAM BREAD.

The ferment for Graham bread should be of white flour and prepared in the same manner as for white flour bread. When light, add sugar and salt to taste and work in Graham flour until the dough becomes elastic and clinging and is sufficiently stiff. Let stand till it is perfectly risen and then shape into loaves by rolling gently under the hand on a well-floured molding board and place in greased baking pans. Unless Graham

dough is of the proper consistency the bread will be moist, sticky and insipid or dry, rough and unpalatable. The correct proportions are a little more than two measures of flour to one measure of "wetting."

RYE BREAD.

Make the ferment just as for wheat bread and use from three to three and a half measures of rye flour to one measure of "wetting." More time is necessary for it to rise and also to bake, and it will not be so light, spongy and elastic as wheat bread. While making out the loaves, caraway seed may be sprinkled upon the molding board and the Germans consider that it adds very much to the flavor. The Jews sprinkle poppy seed upon the board and mold it into the loaves or sprinkle it upon the top.

For Woman's Department.

OUR BROTHERHOOD.

To this world so large these lines I pen,
To sound only praise of the Brotherhood men.
Who, so free and easy, good and kind—
If you search this world over no better you'll find;

Ready for duty whenever the call—
In darkness or danger, to stand or fall,
Not backward, but forward then let your march be,
And your deeds as your head-lights this world will see.

This Order to me seems noble and grand,
Like the stars in the Heavens, oh, long may it stand
To raise up the fallen, ever ready the hand.
'Tis the boys who have worked that well can command,
To care for the friendless—there is work for you all
And the prayers of the orphans as blessings will fall.
So be ready for duty while yet there is time,
And your deeds, through the gloom, as your head-lights, will shine.

So be true to each other as brothers should be,
Then your hearts will be lighter, and others will see
That you are striving for right, not honors to gain,
But something much better: an honest, good name,
And surely we know not the first to fall—
And I pray that our Father will care for you all.
If you have tried to do right 'tis a victory won
And the master will say it is well thou hast done.

And long be your lives, ye sons of the rail,
Those hearts full of courage, they never will fail,
All honor to men who try to do right,
And happy the wives who make your homes bright.
And I pray that to each and to all will be given
The best that there is—a home in heaven.
So ever be ready while now in your prime,
And your deeds, through the gloom, as your head-lights will shine.

—G. M. S.

ELKHART, IND., June 29, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

Economy is a trait that all railroad men's wives should possess and also practice. By economy I do not mean stinginess, but prudence in managing our expenses. Railroad people are proverbial for their extravagance. The second-hand dealers say that most of their stock is bought of railroad employes who have been discharged or who have broken up housekeeping for other causes. There you often find furniture suitable for the homes of business men who have property and expect to stay for years where they have located. Few railroad men expect to stay in one place a great length of time. There are too many changes in the business. How foolish, then, to buy elegant furniture to be sacrificed, if they lose their situation, to the merciless second-hand dealer. The trouble with most of us is that we begin where we should leave off. Let each young married couple commence housekeeping plainly, and avoid running in debt as much as possible. We cannot always avoid indebtedness, for sickness comes to all of us, and it may be weeks before our husbands earn steady wages again. How much heavier our debts seem then when we have expensive and almost useless furniture to pay for also. How we dislike that parlor set which our husbands and children could not use with any comfort, we are so afraid they would soil it. How foolish we think we were to buy that large mirror, and how we wish we had the money back if we have made any payments on it. Experience is the best teacher, and after one sacrifice of our furniture the most of us are obliged, if not contented, to put up with plainer furniture, fare and clothes than we were before. Let each husband and wife be "independent" and saving and add "Economy" to the motto of the Order. It is far better to have a rag carpet and plain clothes and know that they are paid for and therefore your own. If you have any money left after paying for the month's expenses, save it for the rainy day which is the lot of railroad people. Should you be so fortunate as to not have any misfortunes invest your savings in something profitable, and when the proper time comes buy nice but serviceable furniture to put in your own house, not a rented one. Debt is a bugbear which will haunt us and worry us until we cannot sleep peacefully. The worry of debt injures our husbands more than the hard work they endure while on duty. Yours savingly,

CARYL.

PATIENCE.

For Woman's Department.

What a world of wisdom is stored away in this old-fashioned word. Enough to make all the human lives in this world quiet and easy, all the heartaches and misery endurable, all the sorrows and troubles calm, sad remembrances, if only we could be made to feel its potent charm. Under a burden of great grief why should we fret and murmur. We can in no way change our condition but by a patient, hopeful waiting. And if we do so wait all things will eventually right themselves, and we will be better for having been patient. If we have suffered a great wrong the time is coming when we will be placed right again. Then let us be patient until that time. Not idly, and indolently absorbing all the poison and miasma, as a sluggish stream, but cheerfully and earnestly doing what we find to do. I do not say be content. It is not good for man to be contented. No one is so happy but he might not be happier, so good but he might not be better, hath done so nobly but he might not yet accomplish still greater things. The world is our field of action, and so long as we are in it we should go on, learning, striving, improving, working, till time shall end. But I do say, that under a burden of care we should be patient. It seems an old-fashioned, tame word to you in your impatience at the grief and woe that have come upon you. You feel more like exclaiming with Job, in his sad hour of agony, "Let me curse God and die." Or like some of the men of the present day who have been unfortunate, some, through no fault of their own, others, through trying to grasp the yield of the future in the harvest of the present, who, impatient at the delay of the future have, unwittingly, brought poverty and dishonor upon themselves, and now they have not the moral courage to wait and work out a way for themselves. The sorrow, the shame, and humiliation are more than they can endure. Unwilling to face man, they brand their souls with the mark of a coward, and rush unsummoned into the presence of God.

This is wrong. How much better to endure the burden patiently. Suppose you feel it to have been your own fault? Suppose it was not? In either case, if it can be remedied, do so at once. If there is no remedy at present, wait. Live it down, show the world that a fallen man can rise again, but this can not be done in a day, it takes earnest, patient labor. A heart strong and steady, with a nerve and will to do and dare. Yet most is done by a quiet, earnest, patient waiting.

Goethe says:

"If thou wouldst live unruffled by care,
Let not the past torment thee e'er;
As little as possible be thou annoyed,
And let the present be ever enjoyed;
Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied,
And to God the future confide."

IRENE.

GREENVILLE, TEX., July 14, 1884.

SYRACUSE, June, 1884.

To Woman's Department.

Through the columns of the Magazine I wish to express my thanks to the members of Fortune Lodge, No. 120, for their gift to me of a beautiful silver castor, with call bell attached, and also six heavily plated table spoons. Words failed me on the occasion of the presentation, which was on the evening of May 6th, at a social given in their lodge room. The surprise was great, for although all the ladies there were cognizant of what was in store for me, yet they rigidly kept the secret—a feat not expected of any woman. Again and again I thank the members for their beautiful present and express the hope that

Each will do his duty well,
It's dangers never dodge,
May God bless the Brotherhood
And especially Fortune Lodge,
MRS. IRVING ACKERMAN.

The Tucson Citizen has an account of a pleasant social given by the Ladies' Society of the B. of L. F. After a delightful programme of music and recitations, elegant refreshments were served and "the event proved one of the happiest since the organization of the society."

BABY WATKINS.

[Dedicated to Mr. & Mrs. S. W. Watkins, Jr.]

Baby Watkins we love so well
More than we can ever tell;
She will laugh and she will play,
Bringing joy and sunshine every day.

Baby is indeed a beauty.
I hope loved one you'll do your duty,
Never fretful nor unkind,
The nicest baby one can find.

Baby, dear, I hope you'll say,
"Mama has taught me the right way;
I'll try to be so good, indeed,
I'm sure you will my presence need."

Baby, you are so very dear,
I am so glad that you are here,
I'll love you long and love you well,
More than tongue can ever tell.

Baby, darling, we must part
Methinks loved one, 'twill break my heart;
Your little eyes so clear and bright,
Turn to say to all "a good night."

—Jennie M. Schuneman.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A vote was taken in Oregon during the month of June upon a constitutional amendment permitting women to vote. It was defeated about two to one, and the following are some of the reasons given by those voting in opposition:

WORDS HEARD AT THE POLLS.

"I'm afraid good women wouldn't vote, and the whisky men would have greater strength through the votes of the bad class," said a man who looks at everything with an eye single to temperance.

"Give those infernal women the chance, and they'll vote solid with the temperance cranks," said a man who shows all the debasing evidences of constant tippling.

"This thing means union of church and state: it is a 'God-in-the-constitution' arrangement," said a pronounced infidel.

"This movement is an attack on religion; it is run solely by infidels, and its object is to undermine the church," said a church member.

"Women have more rights now than men," said a man whose wife had left him because she could not endure his treatment.

"If 'e vimmen gets as much rights as 'e mens' 'e'ys gets so schmart 'e'ys ton't vant to mind," sagely remarked a valuable citizen who earns a living by dealing in second-hand trash.

"I don't want my old woman to get it into her head that she's as good as I am," said one of the most notoriously wicked men in Portland.

"I don't care to have my wife degraded by voting," said the husband of a woman whose occupation is not creditable.

"Wimmen has enough to do to attend to the house, widout wasting their time in meddling with pollyticks," said an Irishman whose sister was in years past robbed by the probate laws made under the present system of "pollyticks."

"Decent women don't want to vote," said a young fellow of 21, whose mother, a pronounced Woman Suffragist, is one of the most widely known and highly respected women in the State.

Miss B. W. G., of East St. Louis, writes a letter complimentary to F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44, which is unavoidably crowded out, but was fully appreciated. The paper on "Woman's Rights and Influence" will appear in the next number. The contributions this month are very acceptable and the Woman's Department returns thanks.

WOMAN'S STRENGTH.

Ah, man! where is your boasted strength
When trials press around you?
When storms come thick upon your head,
And floods seem like to drown you?

'Tis then you search for some warm nook
To hide your form so human;
You gladly trust the "weaker" part
And take refuge in a "woman."

Her heart is strong, her sense is keen,
Her hand is quick and ready;
And although her body may be weak,
She holds the "strong" one steady.

If she is true and true she loves,
No force can change her power,
And hers will be the way to guide
Man in his trial hour.

—[Philadelphia Call.

A BIT OF FUN.

Ah! ladies, ladies, I greatly fear
That our Magazine letters will not appear
In print, as often as heretofore;
For we're told our department is running o'er
With letters, it happens, whose only merit
Is, that they were sent in a kindly spirit.

Of course we would all think Mr. Debs horrid,
And hope he would go to a place that is torrid,
Had he dared to do as Mrs. Harper has done,
And pointed our fallings out, one by one.

This I have heard: "True friends are they
Who will show us our faults in a kindly way."
So criticisms, we can surely accept,
From this lady, who in writing has proved an adept.

If our letters are long and need "boiling down,"
Let's accept the decree without even a frown,
Let us not feel indignant if even our letter
Should be "crowded out" by one that is better.

Improvement in housework, you know we
do make

As older we grow, and more pains we take;
And I'm sure if we try to do better and better,
Each will send to the book an acceptable letter.

—Mrs. I. C. A.

SWEET-MINDED WOMEN.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sickness and sorrow for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hands works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowful sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cozy sittingroom and sees the blaze of the bright fire and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences, which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. We all are wearied with combatting with the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in the mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instances of this influence a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

Every wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair that wait.

T. W. Parsons.

Miscellaneous.

General George A. Custer.

E. M. Stannard, a member of Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, has laid aside the scoop and is now attending the Lawrence University in Wisconsin. He gives promise of a bright future, which we hope he may amply realize. He already gives evidence of his ability as a writer as will be seen by the following essay from his pen, upon the life and services of the brave General Custer, whose self-sacrificing heroism has been the theme of poet and painter since he met his tragic death:

"The soldier of the nineteenth century differs from the soldier of other centuries only in the degree of his military training. The same war-like spirit enters into the constitution of the soldier of every age and every land. What the military academy is to the United States regular, endurance is to the Indian warrior, and the school of chivalry was to the ancient knight. But different motives prompt the people of different nations to the culture of the art of war. The knight trained himself that he might be more valiant in the defence of his lady. The red-skin subjects himself to the most severe torture and exposure that he may be better able to avenge the wrongs of his forefathers. But the soldier of our land receives military training that he may with greater skill defend his government against all foreign and domestic foes.

Although the age of chivalry has passed, the knightly spirit has been granted as a special gift to certain men of modern times. Chief among our nation's knights is General George A. Custer. Born in seclusion, reared a farmer boy, with muscles trained to hold the plough or "wrestle with madmen," he grew to be a strong and hardy youth. From his childhood his highest aspirations were to be a soldier. By fortune and his own exertions he obtained an appointment as a cadet at West Point. Four years of military drill made of him a Lieutenant with the beauty of Diogenes and the physique of an Apollo Belvidere. His military education was complete and he stepped forth to serve the nation at a time when there was need of such as he. Lincoln had just "stepped his foot upon the earth," and thousands of men fresh from their shops and farms stood ready to be led to meet the foe. Having the choice of quiet duty for a while or being sent at once into active service, his restless and energetic spirit chose the latter. He was soon given the command of a corps of cavalry, when he displayed the heroism of a Murat. His influence over his men was wonderful. Not spurring them on to the charge by the use of angry words, as many generals do, but riding at the head of his ranks, his long golden curls flying from under his broad-brimmed hat, he would put spurs to his horse and waving his bright Toledo blade above his head, would shout, "Come on, boys!" and the whole line of charging cavalry would rush to certain victory. No officer through all that desperate struggle of four years made a more glowing record than he. Never before was known such swift promotion. At the close of the war, at the age of twenty-six,

Custer stood a major-general complete. His subsequent experience on the plains was no less fortunate, for he became the most successful Indian-fighter of his time. Being quick to learn, he took every means of becoming skilled in the art of Indian warfare. While planning a night attack on some Indian village he would go far in advance of his men with his most wary scouts that he might see the state of things with his own eyes, and thus know better how to order an attack. Not one of his campaigns resulted in disaster until unwillingly deprived of his command, he was compelled to do the bidding of another. Nor would he then have fallen had his commands been properly executed. Like Wellington at Waterloo, had the Prussian reinforcements been delayed but half an hour longer, the British must have been defeated, and that which gave Wellington his fame would have resulted in disaster. Thus, if Benton, according to command, had hastened with his reinforcements to the scene of conflict, the Indians might have been defeated and Custer and his party saved, and that which men now call his disgraceful defeat have proved the crowning victory of his life.

Custer fell! But not until his manly worth had won for him imperishable honor. Pure as a virgin, frank and open-hearted as a child, opposed to the use of tobacco, liquors, and profane language, free from political corruption, cool and courageous in the midst of the fiercest battle, he has left to us the model of a Christian warrior.

A Magnificent Run.

In a recent copy of the Cincinnati Enquirer appeared the following interesting correspondence in regard to a fast run that had been made over the Baltimore and Ohio:

(CINCINNATI, OHIO, JUNE 9, 1884.

To the Editor of the Enquirer:

A morning paper of this date speaks of the "newspaper train" on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the "unprecedented run" for the distance of less than a mile a minute, &c.

The correspondents on the train adopted a series of resolutions thanking Major Pangborn for the luxurious train, Charles Selden of the telegraph company, for the splendid entertainment during the trip, and conductor Duvall for "his magnificent run."

Query—Should that engine have struck and killed some person, would Captain Duvall have been arrested for manslaughter? Or, should that engine have passed a flag and run into another train or an open drawbridge, would Conductor Duvall have been discharged by the officials of the road? Or, should the engine have made a poor run and lost time for lack of steam, would these same officials have censured Conductor Duvall?

Now, my heartfelt sympathy goes out with a "gush" for the conductor of that train. He must have been awfully tired shovelling fifteen or twenty tons of coal to make the necessary steam for his run. He will no doubt be compelled to "lay off" to recruit his shattered energies in consequence of the terrible strain upon his "mental and physical forces," and his frame must shake as with palsy from the constant vibration of the ponderous machinery. But the most astonishing thing in this connection is the unexampled gall displayed by the engineer and fireman, especially the fireman, in going up and signing the pay-roll for services rendered upon this momentous occasion when the conductor was making his magnificent run.

ENGINEER BIG FOUR.

Correspondence

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

PARSONS, KAN., May 26, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

How often do we hear that firemen belonging to our Brotherhood are men who are addicted to the too common use of intoxicating liquor? Is this the fault of our constitution? Sec. 1 of Art. 22, states that "Any member found guilty of drunkenness shall be suspended for the first offense. A repetition shall be punished with expulsion, and under no circumstances shall a member so expelled be reinstated before the lapse of one year." Hence the cause lays not with our constitution, but with the individual alone. How often do we notice in our Magazine a list of names of expelled members for drunkenness, unbecoming conduct, keepingsaloons, etc. It is a disgrace to the organization, and could be, in a great measure, remedied by each Lodge; at least, this is my belief and here is my theory: If we own a house we feel safer in it if it is insured. We insure our lives, our furniture—then why not insure against intemperance, against the loss of respect of our friends, of our own self respect, of the loss of our situation? It is an impossibility to find a man who will tell you that he intends to become a drunkard. If you try to talk with them, to reason and show them their folly and disgrace, often you will hear them say, "I have done, no more for me—I am going to swear off." But even if they do so, the habit of drink is so often formed, and if they stay sober for a little while, often their old habits come back again. Have you ever heard the remarks when a fireman has just got in with his empty lunch pail, looking tired, etc. As he walks up the street from his engine,

and walks in either at the front door or back, just as it may be, that he is getting fond of his "tea" and takes it pretty regularly? Some say "aint it a pity—he is as good a boy as ever lived." And this is a universally acknowledged fact. It hardly need be added that such a state of affairs is not a healthy one, and what is necessary, is for each and every brother to feel that there is a work for him to do that can be done by no one else. Remember, you have promised to do so. You have taken a solemn vow to do so. How jealous should we be to promote these living principles and maintain in spotless integrity these noble characteristics, for it is only by them that our Brotherhood can be perpetuated. Their influence for good is boundless, our credit and prosperity demand that we practice them. And I ask what nobler principles can actuate the breast of any human being than are concentrated by the virtues of sobriety? As we enter our lodge room do we want strong drinks marked in our faces, disgrace and expulsions in wrinkles, or do we wish to elevate ourselves as men and our faces shine by sobriety? Men may say, "but it braces me up." My fellow firemen, it is a delusion, a farce and morbid fancy. It is in plain talk a poison stealing the brains and numbing the faculties, and is the workers' worst enemy. It is the purpose of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to banish every unfaithful man, and if you want it to be a Brotherhood of gentlemen, can you have it by having men in your ranks who take their "tea" or chemicals, or "Extract of Malt" too freely? I leave it for yourselves to reply. Again, a member is expelled for non-payment of dues. I honestly believe in getting rid of all those who have not the principle and honor to pay their monthly dues and assessments. It is humiliating to think we have members who are so careless, indifferent and blind to their own interests. I would say to all such: you fail to do your duty; you are drones in the great hive of industry; you are stumbling blocks in the way of good men; you live in ignorance of what is being done by the association of which you ought to be a good working member. Such a man is a blank, almost a cumbrance in society, and his exit hence will be missed little more than a grain of sand from the sea shore or a drop from the mighty ocean. There are men, and always will be, who are only hindrances to all activities, and of such is a man who will neglect his dues. Any member lacking such qualities is no man to adorn the lodge room. He has no prominence and influence, can neither do justice to his manhood or prove a ben-

efactor to his brethren. Hence, the paying of dues and assessments is a duty. But how many there are whom we meet in our every day lives who utterly fail to comprehend, or if comprehending, to comply, with the requirements of duty? Can those who know the danger and make no endeavors to avert it, satisfy their own consciences that they have done their whole duty in the matter? The part of duty is a plain one, not always strewn with roses, we admit, yet all things considered it is the only path in which we can walk with anything like satisfactory results. VERIX.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., July 5, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As the time now draws near for our Eleventh Annual Convention, there are many things to be thought of for the advancement of the Order. The one, in my opinion, demanding the greatest attention of the delegates to this Convention, is the establishment of the Home for Disabled Enginemen. This is a question fraught with a great deal, either of good or ill, to our dear Brotherhood. When the matter was first brought up I was in favor of it as being a step in the right direction, one that would be of inestimable benefit to the Order but since that time I have changed my mind and think it would be well for every member to give it his closest attention before going so far that to retrace his steps will be impossible. Now for some of my objections which I hope to make plain enough: Beginning with the cost of construction, the ground could not be obtained in any city of importance for less than \$10,000, then it would certainly cost from forty to fifty thousand more to put up and furnish a suitable building ready for use; now you must secure your help—first in order is a Superintendent, and there is no man capable of filling a place of that kind who would undertake it for less than \$1500.00 per year, your Janitor would receive \$600.00, all other necessary help, say \$1000.00 more. Besides your taxes, insurance, fuel and other supplies which would be required to maintain the Home would in my opinion make it a very costly institution for us to keep up. I am very much in doubt if the entire income of the Grand Lodge would meet this expense. Now who is entitled to the benefits of this Home? The members of the B. of L. F. alone are to receive this benefit! Very good so far, but how is it with the wives and children of the greater number of our members? I see no provision whatever made for them. No, a member as it now stands must sever every tie that is dear to the human heart to obtain admission to the Home that he has

helped to establish and maintain. Father, mother, wife and children, all must be left behind or he must stay out; how many would avail themselves of this Home at such a sacrifice? I think very few. If there is a man in our Order who would accept a home of ease and comfort for himself and leave his family to get through the world as best they can, I for one would brand him as a traitor to the most sacred trust reposed in man, and totally unfit to be a member of this Brotherhood. But some will say it is only intended for those who have no other home to go to in case they become disabled. So much the more reason for opposing the scheme on account of the very few men we have that are without home and friends. The number is so small that all combined, would not make a corporal's guard. Now, why make the great mass of this Brotherhood maintain an institution of the kind when the interest of the money it takes to build the home would more than keep all the homeless members we have in the Order. Now Brothers do not think for a moment that I am opposed to any measure that is for the best interests of the greatest number. But another says the railroad companies will help us to keep it up. I think it is very doubtful, as it is only for one class of railway employees; if it was open to all classes, then there might be some chance of getting some money from them, but as it is now, I think they will do nothing for us.

Let me give you my idea of a plan that in my opinion will be of more benefit to all the members than the one proposed: Take the amount of money it will take to establish this Home, put it out at interest, this to be in the hands of a Board of Trustees appointed by the Grand Lodge, then in case of the total disability of a member let this Board of Trustees investigate the case and make such provisions for him as in their judgment is necessary to insure him a comfortable support. This I think would give more satisfaction to all concerned, at a great deal less expense than the plan proposed at present. Fraternally Yours

EUGENE BROWNING.

MANSFIELD, O., May 2, 1883. }
CLEVELAND, O., May 2, 1884. }

Editors Magazine:

You will at once have your curiosity aroused as to why your strange correspondent dates from two different cities and allows an even year to elapse between the dates used at the head of this communication. But I will explain at once by stating that one of your legion of workmen, Mr. Charles Tanner was married to Miss Sadie E. Kiner on the first written date, and on the approach

of the first anniversary of their happy married life your Brotherhood, through a band of its representatives, gathered themselves together, as is their custom, to pay the last tribute of respect to, and to pronounce their solemn burial service over the remains of their deceased comrade ere they laid him in his last resting place at Riverside cemetery. The case of the deceased may not differ so materially from that of many others who have gone before, but you are once more reminded of the uncertainty of life and of the immutable certainty of death. Your brother, whose remains you have this day deposited in its mother earth, was born at Albion, Orleans county, New York, August 14, 1859. From earliest childhood he became an especial favorite of some of the oldest engineers on the N. Y. C. & R. R., among whom were Mr. George Cole and Mr. George Lingham (the death of both of whom the child mourned as only a child could mourn, for their loves were reciprocal), and also Mr. Edward Shoffer, who now survives his youthful friend Willie. Many times have these old knights of the foot board taken Willie up to Niagara Falls on the morning train and brought him to his home again on the down trip, without taking the trouble to ask paternal consent; and incidentally I wish to mention that the seat on the right hand side was not too good for the young traveler to sit on. Thus it is easy to comprehend why in very early life Willie selected the vocation he subsequently became so much attached to. Through the son's continued solicitation your correspondent secured a situation on the C. C. & I. R. R., then under control of that prince of General Master Mechanics, Mr. L. S. Young, and on the 1st day of October, 1875, Willie threw his first shovel of coal under the instruction of his father. Years of continued service came and went and with them the changes so common to railroad life, and Willie lost a situation of which he was so proud for a cause for which no other fireman was ever discharged in this country, so far as we have any record, the offence being that he did not ask the engineer if he had an order to proceed, the management claiming that if the fireman had asked the question a collision which cost the company nearly \$30,000 would have been averted.

On the 21st of December, 1883, he having previously made an application and been found worthy, he went from Frankfort, Ind., (where he was employed by the T. C. & St. L. R. R.) to Charleston, Ill., to be initiated into the mysteries of the order of his adoption, and at that time joined Little Giant Lodge No. 187.

On his return passage the train became snow-bound, and in his efforts to assist the crew out of the drifting snow he contracted a cold which in a few brief days terminated fatally in congestion of the lungs. The virtues which form the motto of your noble order he had practiced from earliest boyhood. The worthy sufferer never met a repulse from him when it was possible for him to give aid. Although kept on the left hand side of an engine with an inebriated engineer for many months against his earnest protest, the tempter, drink, had no influence upon him and he shunned the vice of intemperance with loathing; and last, though not least, he never sought a lay-off for recreation, and only from exhaustion or over-work was Doc (as he was familiarly known) ever found off duty. No better virtues adorn the title page of the mouthpiece of any organization than "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." Preach them and practice what you preach. Emulate the example of him you have this day laid where you all soon must follow, remembering that the cradle and the grave stand in juxtaposition to each other, and the practice of these, together with other commendable virtues which should adorn the lives of the most humble, is a sufficient passport to that haven of rest which we reasonably hope to attain as a reward for a well-spent life and a hope in immortality. Although but a few brief days was he a member of your order, and a contributor of a few paltry dollars to your treasury, yet I have it from good authority that the deceased was all that the laws of your order require—loving, kind and true, and not a drone in the hive of industry. Cut down as he was in the early dawn of manhood and being deprived by the fell destroyer of the privilege of only one sitting in the Lodge with his comrades, yet the munificent benefits of the noble order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and as strong and earnest a spirit of sympathy are being extended to the bereaved widow, the father, the mother and the sister of the deceased as is possible to have been shown had the deceased contributed years of labor for, and thousands of dollars to the cause of your Brotherhood. Thus in this bereavement do we behold the good results of association; and in this connection I would earnestly impress upon the minds of those who have not yet affiliated with the Order that "procrastination is the thief of time," and it is an imperative duty to those for whom you labor to join the Brotherhood at once, not from mercenary motives, for it becomes a duty, not only

to yourselves, but to your families or those that are dependent upon you for daily support, to contribute to the assistance of one another in this mutual manner, so that when the time shall come, however early or late in life, you may go hence with the happy reflection that a dear wife or offspring may not be left dependent upon that cold charity upon which so many have hungered and perished. Under the most auspicious circumstances the path of life is beset with danger, but the vocation of a locomotive fireman is especially hazardous, and you know not at what moment the brittle thread of life may be broken and without even a warning voice you may be precipitated into the presence of the God of the widow and the fatherless. Let the oft-repeated dispensations of divinity spur you on to such action as will protect and succor those whom you may at any time be called to leave.

I should be derelict in my duty to the B. of L. F. should I fail to return my most sincere thanks and express the heartfelt gratitude of the young widow of your deceased brother for the many acts of kindness extended to us all during this our bereavement, and especially do we feel indebted to Mr. A. H. Buse, of Lake Shore No. 183, who pronounced the solemn and impressive burial ceremony at the grave; also several members of Forest City Lodge No. 10, all of whom found much inconvenience in obtaining a lay-off to attend the burial as pall bearers.

Thanking you for space in your Magazine in which to express our obligations to your fraternity at large, and wishing you God speed in your laudable labors, I am, gentlemen,

Very truly,

C. C. T.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., July 4, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I have read several letters in the Magazine from some of our able correspondents relative to the duties of membership and the size of the black list published each month. I notice that the largest number are expelled for non-payment of dues. It is my opinion, from personal observation, that the list for non-payment of dues would be much smaller if the officers of our Lodges were more attentive to their duties and more prompt in answering absent brothers' letters. What can you do when a brother in need comes to you for a meal and his card is expired? You ask the reason of it and the answer is, he cannot hear from his Lodge. It is hard to have to refuse him the required assistance, but what can we

do? His card is out and we have to ignore him. May be he is a good man suffering from the negligence of the officers of his Lodge in not answering his letters. While writing, there is a case of a brother who wrote eighteen days ago for a card and an order for the work and has received no answer. He is out of employment through no fault of his own, and yet he has waited here this long without answer from his Lodge. Can we wonder at the brother getting careless himself? He gets the cold shoulder instead of a brotherly greeting, and the next thing we see his name in the black list. Do you not as officers take an obligation to fill your office to the best of your ability? If you don't intend doing it you ought to resign. As the chosen leaders, show yourselves worthy of your positions, and I feel confident if correspondence from absent brothers is answered more promptly you will see the list of expulsions for non-payment of dues much smaller in the future.

J. S. WHEELER.

GRAFTON, O., July 1, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Quite a large number of people gathered within the walls of the beautiful stone church at Grafton on Monday, June 9, the occasion being the marriage of Bro. L. Burns, of Forest City Lodge No. 10, to Miss Johanna Buckley. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Davidet according to the Catholic church, which was very beautiful and impressive. After signing the marriage contract, the newly-made couple, accompanied by a few chosen friends, repaired to the residence of the bride's parents, where congratulations were offered by the many warm friends, after which the guests sat down to an elegantly prepared table, where an hour or more of mirth and good cheer held full sway. The bride received many useful and handsome presents. Bro. Brown is well known to many of our Brotherhood and exceedingly popular wherever he is known. Firing an engine on the Cleveland and Uhrichsville Express on the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling R. R., he has the respect and confidence of his employers and the high esteem of his co-workers. The bride is well known, having lived here the better part of her life. She was a favorite in society and has scores of warm friends who will miss her. Bro. Brown is a credit to our order and we take pleasure in extending to him and his beloved wife our hearty congratulations. May they live long in peace and happiness is the sincere wish of all.

No. 10.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Dedicated to Thos. Robson, who was scalded to death in the wreck on Dixon Hill, on engine 64, January 29, 1884.]

He was kind and brave, he was young and strong,

And his comrades loved him, every one;
When at work he fully did his part
With a willing hand and a cheerful heart.

Light was his heart and busy his brain
As he sped along on the west-bound train,
When lo! there was a broken rail
Which made his gallant young heart quail.

And 'ere he had time to think or act
The engine dashed from off the track
And the scalding steam flowed like the tide
O'er the noble lad at the engine's side.

When earthly help could not be given,
Strength was lent to him from heaven
And loosened him from the rigid grasp
Of the iron monster which held him fast.

Scalded and suffering, aye, almost dying,
He walked to the car where we found him
lying;

Soon his mother and sister stood by his side,
And their grief and fear they could not hide.

The mother's heart with agony wrung
Too deep to be told by mortal tongue,
And in spite of Death, who was standing
near,
Their breaking hearts he tried to cheer.

"Mother," he said, and his voice was low,
"Why need you be alarmed so?"
But 'ere another hour had fled
The brave young fireman lay dead.

The Heavenly Father claimed his own,
And angels descended from the throne
And bore his spirit to that peaceful home
Where sorrow and suffering are unknown.

And while our heads are bowed in grief,
And while our hearts sigh for relief,
We'll breathe the prayer "God's will be done."
Requiescat in pace, Thomas Robson.

—Kitty McKenny.

CLEVELAND, O., June 11, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Although No. 10 is not often heard from in the Magazine she is not asleep. We have received calls for members from several sister Lodges, which have started up on every side, but we still keep up in numbers. Bro. Hartman has crossed to the right side and is doing good work. Bro. Fishel stole a march on the boys and captured one of the fair daughters of Kent, and all unite in wishing them joy and happiness on their trip through life. Bro. Buse, our able Financier, is one of the shining lights of our Lodge, nor must Bros. Hollar and Mason be left out of the list of earnest workers. The boys say that from the number of trips that Bro. Ebert makes to the east end there must be some attraction there.

Hoping none of the brothers will pass through our Forest City without giving us a call, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

SONNY.

St. Louis, Mo., June 9, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Industrial Lodge, No. 21, is on her feet again, notwithstanding she has been robbed by two Financiers. The members are determined this time to keep the Lodge on a safe foundation. Among our good men is J. Wilson, who is on the right side of the 482, A. Blocker, on the left side of the 479, Bros. Quinn, Bohan, Barrett and others. Bros. Blocker and Ladenberger are earnest workers and deserve great credit for the manner in which they discharge their duties. Our new foremen, Mr. Geo. Walsh, is a first-class man in every respect.

SLY WILLIE.

GALVESTON, TEX., June 28, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

It is with feelings of regret we have to record the retirement of Mr. G. B. Nichols, late Master Mechanic of the G. C. & S. F. R. R. A few days ago there appeared a notice of the appointment of Mr. W. H. Reilly, A. M. M., as Gen. M. M., vice Mr. G. B. Nichols, resigned. The news spread rapidly through the shops and caused a murmur of sorrow among the men, not on account of the appointment, but on account of the retirement, which was caused by the failing health and declining years of Mr. Nichols. Not alone have the men sustained a loss, but also the Brotherhood, as he was a friend to the order and an ardent admirer of the good it has done even here under his own observation. Mr. Nichols was a railroad man of long experience. He was Master Mechanic of a road on the Isthmus of Panama twenty-five years ago, and since then Superintendent and Master Mechanic of several roads in Texas. He had been with the Santa Fe Company since they bought their first engine, and built all their shops. He has made several improvements that stand as active monuments of his mechanical skill. He treated his men with cordiality and respect which made them more reliable, and they studied his interests as well as their own. In studying their common rights he stood on the same basis of equality with the men under his control—there was kind treatment on one side and an obedience to duty on the other, which causes us to regret his retiring.

Mr. W. H. Reilly, our present Master Mechanic, is also a man of broad views, in whose estimation a man that knows his business and attends to it stands high. He is a good friend to the Brotherhood, as can be attested by Instructor Stevens, who once received a

token of Mr. Reilly's appreciation of his mission by getting the use of his office to organize Lodge 147. It is pleasant to note that while we lose Mr. Nichols he has been succeeded by a man of broad and liberal ideas and a thorough mechanic.

MAC.

MEADVILLE, PA., July 6, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As we have no correspondent I will attempt to write something for publication if it will prove of sufficient interest for the Magazine. We were organized on the 28th day of March, and at this writing we number thirty members. We have a good piece of territory to work in, as there are about 150 firemen on the two divisions running into Meadville. Our officers are first-class in every respect and attend strictly to business.

Adam Heckmann is just the man for Magazine agent, and I judge from the way he is working that he is after one of the prizes.

S. H. Quackenbush presides over our Lodge with becoming dignity. Sam is one of the old wheel-horses in the Brotherhood and we are proud to rally under his leadership.

We all wish prosperity to the Firemen's Brotherhood.

W. F. P.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., July 5, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I notice that No. 77 has held a meeting to discuss the subject of the abuse of traveling cards. While I am free to admit that traveling cards are abused to a certain extent, we must not overlook the fact that business on most of our roads is extremely dull, and, as a natural consequence, many of our members are out of work. These men have got to travel about and seek employment—what else can they do? I for one will always recognize a card and do what I can to assist a man who proves himself a member in good standing. It costs nothing to take a member by the hand who is out of employment and despondent and give him a cheering word, and we would hardly be brothers if we did less. Admitting that a few of our traveling members are impostors, it is safe to assert that the proportion is small, and it would be grossly unjust to refuse to recognize traveling members or treat them slightly simply because a few of the number are unworthy. Those that come this way and have a traveling card will find a cordial reception, and when we get tired of entertaining them we will withdraw from the order.

H. E.

LEITCH'S LAST RUN.

(Engineer C. Leitch was killed in the Millsboro (Va.) disaster, on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, Christmas Eve, 1883. He met his death like a hero, with his hand on the throttle.)

There on the foot-board so motionless standing,

Calmly his arms folded over his breast,
Monarch is he that iron steed commanding.
Brave, loving, gentle, the best of the best.

Time—he is waiting, night's shadows are falling,

Hoarse roars the steam from the overcharged dome,

Harshly the signal, the Captain's voice calling,

Breaks on that dream of his sweet quiet home.

Gone—far behind him the city lights glimmer,

Out through the meadows like birds in their flight,

Up the long grade; through the moonlight's soft shimmer

Gleams the great headlight far into the night.

Hand on the throttle: far down the long reaches,

Hangs the white steam trail in seeming retreat,

Far up the mountains amid the tall beeches,

Drift the faint echoes with music replete.

North Mountain, Waynesboro, Panther Gap, Goshen,

Red-light, now white light, and Millsboro's passed,

Up the deep cut with a swift swaying motion,

Wildly re-echoes the whistle's shrill blast.

Now on the home-stretch away he is dashing,

Through the dark tunnel out into the light

'Round the long curve like a meteor flashing:—

Wreck and wild ruin has marked the midnight.

Gently he's speaking, "O, Captain, I'm dying!

Tell me, I pray you, who's right and who's wrong?"

"We're right," sobb'd the Captain, strong men are crying:

The soul of Criss. Leitch has joined the great throng.

—Oris Hunt.

THE "FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE" of Terre Haute, Ind., is we believe, by all odds, the best of the various journals published by secret societies. Through the influence of orders members are induced to throw their money away for many of these journals which are indeed of very little value for any purpose. We are pleased to say that the FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE, "under the management of Eugene V. Debs, the able young editor, is a credit to journalism and is worth more than its subscription price.—[*The Railroad*er.

CLINTON, ILL., June 13th, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I have been looking for something in the Magazine in regard to the proposed Enginemen's Home, but have seen very little yet. I would like to hear something about it, for and against, but especially the former, as I do not think the project advisable and would like to hear the arguments of its advocates. Now perhaps I have undertaken too much to assail a proposition that was favorably entertained by so worthy a body as the Denver Convention; but I will run the risk and try to give a few reasons why I think it not advisable. In the first place it will cost a considerable sum and in all probability the surplus of the general fund will not be sufficient to even build such a home as would do credit to our Order, to say nothing of the constant expense of maintenance, which will be no small matter, taking into consideration medical attendance, nurses, taxes, repairs, insurance, etc., and if the general fund is not sufficient, I suppose the remaining expense will have to be borne by Subordinate Lodges, according to membership, and is there not danger that it may be a heavy load for some of them to carry? We are prosperous now, but have we any guarantee that we will always be so? Is it good policy to undertake anything that may embarrass the Order at some future time? I think not. I think before we commence to build a home for disabled enginemen we should have a sufficient fund guaranteed to complete and maintain it. But for the sake of argument, suppose our home is complete, who are you going to send there? Reader, I don't think you will want to go there, and I do not want to go; then who will be sent to the Enginemen's home? Soldiers and sailors, when they become old and disabled have homes provided for them by the government, but they are in no way to be compared to railroad men—having left home as a rule, when young, and having spent the most of their lives without homes or kind friends, they have no other place to go. But our enginemen all have either wives, mothers, sisters or brothers, or some dear friends, and if disabled would want to spend the remainder of their lives with loved ones rather than be sent away among strangers. Our insurance is intended to enable disabled members to make a living or to assist a member to make a living. Now if a member becomes disabled is he to be entitled to more consideration than his wife would be in case of his death? I hear nothing about sending widows and orphans to the home, and why should we not make

the same provision for our loved ones that we do for ourselves? If we have more money than is needed for current expenses, let us make a special fund in case of need. I have made a partial canvass of four Subordinate Lodges and have found no member who thought he would like to be sent away from friends in case of disability.

While we are prosperous let us spare no means to extend our Grand Brotherhood over this entire land. Let us make the B. of L. F. the strongest Order of workmen in existence, but let us not undertake anything that may prove a drawback to the Order. Let us work for the greatest good for the greatest number.

MAIN LINE.

For Firemen's Magazine:

INFLUENCE OF WEALTH.

Gold makes man a demi-God
And spreads his name abroad;
Though the harvest of his treasures
Has been reaped through blood and fraud.
Fawning sycophants kneel and worship
At the feet of mammon's shrine,
Though he knows the piles of opulence
Have been heaped through foulest crime.

Columbia shows an Arnold
Leaping out of honor's bound,
To sell the land that bore him
For Britain's paltry pound.
But when we search the scriptures
We wonder not at this
For there we see the man-God
Betrayed by Judas' kiss.

The robber primes his weapon
And steals to some lonely den,
And there conspires in silence
To rob his fellow-men.
The burglar prowls at midnight
And effects through noiseless stealth
To stamp on his guilty conscience,
The stain of ill-gotten wealth.

The maid in her blushing eighteen
Scoffs at poverty's noble crown,
But smiles at the nod of a Cressus,
Be he ever so uncouth.
She scorns the slave of penury
And his humble, honest crust,
But sells her youthful happiness
For coins of glittering dust.

Here law becomes a plaything,
To be colored white or black,
For Justice asks the criminal
If gold be at his back.
If he holds not shining ducats
Then perjury lays the snare
And dooms the poor unfortunate
To a life of grim despair.

Death shall fall the courted Dives
And lay him stark and cold,
His shroud shall have no pockets
To hold his filthy gold.
Then his soul shall shrink in terror
From his schemes of moneyed fraud
When he finds an honest Lazarus,
Is the noblest work of God.

FLAGSTAFF, A. T., June 14, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Being a reader of the Firemen's Magazine, I have for the last three issues failed to find anything from Pacific Lodge No. 173. Although I am not a railroad boy at the present time I am a friend to the members of the above-named Lodge, and it affords me great pleasure to say that this Lodge stands second to none in the Brotherhood. The officers and members work together harmoniously, which is a sure guarantee of success. The most friendly feeling exists between the Engineers' Brotherhood and Firemen's. The firemen number about forty and the engineers about sixty. Many of the engineers running here are men who have been promoted here and hold a membership in both orders. While visiting the boys a few days since at Winslow I met several new faces who were all, as railroad men are, whole-souled fellows. The time was very pleasantly spent with the boys. I owe thanks to all for their courteous treatment, but especially to Engineers J. E. Martin, A. J. Potter, Doys. Fisher, Killen, Van Cleve, Jesse and Parker. May each of the Brotherhoods be successful and live up to their mottoes, is the wish of a friend. M. E. J.

COLUMBUS, O., June 10, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Franklin Lodge No. 9 is still in existence and numbered among those which are prosperous. On Feb. 22d last, Little Miami Division No. 34, B. of L. E. and Franklin Lodge No. 9, B. of L. F., gave a Union Ball, the first ever in Columbus. At this late day I will only say in reference to the ball that it was a complete success, both socially and financially, there being over 200 couples in attendance and after all expenses were paid leaving each Lodge a balance of some \$89.00. No. 9 is now enjoying an era of prosperity she has never before known, having at this time 61 members upon her rolls, they representing eight of the railroads centering in Columbus. Of the 61 members, I do not know of one who is not an earnest and faithful worker for the Order.

Bro. Stephen met with a very painful accident a few days ago, by dislocating his shoulder while practicing in a gymnasium at Bradford Junction.

Dame rumor has it that our worthy Master will shortly take unto himself a wife—How is it, Charley? From present indications Bro. J. D. Coffey has a weakness for the eastern part of the City. Bro. Tracy is seen frequently wending his way in the same direction—be careful, boys, there may be a big brother near by.

Bro. Fred Mull has, we understand, great pugilistic hopes, and is anxious to try on the gloves with some of the noted men of the ring.

If the boys want any information pertaining to base ball, we would refer them to Bro. John Baker, as he is an acknowledged authority on all such questions.

Bro. Ed. Muth, known as the "hungry man from Columbus" is night hostler for the B. and O. here. We will say for the benefit of those who met him at the Denver Convention, that he is enjoying good health and is always ready to eat.

Bro. Joe Kistler, our worthy Financier, who for the past five years has been doing an extensive coal business, is erecting a number of fine buildings in different parts of the City. Success to you Joe.

PAN HANDLE

FITCHBURG, MASS., June 18, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Thinking perhaps a few lines from Wm. A. Foster Lodge No. 216 would be of interest to some of your readers, I take this opportunity of sending them to you. We were organized Sunday, May 18, by Grand Instructor Stevens, with twenty-eight charter members, all of us from Boston Lodge No. 57, and a more happy lot of men were never seen than we are since our Lodge is started and everything pointing towards prosperity. We have a number of applications on file and have bought our goat, got him well dressed and he wears "bangs" and is hard to beat. We cannot say too much in praise of Bro. S. M. Stevens and his executive ability in the office he holds, and we hope it will not be long before he can make us a visit. We all of us feel very grateful to Bro. Charles Morrison, of Boston Lodge No. 57, for his many acts of kindness to us; also to Bro. Mitchell and Bro. Trenholm for their kind assistance to us. Our Worthy Master, Wm. E. Taylor, is the right man in the right place. We cannot help but notice of late that he seems to be pretty well pleased with himself; his usually grave and sedate countenance has changed to that of smiles and cheerfulness, and it is not to be wondered at—the new arrival is a little girl and weighs sixteen ounces to the pound, and I believe he is to be named "our first baby." The boys all wish Bro. Taylor and his estimable wife health, joy and happiness in the future. We will let you hear from us again some time and hope to have some good news to tell you. With best wishes for all of the B. of L. F., I am yours, J. G.

TERRACE, UTAH, July 30th, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As I look over the Magazine, not a word do I see from 98, so I will try my hand: Old "Perseverance" is still in the ring, teaching her members to live up to the motto of the Firemen's Brotherhood. Bro. Evans, one of our wide-awake fellows, has been blessed with a bouncing boy of which he feels proud—cigars all round the board. Bro. Cramer slipped off and got married quietly, and on his return was rewarded with an elegant serenade. Bro. Cole has retired from the road and will hereafter officiate behind the counter. He will do well as a clerk, for he has got a smile that will catch all the ladies.

Our new regalias are magnificent and give additional charm to our meetings.

R.

CHILLICOTHE, O., May 13th, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

We were organized March 5th and we now have twenty-four men on our roll of membership; not men in name merely, but men in the fullest sense of the term. They work for the Brotherhood as earnestly as though it belonged to each member individually, and when a worthy brother visits them, they greet him with all the warmest of royal good fellowship. No. 202 intends to do her duty. Her officers are active and energetic, and their work in the Brotherhood's broad field of battle will speak for itself. W. C. D.

CENTRALIA, ILL., June 5, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I have been an interested reader of your Magazine for the past two years; and think I am the first to break the silence concerning New Hope Lodge No. 37. I am glad to say it is in a flourishing condition, with bright prospects for the future. Her officers are all well-chosen and highly efficient men.

H. G. Cormick, our Magazine Agent, is running the switch engine at DuQuoin. Bro. Myers is seated on the right-hand side of the switch engine in this city; (the boys say there is an attraction DuQuoin way for Tom). W. W. Hatfield, one of 37's best stokers, is taking a short vacation among the "Rockies." Sumpter Hall's smiling countenance is seen on the left side of engine 10. As I have broken the ice, I hope soon to see a letter from some one more qualified to write of our Lodge.

Wishing the Magazine and our Order continued success and prosperity, I remain
Fraternally

M. M.

ROCKLIN, CAL., July 15th, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

The following advice may be of interest to your readers: Don't marry dimples, nor ankles, nor mouth, nor small waists, nor simpers, young men. These bits and scraps of femininity are very poor things to tie to. Marry the true things—look after congeniality, kindred sympathy, disposition, education; and if these be joined with social position, or even filthy lucre, why, don't let them stand in your way. Get a woman; not one of those parlor automatons that sit down just so, thump on a piano and "dote" on a whisper. Living statues are poor things to call into consultation. Don't throw away your precious time on such trifling things. No, don't do it, young man! Marry a sweet-tempered, sensible, healthy, womanly woman. Study human nature; choose phenologically; marry a good face, a sound mind in a sound body. And young man, if you are what you should be, neat, temperate, industrious, prudent, intelligent, religious, loving and manly, we can safely predict for you a bright, happy future.

We appreciate accomplishments in woman, and she who can fill the domestic sphere as a wife, whose interests centre in home, and whose love and devotion throws a charm around all, is most truly accomplished.

Young man, seek the dutiful, amiable, affectionate daughter, and you will have a thoughtful, loving, honored wife, a refined, lovable, noble woman for your companion.

UNCLE SAM.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Dedicated to D. C. O'DONNELL, Engineer, who died at St. Cloud, Minn., April 26, 1884.]

We are alone, our dear brother has left us,
In the cold, damp ground he does lie;
May the Lord in His mercy console us,
And prepare us to meet him on high.

How peacefully in Calvary he sleeps,
Beneath the old oak, he's at rest;
Where the flowers will blossom with fragrance,
While he sleeps the sweet sleep of the blest.

Ah, how lonely is life when a dear one departs
And leaves us in sorrow and pain;
O'er the River of Life he has safely crossed;
And on earth we'll not meet him again.

He was dearly beloved by all of his friends
Doubly loved by his child and his wife;
But he was too good for this cold, cheerless world,
Where there is naught but temptation and strife.

Then why do we weep when we know he's at rest
And free from all trials and care,
In that bright, everlasting home of our Father,
Awaiting to meet us all there.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 13, 1883.

Editors Magazine:

The proceedings of the union meeting held at Denver, Col., May 15th, under the auspices of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, and published in the July number of the magazine, will be read with more than ordinary interest by the members of our Order as furnishing a striking illustration to what extremes our members will resort to achieve notoriety and draw attention to their indefatigable zeal in watching over the welfare of the institution at large.

As a member I claim the privilege of criticising the primary and most important reason, as stated in the call for the aforesaid meeting, *i. e.*: to consider the best and most effectual means of stopping as much as possible all unnecessary traveling by members of the Order who, without sufficient reason leave their situations to roam aimlessly over the country, thereby bringing our Order into disrepute, etc. The calling together of a public body for such a purpose is unwarranted and without a precedent in the history of the Organization. We have been taught that our business was sacred to ourselves; the proper place for discussion and instruction to our delegates, the Lodge room; the place for action, our Annual Conventions. After the Brotherhood has spent years in endeavoring to secure recognition for this, the highest certificate of character it can bestow upon its members when they choose at their own will, or through force of circumstances are compelled, to seek situations in various parts of the country where the best opportunity offers a fulfillment of their purpose, to have the means whereby they had hoped to attain that object repudiated publicly, before an assembly that can have no direct interest in the benefits attached to the B. of L. F., is deplorable. The Order, from the first institution of the traveling card, has endeavored to restrict its abuses by placing a safeguard connected with its use, that entitled it to recognition for just what it is—a letter of introduction and card of recommendation from the Lodge the bearer is a member of, to the Brotherhood at large. The Order does not expect you to compromise yourself, or violate any rules of the corporation you are employed by, neither does it expect you to place yourself liable to any civil or religious law in performing the duties of membership. If the traveling card has been abused, the act can only be committed by the bearer thereof, he is responsible for such action to his Lodge, and it is your duty to bring the culprit to justice. If the Conductors' and En-

gineers' societies are composed more generally of men of age and experience than the Firemen, let us copy some of their good traits, one of which is the transaction of their own business in its proper place, and not subject ourselves to the ridicule of the said parties by professing to be incapable of the management of our own affairs.

The subsequent proceedings of this meeting fail to bring to light one original idea to enhance or promote the interests of the Order, the resolution recognizing the identity of interests of capital and labor, are already provided for in the preamble to our Constitution and By-Laws and the instructions in our Ritual, the resolution expressing the sense of the meeting regarding the traveling card, speaks for itself, it requires no comment to suffer the condemnation of our members who assert any feeling of independence as men.

"Resolved, That the delegates to the coming International Convention at Toronto, be instructed to pass an order to refuse a card in case of the brother applying for it leaving work out of malice or from some trivial reason, and that Lodges also be instructed to expel any member leaving his situation to remove from place to place because companies are not satisfied with every little point of his work."

Gentlemen, the Grand Body of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen convened in your city but eight months before the date of this meeting. Why were not some of these matters submitted to the body that alone has the authority to legislate such affairs? Not the public.

The Tenth Annual Convention advertised Denver among the Brotherhood; it attracted the attention of the members who were carried away by the enthusiastic and eulogistic delegates, by their account of its natural beauties and its hospitable inhabitants. Your meeting had the effect desired, you will not be troubled much by the nuisance in the future. As Union Secretary of the Chicago Lodges, I wish to correct the statement that Chicago is a rival toward securing the location of the proposed Home for disabled Enginemen. Chicago does not want this "Monumental Poor House" located in Chicago, Denver, Nova Scotia or at any other point on the face of the globe. While we would not place one obstacle in the way of the Order's progress, yet we can see no consistency in the argument that such a project is a necessity to the welfare of an institution that has already made provision for such a need. No! Chicago would rather see its members who are so unfortunate as to become entitled to the benefits of the Order, the independent proprietors of peanut stands

on the streets of our city, breathing the air of freedom, than be the inmates of a home subject to the rigid discipline, that as a rule governs like institutions, even though it were situated on the most beautiful spot on God's footstool.

Let us review the progress of the present insurance system, since its enactment by the Boston Convention in 1881. The members in good standing at that time aggregated three thousand. Under this system (which did not take effect until January 1st, 1882), and up to the Terre Haute Convention in 1882, there were twenty-three deaths, four of them in bad standing and *one disability*, that of Bro. Geo. Bauer, of Lodge No. 21. The members in good standing, as stated in the G. S. and T's report, numbered four thousand, four hundred and forty-three (4443). There was no change made in the insurance at this Convention. During the ensuing year 1883, fifty-eight deaths occurred; six of this number being in bad standing at time of death, there were also during the year *three cases of disability*, *i. e.*: Wm. Baker of Lodge 20, J. Bellaire of Lodge 26 and J. S. Bermingham, of Lodge 14, the number of members (per official report) Sept. 1st. 1883, being seven thousand, three hundred and thirty-seven (7337). The disposition of the surplus funds of the Order accumulated up to the Tenth Annual Convention are familiar, and were generally approved as an act of charity in harmony with our principles. There is every reason to believe that we will represent at the Eleventh Annual Convention at Toronto, a membership of twelve thousand, or four times as large a membership as we had when we originally adopted the present system of insurance. Do you doubt but what we could place our insurance policy at an amount that would render a Home a useless appendage to the Order? By placing the surplus monies that are intended to go toward constructing this edifice into the beneficiary fund, paying claims without assessing and abolishing other useless expenditures we would have an insurance system second to none, and would give our Subordinate Lodges a chance to institute a system of weekly benefits for sickness or temporary disability.

This matter is worthy of the most serious consideration, it being the most important question that has ever agitated our Lodges; upon its result rests the future of our Brotherhood. Think well, members of our Order, before you instruct your delegates in favor of this scheme, make our insurance that has been the most important factor in our

past success, the corner stone upon which the institution is founded; do not leave this matter in the hands of the coming Convention, but instruct your delegates to have it submitted to a universal vote, so every member in the Order can have a voice in the adoption of such a measure, I am confident that if this is done it will be buried beneath a majority that will render its resurrection an impossibility. To make this home self-supporting is out of the question, it will have to be supported from the funds of the Order; by doing this it will render the hope of ever increasing our insurance a fruitless one.

Let us suppose that Bro. T. P. O'Rourke's idea of what it is intended for, or should be, is the correct one, "a home for the destitute and homeless, a refuge for the superannuated and helpless, and an asylum for the parentless orphan. Suppose some of our Lodges, by their efforts could have the Home built without costing the Brotherhood a cent, we will glance at the probable cost of maintaining it. A Superintendent would be a necessity, the position would be given some one prominent in affairs of the Brotherhood, whose past services would entitle him to a reasonable compensation in this sinecure, say about \$2500, attendants, a physician, possibly a dispensary, female teachers for the children, their education could not be neglected, their religious needs likewise, the difficulty then would be in this non-sectarian Order what denomination would have the preference. We cannot afford to peril the future success of the Order upon this venture, to become the rivals of charitable institutions of all sects. We can raise our insurance policies to \$1500, \$2000, or \$2500, and by proper management it will not cost the members individually, any more than the amount limited in our present form of making monthly assessments for death or disability; then those who are so unfortunate as to become entitled to our benefits could suit their own pleasure in investing it as they saw fit, or for half the sum paid into some of the aforesaid institutions would be taken care of for life, and the children could be placed in asylums that would accord with the religious views of their parents.

The tabling of the resolution to send copies of the report of the committee appointed to investigate the condition of the Union Pacific Railway's hospitals to the officials of that road, can be construed as an instance of what we might expect were we to locate the proposed Home at that point, particularly, if the Superintendant was a favorite. Past

experience has proven how reluctant some of our members are to investigate questionable transactions—how soon the cry of malice, jealousy and “want the position,” would be hurled in the face of those who would be foremost in instituting an investigation. This Home will always be a bone of contention, an elephant upon our hands that will eventually crush us. In the language of Punch—Dont!

JOHN J. DELANEY.

SALIDA, COL., July 6th, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Although No. 140 had a pretty unfavorable start, she stands forth to-day as one of the best Lodges in the Order. She has between 50 and 60 members, and as fine a lot of fellows as you ever met. Our officers are men of sterling worth and keep the Lodge in good repair. Our Master, Bro. Griffith, is working in the shops, and our Financier, Bro. Yates, is running the 401. Bros. Leonardson and Clem have charge of the 410, and Bros. Ryan and Sullivan make a good team on the 79. Bro. Manahan rides the 75, Bro. Dewey the 106 in the yard in the day time, and Bro. Gibson makes good time with her at night. Bros. Davis, Laden, Roland and Bradford are hostling, and Bro. Nelson has the credit of keeping the cleanest engine on the road. The boys all claim to have the best steamer, but Jumbo says that the 73 takes the bakery.

M.

• SPRAGUE, WASHINGTON, TY.

Editors Magazine:

The members of Sprague Lodge held their first annual ball on the 4th of July, and it was a complete success. Early on the morning of the 3rd, the boys got together and began to decorate the hall, and they worked with a determination to fit it up worthy of the patronage of the best people.

Punctually at 10 o'clock Bro. Wm. Madden, Floor Director, led off in the grand march with Miss Nellie Shields, and they were a “daisy” couple. There were 115 couple on the floor in the grand march, and the Masonic Hall being of rather limited dimensions, they looked like a moving crowd keeping time to the music. The genial M. M., Mr. J. Evans, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Evans, lent their presence to the occasion. Also Mr. Moore, Round House Foreman, and his wife. Mr. Libby, the new Train Dispatcher was there, and Mr. Frank Hart, Traveling Engineer, and Mr. and Mrs. DeLambert were also present.

The room was prettily and tastefully decorated, evergreen's were hung in festoons from the cross corners of the room, also a circle of evergreens in the middle and festooned along the sides. The head of the room was covered with red, white and blue, and a locomotive 10 feet long, cut from wood and handsomely painted, was shown on the white ground. A number of Chinese lanterns were hung from the ceiling, also red, white and green lights were prominently displayed, but the boys all seemed bent on running by both red and green lights that night. The boys all worked with a will, under the able leadership of Mr. McLaughlin, Foreman of the R. R. Paint Shops, who in decorating is an artist of no mean order. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Mill's Quadrille Band, as the performance of the musical part was the topic of conversation the whole evening. The ladies of Sprague all turned out to patronize the boys, displaying every variety of pretty dress, and when they get a good floor and good music they are hard to beat as a party of dancers.

VENUS.

TEMPLE, TEX., July 9th, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I would like to have you give me space in your journal to let some of our sister Lodges know that 147 is alive and flourishing. We have a membership of about 25 in good standing, and four or five applications to work on at our next meeting. We have three or four members from other Lodges working here, and I would like to see them join us as it would help our Lodge considerably. Bro. J. Stanton is running a passenger engine on the Fort Worth branch, and Bros. L. McAuliffe and S. McCarey have been promoted to the right hand side and are doing well. Bro. Ricks is day hostler and Bro. Barney serves at night. Bro. James Easley, our worthy Master is hostling at Dallas. I would like to see the members of 147 give a grand ball, as they have never given one yet, and I think it would be a thorough success. May the B. of L. F. always prosper.

R. S.

CONNEAUT, OHIO, July 10, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

As No. 206 has gathered up courage enough to say a few words to tell her sister Lodges of her good, healthy condition, we trust that you will give our first efforts space in your welcome and interesting Magazine.

Black Diamond No. 206 is only three months old. We have enrolled on her banner twenty-eight "Knights of the Scoop," and seven "Knights of the Throttle," with six or seven more applications on file, making an actual membership of thirty-five staunch, reliable and trustworthy men who will stick to the ship 'till her timbers are shivered.

We meet every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. We generally have a good attendance and as a rule, a good brotherly spirit pervades. Our worthy Master T. J. Farrel, and Secretary O. E. Work command especial praise for their endeavors to elevate 206 to a point, where like a traveler on a lofty mountain, she can look down on storms raging below, while she will be walking in sunshine. Our genial Magazine agent, Jas. Cherry, must not be forgotten, as he labors with a vim to get the Magazine introduced in our midst. James is a good, whole-souled fellow and deserves credit for his work. Last, but by no means least, is our worthy vice-Master Thos. McGinnis. He has just returned from a trip to the far West. Thomas returned to us well filled with parliamentary lore; also his discourse on the beauties of the West, with her deep canons, gullies, green fields and quiet streams, went far beyond our expectation. Brother McGinnis was extended the right hand of friendship wherever he went in his travels, and now that he is on his own half acre again, he says the B. of L. F. is the grandest thing on earth.

Speaking individually, I concur in Thos. P. O'Rourke's scheme, viz: a home for invalid Brotherhood Firemen. It's a good thing and will meet with the approval of all logical delegates at our next Annual Convention.

We wish "*bon voyage*" to our sister Lodges everywhere, and ask the Grand Lodge (as we are young) to keep a green spot in her memory for

BLACK DIAMOND.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., June 5, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

F. W. Arnold Lodge is rapidly increasing in membership, and can now be counted among the leading Lodges in the west. The members are active and energetic and will not stop this side of success. Several of them have the matrimonial fever, among whom Bro. Bisson takes the lead. He got a time order coupled on to his train and is now on the road to prosperity. He is carrying a flag for several extras that will follow in his wake. We wish them success in their journey across the hills and hollows of life.

A MEMBER.



THE boys of 128 are glad to see Wm. Clark around again.

Good will prevails at Logansport. No. 52 is a credit to our cause.

Julius Whitney of 82 has joined the benedicts and is happy.

C. N. Wyckoff's promotion is a matter of much satisfaction to the members of Golden Gate Lodge.

J. H. Cotterill and T. Collins rendered Lodge 129 good service as Magazine Agent and Trustee, respectively.

Dan Fiffeld still holds forth in 91. He is one of the pioneer Brotherhood men of the Pacific coast.

T. R. HOWES, one of 34's popular members, was married to a very estimable young lady at Clinton, Iowa, on June 26th.

J. A. GRATRIX, the efficient Magazine agent of No. 15, has a new subscriber at his house in the shape of a little boy.

F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44 is closing up a year of glorious work. The boys at East St. Louis have toed the line of duty.

THE Master of No. 73, Bro. D. R. Parker, has been ordered to Springfield to take charge of an engine. He will make a faithful engineer.

ROBERT Collins, of No. 203, returns his thanks to his Lodge for the kind attention the members showed him during his disability.

LANDMARK Lodge, No. 128, has twenty-three members, among whom are fifteen engineers, three hostlers, three firemen and two brakemen.

At a meeting of Lodge No. 181 a vote of thanks was tendered to Bro. Wm. Hyndman for a beautifully finished altar stool presented to the Lodge.

In the death of his beloved wife, Bro. James Smith of Vigo Lodge No. 14, has the sincere sympathy of all his fellow-members and a large circle of relatives and friends.

It was understood that Bro. Nebergall would bring his bonny bride with him on his return to Moberly, but in this the boys were disappointed, as he returned single-handed.

LOUIS Zunkel, of 47, who has been firing the renowned "Boone" engine for Billy Gift, was married a short time ago at Jonesville, Wis. Louis has the good wishes of all the boys.

JOHN S. Mills has left Danville and is now running a bran new engine on the D. O. & O. R., with headquarters at Kansas, Ills. Bro. Mills has our best wishes in his new situation.

FRANK GROSS and G. E. Viquesney, of 16, are extremely happy since they have joined the corps of benedicts. Both are splendid young men and deserve the prizes they drew in the matrimonial lottery.

THE genial and popular Tom McGuire, of No. 103, has lately been married to a very excellent young lady of Louisville, whose name we have not yet learned. Here's long life and happiness to Tom and his fair bride.

GEORGE Howard Peter has been added to the family of Bro. Van Glesen, of 185. He bears the names of three solid members of Fidelity Lodge.

MARTIN Whelan, of 28, is running a pusher at present. His train consists of only one car and contains but one passenger—a little girl.

We are requested by a lady friend of the boys at Providence, R. I., to say that Hand in Hand Lodge, No. 2, is an honor to the Brotherhood. Our fair informant has a profound interest in the welfare of Providence Lodge.

CHARLES Bennett, the well-known Financier of No. 16, after a rest of a few weeks, is again on the road, in charge of a new engine, one of the best on the Vandalia Line. All the boys are glad to see Charlie at his old post again.

In Chalmers' church, Richmond, Quebec, on June 11th, Bro. James Damant, Master of No. 118, was married to Miss Minnie Crack, of New London. We add our cordial congratulations to those of the numerous friends of the happy couple.

It is with great pleasure that we chronicle the marriage of Bro. Chas. Hanmer, of No. 89, to Miss Hannah Palmer, of Carlin, Nev. The event occurred May 6th, only the relatives and a few intimate friends being present. The newly married couple at once took the train for San Francisco and other points of interest. May joy be with them.

ON June 5th, at Warrenton, Mo., occurred the marriage of Bro. Geo. Zang, of No. 54, to Miss Elizabeth Prudhomme. The Misses Zang and Grant assisted as bridesmaids and Bros. Hamilton and Nebergall served as groomsmen. Many elegant and costly presents were received by the contracting parties and in their matrimonial voyage they have the best wishes of a host of admiring friends.

OUR esteemed fellow-member, Wm. Weller, has just patented a swinging seat that promises to be a boon to all employees in the train service, particularly to engineers and firemen. For comfort and convenience it cannot be surpassed and it can be adapted to any of the numerous purposes for which it may be required. For further particulars, address Wm. Weller, Port Morris, N. J.

THE "Reading" lately secured control of the Central of New Jersey, and the Lehigh and Susquehanna, on which many of the boys of No. 11 are employed. The Pymaster failed to pay them for March until lately. They are thus in arrears and as they have not been making full time many of them are hard pushed to make both ends meet (meat). As this is not easy, some of them have concluded to make one end fish and you can see them scour the country after piscatorial prey almost every day. Among the prominent fish hunters are Bros. Scott, Rodgers and Mason.

X. L. C. R. seems to be disappointed with the "Tramp." He says: "I thought I could expect a great deal from the 'Tramp,' whose position among us is so high that he is permitted to roam over the country at his own sweet will, and make his exploits known through the Magazine. I thought his aims would be high, noble and praiseworthy, but his affiliations seem to be low and grovelling, judging by his allusion to the servant girl that chased him with a poker and his affinity for clams and box-cars. No wonder he can not see 'the top of the ladder' or any other exalted object."

T. F. HOLLAND reports a new recruit to the Order in the person of a young son. We hope he may make a good Brotherhood man.

W. H. Gray, of Lodge 210, met with a serious accident on the night of June 29th, as will be seen by the following, from an exchange: "The locomotive struck a tie which had been placed in the terminus of a switch. The forward end of the locomotive was thrown up and trucks went out from under, and the next instant the engine plunged over the embankment and into the Castleton Creek, which runs alongside the road bed. Mr. Hurley, the engineer, escaped serious injury, but his fireman, W. H. Gray, was not so fortunate. In attempting to jump he was caught in some manner and crowded up against the fire box, being quite seriously burned and bruised. The other train hands escaped without injury. Mr. Gray, accompanied by the engineer, was placed on the noon passenger train and taken to Saratoga, from where a special train brought him to this city. He was taken to his parents' residence on Union street and Dr. MacKay summoned. The doctor does not regard his injuries as fatal. Mr. Gray is a new member of Division No. 210 Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and his accident has excited much sympathy from the members." We unite in our sympathy to Bro. Gray with the members of No. 210 and hope he may speedily recover from his injuries.

For Firemen's Magazine:

HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

Bro. T. P. O'Rourke's reply in the July Magazine, to that answer of mine, Was worthy of him, and in every line His earnestness flashing, I aisy could see. And I says to myself, and shouts it aloud: Bravo T. P.

But here I stopped short, I says, 'aisy awhile, Take a chair Tim *avie*, here, give me your *tille*;

Let's see what he manes; look it straight in the face, And then, if he says so, we're into the race.

[Oh, but it makes my heart sad when I think of the crather,

With beauty and innocence on every faircher. Her step was as light as her heart was within. And her soul was as pure as his black was with sin.

She loved him, the darling, she couldn't tell why,

He had pressed her sweet lips, she believed his base lie.

Her poor widowed mother thanked God for the light

That her child gave her life, since that terrible night,

When the husband and father went down in the wreck:

His hand on the lever, his corpse on the deck. And the *colleen*, her daughter, the staff of her years,

That caressed her poor cheek, and kissed off her hot tears,

That moved in the house like a sunbeam of light

With eyes shining out like the stars in the night,

Was now cold and dead on her bier;

And only the sobbing of mother was there. That young trusting heart had sunk under the shame—

But now, Tim *agra*, while we know who's to blame,

Plase remember that he was a brother;

You know 'twas the first of the kind he committed—and give him a chance for another.

—Tim Fagan.



OLD POST LODGE.

BY MRS. HENRY B. JONES.

Oh! the Locomotive Brotherhood is a jolly crew;
And their generous, liberal actions are known
the country through;
A sample of the Brotherhood may easily be
seen

By paying some attention to Lodge No. 17.

To praise those men as I would wish, I never
could begin,

Yet to leave them in oblivion, I think would
be a sin.

Then I'll try to write a line or two and name
a few of them

Who belong to No. 17, on the line of the O. & M

But first I'll name the object those brothers
have in view,

And when you plainly understand, you'll
gladly praise them, too;

They monthly lay their dollars by, to alleviate
distress,

To help the lonely widow; clothe and feed
the fatherless.

Our Heavenly Father blesses him who is the
orphan's friend,

He who careth for the widow, God will bless-
ings on him send,

Then blessed are the Brotherhood of No. 17,
For their object is a worthy one, as plainly
can be seen.

And now I'll name their Master, 'tis Thomas
Galloway,

An honest, noble, worthy man, as every one
does say;

May he long fill his position in the years that
are to come;

And day by day grow stronger in the work he
has begun.

I'll just introduce another, (you'll receive
him with a cheer)

For each and all the brothers love their jolly
Financier,

His hand is always ready to help the sick
and poor

And his name is honest Charley Cripps, now
you recognize him, sure.

Next on the list comes Hogan, the noble-
hearted Hugh,

There never lived a better man, more loyal
or more true,

And if he finds there's one in need, he'll
strive with might and main

To give the needy one a lift and set him right
again.

Then next comes David Moses, with pleasure
him I name,

His ancestors were Welshmen (and mine
were all the same),

I could never say too much for Dave, I speak
it from my heart,

And whenever duty calls him, Dave will
surely do his part.

Hiram Ward and Hiram Milton, Fred Thom-
as and John Cook,

If you take the pains to do so, you may read
them as a book,

Their willing hearts and ready hands with
their brothers they unite.

To help the ball keep rolling, they strive with
all their might.

There are Chris and Charley Walters, Tom
Ackley and Charles Guth;
And they, too, are deserving, of each I speak
the truth;
Whene'er a call for help will come, they
never wear a frown,
But quickly draw their pocket-books and
plunk their money down.

Charles Apple and John Emerson next come
into my mind,
And two who are more deserving, 'tis very
hard to find,
They never think it irksome and never tire
at all,
But are always bright and ready to come at
duty's call.

Then there's jolly Cyrus Osborne, as broad as
he is long,
It would never do to leave him out while
writing up this song;
But there are so many brothers as plainly
can be seen,
That if I named them all, I fear I'd tire the
Magazine.

I must name another ere I close, for he is
true and straight,
His name is John E. Lemons and he fires
the 28,
He is first on turn, he never lags, nor ever
stops to pause;
But helps the gallant Brotherhood keep up
their noble cause.

Some future time if the Brothers wish, and
all may think it best,

I'll take my pen in hand again and try to
name the rest;

Long may they live and prosper, may their
reputation spread,

And may God shower blessings on each
worthy Brother's head.

WASHINGTON, IND.

AMUSEMENTS.

MT. VERNON, ILL.

Evening Star Lodge No. 112, gave a grand
picnic June 28th, of which the Nashville
Democrat gives the following report:

"The managers of the excursion to Queen's
Lake yesterday under the auspices of the
Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, have
every reason to feel proud of the manner in
which the affair went off. The attendance
was not as large as was expected but there
were three passenger coaches comfortably
filled. A special train took the party down
in the morning and remained at the Lake all
day, leaving at 6:15 in the evening. During
the day the ladies and gentlemen of the
party amused themselves in the various
ways afforded at that beautiful resort. Fish-
ing, boat-riding, target-shooting and dancing
were the order of the day, and all seemed to
have a very pleasant time. The Nashville
Cornet Band was present and furnished
music.

It is probable that many were kept from
attending this picnic by the idea which
gained currency in some way, that the crowd
would be rough and boisterous. There was
never a greater mistake. It is highly credi-
ble to the members of the Brotherhood that
during the whole day nothing whatever oc-
curred that the most fastidious could object
to. Nobody was intoxicated in the least de-
gree and there was no quarrelling or distur-
bance of any kind. Everybody went and
came in good humor."

RESOLUTIONS.**LEXINGTON, KY.**

At a regular meeting of Ashland Lodge No. 223, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. R. S. Hughes, Secretary and Treasurer of the Rogers Locomotive and Machine Works, for two handsome photographs of their engines which now adorn our Lodge room.

T. M. HORTON,
L. T. ROBERTSON,
M. H. BLEDSOE, } *Committee.*

FORT GRATIOT, MICH.

At a special meeting of St. Clair Lodge No. 118 B. of L. F., the following was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we extend a vote of thanks to the brothers of Huron Lodge No. 221 and to Bro. McHattie of Maple Leaf Lodge No. 151, and to Bro. B. Andrews of Calhoun Lodge No. 94, for their kind assistance in exemplifying the work of the Order.

H. R. BOUCHER,
F. M. MINARD,
O. BLODGET, } *Committee.*

NORTH SPRINGFIELD, MO.

At a regular meeting of Frisco Lodge, No. 51, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge tender their sincere thanks to Mrs. Robison for the presentation of a beautiful bouquet as a token of her esteem.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

W. C. TRUMAN,
FRED BALL,
M. G. HALL, } *Committee.*

LOGANSPORT, IND.

At a regular meeting of Good Will Lodge, No. 52, held May 18th, the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, Mrs. John Maher, sister of our deceased brother, John Gorman, has presented the Lodge with a finely executed photograph of our deceased brother, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to Mrs. Maher for the valued gift and for her kind appreciation of our Lodge.

CHAS. POLK,
CHAS. SCRIBNER,
WM. McDONALD, } *Committee.*

TRENTON, MO.

At a regular meeting of Success Lodge No. 33, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our efficient and accommodating Foreman, Mr. John Kirk, has resigned his position; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Kirk has always treated us with courtesy and kindness; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Success Lodge, No. 33, extends to Mr. Kirk sincere thanks for the kind and impartial treatment we have always received at his hands.

Resolved, That our best wishes go with Mr. Kirk wherever he may locate and that he may realize the largest measure of success in any enterprise in which he may engage.

JULIAN ROCHE, } *Committee.*

JOHN KEY,

CARBONDALE, PA.

At a regular meeting of VanBergen Lodge No. 62 B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge was invited to attend the first annual ball and banquet of Carbondale Division No. 166 of the B. of L. E., therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard this as a mark of appreciation in which our Order is held by our engineers.

Resolved, That we extend to them our most sincere thanks.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Division No. 166, also published in our Magazine.

S. G. COBB,
O. E. HISTED,
WARREN ELLIS, } *Committee.*

CENTRALIA, ILL.

At special meeting No. 4, of New Hope Lodge No. 37, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Through the dispensation of Providence, New Hope Lodge No. 37 B. of L. F. has lost by death, Bro. Edmund Reagan, therefore be it

Resolved, That New Hope Lodge No. 37 in Bro. Reagan's death has lost an earnest and valued member and society a true man, and

Resolved, That we extend to the relatives of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy, and that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved ones of our brother, that they be spread on our record and published in the Firemen's Magazine and city papers.

H. G. CORMICK, } *Committee.*
W. D. HOLTON,
JAS. QUIRK,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

At a regular meeting of Rochester Lodge No. 99, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Almighty has in his infinite wisdom seen fit to remove from our midst, our beloved and highly esteemed brother, Henry M. Sweet, who died May 21st 1894, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his grief-stricken family and friends, and that we shall ever remember him as an upright, manly and respected man, and as a beloved member of our Order, and be it further

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to our deceased brother our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our deceased brother's wife, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN R. SPROAT,
DILLON C. FROST,
MICHAEL KEEGAN, } *Committee.*

PEORIA, ILL.

At a regular meeting of W. F. Hynes Lodge No. 48, held April 21, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the following persons for assisting so generously in making our second annual ball a success:

To Mrs. Milleson, for flowers and assisting to decorate the hall.

To Mr. Joseph Elder, M. M., of the R. I. & P. Railway, for the use of headlight and lanterns.

To Mr. B. F. Hurd, M. M., of the P. & P. U. Railway, for lanterns furnished and for other courtesies received at his hands.

To Messrs. Day Bros. & Co., for the use of flags.

To the several committees for the faithful manner in which they discharged their duties.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Milleson, Mr. Elder, Mr. Hurd and Messrs. Day Bros. & Co., and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

G. GATES,
JOHN MCCART,
JOHN DESMON,
GEO. W. SWATZ,
W. N. CORDINGLY, } *Committee.*

CHICAGO, ILLS.

At a regular meeting of S. S. Merrill Lodge, No. 188, held May 4th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The wife of our worthy Inner Guard, Mrs. George Oldfield, has presented S. S. Merrill Lodge with a handsomely worked motto, beautifully designed, entitled "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen," therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard this present as a high token of esteem and it is our earnest wish that Mrs. Oldfield may live long to cherish these feelings of love and respect for our Order.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Oldfield and that they be recorded on the minutes of this meeting and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN DEVINE,
CHARLES BENJAMIN, } Committee.
JOHN SWEENEY,

BRainerd, MINN.

At a regular meeting of Pine City Lodge No. 81, held April 27th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Third Annual Ball proved a grand success through the able efforts of the Committee of Arrangements and many warm friends, therefore be it

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended as follows: To the Committee of Arrangements, consisting of J. W. Brown, W. J. Bain, A. C. Farrar, H. A. Boedecker, and H. M. Curry; to Mr. J. T. Odell, our Assistant General Manager, for free transportation, Mr. M. C. Kimberly, our Division Superintendent; Mr. H. J. Small, Master Mechanic, and to Mr. B. Haskell, Round House Foreman, for favors received at the their hands; to Minnehaha Lodge No. 61 for flags and bunting furnished for the decoration of our hall.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on our minutes and published in the Magazine.

J. F. MCGINNIS, } Committee.
W. LINCOLN,
C. B. WILLARD,

SEDALIA, MO.

At a special meeting of Golden Eagle Lodge, No. 78, B. of L. F., held June 19th, the following resolutions of respect were adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with heart-felt sorrow that we are called upon to announce that death has for once invaded our ranks and taken from our midst brother James Scally, who was killed at Independence, June 17th, 1884, and

WHEREAS, From personal acquaintance, we mourn the loss of our brother, as an earnest supporter of the principles of our Order, and one whose life was always in accordance with our motto; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the decree of Divine Providence, we deeply deplore our loss and shall fondly cherish the memory of our departed brother. In the death of Brother Scally, Golden Eagle Lodge, No. 78, has lost one of its most exemplary members and conscientious supporters, his companions a staunch and faithful friend, and society a benevolent, sociable and honorable man; and be it further.

Resolved, That as a token of respect and esteem for our deceased brother our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions, with the seal of the Lodge attached be sent to the parents, and that they be published in the Fireman's Magazine.

JOHN LESTER,
MICHAEL DOLAN, } Committee.
JOHN NEVILLE,

EAGLE ROCK, IDAHO.

At a special meeting of Clark-Kimball Lodge, No. 113, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, to remove from us by death, our esteemed brother, John Milligan,

WHEREAS, Clark-Kimball Lodge has lost a most faithful and well esteemed member, his wife a beloved husband, his children a kind father, his brother an affectionate brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That this Lodge extend to his bereaved wife and brother, and his loving children in this sad hour, its heartfelt sympathy, and let all remember the Father above, who ordereth all things, and so live that we may be always prepared to do His bidding.

Resolved, That this Lodge extend to Bro. M. Myers of Division 138 B. of L. E., and Mr. J. G. Bynater, Division Foreman U. & N. Ry., a vote of thanks for assistance rendered in finding the body of our esteemed brother.

Resolved, That the charter of our Lodge be draped for the space of thirty days, as a token of respect to our departed brother, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to his bereaved wife and brother, and that they be spread on the minutes of this meeting and published in the Fireman's Magazine.

G. L. ORAM,
N. C. GRANT, } Committee.
S. L. BRISTOL,

LETTERS OF THANKS.

MARQUETTE, MICH., May 9, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIRS—I desire to return my sincere thanks to S. M. Stevens Lodge, No. 150, and to the Brotherhood at large for the prompt payment of the insurance upon the death of my son, Thomas DeForest, and I hope your Order may continue in the noble work in which you are engaged.

MRS. MARY D. F. SEAMAN.

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 9, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of Falls City Lodge No. 103, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN: I desire to thank you, through the columns of your valuable Magazine, for the many favors shown my son, Geo. W. Teasdale, during his recent illness of typhoid pneumonia. I also desire to thank Messrs. William Pettibone, Thos. McGuire, Geo. C. Burgess and Dennis E. Kelly for their interest in my son. Wishing the Brotherhood a safe journey, I remain

Thankfully yours,

MRS. A. C. TEASDALE.

PERRY, IOWA, June 21, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIRS: I desire to acknowledge the receipt of a draft for \$1,000 from Mr. E. L. Gregg, Financier of Lodge No. 124, of which my husband, Homer Fuller, was a member. Allow me to return my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of the claim. That the Order may ever continue in its mission of charity and peace is the wish of

ADELIA FULLER.

NEW YORK, N. Y., JUNE 30, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN, I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of \$1000 paid me by Messrs. Call and McCall, on the policy of my late son, A. H. Randolph. I also wish to return my sincere thanks to Mr. Geo. E. Roe, for his untiring attention to my dying son, and to me after his death; also to Mr. and Mrs.

Robert Carpenter, for their kindness to him before and after death.

MRS. E. A. PATTERSON.

CARLIN, NEVADA, June 23, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I have received from Mr. Ole Thompson, Financier of Silver State Lodge, No. 88, the sum of one thousand dollars, which was paid on the policy held by my late husband. S. Thompson and I am very grateful to you for the same, and also for your kind attention to my husband during his illness and your kind consideration to me since his death, and hope and trust your noble Order will continue to flourish, as God can be pleased with no music below as much as with the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows and orphans.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. S. THOMPSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I desire to acknowledge, through the columns of your Magazine, the receipt of a draft for one thousand dollars (\$1,000), handed me by Mr. F. H. Childs, Financier of Potomac Lodge No. 7, as payment in full on policy held by my late son, William Emmett Hull, a member of said Lodge, who met with an untimely death February 24, 1884. I also desire to tender to the members of Potomac Lodge No. 7, warmest expressions of my gratitude, and that of my daughters, for the kindly sympathy shown us in our sad bereavement, and to express the hope that He who shapes the destinies of men may preserve the members of your Brotherhood from all dire calamity and shed the rays of the headlight of faith on their road to eternity.

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM C. HULL.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

TO FINANCIERS.

General Circular No. 6—important—was forwarded to you July 15th.

TO SECRETARIES.

Blanks for the Annual Reports of your Lodge, also blank credentials for you delegates, were forwarded to you with General Circular No. 7, July 20th.

The Grand Secretary will make arrangement for the transportation of delegates to Convention, provided their names are received by him not later than August 10th.

You will please notify your respective Lodges of the result of the vote upon the postponement of the Convention as recommended in Circular No. 4, as follows: With but one exception, a unanimous vote of the Lodges has been cast in favor of postponement, and it is therefore ordered that our eleventh Annual Convention will meet at Toronto, Ont., Tuesday, September 23d, 1884, instead of September 16th, as determined by the Denver Convention.

TO CORRESPONDENTS,

Our limited space will not permit us to publish the numerous letters we receive on the proposed "Firemen's Home" and as many of them are written from the same standpoint, and present the same views, we are compelled to reject all those that have nothing new or original to offer on the subject.

EUGENE V. DEBS,
G. S. and T.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

M. & P. MOYLETT.

M. Moylett and P. Moylett, of No. 67, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

MEMBERS OF NO. 52.

Matt E. Dean, Ralph B. Hart and Chas. Keppler, of Good Will Lodge No. 52, are requested to correspond with their Financier.

JOHN HAYES.

John Hayes of No. 53 is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

ANDREW MAJOR.

Andrew Major, of Sunny South Lodge, No. 148, is requested to correspond with the Secretary of his Lodge. Any information in regard to his whereabouts will be thankfully received.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
3	Fred Smith.*	72	W. Cowls.*
3	E. Wilson.*	72	H. DeWeese.*
3	Terrance Quinn.*	72	John V. Worts.*
12	C. W. Piper.*	72	Alonzo Overman.*
13	Michael Carroll.*	74	J. G. Michael.*
14	T. D. Connors.*	74	J. W. Foore.*
15	F. Laurendon.*	77	Fred Coath.*
18	J. B. Murphy.*	77	Scott Brady.*
20	John Sharp.*	78	F. Bowman.*
21	John H. Clarke.*	90	Jerome Albro.*
28	A. C. Jones.*	99	W. A. Erhardt.*
29	S. S. Burroughs.*	99	Wm. Gould.*
33	A. J. Tricks.*	99	Thos. Histon.*
34	Arthur Anderson.*	99	H. E. Melink.*
34	D. D. Mansfield.*	99	Wm. Callomer.*
41	Geo. Roston.*	100	W. L. Lee.*
41	Chas. Leonberger.*	102	Simon Gisinger.*
46	H. H. Knotts.*	108	Jer. McNervey.*
46	R. O. Clark.*	112	Wm. Stephenson.*
48	G. Swartz.*	113	Joseph Owen.*
53	Richard R. Jones.*	118	J. C. Clark.*
53	Chas. Klemheim.*	127	Harry Dowling.*
53	Richard R. Jones.*	128	Moses LaPlant.*
57	J. W. Gordon.*	130	W. J. Washburn.*
57	F. C. Ames.*	133	J. F. McQuade.*
57	Tim. Sullivan.*	133	James Hayes.*
58	H. G. Hill.*	148	John Costley.*
60	Ed. Frankenfeld.*	148	Robert Gentry.*
60	F. G. Giberson.*	149	Onen Gillen.*
61	Fred. Almy.*	149	Ed. Westernit.*
61	Wm. Drassen.*	155	J. D. Culbertson.*
61	Frank Dahlgren.*	156	John O'Hare.*
65	John Boyle.*	158	T. Heathrington.*
65	E. Caulford.*		
67	Thos. Walker.*		
68	F. W. Winter.*		

- ! Theft.
- † Dead Beat.
- † Defrauding Lodge.
- * Non-payment of Dues.
- * Contempt of Lodge.
- * Unbecoming conduct.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
61	Clarence Sinks.	85	W. B. Norton.
68	H. W. Walk.	95	M. W. Hayes.
75	D. Harker.	103	Harry Burnett.
78	H. E. Stewart.	109	Dan Whelan.
85	Fred Metcalf.		

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., July 1, 1884.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a
statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the
month ending June 30, 1884:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back	Assess'ts	Assess'ts	Assess'ts	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assess'ts	Assess'ts	Assess'ts	Total.
		41 and 42.	43 and 44.					41 and 42.	43 and 44.		
1	\$4	\$28			\$32 00	67	\$6	\$46			\$46 00
2	20	15			35 00	68	85	61			96 00
3						69	8	54			62 00
4	2	82			34 00	70	3	28			31 00
5						71	6	25			32 00
6	7	13			20 00	72	12	52			58 00
7	1	18			19 00	73	62	74			74 00
8	18	57			75 00	74	38	38			38 00
9	9	28			37 00	75	51	70			70 00
10	4	47			51 00	76	45	109			154 00
11	3	93			96 00	77	33	75			108 00
12	1	110			110 00	78	30	108			138 00
13	2	78			80 00	79	10	31			41 00
14	24	106	\$100		239 00	80	80	\$60			60 00
15	1	48			49 00	81	56				56 00
16	13	116			129 00	82	57	111			111 00
17	5	25			80 00	83	60				60 00
18	12	37			49 00	84	50				50 00
19	1	33			34 00	85	15	53			68 00
20	3	30			33 00	86	24				24 00
21	35	9			44 00	87	2	46			46 00
22	30	30			57 00	88	9				9 00
23	4	37			41 00	89	12	21			23 00
24		89			39 00	90	23				23 00
25	13	15			28 00	91	1	70			71 00
26	60	80			60 00	92	42	57			99 00
27	91	91			91 00	93	33				33 00
28	2	55			57 00	94	10	46			56 00
29	46	46			46 00	95	31	31			32 00
30	13	24			37 00	96	1	52			65 00
31	21	59			80 00	97	13				94 00
32	1	30			31 00	98	36				36 00
33	1	48			98 00	99	3	15			18 00
34	1	38			39 00	100	4	47			51 00
35	14	29			43 00	101	2	24			24 00
36	7	55			62 00	102	5	29			34 00
37					101	103	11	42			52 00
38	4	79			83 00	104	25				25 00
39		71			71 00	105	30				30 00
40	67				67 00	106	12	40			52 00
41	9	12			21 00	107	30				30 00
42	25				25 00	108	1	20			21 00
43	1	65			66 00	109	34				34 00
44	35	46			81 00	110	34				34 00
45	29	49			78 00	111	19				19 00
46	12	31			43 00	112	41				41 00
47	41	96			96 00	113	22				22 00
48	48				48 00	114	24				24 00
49	26	23			40 00	115	51				51 00
50		80			80 00	116	31				31 00
51		56			56 00	117	2				2 00
52					117	118	41				41 00
53	23	32			55 00	119	22				22 00
54	18	51			69 00	120	24				24 00
55					120	121	51				51 00
56	3	18			21 00	122	2				2 00
57	28	173			201 00	123	31				31 00
58	10	22			32 00	124	21				21 00
59		99			99 00	125	30				30 00
60	10	75			85 00	126	21				21 00
61	41	87			128 00	127	30				30 00
62					40 00	128	41				41 00
63	32	18			60 00	129					
64	6	45			51 00	130					
65					130						

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back	Assess'ts	Assess'ts	Assess'ts	Total.	Lodge No.	Back	Assess'ts	Assess'ts	Assess'ts	Total.
		41 and 42.	43 and 44.					41 and 42.	43 and 44.		
131	\$5	\$21			\$26 00	172		\$26			\$26 00
132	11	20			31 00	173	\$5	25			30 00
133	1	28			29 00	174		25			25 00
134	4	15			19 00	175		20			20 00
135			\$58		58 00	176			\$12		12 00
136						177		20			20 00
137		25			25 00	178	2	38			40 00
138		31			31 00	179		33			33 00
139	9	24			33 00	180			1		8 00
140			47		47 00	181					
141			42		42 00	182					
142	8	66			74 00	183	1	21			22 00
143	4	9			13 00	184	1	15			16 00
144		32			32 00	185		10			10 00
145						186	1	10			11 00
146	10	16	18		44 00	187	1	15			16 00
147	13	13			10 00	188			32		32 00
148	17	17			34 00	189		17			17 00
149	16	98			108 00	190	13	18			13 00
150	2	2	85		37 00	191			18		18 00
151	8	47			55 00	192	5	5			10 00
152	29	22			51 00	193		6			6 00
153		1	27		28 00	194		11			11 00
154	5	19			24 00	195		10			10 00
155						196	1	20			21 00
156	5	33			38 00	197			10		10 00
157		27			27 00	198					
158	18	23			41 00	199			21		21 00
159						200		10			10 00
160						201					
161	6	38			44 00	202					
162			82		82 00	203					
163		14			14 00	204					
164	9	16			25 00	205					
165		13			13 00	206					
166	4	19			23 00	207					
167	2		26		28 00	208					
168		24			24 00	209					
169		37			37 00	210					
170	14	17			31 00	211			2		4 00
171	5	10			15 00						

Balance on hand June 1 \$2,044 50

Received during month 8,360 00

Total \$10,404 50

By claims Nos. 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121,
and 122 7,000 00

Balance on hand July 1 \$3,404 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

BLACK LIST.

JOHN H. CLARKE.

We are authorized by Industrial Lodge No. 21, to publish John H. Clarke, the late Financier of that Lodge, as a defrauder and defaulter. He followed in the wake of Wm. E. Mott, his illustrious predecessor, by pocketing dues and assessments until he impoverished the Lodge. He has been expelled from the Lodge on the above charges.

MALONEY.

Kansas City Lodge No. 74 authorizes the following publication: "A man going by the name of Maloney had been at Denver claiming to belong to Kansas City Lodge No. 74. Notice is hereby given that the said Lodge has no member of that name and that he is a fraud and dead beat."

GRAND LODGE.**OFFICERS.**

- F. W. Arnold** Grand Master
Terre Haute, Ind.
- F. P. Sargent** Vice Grand Master
Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.
- E. V. Debs** Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
- S. M. Stevens**, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

TRUSTEES.

- W. Maroney**, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
- W. F. Hynes** Denver, Col.
- D. Ross** Stratford, Ont.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

- J. J. Hannahan**, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
- C. J. McGee**, Secretary Danville, Ill.
- W. E. Burns** Chicago, Ill.
- A. H. Tucker** Mason City, Iowa

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

- Geo. Utter**, Drawer 853 St. Thomas, Ont.
- Wm. Weiler** Port Morris, N. J.
- H. H. Burrus** Knobel, Ark.
- T. H. Vradenbough**, 125 Main St.,
B. H. District Boston, Mass.
- E. B. Mayo**, L. Box 45 S. Pueblo, Col.
- C. H. Maul**, 830 N. 40th St. Philadelphia, Pa.
- W. H. Dunphy**, Box 436 Aurora, Ill.
- Zeb Moore**, 528 S. 5th St. Keokuk, Iowa
- F. Crawford**, U. P. Round House, Omaha, Neb.
- G. W. Nesper**, 196 Broadway Toledo, Ohio
- W. J. Torrance**, 413 William St. Evansville, Ind.
- E. K. Cole**, Box 1649 Elkhart, Ind.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- 1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 1308 Secretary
A. McAllister Financier
J. L. Van Orden, 72 Court House Place,
Jersey City Heights, N. J. Mag. Agent
- 2. HAND IN HAND; Providence, R. I.**
Meets 2d Monday.
H. S. Lawton Master
A. P. Green, 105 John St. Secretary
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. Financier
Harris Atwood Mag. Agent
- 3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. E. Opp, 506 Grove St. Master
G. Auchter, 202 Newark Ave. Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. Financier
H. M. Freeland, 238 Fawonia
Ave Mag. Agent
- 4. GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Smally, 42 Tying St. Financier
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. Mag. Agent
- 5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
G. Hutchinson, Drawer 853 Master
G. Johnson, Drawer 853 Secretary
F. L. Hoyt, Drawer 853 Financier
O. Dennee Mag. Agent
- 6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
A. Platt Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
A. C. Huestis Financier
J. Tully Mag. Agent
- 7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.
J. S. Black, 497 C St., S. W. Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St., S. W. Financier
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St. S. W. Mag. Agent
- 8. RED RIVER; Denison City, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Matthews, Box 376 Master
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 Financier
C. C. Cook Mag. Agent
- 9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Mondays and Tuesdays
at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Coit, Commercial Hotel Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
F. J. Kistler, 214 S. High St. Financier
J. J. Lauer, Pluqua Shops Mag. Agent
- 10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 50 Brayton St. Financier
E. M. Crain, 431 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. Tindall Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106 Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Financier
C. J. Rogers Mag. Agent
- 12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 365 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Financier
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Mag. Agent
- 13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Hull, 163 Pacific Ave. Master
R. Mulford, 212 Pacific Ave. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
W. Rhodes, 154 Whitton St. Mag. Agent
- 14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. A. Tweedle, 19 N. Meridian St. Master
W. T. Screebs, Box 66, Brightwood, Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Financier
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St. Mag. Agent
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. Master
G. A. Kell, 33 Charron St. Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Seigneux St. Financier
J. A. Gratrix, 25 Favard St. Pt. St.
Charles Mag. Agent
- 16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Financier
J. Smith, 106 N. 11th St. Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. A. Gallaway Master
J. H. Cook Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
H. M. Hogan Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Miller, Box 103 Master
H. B. Sims Secretary
A. D. Williams, Box 152 Financier
S. A. Allis Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Master
F. Lorenger, Box 8 Secretary
J. Goldie, Box 8 Financier
H. M. Johnson Mag. Agent

- 30. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
C. Traver, Box 317 Master
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Secretary
W. Williams, Box 182 Financier
G. Morse, Box 400 Mag. Agent
- 31. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kimmswick, Mo. Master
J. V. Blocker, 1822 Menard St. Secretary
L. Ladenberger, 1822 Menard St. Financier
W. M. Cushing Mag. Agent
- 32. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. E. Bennett Master
G. C. Pittenger Secretary
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Financier
F. W. Walker Mag. Agent
- 33. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Easton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 34. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
Glen Ewing Master
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Secretary
H. E. Peters Financier
J. E. Powell Mag. Agent
- 35. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
J. Moran Master
L. Seiling Secretary
L. Seiling Financier
E. Ferry, Box 299 Mag. Agent
- 36. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. Keeler Master
N. G. Wallace Secretary
C. H. Williams, Jr., Box 954 Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
- 37. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
M. W. Cary, 67 S. 2d St. Master
C. W. Cheeseman, 15 12th St. Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
W. T. McGougal Mag. Agent
- 38. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Andrew Struthers Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
C. W. Baskins, Box 824 Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 39. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
P. A. Loveland, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 40. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Bruce, Box 406 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
C. A. Clough, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 41. R. E. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
F. Johnson, 713 N St. Master
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
E. S. Clark, 1324 Commercial St. Mag. Agent
- 42. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
E. G. Pearson Master
J. W. Hardesty Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 43. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Key Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshier Financier
T. Briggs Mag. Agent
- 44. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Master
F. Kinch Secretary
H. W. Stephens, Box 1297 Financier
G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
- 45. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. Schermerhorn, Box 128 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Financier
W. Gascoigne Mag. Agent
- 46. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Ernst, 159 Salem St. Master
J. D. Wright, 145 S. 4th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby Financier
G. H. Thomas, 128 S. 4th St. Mag. Agent
- 47. NEW HOPE; Centerville, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 48. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Drummond, Box 247 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
C. Barker, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 49. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, Room 6, Davis Block,
Davenport, Iowa Master
T. K. Holmes, Box 1228 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
C. H. Church, Box 816 Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ West Washing-
ton St. Master
C. Young, 911 West Mulberry St. Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
W. Cavanaugh Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Master
C. E. Allen Secretary
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Financier
E. E. Gould, Box 141 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2
P. M.
A. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Master
W. D. Scampton, 911 W. Johnson
St. Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 907 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2312 Bartlett St. Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
H. P. Mann, 1816 So. 10th St. Financier
N. Caruthers, 2130 S. 6th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 290 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
T. B. Crowe Master
W. O. Shelley, 1009 North St. Secretary
W. O. Shelley, 1009 North St. Financier
S. Knight, 206 Cross St. Mag. Agent

- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Cunningham, Western Hotel. Master
E. McCormack, 1402 E. Wash-
ington St. Secretary
R. M. Goodwin, 208 So. 6th St. Financier
J. Dorsey, Care Wabash Shops. Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 4th
Monday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Giff, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
W. E. Burns, 2130 Butterfield St., Secretary
E. J. McQuirk, 1537 Wabash
Ave. Financier
W. E. Burns, 2130 Butterfield
Street Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
G. Gates, 423 Race St. Master
G. Parker, 2514 S. Adams St. Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
G. Gates, 423 Race St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 560 Master
F. S. Cannon, Box 560 Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
W. J. Pursell, Box 560 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3881 Dearborn St. Master
J. J. Delaney, 4744 Indiana Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4804 S. Dear-
born St. Financier
J. E. Davis, 168 E. Harrison St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
M. A. Frame, Box 217 Master
M. G. Hall, Box 98 Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
J. A. Dryden, Box 89 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. Du Fhone, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
A. Swadner, Box 658 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
R. H. Brant Secretary
C. M. Leavitt, Box 1172 Financier
G. W. Curry Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Master
W. P. Davis, Box 667 Secretary
G. A. Burnham, L. Box 23 Financier
N. G. Chamblin Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
A. Nance, L. & N. Shops Master
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave. Secretary
J. Fuchs, 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
T. Curry, 178 Spring St. Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. B. Frame, Box 11 Master
O. F. Parker Secretary
A. E. Blanchard L. Box 417 Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House,
Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
J. F. McCarty Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 25 Lincoln St.,
Bunker Hill District, Boston,
Mass. Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
C. W. Myers Master
G. B. Stratton Secretary
B. H. Estabrook Financier
J. P. Clark Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 Master
R. J. Howard, Box 721 Pueblo, Col. Secretary
H. S. Hinman, 276 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col. Financier
W. Henthorn, Canon City, Col. Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 8:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
F. W. Dyer, 503 Westminster St. Master
F. Maher, 188 Penn Ave. Secretary
J. M. Sheldre, 505 Robert St. Financier
B. Bradley, 705 Reavey St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
Wm. C. Haigh Master
S. J. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
Homer Davis, Box 772 Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 278 Financier
A. Goodrich Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
J. Anselme Master
Wm. Bauman Secretary
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry. Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Financier
J. Casey, G. T. Ry. Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. Master
T. Cunerty, 33 Hackney St. Secretary
J. Pratt, 78 Huron St. Financier
J. Fawcett, 27 Soho St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. L. Botsford, Box 190, Altoona,
Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis. Financier
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
E. N. Mortimer Master
N. J. Scott Secretary
F. W. Barr, Box 294 Financier
F. G. Lawrence Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 384 Master
J. Allen, L. Box 384 Secretary
J. A. Gamm, L. Box 384 Financier
N. A. Matthews, L. Box 384 Mag. Agent

71. **SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
D. V. Rorick Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 666 Financier
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Mag. Agent
72. **WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. Master
W. Wiggins, 416 Washington St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickle St. Mag. Agent
73. **BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
D. R. Parker, 8 Cutler St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
S. Loynd, 73 Green St. Mag. Agent
74. **KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1826 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1823 13th St. Secretary
M. Hurley, 1490 Wyoming St. Financier
E. A. Shipley, Cor. 9th and Mulberry Sts. Mag. Agent
G. N. Herron, Box 18, Armstrong, Kansas Mag. Agent
75. **ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
C. H. Taylor, 8107 Spring Garden St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1009 S. 19th St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 582 N. 35th St. Financier
W. H. Guthrie Mag. Agent
76. **NEW ERA; Fergus Fall, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 251 Master
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Secretary
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
M. S. O'Rourke, 800 S. 11th St. Master
G. M. Wilson, 649 7th St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
78. **GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalla, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Graham Master
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 Mag. Agent
79. **J. M. DODGE; Roodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
W. E. Donnelly, Box 188 Master
D. M. Young Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
F. Cuykendall Mag. Agent
80. **SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
G. Goding, Box 252 Mag. Agent
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Mag. Agent
81. **PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Secretary
W. J. Bain, Box 462 Financier
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Mag. Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 3d St. S. Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
W. E. Richmond, 820 13th St. N. Mag. Agent
83. **TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
C. M. Baker, L. Box 406 Master
J. T. Gaynon, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
R. L. Craig Mag. Agent
84. **CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1828 Master
J. Oxtaby, Box 2192 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1064 Financier
W. McNeill Mag. Agent
85. **FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1796 Master
C. Jennings, L. Box 870 Secretary
J. F. Kellum, Box 1796 Financier
J. Kellum Mag. Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. H. Haskins, Box 802 Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
T. Lynch Financier
H. W. Smith Mag. Agent
87. **SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart, Box 60 Master
J. C. Gunning, Box 142 Secretary
T. F. Croake, Box 88 Financier
M. A. Noble Mag. Agent
88. **MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson Master
J. M. Sights Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
N. Gorman Mag. Agent
89. **SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
G. Battelger Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
G. Battelger Mag. Agent
90. **SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
J. A. McNeill Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Financier
C. K. Stewart, Box 317, San Diego Mag. Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCragh, S. P. R. R. Shops Master
T. Martin, S. P. R. R. Shops Secretary
C. N. Wyckoff, S. P. R. R. Shops Financier
A. Detrich, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
92. **FRONTIER CITY; Owego, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Spath, 39 Tollman St. Master
T. Lee, 109 W. Albany St. Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 West Utica St. Financier
H. Hartigan Mag. Agent
93. **GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Swartz Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. Secretary
J. H. Carter, 507 N. Main St. Financier
R. Gurley Mag. Agent
94. **CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
E. F. Smith, Box 218 Master
H. Gray, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Mag. Agent
95. **CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
F. W. Clough, 157 N. Halstead St. Master
J. Warn, 658 W. Monroe St. Secretary
L. P. Smith, 232 Fulton St. Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. Mag. Agent
96. **ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leitbag, Box 695 Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 695 Secretary
S. J. Clark, Box 695 Financier
W. M. King, Box 695 Mag. Agent

- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 Master
J. Hanselman Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 Financier
W. J. Grant Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
G. S. Cole Secretary
R. W. Shields Financier
W. J. Toy Mag. Agent
- BOCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
R. Thomson, N. Y. L. E. & W.
Round House Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 20 Foshner St. Financier
G. Bowden, 6 Fairmount St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
M. J. Collins Master
J. H. Fenwick Secretary
J. H. Fenwick Financier
W. H. Hummell Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
W. L. McClure, Box 393 Financier
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 2 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
D. E. Hayes Secretary
F. S. Payne, 629 E. Maple St. Financier
C. M. Krull, 611 E. Locust St. Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 8th and Lexington Sts. Master
R. C. Stader Secretary
T. McGuire, 335 Dumesnell St. Financier
J. P. Farrer, 827 Churchill St. Mag. Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCK"; Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
W. M. Reardon Master
J. D. Smith Secretary
O. M. Crane, Box 52 Financier
Phil. Smith Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th
Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 235 Berrim St. Master
C. McCutchin Secretary
J. C. Herron, 524 Mulberry St. Financier
J. T. Quinlivan Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. Master
J. P. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
H. G. Bechhold Secretary
C. H. Ness Financier
M. Glynn Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
J. C. McCabe Master
Wm. Davis Secretary
M. Heatherman, Box 23 Financier
J. W. Shea Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 7 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 4th St. Master
O. Dearing Secretary
J. W. Leathers, 536 Argyle
Ave Financier
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
J. E. Brown Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
J. E. Brown Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
S. Howell Master
J. Toal, Box 111 Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 Financier
J. Dolan Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
C. Joyce Master
C. Sarra Secretary
J. C. Branham Financier
W. C. Vawter Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
N. C. Grant Master
S. L. Bristol Secretary
G. L. Oram Financier
J. Davis Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Master
W. McGuire, Box 625 Secretary
J. Duun, Box 625 Financier
A. Heenan, Box 625 Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
J. McDonough, Ave. K, between
36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between
19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and M¹/₂ St. Financier
J. Tarpey, Cor. 33d and M¹/₂ St. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
C. H. Dawson Master
H. R. Boucher Secretary
M. Gleason Financier
G. H. Dawson Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th
Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Elliott, 565 Grey St. Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
S. Stringer, 315 Grey St. Financier
R. Lister, 272 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and
the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Damant, Richmond St. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond St. Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond St. Financier
W. H. Perkins, Richmond St. Mag. Agent
S. A. Allis Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
W. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Master
W. J. Gorham, I. C. Ry Sta. Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
F. Chenard, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Livingston, 83 Adams St. Master
S. Mangan, 179 Marcellus St. Secretary
J. M. Herman, 179 Gifford St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, Jr., 143¹/₂ W.
Fayette St, Room E. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. L. Krebs, Box 310 Master
W. M. Brewer Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 83 Financier
O. C. Bennett Mag. Agent

- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. Hertline, Box 421 Master
W. A. Ennison, Box 284 Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 Financier
H. W. Henson Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. G. Andrews Master
W. E. Johnson, 2015 Burt St. Secretary
T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. R. H. Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
E. G. Fox Master
Wm. Rait, Box 356 Secretary
E. L. Gregg Financier
E. G. Fox Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
G. S. Tubbs Master
F. W. Snyder, Box 1636 Secretary
M. Kelliber Financier
J. T. Dutcher Mag. Agent
- 126. CONET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. A. Fairbanks Master
J. C. Clark Secretary
P. M. Chambers Financier
C. Gillece Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
H. Thornton, Tecumseh House Master
T. S. Gill, C. P. Round House Secretary
T. C. Grant, 204 Logan St. Financier
H. Lynes, 88 Common St. Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 55 Master
W. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
F. J. Mersereau, Box 55 Financier
C. E. Davis, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. Hooper, Box 494 Master
P. G. Crippen Secretary
G. R. Tedford, Box 110 Financier
T. Marcatoris, Box 517 Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
H. C. Fox, Portage City, Wis. Master
J. Rhine, 715 Clybourne St. Secretary
L. Byner, 527 Greenbush St. Financier
J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and
1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
E. C. Clifford Secretary
G. M. Ratcliffe, Box 450 Financier
G. Shilling Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Morgan, Box 10 Master
F. G. Parkhurst, Box 29 Secretary
W. T. Trusty, Box 37 Financier
J. McDonald Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
C. H. White Master
V. C. London Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
V. C. London Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
H. E. Cowan Master
H. E. Wade Secretary
W. J. Rumsey Financier
W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and
3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. S. Wheeler, Box 194 Master
D. B. Morrissey Secretary
M. P. Williams Financier
J. S. Wheeler Mag. Agent
J. Boyers Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
R. N. Johnston, Box 273 Master
G. Campbell Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
T. G. Dayman Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
P. J. Cook Master
A. Weygandt Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
F. Cooper Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, IH.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. Stow, Box 1287 Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
G. W. Mills, Box 766 Financier
J. Guhn Mag. Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. Humiston Master
E. Goble Secretary
E. F. Wright Financier
N. B. Whyers Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
R. Smith, Box 134 Master
J. F. Clem, L. Box 569 Secretary
W. D. Yates, Box 569 Financier
A. F. Duey, Box 23 Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. POMER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
W. G. Lyons, 286 Calhoun St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. R. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M. and
every 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, 59 Wilts St., Ft. Wayne,
Ind. Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 186 Broadway Financier
F. Bittman, 107 Erie St. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
F. B. Hall Master
G. W. Snook, 1760 Taylor St. Secretary
F. S. Small, cor. Wood and Di-
vision sts Financier
G. H. Vogeley, 1760 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Scott, Box 448 Master
Wm. Bastin, Box 459 Secretary
R. Chamberlain Financier
J. Morton, Box 448 Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Master
J. D. Smith, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 184 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washing-
ton St. Financier
W. Creighton, (178) Cor. McKinnie
and Travis Sts. Mag. Agent

- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
J. J. Easley Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Cuipepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Duncan Master
R. J. McCool, Box 32 Secretary
C. F. Jones Financier
L. E. Mayo Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 279 W. 128th St. Master
W. J. McColl, 326 Ninth Ave Secretary
M. Call, 70 W. 92d St Financier
J. H. White, 280 E. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. O'Reilly, L. Box 142 Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
A. Ellstrom Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Hebt Hall, 93 Murray St. East Master
T. McHattie, 13 Mill St Secretary
Wm. Allen, 39 Magill St Financier
H. Hall, 93 Murray St. E. Mag. Agent
J. Reid, 143 Robert St Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
C. Ellingson, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
L. E. Lester Master
T. M. Perry Secretary
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Financier
C. Willauer Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. Hake Master
E. R. Dickson, Box 215 Secretary
A. Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Secretary
J. H. Selby, Box 157 Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Janders, Box 256 Master
R. P. Wardlaw Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
W. J. Dunnivant Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. R. Hughes, Box 148 Master
J. Mallin Secretary
C. H. Walr Financier
A. L. Sterley Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Tehan Master
B. Jones, 280 Bronson St. Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
J. Hamlin, 430 Mullet St Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Hampton Master
J. J. Clark, 317 Foster St., E. Secretary
Nashville, Tenn. Financier
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nash-
ville, Tenn. Financier
G. R. Ruffin Mag. Agent
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 616 Locust St. Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
J. W. Galvan, 513 S. Main St. Master
W. H. Wilder, Cor. Linn and S.
6th Sts Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison
St. Financier
F. L. Burtch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Master
W. A. Stephenson Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
J. D. Bristol Mag. Agent
- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, Box 15 Master
E. K. Park, Box 15 Secretary
P. B. Scanlan, L. Box 15 Financier
E. K. Park, Box 15 Mag. Agent
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
G. E. Crider Master
E. A. Laughran Secretary
J. B. Gossage Financier
T. Fralick Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. C. Pettengill Master
P. H. Powers Secretary
J. W. Iry Financier
G. Edwards Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
P. Foster Master
G. H. Marston Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 409 Financier
G. H. Marston Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
S. Tucker, Box 134 Master
L. E. Ferguson, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Mag. Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wn.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday
at 2 P. M.
F. Stirmann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
H. Loushay, Box 1179 Master
J. S. Lanning, Box 1053 Secretary
W. T. McElwee, Box 1516 Financier
D. Lawler Mag. Agent
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
J. H. Sutphen Master
S. P. Malone Secretary
A. S. Craik Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
F. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 257 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 224 Campbell Road,
Richmond, Halifax Financier
P. O. Toole, 60 Russell St., Hal-
ifax, Nova Scotia Mag. Agent
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville
P. O., Ottawa Financier
J. Smith, 672 Wellington St. Mag. Agent

- 175. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
P. A. Neely Master
A. L. Parker Secretary
W. H. Farnsworth Financier
T. J. Welsh Mag. Agent
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. Kirchner, 518 Calder St. Master
H. S. Gingrich, 1412 Wallace St., Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 6th St. Financier
L. Fridy, 480 Boan St. Mag. Agent
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
J. S. Buckingham, Box C. Master
H. R. Brown, Box C. Secretary
F. M. Howard, Box C. Financier
J. Adkins, Box 790 Mag. Agent
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clifton, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. Hinchcliff, Box 374 Master
C. H. Porter Secretary
J. Hart Financier
A. F. Ely Mag. Agent
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
W. Ridener Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 120 Secretary
J. L. Raleigh Financier
W. H. Green Mag. Agent
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, Box 1081 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, Box 1081 Financier
D. Love, Box 1081 Mag. Agent
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Mag. Agent
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaekel Mag. Agent
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. Hobson Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
T. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sangeen P. O. Mag. Agent
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
E. A. Brown, 448 E. 18th St. Master
G. W. Miller, 229 W. 22d St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French Sts. Mag. Agent
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleveland, O. Mag. Agent
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. S. Thompson Master
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Secretary
B. Myers Financier
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. R. Reeves Master
C. W. Bull Secretary
H. H. Skiles, Box 10 Financier
J. McGraw Mag. Agent
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Kerins, 416 31st St. Master
P. H. Lynch, 4028 Butterfield St. Secretary
P. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Financier
M. Jordan, 3149 Hanover St. Mag. Agent
- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Darigan Master
J. B. Stillwell Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
H. Lyons Mag. Agent
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M. and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 83 Artesian Ave. Master
J. Devine, 880 Hubbard St. Secretary
C. S. Benjamin, 38 Artesian Ave. Financier
C. F. Billmeyer, 161 Artesian Ave. Mag. Agent
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
R. C. Belknap, Box 186, Green Bay, Wis., Master
G. Hanrahan Secretary
R. Parks Financier
G. W. Watson, Box 169, Green Bay, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
W. S. Crandell, Box 84 Master
G. H. Kings, Box 405 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 223, Sanborn, Ia. Financier
W. McAviney Mag. Agent
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Fields, Box 16 Master
F. Foote, Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, Box 16 Financier
C. Fitzpatrick, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
E. Huggins, Jr. Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
J. B. Reed Mag. Agent
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. H. Remington Master
H. W. Hall Secretary
C. H. Barnell Financier
C. H. Remington Mag. Agent
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets every Thursday at 1 P. M.
M. T. Fisher Master
J. M. Lucy Secretary
P. J. Freeman Financier
M. T. Fisher Mag. Agent
- 195. BE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Buckley Master
W. J. Glennan Secretary
A. J. Will Financier
J. F. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Col.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
E. Noble, care D. & R. G. Shops Master
G. J. Moore, Box 736 Secretary
J. Stamm, care D. & R. G. Shops, Financier
W. J. Armitage, Cadillac House, Mag. Agent
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savanna, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
J. F. Sweeney, Box 12 Master
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 387 Center St., Racine, Wis. Financier
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
T. H. Sheppard, Box 184 Secretary
L. R. Sherman Financier
F. P. Mitchell Mag. Agent

199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.

J. B. Mawby Master
J. F. Crowe, 113 W. Boardman St. Secretary
D. Heinzelman Financier
C. Batelle Mag. Agent

200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.

Meets every Sunday at 9:30 P. M.
C. C. Griffin Master
Wm. Campbell Secretary
E. Lake, Box 223 Financier
W. Campbell Mag. Agent

201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.

Meets every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
S. J. Stearns Master
B. H. Lashley Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
J. D. Bledsoe Mag. Agent

202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st
and 3d Mondays at 6:30 P. M.
W. C. Danenburgh Master
G. W. McClure Secretary
C. M. Gorman Financier
J. G. Burkilne Mag. Agent

203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.

Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
G. J. Hurley Master
L. E. Parker, Box 105 Secretary
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Financier
J. H. Reneman, Box 351 Mag. Agent

204. MONTEZUMA; Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
A. W. Clark Master
A. L. Parker, Box 115 Secretary
F. M. Armstrong, Box 240 Financier
C. E. Cramer Mag. Agent

205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Secretary
N. A. Seellinger, 148 Jefferson St. Financier
W. D. Whitney Mag. Agent

206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.

Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
T. J. Farrell Master
O. E. Work Secretary
E. F. Bynane Financier
J. Cherry Mag. Agent

207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019 Master
Wm. F. Phillips, Box 974 Secretary
A. L. Carskadden, Box 185 Financier
A. Heckmann, Box 80 Mag. Agent

208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.

Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. J. Lannan Master
J. P. McDonald Secretary
J. Elston Financier
E. Pettis Mag. Agent

209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. McGourty Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. B. Combs Financier
A. Hartibus Mag. Agent

210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
T. Carrol Master
W. Goggins Secretary
G. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
J. Zeiser Mag. Agent

211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Bennett Master
H. L. Brelsach Secretary
C. Long Financier
H. L. Brelsach Mag. Agent

212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.

Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy Master
T. H. Lynch Secretary
E. Mahan Financier
J. Bahler, Box 366, Rome N. Y. Mag. Agent

213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.

Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. McNally Master
W. F. Wright Secretary
D. J. Sisk Financier
C. S. McNally Mag. Agent

214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahy, 195 Greenmount Ave. Master
F. B. Hall, 119 E. Townsend St. Secretary
L. V. Tipton, 87 Oak Ave. Financier
C. S. Bowen, 261 N. Carolina St. Mag. Agent

215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.

Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Green-
bush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Brooks, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Burchby, 59 Washington
St., Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway,
Greenbush, N. Y. Mag. Agent

216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, Box 1206 Master
H. C. Cleveland Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, Box 1127 Financier
A. L. Twombly Mag. Agent

217. DERRICK; Oil City, Pa.

Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
S. Neldeck Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
R. B. Patterson Mag. Agent

218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.

Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. McHugh, P. & L. E. Shops Master
Wm. Welsh, P. & L. E. Shops Secretary
A. T. Richey, P. & L. E. Shops Financier
J. M. Maloney, P. & L. E.
Shops Mag. Agent

219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.

Meets 2d 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
H. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 144 Bidwell St. Secretary
D. W. Triem, 144 Bidwell St. Financier
R. Palmer, 153 Sedgwick St., Mag. Agent

220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. E. Bowen Master
F. P. Freeburn Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
J. E. Bowen Mag. Agent

221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.

Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
S. Allward Financier
A. G. Muirhead Mag. Agent

222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Friday
at 8 P. M.
C. C. Olney Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
C. W. Gardner Financier
A. N. Allis Mag. Agent

223. ANHLAND; Lexington, Ky.

Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
G. F. Little, C. & O. shops Master
M. S. Pennybaker, C. & O. shops, Secretary
W. J. Mead, C. & O. shops Financier
T. M. Horton, C. & O. shops Mag. Agent

224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.

Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
M. Cuddy, Box 706 Master
G. B. Dickinson Secretary
G. P. Irvin, Box 718 Financier
G. Sencerbox Mag. Agent

225. SUPERIOR; Fort William, Ontario.

Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
H. Reirring Master
G. Sutherland Secretary
T. Drummond Financier
H. Cochrane Mag. Agent



VOL. 8.

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NO. 9.

LONGING FOR HOME.

A Touching Incident of Travel—A Son of Sunny Italy Dies in a Depot—A Traveler's Tale.

Gertrude Garrison.

"Beyond the Alpine heights of great pain
Lieth Italy."

The train from the north had halted and then rushed on, screaming like some living thing as it entered the wood. The slow and snorting "accommodation" had released three or four begrimed passengers and then belched its way forward. The train from the southwest was already in sight, and still I had two hours to wait.

The small depot could offer no enchantments to beguile the time. Three or four pale women sat bolt upright in dead silence, staring stonily at each other, and the restless, solitary old beau began to show signs of ill temper because he could attract no one's attention. Weary of the place, I went outside to look for more inspiring sights.

The scene was as restful as the one I had turned away from was wearisome. In the west the hills towered far into the heavens. A mile to the north lay the town, a cluster of white walls, gray spires and green trees, on which the peace that passeth all understanding seemed to rest. Between it and the little depot a shining river wandered noiselessly to the sea; and the sun, hanging low in the western sky, was gilding everything with an inimitable glory.

"How often we fancy in passing a quiet village hidden among its orchards that this, at least, must be the abode of

peace and unambitious contentment. But, alas! When we enter the cottage, what do we find? There, as everywhere else, are distress and need, passion and unsatisfied longing, fear and remorse, pain and misery, and by the side of these, Oh, how few joys!"

Remembering this, half the beauty of the scene vanished. I shuddered as I thought of the stinging envies, the bitter jealousies, baffled hopes, long-lived spites and cankers which devoured human hearts under the peaceful walls of the white little town.

Why are gateways to pleasant places so disagreeable? I wondered, as I glanced inside the depot. The glance told me that the face of that dismal precinct had changed.

The train from the southwest had unloaded an assortment of travelers, some of whom were not disposed to do their waiting passively. They had already given the room an air of action. A big blonde in a stylish costume, accompanied by a meek looking man and an assertive dog, had fairly filled the place with bustle and a metropolitan atmosphere. There were others, but they had slipped to the wall immediately, as though anxious to keep out of the way of so much self importance.

There was one who would have been a piteous figure anywhere—a man whose pinched face was ghastly with the greenish tinge of consumption. It needed no close investigation to show that he was nearly done with all earthly things. He

leaned heavily on his wife's arm, his thin body robbed of its fictitious strength by a long journey.

I offered my aid to the woman, and together we made a place for him on a bench by the western window. He lay quite still, as though rest after the weariness of travel was very grateful. His black eyes looked through the open door at the quiet landscape with an eager inquiry in their burning depths. They seemed to be looking for something they did not see but expected to any moment. He said nothing. The sunlight streamed in and fell upon his bony hands and covered his gaunt figure like an aura.

The man was dying, but he did not know it and his wife did not know it; and what good would it do to tell her? She could not hold the sands in his hourglass a single second longer than the law of his destiny had decreed. All her faithful love could not do that.

They were Italians, and she had given him the patient dog-like love of the women of her race. That much of her history needed no words. It told itself in her slave-like attitude toward him. She had been his to command, to ill-treat or caress as he felt disposed, to praise or to scold, to beat or to flatter. She had been his slave as well as his *sposa*, for though the Italian boasts that his love is more fervent than any other upon earth, its selfishness and tyranny are unrivaled among races.

She fanned him with a fan covered with fairy figures and carved in dainty patterns—a bit of rare old art strangely out of place in her hands, which were rough and misshapen from years of outdoor toil. I thought of the romances of the inanimate world as I looked at it.

Life had not been easy for this dark, patient woman. Hardship and labor had left their cruel marks upon her face, which though bronzed and lined was not without great beauty of expression, the deathless beauty which is born of the soul's sweetness.

There had been none of the glamour which envelopes pleasant paths to preserve her love from destruction. It had

all been homely, hard, uninviting, yet there she was faithful to the end, faithful in love as well as in duty.

In her soft Southern voice, with its pretty accent, she told me their story, which was only one of "the short and simple annals of the poor," easily recited and without the flavor of the unusual.

They had been vine growers on the hills of Tuscany. Hearing wonderful tales of this great new country fifteen years ago, they had come here to "make a good home," she said. It had been hard work at first, but no harder than on their native hills, and after a time they owned a house and some ground not far from St. Louis, and raised small fruits. They had prospered pecuniarily, but not otherwise. Three children had been given them, but all were asleep in the bosom of the earth, "their souls with the everlasting God," she devoutly added, crossing herself reverently.

Then she told how her husband, little by little, lost his strength. Sometimes he was almost well, and again so weak, and always growing thinner of flesh, though always sure that he would be well the next month or the next season. At last he imagined that if he could go home to his own hills, to Italy, he would recover. The Italian sun would warm him into life. He seemed suddenly weary of everything here, she said, even the sky and the stars, and talked always of his early home.

"Italy! Italy! Beyond the mountains and the sea," broke in the sick man in his own tongue, smiling feebly.

And in this hope they had started. He had been so eager to get away that the few days consumed in their preparations had been longer to him than all the years of their stay. He had grown better as soon as they started, so much better that in her patient ignorance she could not understand why he had suddenly lost his strength. She was sure the sea would revive him, and the sunshine on his native hills, where the grapes were like flowers in their heavy perfume, that would restore him.

"But I told him," she said, and her

kind eyes grew sad, "I told him that it would all be changed there. The young men and the maidens we danced with years ago would not be there. They would be gone or old, like ourselves."

"Italy never changes," said the sick man in Italian and looking far out on the green fields, as though his lips merely voiced a thought not meant for other ears.

It seemed incredible that the woman, who was bright and fairly intelligent, did not know that her husband's longing for Italy was that curious restlessness which precedes dissolution, and which is always exaggerated in consumptive patients. Yet she had known nothing but his will for years; how should she know this? She was untaught in everything but the logic of obedience and the philosophy of patience.

No, she did not know that he was dying. Being strangely ignorant of the great event himself he had not told her, and she knew nothing save what she learned from him.

The gates of the other world were even then opening to receive his spirit and still she babbled on, speaking of the children, the journey, and—Italy.

At the other end of the room the modish blonde, the meek man and the assertive dog were holding an animated conversation. An old woman, whom I had not before noticed, though she had been standing near me, signed to them to keep silence.

"Beyond the mountains and the sea—Italy," said the dying man in Italian, looking far off to the eastern horizon, upon which was the royal gilding of the setting sun.

The next instant an ominous rattle sounded through the big, bare room, and in his eyes there shone a sudden and overwhelming surprise. Instinctively understanding that he suffered, his wife raised his head in her arms; but before she could speak even an endearing word his soul had departed upon its journey, "without the sound of wings or footfall." In a single moment he had reached Italy,

the eternal Italy which lieth "beyond the Alpine heights of great pain."

We lifted his head from the faithful arm which had raised his struggling spirit into heaven and laid it again on the pillow of shawls.

The wife did not at first understand what had happened; but as she looked at the white face of the dead man, upon which still lingered the trace of that wonderful surprise which swept over him when his soul confronted the vision of its new life, the awful truth revealed itself. She did not cry out. She did not weep. She did not speak. But upon her kind face there was a look of awe inexpressibly agonizing. She sank slowly to her knees, with her startled eyes turned upward as if trying to follow the soul that had so suddenly vanished from the earth.

She stretched out her rough, kind hands and clasped those of her dead husband, and laid her head upon them with a dumb anguish that was heartrending.

We turned away without speaking. The awful silence that walks close upon the footsteps of Death settled upon the place. Every person was standing, every head bent. Two majestic presences, Death, and his twin brother, Grief, had transfigured the mean and dingy depot and made it a place where the human heart felt the presence of the unchangeable God.

The round clock on the wall ticked off the seconds with ceaseless energy, emphasizing the unnatural stillness of the room.

Tick! Tick! Tick! No one moved.

Tick! Tick! Tick! The silence grew heavier.

Tick! Tick! Tick! Over and over, again and again, the clock told the story of the speeding moments. From the distance came the rumble of an in-coming train—their train—and one by one with bowed heads the waiting travelers walked out upon the platform; but the Italian woman neither moved nor spoke.

Over the kneeling figure and the breathless body of her husband the dying sun

threw a flood of glory, draping both Death and Grief in a mantle of bright beauty.

The old, old woman went close to the stricken wife and bent to raise her head. "See!" she said in a startled voice, "see! she has followed him to Italy."

It was true. The hands that clasped the dead man's with such tender love were as cold as his own. The head that rested on his breast was heavy and lifeless. The kind eyes were glazed and vacant, the sweet face rigid, the soft voice stilled forever.

"Beyond the mountains and the sea," beyond all heights, beyond all pain they had suddenly journeyed.

ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

Youths' Companion.

During the trouble with the Ute Indians in Colorado some years ago, my partner and I were at work at our mining camp in the Medicine Bow Mountains, so far back that we did not hear of the outbreak till some months after it occurred. Three of the hostile Indians, who were probably scouts, came upon our camp, however, during the very first of the disturbance. At the time, I supposed them to be renegade Sioux. They were evidently in quest of scalps, and I had some trouble in preventing them from getting mine.

Our mine was yielding us good returns, and we were giving it our whole attention. We had washed out nearly two thousand dollars in loose gold within three months—not much as compared with heavy quartz-mill mining operations, for ours was a placer mine—but a considerable sum for two young fellows who had come West with scarcely a hundred dollars between them. We had started with but just enough for "grub stakes," picks and a "cradle." And even our grub stakes we were obliged to help out with what we could kill in the way of game.

In this last particular, our claim in the Medicine Bow range was a highly favored one. There were then, and are still, numbers of black-tail deer, antelope and elk in the pine timber, round the snowy

peaks on each side of "Big Gap," and in the little natural parks at the head of the rapid creeks which here come tumbling down the gorges.

Some of these "parks" are the most picturesque spots imaginable. Situated at an elevation of seven or eight thousand feet, the mornings are always crisp and frosty there; the air is bracing, and the springs delightfully cold and clear.

We were accustomed to go out after game every second or third day, and usually took turns at this fatiguing pastime; for a solitary hunter, as we learned from experience, is quite apt to have better success than two hunters.

On the day of my adventure, I rose early, buckled on my cartridge-belt and knife, and taking my "Maynard" rifle, set off up the creek where we were "cradling" the wash.

Not far above us there was then a belt of burnt timber, two miles or more in breadth. I passed through this and thence onward to the foot of a gorge on the left of Big Gap, where the old pack-road used to be, and came up, by nine in the forenoon, to a fine highland growth of pine and quaking aspen, with many spring heads, fringed round by vividly green willows.

There were great numbers of blue grouse here, and I saw two black-tailed does, each with a spotted fawn at her side. But I would not fire at them, for I had set my mind on a fat elk,—the best meat in the world, not even accepting a corn-fed Kansas steer,—and for the last hour, elk sign had been fresh and plenty.

Along the top of one "divide," in fact, the ground was fairly chopped with elk tracks; and many of the pines had been made greasy with rubbing, and had shreds of old horn "velvet" lying round their roots. So I knew that I could not be far from one or more herds of them.

Yet I went on for some time, and at length entered the lower side of a little basin-shaped hollow in the timber, from out of which a small rill trickled down over a bare ledge. As I crept up this ledge, I heard an elk "blow," not far ahead, and crawling along from rock to

rock and from pine to pine, for perhaps a hundred yards, I was gladdened by a right royal spectacle.

Not over a hundred and fifty yards off, near the middle of the little circular hollow, was sprinkled a herd of thirteen elk, all within a space of less than an acre of ground. They were cropping the fresh, tender grass, woodland plants and sparse bushes—leisurely feeding toward me, up the wind, otherwise I could never have kept so close on them.

I was now lying under cover of a rock. About twenty yards nearer to them was a freshly upturned pine root, with a thick mass of turf and yellow dirt clinging to it. I determined to reach that, and so reduce the range to so short a distance that I could not fail of my mark.

Watching my chance when their heads were all down, I worked along to the root, and found just the little chink through the up-tilted turf that I wanted. "Now I am all right," I thought to myself, with that thrill of delight which comes to a hunter when he sees his game just where he feels sure of it.

There was an old "bull," with magnificent branching antlers, in advance of the others. A few yards off to the left a two-year-old buck was feeding, showing a much lower set of horns. Two or three old "cows" were coming on behind, and near them were several "calves." Out to the right a beautiful brown-black heifer—a two-year-old—was daintily nibbling a birch bush.

I had my pick of them all, yet could hardly expect to make more than one successful shot; so I must needs choose. I longed for those big antlers, but I knew that the old bull's meat was tough. The heifer would give rich, juicy venison, and was the one we needed. Besides, I concluded that the antlers would make a heavy load for me to pack out to the stage-road a month or two later.

So I resolved to take the heifer; and then if I got another shot, I would fetch down the old patriarch. Several times I shifted my aim to practice upon the range on the bull.

Suddenly one of the herd threw up his

head and "blew"—that sharp, peculiar, sibilant "whistle." Thinking he had scented me, I fired at once, at the heifer's exposed right side. She staggered and then fell.

With the report the whole herd bounded into the air; and they saw the smoke of my rifle curling up directly before them. In an instant they were off like a flash!

I shot at the old "bull" as he bounded out of the hollow, but probably missed him. It was some satisfaction, however, to scramble to the top of the root and see them go crashing through the wind-falls.

The last snap of brush under their hoofs had hardly died away up the side of the mountain, when *crack!* rang a rifle shot, not far behind me, and a ball tore across my cartridge belt, close to my stomach, knocking out three or four of the loaded shells, one of which—as it chanced—exploded when struck, making a considerable report and a flash of powder smoke all about me.

To say that I was startled would but faintly express my astonishment and alarm. I jumped, fell partly off the high roof—offering a splendid mark of my self, no doubt—and slid down. And either to this circumstance or to the smoke of the exploded shell, I may owe my life. For a second shot cracked as I fell, and the bullet, as I afterwards discovered, cut through the skirt of my blouse.

With this second shot, something like rational presence of mind came to me. I let myself fall, and rolled over, feet up, into the wet hole at the back of the root. At the same moment I shoved a fresh shell into my rifle, then lay perfectly still, with ears and eyes alert. I was partly out of sight from the side the shots had come, and was still farther sheltered by a rock a few rods away from the root.

As to who had fired at me, or for what reason, I had not the least idea. We had seen but one Indian since we came into the mountains, and he was a mere beggar. No yell had accompanied the shot, nor was there any indication that it was fired by an Indian. I thought my assailant might be a white robber; and you can readily believe that my heart beat

hard as I lay there, gripping my rifle, waiting for him to show himself.

It was plain that he suspected I might be shamming dead. It was some minutes before I heard any sound. Then I detected a stealthy noise, as of a hunter creeping on the ground, out back of the rock.

One or more of my assailants then was crawling up under cover of that stone. Very likely, even if I continued quiet, he would think it safer to shoot me, to make sure I was dead.

I determined to jump up and shoot at him before he or the other one had time to get any nearer—and accordingly bounded to my feet. Twenty or thirty yards back of the rock, an Indian, rifle in hand, was crouching on the ground.

I was scarcely on my feet when he fired, and his ball struck against the stock of my rifle and went humming off over the woods.

The moment he had fired, he jumped up and ran. I shot at him, and saw him drop his gun; but he ran on—though I hardly watched him for more than a second, when I looked round to see if he had any companions.

I did not see anybody, but a moment after I heard brush snap right over in the top of the pine, on the other side of the root from where I stood.

The instant I heard it, I "ducked" down behind the root and peeped through the chink out of which I shot the elk; and the first thing I saw was the pugged-up top-knot of an Indian, and the glitter of his rifle-barrel in the green top of the pine.

He was peering out for me, to get a shot. I was not long clapping the muzzle of my "Maynard" to that chink and firing at his head.

I knew that I hit him, though I saw nothing of the result of the shot, for at the very instant I fired, a bullet, from somewhere out back of me, came with a thud into the dirt of the root beside my face.

That rather confused me; for I knew then that there were three redskins at

least, and I did not know how many more.

I ran from behind the root out past where the elk lay, and on, from pine to pine, up out of the hollow, nearly on the trail of the elk herd. I ran two or three miles, as fast as I could, making a circuit to come round into the burnt timber-belt, and so get home to camp.

By this time my wind was nearly gone, and I flung myself down behind a pine bush—to pant awhile. I concluded that the Indian was fairly distanced by this time; but I had not been lying there more than two minutes, when I heard a sound of footsteps running down on my trail behind, and saw an Indian coming at full jump.

The thick brush screened me. I aimed at him at once and fired. He was coming straight for the bush, and presented a fair mark. I ought to have hit him; but I suppose I was too tired and shaky for shooting. I made a clean miss. He stopped short, then zigzagged off to the right, and gained the cover of a clump of green brush.

I knew that I was probably no match for him in woodcraft and fighting from behind trees, and the instant I saw him dodge away, I ran again.

Half a mile more took me into the burnt tract, where the fallen pines lay criss-cross and every way—a terrible place to get through. There was about two miles of it; and the growth had fallen so much that but for a few stubs, any one could see clear across it.

The Indian was quite a long way behind me; but he kept catching glimpses of me, I suppose, as I climbed and leaped over the piles of pine-trunks, for he fired at me four or five times.

Bad as the travelling was, I did not lose much time there, with such urgent hints whistling near my ears, and in less than half an hour from the time I struck the green woods on the creek below, I reached our camp, where I found Ben, my partner, "cradling" away as steadily as an old clock. He had neither seen nor heard anything of the Indians.

I suppose that these three Indians had

seen me at some point, not very long before I found the elk, and had dogged me, waiting for a chance to shoot me, while I was stalking the herd. If they had been a little better marksmen they would have taken my scalp for a certainty.

Ben and I kept sharp watch during the rest of that day, but we saw nothing of the Indian who had run me into camp.

Next day we set off up the creek and made a cautious trip to the little hollow where I had killed the heifer elk.

Somebody had butchered the carcass, we found, and taken away parts of the choice meat. We saw numerous mocasin-tracks; and near the fallen pine-top, I saw where blood had dried on the yellow pine-needles upon the ground.

These were all the traces left of the affray which our hasty search disclosed, and loading ourselves with meat, we went back to our camp. For a week or more we kept a sharp look-out, but were not molested at our work.

RUSSIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

At the present time a gigantic railroad project is contemplated in Russia, and the Czar takes the liveliest interest in the matter. In view of the immense benefit accruing to agriculture and commerce through the competition of the network of railroads in the United States, the Russian government and capitalists have been encouraged to undertake similar work for their large country. The project is nothing less than a "Russian Pacific Railroad." The originator of the plan is General Annenkoff. He proposes that the road should start from the eastern slope of the Ural mountains, at the city of Yekaterinenburg, running through Siberia and touching the cities of Tobolsk, Yeniseisk, and Yakutsk. The road will terminate at the city of Nikolajen, and will be connected by a branch road from Yeniseisk to Yakutsk and Kiachto with China and the region of the Amoor river. A second trunk line, starting at Astrachan, will connect with Herat, Persia and India. A branch of this line will be built to Bokhara, and by way of Kashgar to Central Asia. These immense roads in

length will aggregate 11,700 English miles, and the cost is estimated at 1,000,000,000 roubles. It is judged that this stupendous work will take twenty years, so that every year 50,000,000 roubles will be expended on it. It is proposed that during times of peace the soldiers of the empire shall be employed in the construction of the road. The Czar has decided to appoint a commission for the purpose of investigating the project.

It is believed that the project has principally a strategic significance; for, after the Russians have acquired Turkestan, with its capital, Merve, in Central Asia, the road would facilitate the massing of large bodies of troops for India and Asiatic Turkey. The Russian Pacific Railroad, in connection with the already existing roads, will complete a great commercial chain with Europe, Central Asia, and India. From the Fort Michailiewski, one of the best ports on the Caspian Sea, there exists already a railroad to Kisil Arvat, running through the most arid part of the projected line. This part has been surveyed by the celebrated Russian engineer Lessar.

NOT FALSE.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Old Nelse Patmore was elected Justice of the Peace. He could neither read nor write, but his friends assured him that such accomplishments were merely side issues. One day Jack Maine sued the Commonwealth for false imprisonment. He employed excellent legal counsel, and everyone thought he would surely gain his case. When the cause came up for trial, the judge said:

"Young man, de'dictment says dat yer wants damages fur false 'prisonment?"

"That is exactly what we want, your honor," said Maine's lawyer.

"Uh, huh,"

"And we think, your honor, that we are entitled to five thousand dollars damages."

"Uh, huh," handling his papers.

"We claim that Mr. Maine's imprisonment was false."

"Uh, huh."

"And we can prove it."

"Uh, huh. Genermen, yer say dat de man's 'prisonment wuz false?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Uh, huh. He went ter jail, didn' he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Uh, huh. What am de meanin' o' false?" Suthin' what doan 'zist, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wall, dis man went ter jail. Dat's a fack, ain't it?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Dat 'zisted, didn' it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Dat wasn't false, den. De 'cision o' dis cou't am dis. De generman claimed ter hab been 'prisoned falsely. De proofs shows dat de State didn' 'perten' ter put him in jail, but did put him dar. De cou't hol's dat dar wan't nuthin' false 'bout dat. Now, ef de State had per-tended ter put him in jail an' hadn't done it, dat wou'der ben false 'prisonment. I'll jis' sen' de generman back ter jail, an' fling de lawyers in de cost."

SOME OF THE VERY COLDEST DAYS.

It is a bit of coincidence that the comet upon which Napoleon's soldiers gazed seventy years ago, when they were making that dreadful march from Moscow, which resulted in the death from cold and exposure of 400,000 men, should be accompanied on its reappearance with a bitter cold spell of weather. When it swept out of sight the world witnessed an unusually severe winter. In October, 763, and February, 764, the denizens of the cities of mosques and minarets were astonished by a cold spell of weather, and the two seas at Constantinople were frozen over for over twenty days. In 1063 the Thames was frozen over for fourteen weeks. In 1407 the cold was so intense in England that all the small birds perished, and in 1433 the large fowls of the air were driven by the terrible cold into the towns and cities of Germany.

In 1468 the winter was so severe in Flanders that the wine distributed was cut with hatchets.

The year 1858 was noted for cold weather in England. Thousands of forest and shade trees were split by frost, birds and stock perished, a line of stages ran on the Thames for several weeks, and shops were built on the ice in the middle of the Thames.

In 1691 the wolves were driven by the cold into Vienna, where they attacked men and cattle on the streets.

In 1810 quicksilver froze in the thermometer bulbs at Moscow. One of the most remarkable changes of temperature was witnessed at Hornsey and Hammer-smith, near London, in 1867. The thermometer was three degrees below zero on the 4th of January, and seventy-two hours later it had leaped to fifty-five degrees above zero.

With respect to America some of the remarkable cold spells were as follows: In 1730, and again in 1821 New York harbor was frozen over so that teams were driven across the ice to Staten Island. Indiana saw weather cold enough to congeal the mercury in 1855. The winter of 1881 was made memorable by cold weather. On the 13th and 26th days of January many deaths occurred from the intense cold, and the residents of Mobile saw the thermometer sink to zero.

A record of cold sieges would be imperfect without a mention of the terrible sudden storm that swept over the country in 1863, which has gone into history as the cold New Year's. A drayman was frozen to death in Cincinnati while driving along the streets; a man climbing a fence in Minnesota froze to death and toppled over into the snow, while the loss of human and animal lives in all parts of the country was immense.

EVER A TRUE KNIGHT.

Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the daisied springtime.

FRIENDSHIP.

Sidney Smith.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and be loved is the greatest happiness in existence. If I lived under the burning sun of the equator it would be a pleasure to me to think that there were human beings on the other side of the world who regarded and respected me; I could not and would not live if I were alone upon the earth and cut off from the remembrance of my fellow creatures. It is not that a man has occasion to fall back upon the kindness of his friends. Perhaps he may never experience the necessity of doing so; but we are governed by our imaginations, and they stand there as a solid bulwark against all the evils of life. Friendship should be formed with persons of all ages and conditions, and with both sexes. I have a friend who is a bookseller, to whom I have been very civil, and who would do anything to serve me; and I have two or three small friendships among persons in much humbler walks of life, who, I verily believe, would do me a considerable kindness according to their means. I am for a frank explanation with friends in case of affronts. They sometimes save a perishing friendship, and even place it upon a firmer basis than at first; but secret discontent must always end badly.

PROF. TYNDALL ON RAINBOWS.

The Cause of an Interesting Phenomenon Explained.

London Telegraph.

Lecturing last night at the Royal Institution to a large and fashionable audience on the above subject, Prof. Tyndall observed that the oldest historical record of a rainbow was to be found in the passage, "I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and the earth." The sublime conception of the theologian preceded that desire for exact knowledge which was characteristic of the men of science. Whatever the ultimate cause of the rainbow might have been, the proximate cause was physical, and the aim of science had been to refer the rainbow to its

physical principles. Progress toward that consummation had been very slow. Slowly the ancients mastered the laws of reflection; still more slowly were the laws of refraction dug from the quarries in which nature had embedded them. He used that language because the laws were incorporate in nature before they were discovered by men. It was by the scientific genius of the Dutchman Snell that the world obtained in 1621 the first approximate explanation of the rainbow, his discovery having, however, been rendered possible by the observations and measurements of earlier philosophers. The great Descartes completed the solution. There was a certain form of emotion called intellectual pleasure excited by poetry, literature, nature and art, but he doubted whether there was any pleasure of the intellect more pure and concentrated than that of the scientific man who, looking at a difficulty which had challenged the human mind for ages, saw that difficulty melt before his eyes and become crystallized as a law of nature. Such pleasure must have been that of Descartes when he succeeded in uncovering the law which rules the most splendid meteor of our atmosphere. Since Descartes' time further light has been thrown on the matter by Newton, who found out the secret of the colors of the prisms; by Thomas Young, who eighty-two years ago was appointed Professor of the Royal Society, and who discovered the causes of the rainbow's supernumerary zones; by Sir George Airey, the late Astronomer Royal, who demonstrated the truth of Prof. Young's scientific principles by more accurate calculations; and, lastly, by the late Prof. Miller, of Cambridge, and Dr. Galler, of Berlin. Prof. Tyndall described how, in the Alps, last year, and subsequently at Hindhead, in Hampshire, he had witnessed the rare phenomenon of a white rainbow, caused by reflected light on a misty atmosphere. By clever and amusing experiments the lecturer showed how this remarkable effect might be artificially produced, and how, when the moisture of the air was composite, as, for instance, where water

spray was mixed with paraffin-oil spray, a still more wonderful rainbow resulted, such as was to be seen at almost all times from a famous mountain in Western China, whither the people flocked from far and near, to witness what they called "The Glory of Buddha."

THE NEW OHIO IDEA.

The old tramp who was a "Michigan fire sufferer" last summer, will go on the road this spring as an "Ohio flood sufferer." He thought once that he would have to appear as a "Java earthquake sufferer," but the floods have fortunately rendered this rather far-fetched excuse unnecessary.

THE COACH ROBBERS.

What the Passenger with One Eye Did.

Detroit Free Press.

There was an army officer, a sutler, a surveyor and two men who might have been mine inspectors, in the stage when it drew up at Burt Hill to take on another passenger.

"Howdy," said the new passenger, as he crowded in.

As he stood for a moment in the light of the station lamp, all saw that his left eye was gone. He wore no shade nor patch to conceal the loss, and those who gave him a second look felt that the fire in his remaining eye was bright enough for two. Dark as it was in the stage, he seemed to have "sized up" every man inside of a minute, and, seeming to be satisfied regarding the crowd, he settled himself back into his seat, and had no remarks to make.

By and by the army officer mentioned something about road agents, and directly the conversation became interesting. Coaches had been stopped at various points on the line within a week, and it was pretty generally believed that a bad gang had descended on the route and were still ripe for business. The man with one eye had nothing to say. Once or twice he raised his head and that single eye blazed in the darkness like a lone star, but not a word escaped his mouth. The Captain had said what he would do in

case the coach was halted, and this brought out the others. It was firmly decided to fight. The passengers had money to fight for and weapons to fight with.

The man with one eye said nothing. At such a time, and under such circumstances, there could be but one interpretation of such conduct.

"A coward has no business traveling this route," said the Captain in a voice which every man could hear.

The stranger started up and that eye of his seemed to shower sparks of fire, but after a moment he fell back again without having replied.

If he wasn't chicken-hearted, why did he not show his colors? If he intended to fight where were his weapons? He had no Winchester, and so far as any one had seen as he entered the coach he was without revolvers. Everybody felt a contempt for a man who calculated to hold up his hands at the order, and permit himself to be quietly despoiled.

"Pop! pop! halt!"

The passengers were dozing as the salute of the road agents reached their ears. The coach was halted in a way to tumble everybody together, and legs and bodies were still tangled up when a voice at the door called out:

"No nonsense, now! You gentlemen climb right down here, and up with your hands! The first man who kicks on me will get a bullet through his head!"

We had agreed to fight. The Captain had agreed to lead us. We were listening for his yell of defiance and the click of his revolver, when he stepped down as humbly as you please. The sutler had been aching to chew up a dozen road agents, and now he was the second man out. The surveyor had intimated that he had never passed over the route without killing at least three highwaymen, but this occasion was to be an exception. In three minutes the five of us were down and in line and hands up, and the road agent had said:

"Straight matter of business! First one who drops his hands won't ever know what hurt him!"

Where was the man with one eye? The robber appeared to believe that we were all out, and he was just approaching the head of the line to begin his work when a dark form dropped out of the coach, there was a yell as if from a wounded tiger, and a revolver began to crack. The robber went down at the first pop. His partner was just coming around the rear of the coach. He was a game man. He knew what had happened, but he was coming to the rescue. Pop! pop! pop! went the revolvers, their flashes lighting up the night until we could see the driver in his seat.

It didn't take twenty seconds. One of the robbers lay dead in front of us—the other under the coach, while the man with one eye had a lock cut from his head and the graze of a bullet across his cheek. Not one of us had moved a finger. We were five fools in a row. There was a painful lull after the last shot, and it lasted a full minute before the stranger turned to us and remarked in a quiet, cutting manner:

"Gentlemen, ye kin drop your hands!"

We dropped. We undertook to thank him, and we wanted to shake hands, and somebody suggested a shake-purse for his benefit, but he motioned us into the coach, banged the door after us, and climbed up to a seat beside the driver. His contempt for such a crowd could not be measured.

LOAFING.

Does the young man who persists in being a loafer ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loafing is more economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman, if he chooses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive being a loafer. It costs time, in the first place, days, weeks and months of it, in fact, about all the time he has, for no man can be a first-class loafer without devoting his whole time to it.

The occupation, well followed, hardly affords time for eating, sleeping, and drinking, we had almost said drinking, but on reflection we will except that.

The loafer finds time to drink whenever invited, at the cost of friends.

Once fully embarked on the sea of loafing, and you bid farewell to every friendly sail that sails under an honest and legitimate flag. Your consorts will only be the buccaneers of society.

It costs money, for though the loafer may not earn a cent nor have one for months, the time lost might have produced him much money, if devoted to industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort, all the true pleasures of living, honor, dignity, self-respect, and the respect of the world when living, and finally, all right of consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is far cheaper.

FAST TRAIN.

Exchange.

On May 8th a special train, consisting of two coaches, for the accommodation of Cornelius Vanderbilt, was run from Detroit to Cincinnati, passing the distance of 263 miles in five hours and thirty minutes. This gives an average speed of 47.7 miles an hour, without taking into account the loss of time in making stops for water, for change of engines and the slowing up passing through towns, and other causes of detention. The run was made over 61 miles of the Michigan Central Railroad track, and 202 miles over that of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad.

From Mr. Ralph E. State we have received some reliable particulars regarding the run over the latter road. He says: Three locomotives were used on our road to make the run from Toledo to Cincinnati. The engine used on the first division was a Rogers. Drivers 5 feet in diameter; cylinders 15x22 inches, and made 71 miles—Toledo to Lima—in 96 minutes. This includes three stops, as follows: At Weston the operator went to dinner and left the block against the train. They ran through $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, then backed up to have the operator take off the block. This delay lost ten minutes. Another stop was made at the Baltimore & Ohio crossing, where water was taken

and the engine oiled. The third stop was made at the Nickel Plate crossing. Actual running time over this division 75 minutes, the distance being 71 miles.

The second division run was made by a Grant engine, with cylinders 15x22 inches, and drivers 66 inches in diameter. The distance of 71 miles was made in 93 minutes, after stopping for four crossings and slowing up through five towns.

The third division was run by a "Cincinnati shop" engine, with cylinders 16x24 inches, and drivers 66 inches in diameter. The distance of 60 miles was passed in 69 minutes, which included the delay of five stops.

No special effort, whatever, was made in the way of selecting good engines. The orders for the special were not given until late, and all the best engines were out on the road, and anyhow the train was too light for our best engines.

The train was run through all cities at a rate of speed complying with the ordinances respecting the speed of trains. From an inspection of the station reports we estimate that a good many individual miles were run in about 50 seconds.

PLOTTING AGAINST THE CZAR.

The Story of Alexander's Narrow Escape from Assassination.

St. Petersburg Letter.

Among the "forbidden literature" now circulating in Russia is the story of one of the most daring and dramatic plots ever recorded in the history of political assassination. The narrative is founded on events which are said to have taken place in St. Petersburg shortly after General Gourko had been called from Odessa to act as quasi-military governor of the Russian capital. One bright May morning, when the excitement was at its height, the watchful eye of a policeman posted at the top of the Nevsky Prospect caught sight of an equipage coming up the thoroughfare at a trot. It bore armorial devices well known in the Russian capital; the coachman was there, who persisted in being wiggled, in defiance of his master's orders, to the great merriment of St. Petersburg Jehus. On each side rode the regular escort of six mount-

ed Cossacks, each holding his lance at rest. General Gourko and his escort—the guardian of the peace had easily recognized and hastily saluted his chief, the new prefect of police—turned into the cavalry parade, at the top of the Nevsky Prospect, and at once made their way into the Alexander square, on the Neva side of which rose the massive and somewhat fantastic outlines of the Winter Palace. The equipage having drawn up at the side entrance of the building, the General alighted and rang. On the door-keeper presenting himself—an officer of the Emperor's private guard—the prefect briefly stated the object of his visit. He desired an immediate conference with the Czar. The hour was early, true, day having only just dawned. At the same time his business brooked no delay—it concerned the safety of the Emperor himself. The janitor was at first inexorable, expostulating that his imperial master had been already in bed an hour. Yet at last he yielded. Up the broad staircase they went together. They trod on gorgeous carpets, brushed past the wealth of the Winter Palace in malachite and lapis lazuli, only pausing when they reached a landing giving access to one of the spacious saloons. At this point General Gourko was instructed to wait. At this point, too, the Czar's officer seems to have repented of his decision.

The narrative represents him as closely scrutinizing the prefect of police in the growing light, and of subsequently proceeding in the direction of the Emperor's sleeping apartments, in no great haste to arouse royalty from its first slumber. The man did not arouse the Czar at all. What he did was to descend to the guardroom, and dispatched a messenger. The man left the palace on the Neva side. He there took a droshky and drove past the side entrance into the Nevsky. During his absence the Czar calmly slept on; General Gourko impatiently paced the saloon, and the military guardian of the imperial bed-chamber went about giving some orders to the palace guards.

In a quarter of an hour the messenger returned. He had been sent to General

Gourko's residence, in the Nevsky Prospect, and he brought back the information that the prefect of police was at that moment in bed. The early visitor was thus an impostor. He was something more; for from his pockets, after he had been seized and pinioned, they drew forth a six-barreled revolver and a two-edged hunting knife. The Czar's life had been saved, yet it had hung for a few moments in the balance. The made-up Gourko—the prefect of police, imitated down to the minutest details of hair, complexion and wig—might have deceived even the Emperor himself. Not a whit less perfect was the art which had reproduced the Gourko coach and escort. Only the sham prefect was secured, and not his confederates. Simultaneously with the arrest guards had rushed from the palace to seize the latter. But the equipage had gone, the Cossacks were gone, the coachman was gone. A policeman afterward told how he had seen the cavalcade pass over one of the Neva bridges and disappear in a thoroughfare of Basil island. The carriage was never found, and, for all that could be ascertained concerning them or their steeds, the six Cossacks may be mounted and riding, lance in rest, to this day. As to the chief actor in the plot, the conspirator who only failed in his impersonation of General Gourko because of his inability to be in two places at one and the same time, his personality has never been disclosed. He is the one mystery which the Nihilists themselves have never been able to penetrate. His secret remains with him, and he keeps it to the present moment, for he is still a prisoner in the island fortress of Peter and Paul.

WEALTH IS YOURS, YOUNG MAN.

A young man was recently heard to remark, "If I only had a thousand dollars, I'd make it five thousand inside of a year." He then went on to draw a comparison between himself and another young man about his own age, who had become, through the death of his father, in possession of a large fortune. The comparison, to be sure, was rather uncom-

plimentary to the fortunate young man's abilities, yet it demonstrated two things, viz.: The lack of a contented spirit, the sweetness of existence; and the conceit of one who lacks energy and vim to roll up his sleeves and do the very best he can with the means provided him by Providence. Young man, did you ever stop to consider the value of a dime? You know how much easier it is to part with a dollar that has been given you than with a quarter you have worked hard to get. There is no real reason for a young man to complain of his lot in this world. Every wrong, every drawback, so-called is, in nine cases out of ten, imaginary, and when not, is the result of carelessness or lack of judgment in taking advantage of circumstances. It would be well for every young man to understand first that he has got to work for all he gets in this world. Without work he cannot succeed, while with it he stands an equal chance with the best to gain wealth and influence, which combined with health is all that man can wish for in this world. It is not wrong to wish for riches, but you can rest assured that you will never realize that wish unless you work hard and practice economy. You will realize it on a salary of ten dollars a week while your expense is fifteen or twenty. You must learn to keep what you have, and the only way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money thus obtained is pretty certain to remain with its possessor. But money inherited or that in any way comes in without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. There are, however, exceptions to the latter rule, but it holds good in a general application.

The young man who begins by saving a few dimes a month, and thriftily increases his store, every cent a representative of honest work performed, stands a far better chance to spend his old age in influence than he who in haste to become rich obtains money by dashing speculation or the devious means which abound in the foggy regions which lie between fair dealing and fraud. Every young man on a salary can save something. It

may not be much, but every little helps. It is like the falling of the snow flakes. Each flake is small in and of itself, and as they fall they have no weight, but taken as a whole after an hour's storm, they become weighty and powerful. It is not the one flake, but the combination of and the unity of many that accomplishes the result. So it is in saving. It is not the single dime or dollar that makes the wealth, but the continual adding of them into a grand unite that makes a fortune.

Young man don't waste your time in wishing for wealth, but do the best you can to accumulate it. Then you will enjoy it. The very best you can do is to do the very best you know how. It is a hard rule to follow, maybe, but it is a safe one in all things. Follow it and you will not only enjoy it as you go through the world, and especially yourself will be the better for it.

RAILROADS UP MOUNTAINS.

Demorest's Monthly.

America is the scene of many notable railway enterprises. We have such a diversity of surface that great engineering difficulties have to be overcome which are not thought of in other countries. One of the most difficult feats is to get to the top of a mountain in a steam-car. This has been accomplished frequently, however, and by different devices. At Mount Washington the railway climbs the uprise, advancing forward like a cat climbing a tree. The iron clamps or claws are advanced and the train of cars are pulled up by main force. It is a novel sensation to ascend Mount Washington, while the descent seems still more perilous. At Central City, Colorado, a different method obtains. The cars move forward, then backward, but each change switches them off to a higher elevation. After plying to and fro, like a bobbin in a weaver's loom, the cars at length reach the top of the mountain. It is now proposed to build a railroad to the top of Pike's Peak, the summit of which is 14,000 feet above the sea level—that is, 8,000 feet higher than Mount Washington. In

this case the road will run around the mountain, in a sort of spiral path, until it reaches the top. The entire distance from the base to the summit will probably be forty miles. When completed this road will be one of the wonders of the country, for the traveler, in ascending Pike's Peak, will meet at every mile a new scene, the one more picturesque than the other. The first twelve miles will be of surpassing beauty. Camping grounds will be located at various points, where people can live in tents enjoying the pure air and weird grandeur of the Rocky Mountains, while in constant receipt by railway of all the necessities and some of the luxuries obtained in large cities. Another mountain railway will be up the Catskills, which will carry travelers to some of the grandest and most picturesque scenery in the world. An ingenious dreamer predicts the construction of a railway extending from Alaska to Patagonia and running on the top of the mountain ranges of North and South America. Who dare say that even this wild scheme may not some day be realized?

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are among the greatest charms a person can possess, and everybody should cultivate them, especially young people. They are something money cannot purchase, for there is only one way of obtaining them, and that is by habitual practice. We know a good mother who used to say:

"Always use good manners at home, and then when you go among strangers, you need never be alarmed, for it will be perfectly natural to be polite and respectful."

This is true, and we have always thought that the best and easiest way to do anything right was to get into the habit of doing it right.

Hardly anything is of more consequence than good manners and politeness in a boy or girl. They render those who possess them favorites with their relations and friends, and prepossess strangers toward them; politeness costs nothing, and at the same time is of the greatest value.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Detroit Free Press.

When the meeting had been opened and the roll called Brother Gardner asked Sir Isaac Walpole to take the chair. The grand old gray haired man slowly ascended the platform, and greatly to the surprise of the majority of the members, he announced the death of Uncle Daniel Whitbeck, a local member, who had been present at the last meeting.

"You knew him to be old an' feeble on' sort o' waitin' to go," continued Sir Isaac, "an' yet de news surprises you. A week ago he sot heah wid us; to-night he am lyin' in his coffin. Sich am de on-sartainties of life. Brudder Gardner an' me has knowed Uncle Daniel since we was all chill'en together in de far-away days. When he realized dat de summons was drawin' nigh he sent fur us, an' we sot beside him when de angel took his speerit an' flew away.

"Uncle Daniel was a poo' ole black man, unlettered, unlearned, an' lookin' back only to y'ars of toil an' privashun an' sorrow. In de days of slavery dey sold his wife away. He saw one of his boys shot down an' buried in a ditch. He had scars on his body an' scars on his soul. Men who heard him pray had scoffed at him. Men who heard him say dar' was a God an' a hereafter kicked an' abused him: Men tried to whip his faith away. Men robbed an' cheated an' lied about him, and sneeringly asked why his faith did not protect him. Men argued wid him, an' though dey could silence him dey could not shake his belief. He saw poverty, woe an' misfortune in almos' ebery month of his life, an' yit how did he die?

"Dar' was sunthin' grand in dat death-bed scene," continued Sir Isaac in a whisper. "Eighty y'ars of toil an' anxiety an' sufferin' was drawin' to a close. His life, in which dar had bin many clouds an' leetle sunshine, was about to end. He remembered dat great lawyers an' doctors an' statesmen had said dar' was no hereafter. He remembered dat men had called him a fool fur thinkin' of heaben an' praying' to a God. He was

low an' ignorant—dey was learned an' great. Dey could read an' argue an' discuss—he could only cling to dat faith planted in his heart when he was a chile in de humble cabin. Now came de test. It was de faith of one poo' ole down-trodden black man agin de sophistry, argyments, assershuns an' deducshuns of hundreds of infidels.

"I see him as de sinkin' summer sun crept inter de winder an' turnin his white h'ar to color of gold. He woke from his soft sleep, an' dar' was sich happiness in his eyes an' sich glory in his face as I nebber saw befo'. He listened like one who h'ars de far off sound of sweet music, an' de glory deepened as he reached out his hands to us an' whispered:

"'I kin see my ole wife an' de chill'en up dar. I kin see glory an' rest an' peace! I kin look across de dark valley an' see sich happiness as men nebber dream of!'

"An' he passed away like a babe fallin' asleep, an' you who go up dar to-morrer will fin' dat same glorious smile lighting up de face of de dead. He has suffered an' believed an' had faith an' gone to his reward. His words as he left de scenes of airth to walk de path leadin' frew de dark valley to de shores of Heaben am a mo' powerful argyment dan all dat infidels have spoken or will eber write. His smile as he heard de soft rustle of de angel comin' fur his speerit was an answer dat will stan' above de sophistry of all unbelievers."

MADE HAPPY.

Youths' Companion.

A good many things are told of traveling salesmen, or "drummers," as they are called, which are not at all to their credit, but here is one that is creditable to one drummer, even if it does not represent the class. The habits of observation and quick sympathetic qualities which fit these young men for their business, could often be brought nobly into play, in incidents aside from trade. A correspondent of the Boston Journal, a few weeks ago, related the following:

In Lawrence a little girl was sitting on

the steps of a shoe-store. She was hatless and shoeless, and her tiny feet were crimson with cold, and though a tremor would now and then pass over her pinched face, she remained on the cold stone steps, curiously watching the passers-by. There was one who passed, however, whose charity was stimulated, and he, one of that rollicking, happy-go-easy class, a commercial drummer. He accosted the little one, and asked:

"Where are your shoes, little one?"

"Haint got none," was the reply.

"What does your father do?"

"He don't do nuthin,' he's dead."

"Have you got a mother?"

"Yes, sir; I brings her dinner. She works in the mill.

"Come with me, little one," closed the good-hearted drummer, and taking his youthful charge into the shoe-store, bought her a serviceable pair of shoes. Not content with this, he took her into a fancy article store, and when she left her little limbs were encased in bright, warm stockings, and a hat adorned her head, while in her hand, as she merrily tripped up Lawrence street toward her home, she bore a package which denoted that the charity of the drummer had not ceased at the clothing of her body. The drummer quietly went his way, refusing to give his name.

HE PREFERRED AUNT LIZZIE AND KISSES.

Boston Globe.

"Dad," he announced, as he dropped his gripsack on the Boston & Maine depot platform, while the light of a baleful purpose shone in his eyes; "dad, you can take the valise; I'm going to look round the town."

"Aire you thinkin' of drinkin' any beer, John Henry?" asked the old man, solemnly.

"I ain't never tasted any," replied John Henry, doggedly; "An'z come here to see some sights."

"Wal, here's the hull on't," said the old man, backing his son against a freight shed and fixing him with his glittering eye; "will you drink beer, lose your watch, hev yer clo'es stole off yer back,

git sent to jail, mabbe, an' miss your sheer o' the farm; or will you come with me an' walk over the common an' git some peanuts, an' then go out to your Aunt Lizzie's in Roxb'ry an' mebbe tumble right into a kissin' party this evenin'?" Speak right up, John Henry!"

The kissing party decided John Henry and he spoke right up for Roxbury and his Aunt Lizzie.

COULDN'T PUT HIM OFF.

Chicago Herald.

"You can't put a man off between stations; it's agin the law," excitedly said a seedy-looking passenger who had got on a Michigan Central train without ticket or money. "You can't do it in Michigan; we've got laws in this State I want ye to know, Mr. Conductor. I want to go to the next station, and if ye don't carry me for nothin' ye can run yer train back to the station where I got on. You know you can't put a man off between stations; you dassent. You know that if you did I would sue the company and get big damages. Now keep away from me—you can't put a man off between stations. What are you stoppin' this train for? You can't put a man off between—" The train stopped, there was a short scuffle, and, as we moved off again with rapid puffs from the locomotive, the passengers stuck their heads out of the windows and saw an astonished face looking up from the midst of a snow drift in which a falling body had just immersed itself. The mouth in the astonished face opened, muttered something like "You can't put a man—" and disappeared from view as our train rounded a curve.

A POET IN A CYCLONE.

How Mr. Haynes Found "The Untranslated Blasphemies of Hell."

Colonel I. W. Avery tells that he spent a night recently with Paul H. Hayne, the great Southern poet. He lives in a plain little cottage in the piney woods near Augusta, Ga., but the tasty hands of his accomplished and amiable lady have transformed it into a regular rural Eden. On every side you see the evidences of

refined industry and skill. The sitting room is papered with illustrations clipped from papers and so arranged as to make a beautiful effect. Mr. Hayne is small of stature, but a most jovial and genial companion. His ill health prevents his mingling more freely with the world. Colonel Avery says that Mr. Hayne permitted him to read a poem he had just penned on the cyclone which visited his humble home, but, happily, without doing serious damage. He says that under the inspiration of the howling winds and lightning's flash Mr. Hayne seized his pen and reduced to verse his sensations on beholding this wonderful convulsion of the elements. He describes a cyclone as "The untranslated blasphemies of hell." It is a weird and wonderful poem, and will rank as one of the grandest productions of this gifted gentleman.

When the storm had passed Mr. Hayne walked out into his porch to see the extent of the damage, when, in a bower of vines that hides his porch, he saw a little bird at work building its nest. The change was so startling that the poet at once returned to his manuscript, and concluded the production with a description of the "winged songster's harbinger of a calm."

YOU HEAR ME, SAH.

New York Mercury.

Col. Visscher, of Denver, who is delivering his lecture, "Sixty Minutes in the War," tells a good story on himself of an episode, or something of that nature, that occurred to him in the days when he was the amanuensis of George D. Prentice.

Visscher, in those days, was a fair-haired young man, with pale blue eyes, and destitute of that wealth of brow and superficial area of polished dome which he now exhibits on the rostrum. He was learning the lesson of life then, and every now and then he would bump up against an octagonal mass of cold-pressed truth of the never-dying variety that seemed to kind of stun and concuss him.

One day Visscher wandered into a prominent hotel in Louisville, and, observing with surprise and pleasure that "boiled

lobster" was one of the delicacies on the bill of fare, he ordered one.

He never had seen lobster and a rare treat seemed to be in store for him. He breathed in what atmosphere there was in the dining room, and waited for his bird. At last it was brought in. Mr. Visscher took one hasty look at the great scarlet mass of voluptuous limbs and oceanic nippers, and sighed. The lobster was as large as a door mat, and had a very angry and inflamed appearance. Visscher ordered in a powerful cocktail to give him courage, and then he tried to carve off some of the breast.

The lobster is ornery even in death. He is eccentric and trifling. Those who know him best are the first to evade him and shun him. Visscher had failed to straddle the wish bone with his fork properly, and the talented bird of the deep rolling sea slipped out of the platter, waved itself across the horizon twice, and buried itself in the bosom of the eminent and talented young man. The eminent and talented young man took it in his napkin, put it carefully on the table, and went away.

As he passed out, the head waiter said:

"Mr. Visscher was there anything the matter with your lobster?"

Visscher is a full-blooded Kentuckian, and answered in the courteous dialect of the blue-grass country.

"Anything the matter with my lobster, sah? No, sah. The lobster is very vigorous, sah. If you had asked me how I was, sah, I should have answered you very differently, sah. I am not well at all, sah. If I were as well and as ruddy and as active as that lobster, sah, I would live forever, sah. You hear me, sah?"

"Why, of course, I am not familiar with the habits of the lobster, sah, and do not know how to kearve the bosom of the bloomin' peri of the summer sea, but that's no reason why the inflamed reptile should get up on his hind feet and nestle up to me sah, in that earnest and forth-with manner, sah.

"I love dumb beasts, sah, and they love me, sah; but when they are dead, sah, and I undertake to kearve them, sah, I

desiah, sah, that they should remain as the undertakah left them, sah. You doubtless hear me, sah!"

GOOD ADVICE.

Catholic Mirror.

At what age should a young woman marry? That is an interesting question, the answer to which depends on several circumstances. For instance no girl should wed until she gets a husband worth having, no matter how old she may be before then. It is better for her to stay single all her life, than to have her heart broken by a dissolute man.

Again, no maiden should plight her troth at the altar until she has made herself fit to be a wife by mastering the art of conducting a home. Thirdly, no damsel should deck herself with orange blossoms, if neither she nor her suitor has the means of living, for while love in a cottage is very sweet in romances, the old saying that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," is often verified.

But, these considerations accepted, how old should a young woman be before entering wedlock? Of course, in this matter, no rule can be laid down, to which exceptions should not be allowed, for some girls are sooner adapted for matrimony than others. Generally, all of them are in too big a hurry to change their names.

Children in their teens have their beaux, and too many of them get yoked for life before they have sense enough to know what they are doing. They read in stories of the happy ending of the heroines' trials, and they think that when they, too, get married, all their troubles will end and their days will pass in peace and felicity for evermore. They marry in haste and repent at leisure. They are young. Even when their husbands are kind men and true Christians, even when they are accomplished housekeepers, and even when Providence bestows on them a sufficient income, they speedily ascertain that they entered the wedded state too prematurely. They break down. They grow delicate. They become nerv-

ous, fretful, miserable, and are old and sickly before they are thirty-five, if they live so long, and do not sink into an early grave. They would not heed the axiom

Early wed—

Early dead,

and they have to suffer for their rashness.

The best age, then for a young woman to marry at, is from twenty-one to twenty-five. Then she understands what she is about, she has had time to prepare herself for the duties of a wife and mother, and she has the physical strength to fulfill her obligations. Having wisdom and health, she makes her home happy, and should God bless her with children, they will be strong and she will be able to take care of them.

Bide your time, girls, wait for good husbands, take plenty of good exercise, learn to cook and sew as well as play the piano, read good books, keep from round dances, practice your religion and then when you do marry you will be jewels of wives and your husbands will rejoice in their good fortune.

HOW PHIL. SHERIDAN LOOKS.

Cleveland Leader.

I found him this morning in the seat so lately occupied by bluff Tecumseh Sherman. It is one of the best rooms in the war department building. It looks out upon Pennsylvania avenue just across from Corcoran's art gallery, and from its east windows you have a good view of the White House ground. The room is large and it is hung with oil paintings of western views, the taste of Sherman who liked nothing better than life on the plains. The General sits at a desk in the east end of the room, and Sheridan was sitting there as I entered to-day. He rose to meet me and I paid my respects and those of the Leader in due form. Sheridan looks much more like a soldier than Sherman. He is very erect though short and fat, and his air is martial and commanding. He dresses better than Sherman and looks as though he takes more care of his personal appearance. He has a large face, a broad, full forehead and fat cheeks of a dark red. He wears no beard, but his moustache, grave and well-

trimmed, is decidedly handsome. He is by no means a bad-looking man, this new head of the army. He has a brave look, and, though his face bears many a wrinkle, as though much care had devolved upon him, it is a very pleasant one. His eyes form its characteristic. They are gray, small and as sharp as a needle. They seem to look right through you, and they always look right at you when he is talking. They show you that they have a soul behind them, and if their owner is angry they can, as the blood and thunder novel says, glare with a look of baleful hate. General Sheridan has short, stiff, gray hair, smoothly combed, broad shoulders, and short, heavy legs. He would, I think, look bigger on horseback than on foot, and I doubt not that as a cavalry commander he presented a very striking appearance.

NELSON'S SIGNAL AT TRAFALGAR.

St. James' Gazette.

A letter to the Standard on the subject of Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar sets forth once more, on good authority, the origin of the signal in the precise form given to it. "Nelson expects every man to do his duty," were the words first thought of; but the signal-lieutenant, Mr. George Lewis Browne, observed that for the word "Nelson" six sets of flags would be necessary, whereas if the word "England," already provided for in the signal-book, were substituted, one would be enough. Lieut. Browne's grandson, Mr. J. William Thompson, protests against its being supposed that Nelson at Trafalgar "adapted his words to the requirements of writers of popular songs." Nelson, indeed, though he may have foreseen the victory, could never have anticipated its being made the theme of the patriotic ballad called by Braham, its composer or adapter, "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay." Could he even with prescient eye have realized the fact, it may be doubted whether he would have furnished for the song a suitable rhythmical refrain by developing the signal actually used into "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." A writer of

memoirs who took part in the battle has, by the way, pointed out that the effect of the signal on the sailors was not in a direct manner to awaken their enthusiasm, but rather to irritate and provoke them. "Do our duty?" they kept repeating; "of course we shall do our duty! We'll show him whether we can do our duty!" and so on. The signal had not by any means a lyrical character, but it produced the effect counted upon—that of stimulating the men to do their utmost.

CHARACTER STUDY.

Judging a Man's Temperament and Traits by the way he Smokes a Cigar.
New York Journal.

"Gimme a fi' cent cigar!" said a man, hurriedly, as he rushed into a down town cigar store and flung down a nickel. Grasping a weed without waiting to examine it, he lit it and left the store like a hurricane.

"That man is a thorough business man. Never is beaten in a trade, either, you can bet," said the clerk. "He is always on the lookout for 'skins,' and can read a man like a book."

"How do you know?" asked the reporter. "Are you acquainted with him?"

"Not at all," laughingly replied the clerk. "I do not believe I ever met him in my life before."

"Then how do you know so much about him?"

"By making a note of each man's probable characteristics as they come in here and by long experience among smokers," was the answer. "Why, almost any clerk in a cigar store (I mean one who has any number of years' experience) can tell you a man's temperament as soon as he sees him smoke a cigar."

"Then this art, as it might be called," remarked the scribe, "is only acquired through long years of experience. Is that it?"

"Now you've got it to a T," was the reply. "Why, strange as it may seem to you, my fellow-clerk can tell just the style of hand-writing a person uses by the manner in which he handles his cigar. Hey, Jim?"

"Well, pretty nearly," answered Jim, modestly.

"Come over here," said the first speaker, "and show him."

Jim, who had been fixing up the window, came over to where the reporter and clerk stood.

"Well?" he said.

"Tell this gentleman what his style of writing is."

After regarding the reporter, who was puffing a cigar, Jim said: "Well, I guess you do a good deal of writing. Your letters are plain and round, and if you tried you could be a better penman. How is it, am I right?"

"Show him," remarked the clerk to the reporter, "and I'll bet you a cigar he came near it."

"There, I told you so," he cried, exultantly, when the reporter had written his name.

"Tell me how you do it?" asked the reporter of Jim.

"Well, that will be pretty hard to do, for I hardly know, myself," he replied, "but as near as I can, I will. In the first place I imagined that you did a great deal of writing from the fact that you nearly always keep your cigar in your mouth, and, as your left hand is the one you raise most when you handle the weed, I concluded you did considerable writing."

"So far so good. But how did you know I made plain, round letters?"

"Because you hold the cigar gracefully in your mouth. If you held it clumsily I would know you were naturally clumsy and of course wrote a poor, cramped hand."

"I don't understand it," said the reporter.

"Neither do a great many," said the clerk, "yet I suppose any one could do it, for all that is needed is constant attention and close observation. Wait here a few moments and try your hand on the next man that comes in."

A tall, portly gentleman made his appearance. In an "I'm-looking-out-for-No.-1" tone he exclaimed loftily: "I want a 10-cent cigar, very strong. I want a good one, now."

He carefully selected a cigar from several extended toward him, and slowly cutting off a small piece, lighted the weed. When he put the cigar in his mouth he chewed it vigorously, and as he left the store, left thick clouds of smoke behind him.

"What's his nature?" queried the clerk, smiling.

"Pleasant?" ventured the scribe.

"Not quite," was the answer.

"Jolly?"

"Nixey," was the laughing response.

"Nervous?"

"That's nearer."

"Gouty, nervous, and ill-tempered," whispered the reporter.

"Now you've got it exactly," broke in Jim. "It wouldn't be long before you could read 'em at the first crack."

"Give me your opinion of him?"

"In substance it is the same as yours. That man is terribly nervous; he is quick tempered, and very strict. In business he is successful because of his strictness."

"Please explain."

"He is quick-tempered because—did you notice the manner in which he bit the end off? The way he closed his teeth over that cigar tells me that he is strict. It's very easy when you know how."

At this point a small man with a jolly expression on his face entered the store.

"Mild 10-center, small," he said, at the same time casting an easy glance around the room.

Taking the first weed that he touched, he carelessly, yet gracefully, put it in the corner of his mouth, and lit it with a devil-may-care air. When he departed, his character was summed up by Jim as follows: "Mild disposition, easy-going habits, and jolly and good-natured. Because he handles his weed with an air of one that doesn't care whether it goes out or stays lighted."

THE claim that if women were allowed the ballot only the best men would be selected for office is a proposition which should be received with many grains of allowance. If their judgment is so infallible it is strange they make so many mistakes in selecting husbands.

GHOSTLY SHIP AT SEA.

New York Tribune.

"Do I believe in phantom ships? Yes, I do."

The old sailor was emphatic, so the reporter merely said, "Ah!"

"There ain't as much of that sort of shipping afloat as there used to be," continued the old man. "I rather guess steam vessels have sorter scared 'em off the ocean. But still there's a good many more than you'd think, and more than I like to see going about."

"Did you ever see any?"

"Yes. Once, when I was second mate of a bark bound from this port to Calcutta, I saw a phantom ship I shall never forget. We were nearing the Cape of Good Hope. The wind was light and the weather was thick. That night when the sun set and the moon rose, the mist that hung over the water gave everything a ghastly appearance, and our spars and sails as we looked aloft seemed more like those of some phantom vessel than things you could take hold of. There was no indications of a blow, and we were scudding along with our skysails and studding sails set. I had the second dog watch, and just as eight bells struck and the first watch came on deck to relieve me, the lookout on the to'gallant fo'castle called out, 'Sail ho!' 'Where away?' said I. 'Three points on the lee bow,' said he. I looked and there she was, a ship with high bulwarks and a towering stern, of a build like the pictured ships in history books. Her sails were like clouds, her masts and spars like streaks of vapor. She came down on us with marvelous rapidity; as she neared us, I stepped to the rail and sang out. 'Ship ahoy!' but no answering hail came from the deck of the phantom craft and, sailing right against the wind, she passed on and in three minutes was lost to sight."

"What was it?"

"The Flying Dutchman."

"What is the Palatine light?"

"Well! I thought everybody knew what that was. You see in the early Colonial times Block Island, off the coast of Rhode Island, was inhabited by wreck-

ers. A ship called the Palatine, from the Palatinate of the Rhine, loaded with colonists, was lured on the rocks by false lights, and then pillaged and burned by the wreckers. Most of the colonists were lost. A few survived, and to this day their descendants, for some of them married the daughters of the wreckers, are among the inhabitants of the Island. On a cliff overlooking the scene of the wreck are several mounds called the Palatine graves, where some of the bodies that were washed ashore are buried. Now, on the anniversary of the wreck of the Palatine, the watchers on shore see a ship on the rock beneath the cliff burning in three columns of flame. I have seen it with these very eyes—hundreds of others have seen it, and explain it as you will, it is an undoubted fact that the strange, unearthly lights burn there."

"That is good," said the reporter; "give me another phantom ship."

"Well, in August, 1862, a fishing fleet from the Grand Banks was overtaken by a storm and put into St. Mary's Bay for shelter. As is frequently the case in those latitudes the storm was accompanied by a thick fog and the fleet of 100 boats was lost. Now when there is a similar storm there, the vessels seeking shelter sail through the midst of a phantom fleet of those hundred fishing boats."

"Did you ever see them?"

"No, but I know people who have."

"You have heard, of course, of the ghostly ship that used to sail, and, sometimes sails now, up Narragansett Bay; of Henry Hudson's Half Moon having been seen at anchor under the Palisades?"

"Con't say that I have."

"Well, people have told me that have seen it."

 THE BEAUTIFUL "DIPPER."

Arkansas Traveler.

John Wesley Gillam stood on the top of a high mountain in Randolph county and looked down into the pleasant valley where Pressly Baker lived. He could see the hewn log house, the pole stable and the goober patch. As he gazed he saw a female figure passing to and fro and won-

dered if it might not be Peggy, Mr. Baker's only daughter and the acknowledged belle of the neighborhood. While gazing on the beautiful scene before him, and particularly on the home of the fair Peggy, he called to mind the many times he had taken her to the log church and sat on the rough puncheon seats listening with awe and admiration, while the "leader" in the singing rent the cerulean sky with the first installment of a series of yells and howls which he had the sublime assurance to call a tune. He also remembered how he had escorted her to balls and danced with her to an old, familiar air—the only one the fiddler knew—called "Cotton-eyed Joe." He thought of the bottle of snuff which he had given her last June and which was all gone now, for Peggy was a great hand to dip.

As these thoughts surged wildly through his brain there came another recollection which caused him to knit his brows and grind his teeth. She had broken off their engagement.

With another glance toward the peaceful valley, he shouldered his gun and went hunting for deer, meditating the while how he should manage to capture the dear creature who had stolen his heart.

Peggy was a handsome country lass, and knowing her power among the sterner sex, was perhaps a bit coquettish, but she loved John Wesley Gillam and had given him the sack merely because he had awkwardly and unwittingly wounded her pride by asking what size shoes she wore. Her feet so seldom got sight of a shoe that they spread out like batter cakes, and she was very sensitive in regard to them, believing that any allusion to them was for the purpose of making fun of them. And, if you will notice, there are thousands of people in the world who seem to delight in making sport of other people's feet. Any other deformity, if not too pronounced, would pass unnoticed, but let a man have large feet and everybody tells everybody else about it until the poor fellow feels inclined to have a few joints of them amputated. And that's what Peggy and John fell out about.

The sun was going down as John was returning from his hunt with a deer slung over his shoulder, and just as he was climbing a hill he came face to face with Peggy. Laying down the deer he said, in a voice of entreaty:

"Peggy, dear, let's make friends."

"An' in a few days you'll be makin' fun of my feet agin."

"No, I won't; an' the next time I go to town I'll git you another bottle of snuff."

"Will you, John? You are so good. I thought you loved me an' now I know it."

Then hand in hand they wended their way down into the pleasant valley where John divided the deer, giving half to Mr. Baker, and where John and Peggy renewed their vows—always providing that Peggy should have the snuff—and forgot that they ever had any differences. And when the wedding day comes around among the presents will be a bottle of snuff.

THE OWL AND THE SPIDER.

In the old belfry tower,
A dry, cozy bower,
Dozed an owl by the hour.

But the bell's sly old clapper
Was a mischievous rapper,
And soon waked the napper.

"Mr. Owl, don't you mind him;
With cobwebs I'll bind him,
And round and round wind him."

Thus spoke up a spider,
Strip'd like an outrider,
The owl sharply eyed her,

And said: "If he cheat you,
I'll not scold or beat you,
I'll just merely eat you."

The owl saw her spin
Her web frail and thin,
Round the bell, out and in.

But next Sunday morning,
Without word or warning,
The bell went a-storming!

With a cling and a clang,
With a boom and a bang,
The old clapper rang!

The owl didn't chide her,
Rebuke nor deride her,
But he ate up that spider!

Here is a moral, dear children, for you;
Never promise a thing you're not able to do.

—[St. Nicholas.

NATURE'S RUDE ASPECTS IN ARIZONA.

New York Tribune.

Flagstaff, Arizona, a year ago was an unredeemed Inferno; now it is for the most part quiet and of good repute. It owes its permanency to the timber business. From northwestern Arizona down to the southeast into western New Mexico, stretches a vast belt of magnificent pine forest. Here the belt is cut by the railroad just under the shadow of the San Francisco Mountains. The trees are of extraordinary height, straight and huge in their proportions. Between them there is no undergrowth—all is clear and open. Here and there the openings widen out into beautiful natural parks, clothed with a rich growth of grass. No finer cattle country could be imagined, save for the lack of water. Water is almost literally as precious as gold. Men go out prospecting for springs, just as the miner searches for croppings of ore. He who secures a spring can control thousands of acres of land. But the springs are few, often small and not always trustworthy. The little Antelope spring, which supplies the cluster of cabins hard by, sometimes run dry. Then water is hauled in barrels for miles and sold like any other commodity. The saw mill, which turns out a hundred thousand feet of timber a day to supply a contract of 32,000,000 feet for the Mexican Central Railway, is run by steam power. Yet for this it is necessary to pump the water in pipes from springs nine miles away. At Winslow the railroad company sunk an artesian well 1,700 feet and struck salt water. At Ash Fork they sunk another well which proved a failure.

From the line of New Mexico the railroad runs for many miles through the barren valley of the Rio Puerco. The river bed is broad, but the stream itself is only a scanty rivulet. Yet when there comes one of the sudden fierce thunderstorms peculiar to this region, the plains are flooded and in an hour the river becomes a raging torrent. I have seen this happen again and again, for it is the rainy season now; but in a few hours the water disappears, the torrents plunge into under-

ground water-courses and the sands are parched as before. It has been suggested that huge stone tanks be constructed to hold the water, instead of permitting it to flow off at once. The suggestion seems a good one. Artesian wells have never obtained much success in the Western country, and the water problem remains one of vital importance.

It is by no means only among the forests that there are excellent cattle ranges. Near Holbrook, a town perhaps 100 miles to the east, the plains are covered with black gramma grass, and immediately along the river water is easily obtainable by wells. Back from the river there are occasional springs and natural tanks. Some have been taken up by the Mormons, who have four or five settlements in this general section. The same mania is prevalent in this country as elsewhere regarding the cattle business. Herders have been coming in continually near Holbrook during the last few months, and many more are only kept out by the high price of cattle. Holbrook appears likely to be the largest cattle point on the line. It is of some note also as being the nearest town to the petrified forest, which is twenty miles to the north. To reach the forest it is necessary to secure wagon and driver, a camping outfit, and hammers and drills. The drive is long, hot and tiresome, across a country for the most part sandy, rocky and barren.

The forest at first sight shows only masses of gray and brown rock half imbed in sand. A closer view shows that the rocks are the trunks of fallen trees lying about on the desert in strange confusion. Not much to see, you will say, but the hammers and drills soon put a different aspect on the case. Hidden within these stony coats are clusters of crystals, some white and sparkling like diamonds, others green as emeralds, and others of a rich purple. Some are grouped in the hollows of geodes. You cleave a mass of dirty gray stone asunder, and the light is reflected in a hundred prismatic hues. Elsewhere the hexagonal crystals are ranged in solid ranks running with the grain. Of daintily marked flints and

agates there is an abundance, and of garnets as well, which are singularly large and perfect, and commend themselves to the discriminating mineralogist. California offers to the botanist a field unexcelled in variety of flora, but for the geologist, I suppose, no section of the country presents richer material than Arizona.

Professor Thompson, who is in charge of the United States Geological Survey, now at work upon a map of this Territory, tells me that in riding ten miles near Zuni, one passes from the Cretaceous age to the Granitic period with all the successive formations plainly visible. It is often much the same in the canons. West of Holbrook the railroad crosses the Canon Diablo, an extraordinary phenomenon with enough of the infernal about it to give the name a relish. You travel for miles along a perfectly level plain which suddenly sinks, while under your feet yawns a chasm 250 feet deep. On the other side the level plain continues. There is simply a great gash in the plain running for scores of miles north and south. On the sides the different strata can be clearly traced. To the irreverent mind Arizona suggests a "monkey and parrot" experience in its past. A country so water-worn and fire-eaten, so upheaved, convulsed, rent asunder and distorted, has certainly earned the right to a long and peaceful holiday.

The generosity with which stones are scattered in this land render traveling on a buck-board an effective means of penance, and riding on horse-back a source of fearful uncertainty. I can speak with feeling, for I have lately made two excursions. One was to Oak Creek Canon, twenty miles south of the town. The pine forest extended all the way and far beyond, but pines are not water proof, as I was forced to find each of the three nights that we camped on the trail. But the canon was a wonderful sight. We came to it on its lower wall, and as we broke through the trees we saw rising over against us a mighty cliff of red and yellow sandstone and limestone hollowed out into caves, chiselled into towers and

battlements, and stretching straight upward to a height of 2,500 feet, crested with great pines that from the bottom look like blades of grass. It was perhaps a thousand feet that we climbed down on our side, and at the bottom among shrubbery and trees we found a clear, cold mountain stream flowing down the narrow valley between the canon walls.

And here, too, down in this far-off fissure in the earth's crust we found the inevitable squatter raising his beans and onions and waiting to see whether the survey would give his land to the railroad or the Government. The stream abounded in fearless, gamey trout, black-spotted, fat and toothsome, to be weighed by pounds, not ounces as in the East, and we speedily secured strings that would hold their own even at Fulton Market on April 1. There were some slight attendant discomforts, such as rattlesnakes and tarantulas, but happily neither will go out of its way to bite, and no one was inclined to afford them any encouragement. But we paid dearly for our fishing in the climb up the precipitous canon wall in the blinding glare of a pitiless sun.

My other trip was to some recently discovered ruins of the cliff-dwellers near the mountains north of this town. There was much attendant antelope hunting, but that recalls unpleasant memories, for although we dined upon venison, it was none of my killing. Most of the numerous ruins in this Territory are in the nearly perpendicular walls of cliffs or canons. Those which I visited, however, are on the crest of a pinon-clad hill, which rises perhaps 800 feet above the plain. There are about fifty dwellings excavated in a porous rock, which, I suppose, might be called lava scoria. At the top of the hill are still standing rude stone walls built evidently for defence. The caves nearest the summit are the largest. They are bee-hive shaped; some are fully ten feet in height and they are entered by holes in the lower slope of the top. In the rear of each is an alcove, probably for a sleeping apartment. In front, next the entrance, is a small excavation, which may have been a fire place. All around

are fragments of pottery, mostly plain, but in some instances painted rudely on the inside, like that made now by the Pueblo tribes. Flint arrow heads, stone knives, and hammers, and fragments of the stone mills used for grinding corn, are readily found but nothing more. The crops must have been raised on the plains below, but the source of the water supply remains as much of a mystery as the springs where the antelopes slake their thirst.

Down on the level ground there are occasional stone ruins, perhaps once occupied by herders and farmers, who retreated to the cliffs for shelter from the marauding ancestors of the Navajo and Apache. They were peaceful, industrious agriculturists. That they were hard-working is shown by these well-preserved caves, some fifteen feet square, which were excavated out of solid, though porous rock, with no better implements than stone knives and hammers. Perhaps this little community dwelt here a thousand years ago, perhaps three hundred—no one knows. That the present Pueblos are the descendants of the cliff-dwellers is, I believe, generally agreed upon, and Mr. Frank Cushing tells me that he has found one very old Zuni who remembers stories of the time when his people dwelt in the cliffs. This particular tribe showed rare good judgment in their selection of a home. On every side there is a wonderful view. Down the hillside the eye wanders through forest glades, over patches of black volcanic cinders and carpets of russet pine needles, to the great natural park on the south, dotted morning and evening with herds of antelopes. The pine forests stretch away to every quarter, on the far south over rolling hills, and on the west to the base of a craggy cliff beyond which tower the sharp peaks of Mount Agassiz and Humphreys. On the north, beyond a grassy valley, is Suntop Mountain, its summit covered with reddish sand, which always reflects a glow, as if of sunshine. And in contrast close behind it is a mountain, black and gloomy as Erebus, its sides shrouded deep in volcanic cinders.

Perhaps the cliff-dwellers sat at the mouths of their caves, bathed in the clear bright sunlight, and admired this scene after their fashion. Or, more probably, they cared for none of these things and concerned themselves only with their crops and their stomachs.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Prof. Ball, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, in an address on comets, considered that the meteoroids seen as shooting stars in 1866 were actually the remains of the tails of comets.

As to overwork in schools, it has well been remarked by a recent writer that the difficulty we have to face is the inevitable result of attempting to educate a multitude of children by one process and up to one standard.

The late Prof. Jevons, in a treatise on the coal supply of Great Britain, assigned to the year 1883 an output, on the principle of estimation he adopted, of 178,100,000 tons. The actual number of tons of coal mined was 163,750,000.

At Bombay there will soon be built, through the munificence of Mr. Cummo Suleiman, a wealthy citizen of that place, a dispensary where medical relief will be afforded to women by doctors of their own sex. The government has promised to give a site for the building, and the Bombay town council has recommended the corporation to contribute 6,000 rupees annually for three years to meet current expenses.

The results of the survey of Palestine, etc., have begun to create quite a stir among Biblical and other students. The statement that at the time of the Exodus the Red Sea and the Mediterranean were continuous is startling. If this turns out to be correct, a warning will be given to writers on the distribution of the human race, plants, etc., when so severe a blow is delivered to the prevailing assumption of the practical immutability of the great land and water masses since the appearance of man upon the earth. Great changes must have occurred, according to Prof. Hull, well within historic times.

Prof. Chowison, St. Petersburg, reports the invention of an electric watch, which derives its motion from a very small battery. It is said to keep very good time. No details are given regarding the construction and arrangement of its several parts, but the mechanism must be very simple if, as it is stated, the watch has only two wheels.

New attention is being given to the valuable properties possessed by the species of nettle known as rhea grass, and which heretofore it has been a difficult thing to prepare for the market. Recent experiments, however, have helped to solve this problem so far that it is proposed to form a public company to acquire land in the territory of the Maharajah of Johore for the cultivation of the plant. It is now possible to secure 21,000 acres of freehold at one pound an acre.

Zirconia, an extract from a mineral found in considerable quantities in the South, is quite likely to succeed petroleum coke for the manufacture of electric light carbons. Recent experiments have been highly successful, and the discoverer claims to be able to produce a carbon point two inches in length that will last for a year.

A wash of one part nitric acid in ten parts of water will impart a stain resembling mahogany to pine wood that does not contain much resin. When the wood is thoroughly dry, shellac varnish will impart a fine polish to the surface. A glaze of carmine or lake will produce a rosewood finish. A turpentine extract of alkanet root produces a beautiful stain which admits of French polishing. Asphaltum thinned with turpentine makes an excellent mahogany color on new wood.

MY DEAD.

Where shall I bury him, this Love of mine!
 Where shall his beauty find a resting place,
 That can shut out the glory of his face
 From morning's joy and evening's tender shine
 Of distant stars above the floating clouds?
 He was so ardent in his sweet, short life,
 And now so cold within his burial shrouds!
 With ecstasy his every day was rife—
 But now no pulses thrill beneath my hand;
 No heart beats answer mine with warm desire;
 No kindling flush obeys my eyes' command;
 But white and still he lieth there! O Heart!
 Thou canst not re-illumine his torch's fire!
 No skill may reunite Love's broken dart!

Lo! I have found a resting place for Love!
 Here shall I bury him—within my soul,
 That erst delighted in his sweet control
 And with his life my being interwove.
 Existence was but many empty days
 Until he taught to me my own heart's lore;
 He crowned me with his wreath of deathless days,
 Enriched me from his passion's glowing store,
 He lit the world with brilliance from his eyes,
 He perfumed earth with his celestial breath,
 And in his kiss I tasted Paradise!
 Now fragrance, light and happiness have fled!
 I lose my life in Love's most cruel death,
 And in my soul inter my sacred dead!

—The Current.



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RAILROAD MANAGERS AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF LO- COMOTIVE FIREMEN.

In the discussion of any subject, social, scientific or moral, religious, educational, or financial—it matters not what—a very large margin should always be allowed for ignorance, stupidity and bigotry. There are always to be found in every community an element composed of those who wear the “human face divine” for no other purpose, seemingly, than to disgrace and degrade it, and these creatures, when “dressed in a little brief authority, play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep.”

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was organized, primarily, for the social, moral and intellectual advancement of its members. Its aim is to inculcate sobriety and frugality, self-respect and independence; in a word, the highest type of manhood and citizenship. We unhesitatingly challenge the severest scrutiny of the fundamental principles of our noble Order by friend or foe, and de-

mand of them to point out in the Constitution and By-Laws of our Brotherhood, or in its record, from first to last, any measure or practice which bears testimony in conflict with the declarations we have made.

It must be admitted, therefore, that our purposes are strictly in accord with all things of good report. Our aims are high, our ambitions praiseworthy. Locomotive firemen are not theorists; visionaries laboring to give hallucinations the force and value of verities. They are, on the contrary, pre-eminently practical men—necessarily so, for their vocation compels them to deal with problems demanding caution, vigilance, courage and risks of life and limb. Inebriety, carelessness or neglect invite such terrible penalties, that Locomotive Firemen cannot fail to observe that however lightly such defects may be regarded by others, for themselves, they cannot be tolerated without increasing, in a terrible ratio, the damages which forever accompany them in their perilous rides on the rail.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, as an organization, seeks to intensify the abhorrence of its members of all things calculated to imperil life, character or employment. It seeks to create and to foster those ideas of manhood and citizenship which, if carried into practice, must of necessity make a Brotherhood Fireman the peer of his fellow-citizens in any and every walk of life—sober, industrious, frugal, intelligent and self-respectful.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, as an Order, has reasoned thus: “If our members are temperate men, intelligent men, cautious and watchful, men of integrity and high social standing, they will be in demand by all railroad

managers throughout the land." In this we conclude they have reasoned intelligently. The logic is sound. The proposition cannot be successfully controverted, and yet it must be written that there are railroad managers who will not employ firemen who are members of our Brotherhood. We confess it is difficult to believe that at this high noon of intelligence the country is disgraced by such railroad managers. They are not men of common sense. They are victims of vulgar prejudices. Their judgment is warped and distorted. They are the enemies of the roads they control and the foes of society. They are public nuisances. They refuse to employ men who are honest, sober, capable and industrious, qualities of head and heart, which should be a passport to employment everywhere, and in which the public is profoundly interested, because such Locomotive Firemen belong to an organization designed to inculcate such virtues. These bull-headed burlesques of humanity by their acts, and acts speak louder than words, inform the public that a drunken, dishonest, negligent fireman, who does not belong to our Brotherhood, is preferable to a sober, honest, watchful firemen who does belong to our Brotherhood.

In pursuing a course so manifestly in conflict with the interests of railroads, and which is well calculated to fill the public mind with alarm, it becomes important to ascertain, if possible, the reasons which prompt such action. It is at war with prudence. It is a protest against virtue. It is in open revolt against sobriety, intelligence and manhood. It is a bid for ignorance, drunkenness and incapacity, and railroad managers, who discard Brotherhood Firemen, say to the owners of their roads, "As between a

sober, industrious, vigilant fireman and a drunken, profligate, incapable fireman, we prefer the latter." And in view of the stupendous infamy of the choice the people ask, Why?

We answer the question without hesitancy. It is because railroad managers who pursue such a course belong to that class of despicable creatures who a few years ago throughout the South were known as negro whippers, a class of brutalized creatures, whose vocation, in the eyes of those who employed them, sunk them by irrevocable laws to a level infinitely below that occupied by the helpless victims of their lash. These railroad managers, who make war upon the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, would have their employes destitute of intelligence and independence, cringing, fawning slaves, devoid of manhood and ready to do their bidding, as if they were chattels. If a Locomotive Fireman spends his earnings like a profligate, if his associations are low and vulgar, if he cares little or nothing at all for character, if he is devoid of noble ambitions and neglects his wife and children and makes no provision for them, if death or sickness overtakes him, he is the man who is wanted by the class of railroad managers who refuse to employ Brotherhood Firemen.

It is difficult to understand why it is that great interests are committed to the keeping of such men as the railroad managers we have referred to, whose inherent meanness defies description. They are the advocates of all that is grovelling, abject and contemptible in life and character, because when a Locomotive Fireman descends to such a level, the arrogant, mercenary and narrow-minded manager can dictate his destiny and keep him forever in the despicable position of a serf.

But it is to us a source of extreme gratification to say that such railroad managers as we have referred to and who arouse our ineffable contempt, are not numerous, nor is their influence such as to stay in any degree the gigantic step and upward march of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Their vulgar antipathies, their arrogant, dictatorial policy, their patronage of drunken thriftlessness and opposition to intelligence, industry, integrity and capability, will in due time arouse such unutterable loathing and universal denunciation that they will be compelled to abandon their policy or get out of the way. The time is at hand, indeed, it has already come, when railroad managers will recognize in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen an organization which is putting forth its mighty energies to produce a class of workmen worthy of the confidence, the respect and the esteem of all men, and the great traveling public, quick to appreciate faithfulness to trusts involving life and property, will join us in anathematizing such railroad managers as seek to place upon our noble Order the brand of persecution, or subject its members to penalties for their devotion to manly and virtuous lives.

CANADA.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada will hold its ELEVENTH Annual Convocation in the city of Toronto, the capital of the Province of Ontario, Canada, beginning on the 23d day of September. This annual meeting of the Representatives of the Brotherhood will be the first ever held outside of the jurisdiction of the American Republic, and is looked forward to by the Order, throughout its en-

tire jurisdiction, with profound interest.

There are many exceedingly pleasant reflections connected with the Toronto Convention. We, of the United States, are boastful of the grand area of our Republic, having 3,634,797 square miles, but it should be remembered that the Dominion of Canada has an area of 3,330,000 square miles and is one of the most important and prosperous portions of the British Empire. It will be remarked by the Brother Jonathan delegates that while they are not deliberating under the jurisdiction of the stars and stripes, they are sitting beneath a banner which symbolizes authority throughout the world, such as attaches to no other ensign that floats in the breeze of any of the zones that belt the earth, and when the two banners float in peace, side by side, or when, by friendly hands, they are borne in the van of the advancing hosts of progress and civilization, they mean that Anglo-Saxon ideas are to prevail in the earth, and that the English tongue is to be used when the command is issued for barbarism, superstition and ignorance to "move on."

Our Brotherhood has in Canada 20 Lodges, with a membership of about 900. In no part of our jurisdiction have locomotive firemen been truer to every obligation than those who hail from Canada, and the Brotherhood, by designating the city of Toronto as the place for holding the Eleventh Annual Convention of the Order, pays a fitting tribute to the unwavering fealty of the Canadian membership.

Being beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, the American brethren will doubtless realize that they will be subjected to criticisms which will partake quite as much of justice as of generosity;

that is to say, the Canadians will be quick to appreciate dignity of bearing and nobility of ambition, and quite as "clever" in detecting any departure from the standards of propriety by which they estimate worth. To make a favorable impression and win the good opinion of the Toronto people, we regard as a desideratum, and feel confident the "boys" will fully appreciate the situation.

The demand is simply manliness. In this connection we do not know how we could better use our space than to give a few sentences from a paper on "National Language and National Character," written by E. A. Meredith, Esq., of Toronto, and published in the July number of the Princeton Review. Mr. Meredith says that "'Gentleman' is a typical English word;" that "'duty' is a word which the English are fond of using;" that "'fair play' and 'pluck' are homely Saxon words, racy of the soil and eminently characteristic of the sterling qualities of Englishmen," and adds that "while the Saxon words which I have enumerated, 'home,' 'duty,' 'gentleman,' 'fair play,' and 'pluck,' continue to hold the place which they now hold in general estimation in England, while they are the *verba et voces*, the spells by which to quicken the hearts and stir the pulses of his fellow-countrymen, so long no Englishman need despair of the future of his country." Mr. Meredith, while paying a merited compliment to Englishmen, also voices the sentiments of every Brotherhood Fireman in the United States and Canada. We love our "homes," we are true to "duty," we claim to be "gentlemen" in the best acceptance of that term, we delight in "fair play," and as for "pluck" the duties of a Locomotive Fireman require him to keep a large stock of it con-

stantly on hand. We are going to hold our Convention for 1884 in Canada. It is significant of progress. We now have 230 Lodges and more than 12,000 members. Our growth is phenomenal, but the reasons why it is so are by no means mysterious. The high aim of the Order is to equip men for a hazardous vocation in which life and property are in hourly peril. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen demands that its members shall be *honest, sober and capable*, and in the nature of things the wise and the prudent of all communities must approve our purpose.

As a Brotherhood we propose to grow wiser and better as we grow stronger, and from Canada we expect in due time to visit Mexico and establish our Lodges in its ancient capitals—indeed, we expect to see our victorious banners float in all lands where the iron rails are laid and the iron horse requires trustworthy men to guide his course. We anticipate a royal time at Toronto, and the fact that we are to be, for a few days, the *subjects* of Victoria, to-day the most illustrious woman in the world, excites the most pleasurable emotions, and adds indefinitely to the strength of our convictions that when all the prerogatives of citizenship are bestowed upon women it will be in order to keep a lookout at the mast-head of our civilization for the first pencillings of light that is to usher in the millennium.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

The coming convention of the representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada, to be held in the city of Toronto this month, September, 1884, is to be, we are warranted in saying, the most notable in the history of our Order.

When the gavel of the Grand Master calls the Convention to order TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY DELEGATES, representing two hundred and forty Lodges, will answer to the roll call. These two hundred and forty delegates will represent more than TWELVE THOUSAND Locomotive Firemen, who are members of our grand Brotherhood.

Even now, as we write, the Council Chamber is in fancy's full view before us. The scene is imposing. As we contemplate the spectacle, emotions of pride struggle for utterance. We remember the days, to our Order, of "small things," when we were weak and environed with difficulties, when our pathway was strewn with obstacles to progress, when strong men hesitated, when faith flickered like a taper in a sick man's chamber, and hopes, deferred or crushed, filled all minds with doubt.

But, with a courage vitalized by possibilities, scorning the croakings of those who are forever astride the shirt-tail of progress, yelling "whoa," we have, with thousands of brave men, followed the fortunes of our Brotherhood through the defiles of obscurity, and with a faith which was the "substance of things hoped for," and guided as were the wise men of the East by the star of destiny, our Brotherhood has emerged from the gloom of the canon, and now its watch fires, from ocean to ocean, illuminate mountain and valley and plain, and more than twelve thousand sturdy men, animated with high ambitions, have commissioned their representatives to meet in council and deliberate for their welfare.

We are by no means unmindful of the dangers which great prosperity brings in its train, and the prosperity of our Brotherhood in its territorial expansion, in

numbers and influence, is phenomenal, and now it is confronted with the inquiry: Are its delegates equal to the task of holding this Brotherhood, compact and harmonious, as it advances to still grander proportions and a more beneficent influence?

Everything depends upon the character of the delegates, whose high prerogative it is to legislate for the Order. If they are prudent men, if they disdain faction, if they ignore section, if unwavering fealty to the Order proves to be the distinguishing feature of their purpose and their action, then all is safe, and the future of our Brotherhood is assured beyond a peradventure.

This Magazine but fulfills an important duty to the Brotherhood when it counsels the Lodges to send their best men as delegates to the Toronto Convention—cool-headed, cautious men, capable of grasping questions of commanding import, and who, knowing no East and no West, no North and no South, in matters which may engage the attention of the Convention, diligently seek to hold fast to the good already secured, and to advance, by prudent and conservative methods, to positions of still more commanding power for the welfare of the Order.

We are profoundly impressed with the conviction that our Brotherhood having advanced to a dizzy elevation of prosperity, now requires, as never before in its history, its best thought for the solution of the problems relating to permanency, harmony and future strength. If sectional or factional controversies arise, we predict rust and decay, division and disaster. If, on the other hand, the genius of harmony presides over our deliberations, if the unifying and solidifying spirit of brotherhood exercises its right-

ful influence, then our future abounds with possibilities well calculated to fill the mind of every Brotherhood Fireman with delight. Dismissing misgivings, we look forward to the Toronto Convention with pleasing anticipations. The reunion of comrades is always a baptism of pleasure, and hopes born of a knowledge of our brethren give assurances that when the Convention adjourns the Brotherhood will be stronger and better equipped than ever before for its noble mission.

A GREAT WRONG.

Within the past few months many men who have heretofore been accounted immensely wealthy have failed. Their fortunes have been swept away and they are left without even the cloak of honor to hide their nakedness. This country is the country of immense private fortunes. Men arise from obscurity and become in a few years fabulously wealthy. Instance the cases of Flood and Gould, and men of that class. There is a well founded suspicion abroad that such colossal fortunes can not be made honestly. Whether they can or not the fact is plain that the massing of such great wealth in the hands of one man is dangerous to the commercial interests of the country; nay, more, it is dangerous to the liberty of the people. When this money massing will stop it is hard to say, but the fact remains that many of these great fortunes are tottering to ruin. Both the amassing of great wealth in single hands and the final ruin of the possessors is harmful to the people at large. The men who failed recently, Eno, Ward, Sage, Keene, gained their wealth in a few years. How? by honest labor? Not a bit of it. They got it by speculation, as it is called. What is speculation? Another name for gambling. These men, by manipulating the money market, by forming combinations, by overreaching friends and business associates got their wealth. By a law that seems almost inevitable they failed at last. Their fortunes, acquired at the

expense of the real business of the country were swept into the hands of other speculators equally as avaricious, equally as conscienceless as the men who failed. But the evil does not stop with the failure and disgrace of these men. The innocent suffer with them. Others who earned their money in the sweat of their faces lose their all by the fraud and chicanery of these beasts of prey. What is the remedy for these great wrongs, committed with at least the tacit consent of the law? What is the reason that in this beautiful and fruitful land of ours so many labor for a mere pittance, while a few heap together untold millions? "Side by side are reared the palace and the hovel; side by side we find the millionaire and the mendicant." Why is this? The answer can be put in a few words—wealth is by force of our laws unjustly distributed. To arrive at this conclusion and give the reasons for it would require a volume. It is plain that the man who raises a bushel of wheat does not fix the price of it, that is done at Chicago by men who do not own a bushel of wheat but simply imagine they do, and they buy and sell their imagination. The men who put their money into railways do not fix the value of the stock, that is done in New York on the Stock Exchange. Men buy and sell millions of stock that has no other existence than on paper. Yet these things are done under the law; nay, more, the men who do it are called business men. They own fine horses, palatial homes. They are leaders in society, pillars in the church. Their sons go to college and sneer at the poor devil who has to starve himself in order to get an education. These business men buy up legislatures, influence political parties, suborn perjury, bear false witness, cheat and defraud their neighbors, all in the name of business.

Real business is not speculation, it is not gambling. To take a man's money out of his pocket is larceny, to form a corner in wheat or stocks and thereby rob your neighbor of his fortune is business. One is retail and the other is

wholesale. The remedy for these great wrongs must be soon found and applied. We cannot go on in the way of the present. Poor men robbed and rich men ruined is not a fit condition of things for this republic. Illegitimate greed must be made impossible for an obscure man like Ward to fail for sixteen millions of dollars without enough assets to pay the receiver. It must be made impossible for a few men at Chicago to so manipulate the grain market as to rob the producer of his just return for his labor. It must be made impossible for a few men to combine and lower the wages of thousands of laboring men simply by an agreement to do so. Each man must have a chance to make a living, and the chance must be an even one with the other chances. In business relations men act more like wolves than men. They tear at each other's throats as if the ruin of others were the only measure of success.

With our means of education we ought to grow into a better manhood, into a better civilization. Surely there is some road that leads out of this chaos of wrong, of misery and ruin. Each man should have his own, from rich to poor, and it should be made impossible for one man or a few men to control the property and happiness of thousands of their fellow creatures.

THE POWER OF THE LABOR ELEMENT.

If there were no other indications of the growing importance of the laboring classes, the constant efforts of politicians to conciliate and befriend laboring men would be evidence sufficient.

This importance of the labor element grows just as fast as grows education. Teach a man what his power is and where he belongs, and it will not take him long to resolve to use the power to place himself where he belongs.

Politicians as a class are keen-witted and far-seeing. They have found out long ago that which laboring men as a class have not yet fully found out, namely, that organized labor is destined to rule the nation.

It is simply a question of organization. The power is there, all that is needed is the proper appliance of the power. The anxiety of political parties to have the laboring men on their respective sides ought to teach every laboring man his individual importance. What political party can be successful in this country without the labor vote? None. Think of the power then, labor already has.

The great problem of the future is, how shall labor be organized? What will be the proper objects of such organization? It will take great effort to effect such organization and great wisdom and self-control to carry out its objects.

Think of these things men of labor! The future has much thought, much anxiety in store for us, but it holds also the promise of great power and great elevation. If politicians recognize our importance we should not be slow to recognize it also. We are rapidly advancing to the condition when a simple demand on our part will meet with ready compliance. We must meanwhile educate ourselves to demand only that which is right and to make that demand so unmistakably that refusal to comply therewith will not be thought of.

Laboring men must learn to occupy the highest plane of right and justice. Foolish demands defeat themselves. Justice wins at the last. At the bottom of everything lies education. Learn what is right. Organize to do it.

CHARITY VS. MALICE.

Our members must learn that they are in honor bound to protect the character and standing of all other members of the Order. As long as a member commits no offence, by which he violates his obligation, no member has a right to detract from his reputation. If he proves false to his pledge, prompt and decisive action should be taken against him as the constitution provides, and he should be made to atone for his wrong. But as long as he holds his place in the Order he is entitled to the respectful consideration of every member. It is too often the case that members say unkind, uncharitable and unjust things of each other, and these remarks, in many instances, are prompted by envy, jealousy and malice. This

is not right, and the member who indulges in talk that is detrimental to his fellow-member is the real offender before the law, and should be arraigned and compelled to make restitution to the injured one. "Our mission is to build up, not to tear down." This is especially applicable to the character of our fellow-members. If we cannot speak kindly of them we have no right to speak of them at all. To speak lightly of the reputation of our brothers is criminally wrong, and as antagonistic to our principles as vice is to virtue. It is better to help humanity than to hinder it—far better to be charitable than malicious; and the man who had rather add to, than detract from, the reputation of others, is a good man and will meet his sure reward in the respect of his fellows and the approbation of his own conscience.

Beware of the man who has no faith in humanity—he judges all mankind by himself and of course places a low estimate upon its worth. Being dishonest, deceitful and treacherous himself, he is utterly unfit to soar above, even in conception, the meanness of his own nature. Such a man never had a kind word for any one. He had rather clothe the reputation of his fellows with infamy than honor. He is not only mean and contemptible but cowardly in the extreme, and has no scruples about the means he employs to carry out his devilish designs. We hope to see all such men banished from our ranks, as they only serve to create discord and ill feeling. If we would be true to ourselves, true to our principles and true to honor and manhood, we must treat our fellow members with kindness, charity and justice.

GOOD NIGHT.

Out in the dark, out in the night,
Lost in the chill and gloom,
I know that the moon is shining now
Into my darling's room,
Over her hair, the long dark hair,
Shedding a calm sweet light
Over her eyes, her soft brown eyes!
Good night, little love—good night!

I wished the wish of my heart to-night
As I saw a falling star—
A passionate prayer—ah, love, my love,
So near and yet, oh, so far!
A cloud passed over the stormy skies,
Hiding the moon from sight;
A cloud is over my lonely life—
Good night, little love—good night!

A moaning among the trees to-night.
A step that can never come—
But, better far, she's safe, I know—
Safe in her happy home.
Only a love that she threw away,
A track on the waters white,
A breaking heart on "the outward bound"—
Good night, love of mine—good night!

—[*London Herald.*]

Contributor's Column

Temperance.

BY JOHN C. STEPHENS.

Temperance seems to be one of the great topics of the times. Temperance should be regarded as the great stepping stone of morality and Christianity. When I speak of temperance I do not simply mean to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, but to be temperate in all things, temperate in our eating, temperate in drinking, temperate in the wearing of clothing and temperate in our toil, for how can a man or woman be a Christian except he or she is first temperate, for Peter says: "Temperance is the fruit of the spirit." Temperance is, therefore, one of the fundamental principles of Christianity. Paul says: "Against such there is no law." Therefore, let temperance reign in our mortal bodies, for temperance is that due restraint upon our affections and passions which renders the body tame and governable and the mind free from the allurements of vice.

But intemperance is quite another thing. While temperance is honorable in all of its forms, intemperance is disgraceful, beastly and abominable in every respect. Those who are intemperate not only lose life and the beauty that nature gave them, but honor, fidelity, integrity and their reputation. Society loses confidence in them and their souls are lost to that eternal home in heaven, while he that practices temperance will spend a happy life in this world and be prepared for the world to come.

ELKHART, IND., August 8, 1884.

The Cost of Solomon's Temple.

BY E. J. N.

Talents of gold, silver and brass used in the construction, £6,879,822,500; cost of the jewels, £6,870,822,500; vessels of gold used in the Temple, £545,296,203; vessels of silver used in the Temple, £489,344,000; the silk vestments of the priests, £10,000; the purple vestments of the singers, £290,000; the trumpets, £2,000,000; other musical instruments, £40,000; total cost of laborers, £93,877,088; cost of timber and stone, £2,545,296,000; total amount, £17,442,444,268 or \$77,521,965,636. 103,300 men were employed seven years as follows: 10,000 hewing timber, 10,000 bearers of burdens 20,000 hewers of stone, 3,300 overseers.

Woman's Department

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

NOTES FROM CHAUTAUQUA.

Chautauqua is entirely different from the ordinary watering place where you boat and drive, play lawn tennis and croquet, flirt, swing in hammocks and read novels, and go home with the feeling that, after all, the summer has been wasted. Here you may do all these things if you choose, but you will not choose. Even the young people are filled with an ambition which will not let them idle away all the bright, sunshiny hours, while those who are older find among these groves the fulfillment of a long cherished dream. Whatever your particular talent, here you may develop it, and of the hundred thousand people who come here every season each selects the pursuit he particularly fancies and follows it under the direction of skilled teachers. So we find a large number enthusiastically studying the different languages; others devoting themselves to the sciences; some deep in the mysteries of sculpture; many happy with crayon and paint brush; hundreds giving themselves, heart and soul, to their beloved music; and ladies who only want some light occupation reveling in all sorts of beautiful needlework. Every day there is a lecture, from Talmage, from Frances E. Willard, from other distinguished speakers. There are concerts, and panoramas, and elocution and spelling matches, and there is a cooking school where the ambitious housewife may learn to prepare all sorts of dainty dishes. Everybody is busy, and if they are not happy, they have, at least, no time to brood over their troubles.

One meets a great many odd characters here, religious fanatics who may fairly steep themselves in the gospel; skeptics who come with the intention of ridiculing everything and everybody; foreigners who wander curiously about; eccentric, long-haired men and sharp-nosed, spectacled women; amateur newspaper correspondents with a vast sense of their importance; all mingled together but attracting no particular attention. This is a peculiarly independent place, but the secret of it is that people are so occupied they have no time to attend to the affairs of their neighbors. They take it for granted that you are respectable or you would not be here, for Chau-

tauqua offers no special attractions for what are commonly termed "fast" people. There is no dancing here, no card playing, and it would not be possible to get a drink of intoxicating liquor. By eleven o'clock everybody is in bed, resting from the fatigues of the day that they may be fresh for the duties of the morrow. It is a busy, cheerful, innocent life, whose influence sustains you long after you have left this summer school. The police regulations are excellent. The grounds are patrolled by a large number of policemen in citizens' clothes, and a suspicious character is "spotted" from the moment he enters the gates. Gamblers frequently come here thinking they will find a rich pasture, but a companion is always at their elbow, and at the first move they make toward their business they are given just time to reach the dock. A couple of frail women came here and took a cottage, and in six hours they were put upon a steamer, bag and baggage, and started down the lake. Some fellows smuggled a lot of whiskey in bottles into the grounds, expecting to sell it on the sly. In less than twenty-four hours the authorities called a public meeting, poured the whiskey on the ground, broke the bottles and hustled the men out of town. There is occasionally a mild scandal, but the participants meet with a cool reception, and the number of these is remarkably few when you consider that there are ten thousand people daily on the grounds. There are hundreds of children here, and they romp about all day long without the supervision of mother or nurse, in perfect safety, for there is not a vicious dog or man about the place.

Worldly people make sport of Chautauqua and call it a Pharasaical Sunday-school paradise. To me it seems a kind of miniature illustration of what the world might be if there were only more moral people in it. It is the realization of what has always been considered a sort of Utopian dream. You know that these strict regulations would be impossible in the every day world, but you like to feel that men and women are capable of a moral and intellectual existence under favorable conditions. When you find yourself growing cynical in regard to life and distrustful of your fellow men, it will revive and strengthen your faith to withdraw from that which grieves and offends and put yourself in contact with a better element. The world is full of sweet and lovable people but like choice and tender flowers they are often pushed aside and obscured by the selfish and unprincipled who flourish like weeds. Yet

like mignonette and heliotrope the incense of these beautiful characters cannot be destroyed even by the burdocks and thistles.

To wander through the stately groves and leave behind the cares of life, to float upon the tranquil waters and forget the troubles and anxieties that break the health and spirit, to find, in the quiet, golden summer, rest from the storms and hardships of winter, these are the compensations for leaving home and friends and going into exile every season.

The most gratifying feature at Chautauqua is the large number of women who are pursuing the different branches of study. Of the fifty thousand persons, all over the world, who are taking the Scientific and Literary Course, probably three-fourths are women, certainly there is that proportion studying here. It is such a little while since women began attempting to improve their condition and now there is no class of people in the universe who are making such progress. And of all these thousands of students every one is working with some object in view, and yet it is such a few years since any ambition was possible to a woman. A conceited young student from Yale College, discussing this question a few evenings ago, said, "I am so sorry to see so many girls working for a definite object, for when a woman begins to have an object in life she ceases to be attractive!" Poor, young man! In all probability his wife, when he gets one, will have the living to make. At the present day that woman is to be censured who has not an object to which she may devote her time, her energy and all her finest qualities of heart, mind and soul. The world calls for such women. The harvest is theirs if they will go into the fields.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., August 4, 1884.

JUST HEAR THE WOMAN.

At a literary meeting Mrs. Donway toasted the men as follows: "God bless 'em. We halve their joys, double their sorrows, treble their expenses, quadruple their cares, excite their affections, control their property, and out manoeuvre them in everything. In fact, I may say, without a prospect of successful contradiction, without 'em it would not be much of a world anyhow. We love 'em, and the dear beings can't help it; we control 'em, and the precious fellows don't know it. As husbands they are always convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means matchless. They are most agreeable visitors; they are handy at State fairs and indispensable at oyster saloons. They are splendid as

escorts for some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As our fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of beauty, nothing as a legislator on woman's rights, and not even very brilliant as a member of the press, but if he be our own father we overlook his shortcomings and cover the pecadillos with the divine mantle of charity. Then, as our husbands, how we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime language of the inspired poet—

"We'll lie for them,
We'll cry for them,
And if we could we'd fly for them.
We'd do anything but die for them."

INTRODUCTIONS.

There is a certain degree of formality about introductions that sometimes seems absurd and yet it is founded upon correct principles. For instance, we may meet an individual upon the street for years, know him well and be fully informed about all his affairs, but because we have never gone through the stereotyped form of an introduction we may not recognize one another. In some cases this may seem unnecessary but it must be remembered that in this rule lies our only safeguard against an indiscriminate acquaintance. It is better to pass by one for years whom we would like to know than to be at the mercy of any impertinent stranger who chooses to address you.

Some persons have a mania for giving introductions. If you happen to meet them in a parlor full of their acquaintances you are bound to be introduced to every one, however much you may wish to avoid it. If you meet them on the street with several friends they will stop you and introduce the whole party. This is not only unnecessary but rude. In making an introduction use as few words as possible. An elaborate speech is extremely embarrassing to the two persons who stand facing each other, just ready to bow and smile. The mere mention of the two names is sufficient, as "Mr. Smith, Mrs. Brown." Always present a gentleman to a lady, a younger person to an older one, a single to a married person. The individuals may or may not shake hands. It is growing customary to do a great deal of handshaking. A gentleman should never offer his hand first to a lady. Young ladies would better acknowledge an introduction simply by a bow. Married ladies may offer the hand, and two gentlemen generally shake hands. Excessive cordiality is in bad taste. The gentleman may express his pleasure at meeting the lady but it is only necessary

for her to thank him in a pleasant way or simply bow.

A lady's permission should always be obtained before presenting a gentleman if it is possible to do so. An exception to this rule may be made in a ball room but the acquaintance may end here if the parties choose. A gentleman may always assist a lady, who is in any difficulty, without an introduction, but the acquaintance need not go any farther. Great discretion should be used in introducing people but if any mistakes are made, the well-bred gentleman or lady will pass them over as gracefully as possible and never give offence by exhibiting any resentment over a disagreeable introduction.

ROLLS.

[Mrs. E. P. Ewing, Cooking and Castle-Building.]

All kinds of rolls are crisper and more tender if made with milk instead of water and will require no shortening. Small portions of the bread dough, skillfully molded, brushed lightly over the top with milk and baked in a quick oven are very nice. The famous

VIENNA ROLLS

are made in the following manner: For a pint of new milk add a pint of warm water, an ounce of compressed yeast, a teaspoonful of salt and flour sufficient to make a thin batter. Let it stand for an hour and then work in flour until the dough is the proper consistency for bread. Separate this dough into a dozen pieces. Take each piece up and, slightly stretching it, fold it over the thumb of the left hand. Repeat this operation, gently stretching the corners of the dough and folding over the thumb till it is the required shape and then lay in a greased pan. If the stretching and folding have been properly done, the roll when baked will be composed of a succession of thin, flaky layers. The secret of the Vienna rolls is in the stretching and folding instead of laying them on the board and molding them. The dough may be twisted and formed into crescents, horse shoes and various fancy shapes.

DELICATE BUNS.

Whip together three tablespoonfuls of sugar and three eggs until well mixed. Then pour upon them slowly, beating all the time, a pint of boiling milk. Add a pint of flour and a little salt, and, when lukewarm, a half gill of yeast. Beat all well together and let them stand over night. In the morning add a handful of flour and beat soundly. When again light, work well with the hand, adding

three ounces of butter, and flour very gradually. When the dough is stiff enough to work away from the sides of the bowl sufficient flour has been added. Work ten or fifteen minutes longer, cover closely and leave to rise. When very light mould into small round cakes and place in a pan not allowing the cakes to touch each other, and bake in a moderate oven. At the time of adding the butter, lemon or other flavoring may be used or a nice surprise is to place a small slice of citron in each bun while molding.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

Over 20,000 women work at the watch making trade in Switzerland. They do much of the finest and most delicate work. Two sisters own and superintend a large watch-making establishment of their own.

Dr. Grace Wolcott, daughter of Col. J. W. Wolcott, who recently graduated at the Woman's Medical College, in Philadelphia, is attracting much attention by her nerve and skill in performing difficult surgical operations.

Ladies for agents at the smaller stations on some of the Eastern roads are proving very efficient. They keep the waiting rooms more cleanly and attractive, there are fewer loafers about the stations and tobacco-users are not given the privileges that are accorded them by the male agents.

At the annual meeting of the Illinois Homoeopathic Association, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith read two papers and, at the banquet, responded to the toast, "Woman, the coming medical man." She was elected vice-president of the Association and Mrs. Dr. Weeks Burnett was made one of the board of censors.

A woman who once made a conspicuous figure in the business world has just died at Rossville, on Staten Island. Her name was Martha O'Donnell and she was about fifty years old. For thirty years she was one of the largest produce dealers in Washington Market, New York, and one of the noted people in that locality. She made a large fortune in the business.

Mr. Henry R. Foote, a brother of Judge Foote, and a well-known constructing engineer of New York City, has instituted a class of young women at his offices in the Grand Opera House building, for the purpose of training them as mechanical draughtsmen and engineers. He says he is determined to give the bright and intelligent young women of America a chance, for there is nothing in what he proposes that is beyond their strength or their capabilities.

Miss Cynthia Ceres, a young school teacher from Illinois, went to Dakota three years ago and took up a farm. She built a shanty and lived in it, planted corn and vegetables and made money. She writes to a local paper, "I now own 320 acres of good land worth \$2,000 in good money, the product of my own labor for three years." It occurs to one in reading this that many of our over-worked, poorly-paid teachers would be happier, healthier and wealthier to follow Miss Ceres' brave example.

The American book-cover has become a thing of artistic beauty. Our best artists are engaged in making designs for them, and architects of the highest reputation find their geometrical knowledge very useful in the designing of book-covers. Whenever there is

a demand for anything in the way of art, the young women come to the front as thoroughly equipped as the young men. Some of the best book-covers that have been designed in this country are the work of women.—*Philadelphia Press*.

The above instances are selected at random among hundreds that may be found in the newspapers of the day. There is scarcely a department in the great labor of the world that does not number among its workers busy, energetic and ambitious women. All this has been brought about in the last quarter of a century, and twenty-five years hence they will engage in all kinds of business without exciting comment. There is no longer any excuse to be made for an idle or a dependent woman. The fields are full of ripening grain waiting for the hand of the harvester. Whatever vocation in life a woman selects, she will find the path a little steeper than does the man. The clinging skirts of the woman will always impede her progress but they will not prevent her from reaching the summit. There are physical disabilities, there are social impediments, there are domestic hinderances which will delay and annoy and fill the soul with weariness but they cannot entirely defeat.

On the other hand women do not have to battle with the temptations that beset the pathway of their brothers. With eyes steadfastly fixed on the shining object of their ambition, they are scarcely aware of those temptations which have the power to wreck the purposes of men. Man temporizes with temptation, woman ignores it. The work of the world needs woman and she needs the work. It is vain for her to sit in idleness and wait for her condition to be improved. Let her put forth an effort and herself improve that condition. From the thousands of occupations let her select the one she seems best adapted for and, through her own labor, let her taste the sweets of independence.

LAUNDRY HINTS.

A fine gloss for linen collars and cuffs is obtained by using raw starch. Mix it to a thin smooth paste and then add as much water as needed for the articles without its being too thin. With clean hands rub the articles through the starch as if washing them, but not too hard, so that the starch is well soaked in. Squeeze them out, not too tightly, allowing no powder of the starch to be seen on the surface. Have ready a clean cloth folded double and long enough to let the collars lie flat. These should be placed singly and the cloth folded down on it, then another collar, then the cloth folded down again, and so on until they are all down.

Fold the long roll then in half and give it a sharp twist, in which shape it must be left for some hours; if not left long enough they will not iron so well. But they must on no account be allowed to dry. Have ready some very hot irons, only just not to scorch, and let there be enough irons not to have to wait for a second when the first is cool.

These must be clean and have a good polish. To insure the latter have a piece of beeswax, and when the iron is taken from the fire rub it over with beeswax and then rub the iron on some crushed salt and it will run smoothly. Now on the ironing sheet lay a clean thin cloth, a handkerchief will do. Lay a collar on this, fold over part of the handkerchief, and iron quickly from one end to the other two or three times to dry it a little. While still steaming take off the handkerchief, stretch the collar with the hands and iron briskly on the right side straight across.

If the iron is not hot enough, or the collar too dry, the starch will stick. When the right side is smooth, without creases, turn it on the other side and iron it more slowly so as to dry it thoroughly. The irons require much renewing, as the damp cools them quickly. If any starch appears on the iron it must be scraped off with a knife before going back to the fire.

They heat better on a stove or kitchener than in front of the fire, as often they are blackened by jets of flame or smoke caused by a draught. Miss E. E.

COLFAX, LA.

MANDON, DAK., August 9, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

When it was announced some time ago that a new department was about to be opened in "our" Magazine, I was on the "qui vive" of expectation. It never occurred to me that the new department would be one for the edification of the female portion of the Brotherhood. While carefully scanning the May book, as I turned leaf after leaf, almost unawares I came upon the new creation—"Woman's Department"—I read its instructive contents and felt that indeed a new era had dawned for us. Heretofore we have been only indirectly connected with the Order; that we are actually wanted as a part thereof, is evinced by the fact that we have been allotted a space in the Magazine. I stopped for reflection, wondering the while what I could do to assist the new enterprise and I presumed that if I tried hard enough, perhaps I might produce something fit for publication. With far more determination than ability I resurrected a long neglected pencil and

the fruits of my exertion, dear readers, are now before you or have fallen into the never-satisfied editor's waste basket. The object of my first letter is to bring into prominence "Onward Lodge, No. 41, and to remind its ladies of the duties they are neglecting and the work they are leaving undone. No. 41 is as completely left out of the "Correspondence" column, as if there were no such Lodge. I have made a thorough investigation and find that there is a good cause for her prolonged silence. The Lodge is not prosperous and her members are demoralized. Under the circumstances that placed her in this condition, we can almost forgive her members for disinterestedness. Through the infidelity of one of her officers, her treasury was robbed and her resources crippled; since then she has struggled with adversity and misfortune. Meetings have been poorly attended and financial matters have been neglected. I am personally acquainted with a number of her members and I know that with proper encouragement they are in every particular competent to add an intelligent share of help to the cause. Of course we are not privileged to attend their meetings and help them out of their difficulties, but we can in a quiet way bring our influence to bear upon those who are privileged to attend these meetings. Onward Lodge has been long enough a victim of neglect and it is a part of our duty to lend a helping hand to bring her up to the standard. Regular meetings well attended are the first requisites to a good Lodge, and here is the place where we can introduce our work by insisting upon the prompt attendance of the members in whom we are interested. Barnabus (my husband) belongs to No. 41, and I must acknowledge to his shame and my discomfort that meetings have been sadly neglected. I shall, however, take measures for a speedy reform. The time of their meetings we can learn by consulting the Magazine, and henceforth when it is meeting time I shall not only be satisfied to dispense with his dear presence but will cheerfully assist him until he has safely gone through the "priming" process and is "en route" to the Lodge room. I have no fears that he will use the "Lodge" dodge, for when Barnabus says he is going to Lodge, to Lodge he goes, and I know whereof I speak.

Having found and remedied one great evil, I have no doubt that with proper care and application we will bring about satisfactory results. What better guarantee have we of a first-class Lodge than we have by placing it in the hands of such men as C. F. Allen, H. K. Stratton,

Wm. Storrs, A. C. Wirtz, and Barnabus. Bro. Wirtz is filling the Master's chair very creditably. Bro. Stratton is Financiering, and I hope that the good brethren of 41 will remember that he cannot meet bills with promises. Bro. Allen performs the duties of Secretary with neatness and despatch. Bro. Gould has a healthy Magazine list and I can vouch for his qualifications as a book agent. He secured my subscription. With such leaders there can be no blunders, and when once they have attained the desired standard, by placing No. 41 in line with the best in the Order, let us have so faithfully labored in the good cause that we can conscientiously receive the approval which is sure to follow.

I am very anxious that this should come under the observation of the ladies of Mandan, that they may become co-workers in the broad field before us. I will let you know, from time to time, how we are progressing, and the Brotherhood will in the future have a hearty supporter in the

WIFE OF BARNABUS.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND INFLUENCE.

To Woman's Department:

Amid the many questions which are agitating the world around us, is heard the all-important one of Woman's Rights. It is forced upon us whether we will or no; but in what do her rights really consist? Are they the Royal Rights of Womanhood, or (as in so many cases they are understood) simply the usurpation of Man's rights? I would rather think of them as her loving Home Rights than her Rights to the world at large, although I would by no means undervalue Womanly independence, for I am sure the rapid strides towards this end, which are a special characteristic of our day, are one of the best signs of national progress. A scene lies before us; a tender parent who has toiled on for years in unceasing labor has reached the verge of old age, and he longs to lay his work aside and take his well-earned rest. Now is the time for his girls, for whom he has toiled so hard, to whom he has given a good education and so many years of Home comforts, I say now is the time to assert and use their rights, he needs all the loving, gentle help and sympathy his girls can give. The Mother may perhaps have been taken from him, so that he is without the loving care it was her joy to give, and if so let him feel that in her girls she has left a bright record of her memory. Try and make Home bright and pleasant for the few remaining years of his life, he needs it and has earned it. But if it is to be

realized, it must be by the exercise of those loving rights which are woman's true vocation.

Or, are we a wife? Here, too is a wide scope, for so much depends upon the wife. Home, happiness and enjoyment soon flag if she neglects her all-important duties. There are times when the thousand and one little duties (which seem to be always increasing) look overpowering in their multiplicity, but let us cheerfully take them up, one by one, and gradually they will melt away. The Husband comes in tired and weary after his day's or perhaps night's work; don't let him be troubled and wearied by a repetition of all the little worries and anxieties which have occurred whilst he was away, but make him feel that he has left them all behind him on his iron steed and has reached a haven of rest, an oasis in the desert. Cheer him with conversation, music or reading. Those who are working, and oftentimes risking their lives for their loved ones, have a right to the very best enjoyment we can give them. Don't let them have to look for it outside the home circle, and above all let love reign supreme. Homes which are radiant with its Light are the happiest spots on earth. Don't let us forget to cherish the two bears, viz., Bearance and Forbearance. Even in the highest and best earthly Love there will be times when they are needed. Thoughts, opinions and tempers will differ a little sometimes, but they will not hurt us so long as we bear and forbear with each other. It has often been said that Man does the love-making before marriage, Woman after marriage, and it is true; nothing but love will stand the wear and tear of Married Life. Let us use our Rights to heal all the little differences which arise. We must cherish the love which has been given us, and doing this we shall be astonished to find how lovely a plant it will grow, shedding its welcome perfume and shade over all the cares and anxieties which, in some measure, are the common lot of all Wives. Oh, our Rights are noble ones, and truly it has been said, Man is what Woman makes him. From his earliest infancy her influence is brought to bear upon him, her's is the hand which guides those early years, in which the seed is sown which will make him either a consistent Christian, a good citizen and a true friend, or a disgrace to the name of Manhood.

Let us also help our brothers on. Many a young man has been kept from yielding to temptation by the gentle sympathy, the tender love of a devoted sister. There are so many ways in

which we can help them on, and we must spare no efforts to keep them from drifting away from home, out into the world, where there are so many pitfalls and snares to lead them into sin. We Women cannot realize too strongly the immense influence we possess over Man. Either we are guiding or leading them upward or else we are dragging them down. Let us see to it that our influence is for good, ever leading them upwards, pointing heavenwards. Our Rights are innumerable. The gentle word, the tender care in sickness, the comforts of home, all are dependent on her, and her rights and influence extend out into the world as well as around the home circle. The World will be the better if we each use our influence rightly. There is so much loving work to be done which Woman alone can do. We may not seem to be making much impression, but not one of us can live without in some measure we influence those around us either for good or ill. Woman's Work has always been more like the little streamlet which runs through the valley, often hidden from view, yet surely doing its great work of watering and fertilizing the land around, than like the expansive ocean spreading from shore to shore and continent to continent, bearing on its bosom the produce and wealth of nations. Let us be content thus quietly to do our work. Not many of us are called to shine out brightly to the world, but if we will just take up and do willingly the many loving tasks around us, we know not where or how far that work may spread.

Are these thy Rights? Then murmur not
That Woman's Mission is thy lot.
Improve the talents God has given,
Live to His praise and rest in Heaven.

Alice Brooker.

Stratford, Ontario.

Galveston, Tex., July 16, 1884.

To Woman's Department.

I have been a reader of your Magazine for some time, thanks to Mr. J. H. Steinhoff, who has been sending it to me. Gulf City Lodge No. 115 is a credit to the Brotherhood, and its members never tire of contributing to the good work in which the Order is engaged.

Many of them have been promoted and are making successful engineers. The Brotherhood is having a splendid influence on its members, and as long as they are faithful to their obligations they are sure to succeed.

It is my earnest wish that they may always be blessed with prosperity in their noble mission.

A. E. W.

GIRLS AND HOUSEWORK.

To Woman's Department:

A great many girls of the present day pass the best years of their lives (and by the best years of their lives I mean from sixteen to twenty,) under the impression that it is a disgrace to work in a kitchen. They recoil in horror at the idea of putting on an apron and going out in the kitchen to help the poor old mother who has done so much for them; who has patiently toiled and denied herself many a luxury that her daughter might have a good education and enjoy all those advantages for which girls crave; and these same girls after they are married to a poor man, as is very often the case, and settled in a home of their own, often wish they had practiced less on the piano and paid more attention to mother when she tried to teach them the "mysteries" of bread-making. I know of a lady who is obliged to keep boarders for a living, while her daughter, the hardest work she is known to do, is to play the organ and sing for her own amusement. I often wonder if the daughter's conscience does not give a remorseful tug when she looks at those white hairs and tired gait. Mothers are blamed for not teaching their daughters household work, but what pleasure is it to the mother when she tells her daughter to do anything to see her face disfigured with a frown. She would much rather do everything herself than have such unpleasant sights around her. But that frown is quickly exchanged for a smile when the young lady goes into the parlor to entertain her company, and on her face there is a look of such placid angelic sweetness that you would never suppose that clouds ever marred its beauty. I don't intend being unjust to the girls, but, my dears, good sensible young men never wish to marry a girl that is like a piece of sculpture, an ornament; he wants her useful as well. Can you show me a prettier sight than a young lady neatly dressed, with an apron on and her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, cooking a meal? I know of only one thing prettier, both to the eye and the palate, and that is the meal, if it is well cooked. I think knowing how to cook is quite an accomplishment, and girls should be as proud of knowing how to do that as they are of their music, painting, French, etc.

PERRY, IOWA, July 30, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

After a long silence, I come to fulfill my promise of some months ago. I should have written before, but the little sermon from our editor, in the June Magazine somewhat cooled my ardor for writing.

But I have concluded to run the risk of the waste-basket, to keep my word, and now to the subject: "The oversuit worn by the engineer and fireman while at work, and manner of washing them." I prefer the waist made of blue and white plaid shirting, and the overalls, not from the heaviest grade of denims. Of course, they are always washed last, and my way of washing them is to have the suds as hot as the hands can bear; draw the most soiled parts, one at a time, upon the wash-board and let the suds drain off for a moment; then pour about one tablespoonful of coal oil over each leg of the overalls and sleeves of the waist, rubbing them well before putting back into the suds. This loosens the grease and dirt, making them much easier to wash. I then put them into a large pail and pour water over them, letting them stand until the last, when a little more rubbing will make them nice and clean. I hope I have made this plain enough that all the ladies may understand it. The oil is to be put on only one part at a time, just as they are washed. I will tell you of another way that I have not tried, but it came to me from a washer-woman, and is no doubt good. Sprinkle soda over the parts most soiled and then use a stiff scrubbing brush.

I do not see many articles from "Pilot Lodge," and as my husband, though a fireman, cannot yet be a member, I am not at liberty to write items from the Lodge.

With kindest wishes for the welfare and prosperity of the B. of L. F., I am yours truly,

WIFE OF A RAILROAD MAN.

PEOLI, O., July 21, 1884.

To Woman's Department.

An article in the February Magazine says, "There is no genius in war, only grim fate." If I was not such a firm believer in Providence, if I did not know there was a power "that shapes our ends rough hew them as we will," I would say the same of raising boys. Truly some of them are destined by grim fate for railway men, no matter how adverse their previous training had been. Some years ago a group of ladies, with their baby-boys at their feet or on their laps, sat talking with all the wisdom of young matrons of what their boys might be. "Well," said one, very positively, "I'm not raising a railroad hand. Every time I hear the echoes of that terrible whistle I thank God they are ten miles away. My boy won't get fascinated with the few trips we make, and when he is

older he'll have more sense." Well, at sixteen he attended the centennial, and could tell more about the splendid Pennsylvania Central, its track, tanks and block signals, the giant Corliss, than all the beauties of that beautiful place combined. After studying and teaching a few terms, at twenty-one he graduated from an Eastern school and went to work in the counting house of a large establishment. Now, thought the mother, he is established for life. But, alas! for "the best laid plans of mice and men" in six months he wrote that the office did not agree with him but the railway did, and there he is to-day a fireman, his highest ambition to be a good engineer. But I think railway men have risen in the estimation of the world and of themselves, and this book is one strong evidence. Now when I travel on the road, I try, as we rush along the platform, to catch a glimpse of the face of the man in whose care I must be. 'Tis much to be regretted that they do not have always a quiet Sabbath, but there are many idle moments they may employ in storing their minds with needed wisdom. May the "upper story" of their profession be crowded, and when we travel may we know that a good man is guiding us.

SUE M. MILLER.

TO-MORROW.

To Woman's Department:

"Whate'er the grief that dims the eye,
Whate'er the cause of sorrow,
We turn us to the weeping sky,
And say, 'We'll smile to-morrow.'"

Whatever vexes or distresses us to-day we gladly think that to-morrow will allay, and we will come forth bright and new. It is unnatural for the human heart to despair, or repress the indulgence, of the bright hopes and anticipations which to-morrow holds forth. As well tell the boy digging fish bait that there is no use going "afishin'" to-day, for the wind is in the east, and expect the boy to quietly drop the expedition with all the ardent anticipations every boy will feel upon the occasion. Ungrateful, indeed, would be the heart which lived for to-day alone, and gave up in despair at trying to bear all the burdens of a life-time at once; or even to think that because it was happy and well provided for to-day that to-morrow could bring no change. Alas! few of us have to guard against the latter. Even the cheery little woman who runs in for a few moments, who lightens your burdens with her quick sympathy, who fills the room with a brighter glow and makes a sun-beam in your existence by her cheerful visit just when you are feeling woefully

blue, must sometime think of to-morrow with a pang of doubt.

"And when from those we love we part,
From hope we comfort borrow,
And whisper to our aching heart,
We'll meet again to-morrow."

Sir Walter Raleigh never more eagerly read of the discoveries of Columbus, the conquests of Cortez, and the sanguinary triumphs of Bazarro, than the youthful enthusiast of to-day devours the records of Lieutenant Greely, the navigations of Stanley, and the adventures of Gordon with the desire to try the same fate themselves, allured by the hope that they will be more successful.

It is through this faith, in to-morrow, that new worlds are discovered and men are made great. Joseph Keppler, now the renowned cartoonist of Puck, and the successful rival of Nast, is said never to have lost faith in "to-morrow and the success of an American comic weekly." Amid all his poverty and discouragements he kept this faith and never lost courage. "He has had his ups and downs in life," says the New York Sun, "but is so far on top that he can look back with equanimity upon his early struggles."

It is through this faith that business men become bankrupt. This is the feature of the current failures which works such terrible mischief. But "this is only one phase in the existing position of business affairs." The Fortnightly Review, in describing England's business outlook, says: "No matter what branch of trade we inquire into, we find it tainted to an extent that makes those engaged in it often cry out: 'Oh, that the crash would come and let us know where we stand.'"

If our to-morrows are better than the to-days, all our hopes brighter, our lives purer, if we have broken ourselves of our bad habit, if we have left off intemperance, swearing, or using slang, if we have made an effort for the right, we are better than we were yesterday, and have begun on the foundation that will make the world better.

"But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still
An image of to-day,
Still tears our heavy eye-lids fill,
Still mourn we those away.
And when that to-morrow too is past—
(A yesterday of sorrow)—
Hope, smiling, cheats us to the last,
With visions of to-morrow!"

IRENE

GREENVILLE, TEX.

WASHINGTON, IND., August 8, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

I enclose a receipt which I would like some of the wives, sisters or sweethearts of some of the boys to try, and report how the boys will like it in their dinner pail.

Our miners think it good, and as the train boys, especially of the O. & M., enjoy variety, I think they will relish the cake. It is a cheap cake and can be made in one bread pan, if preferable:

"Molasses Pound Cake.—Take one cup of sugar and one cup of butter and beat to a cream, add three-quarters of a cup of molasses, two eggs well beaten, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of best soda, dissolved in the milk, into four cups of flour well sifted, mix two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, stir altogether, then add a teacupful of raisins well dredged in flour, a teacupful of currants, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one of cloves. This will make two round loaves in cake pans."

MRS HENRY B. JONES.

IN MEMORIAM.

For Woman's Department:

[In affectionate remembrance of Larkin M. Phipps, late engineer on the O. & M. Line, who died from the effects of an accident, lamented by all who knew him.]

He has gone to his rest, his troubles are o'er,
No sorrow or sickness shall e'er hurt him more;
Cut down in his manhood, so strong and so bold,
To repose in the grave, oh! so lonely and cold.

He has run his short race, but sweet comfort is this,
To know his pure spirit is reigning in bliss;
To know that no trouble can now rend his breast,
For he's safe with his Savior, and in heaven is at rest.

He has gone from his dear ones, his children, his wife,
Whom he willingly toiled for and loved as his life,
Oh, God! how mysterious, how strange are Thy ways,
To take from us this loved one, in the best of his days.

'Tis with sorrow we think of this good engineer,
Of his widow, his friends and his children so dear.
Oh! merciful Father, do Thou guard them still,
Till they bow in submission to Thy holy will.

What pen can describe, or what tongue can tell
How they feel thus to part with the one loved so well.
Leaving home full of life on that beautiful morn
Little thinking he left never more to return.

Thou faithful, good servant, Thy Master knows best,
He has taken thee home from Thy labors to rest;
Not left us forever, just passed on before,
And soon we shall meet thee on Canaan's bright shore.

MRS. HENRY B. JONES.

WASHINGTON, IND.

Miscellaneous.

Union Excursion.

On Sunday, August 3, the three Lodges of St. Louis and East St. Louis covered themselves with glory. F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44, Industrial Lodge No. 21 and Peace Lodge No. 109 combined and chartered the beautiful steamer, Chas. P. Chouteau, and united in an excursion up the Mississippi River about forty miles. The object of the excursion was as generous as ever prompted a Lodge to action, viz.: for the benefit of a sister Lodge financially distressed. Industrial Lodge No. 21 had the misfortune to be twice victimized by dishonest Financiers. The last one had the unbounded confidence of the members, nor was he suspected of dishonesty until the Lodge was found to be in a totally bankrupt condition. Suffice it to say that the members were well nigh ready to give up—their treasury was empty, the Lodge was heavily involved and the confidence of the members was about used up. Things were looking exceedingly gloomy, when the members of Lodges 44 and 109 took in the situation and at once organized a movement to succor the distressed Lodge.

Walter H. McGarrahan was one of the prime movers and great credit is due him for the hard work he performed in the enterprise.

Arrangements were at once begun and it was soon understood that a grand excursion had been determined upon for the benefit of Industrial Lodge.

The steamer left the East St. Louis side at 9 o'clock A. M. and there was as fine a crowd of people aboard, as it has ever been our pleasure to see. Brotherhood men were there in abundance, as were also the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the gallant veterans of the throttle and scoop. The ladies presented a charming appearance and would have done honor to any occasion. A splendid band discoursed sweet music, to which the "young folks" tripped the light fantastic, while on the upper deck the sweetest of colored jubilee singers entertained the happy audience. Refreshments of all kinds were on board in abundance and the order of the day was to "eat, drink and be merry." It is estimated that more than 1,300 people were aboard, and yet not the least thing occurred to mar the harmony of the occasion. At Alton the boat made a short stop to gather up more excursionists, after which it proceeded to

its destination. Arriving at a beautiful grove the boat landed and the happy throng soon scattered over hill and vale and made merry during the remainder of the day. Tables were set on the green sward, the ladies spreading out their rich varieties of eatables, upon which a feast began, the like of which we have never witnessed. A photographer was on the ground photographing the party in groups, much to the enjoyment of the ladies, who are so fond of having their pictures taken. The day was spent most happily and will long be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to be present. We must say a word about the hospitalities of the St. Louis brethren—all who were guests with us will agree that nothing was left undone to give everybody a royal good time. The affair was conducted on a broad gauge plan, the visiting brethren were royally entertained and the excursion will long be remembered by all who were present.

NOTES.

It was a great day for the St. Louis boys.

We were pleased to see Bro. Baur, of 21, aboard.

The boys all did their duty—there was no backsliding.

For genuine hospitality the St. Louis folks are proverbial.

John Hacket is all right. We know him and we like him.

The crowd was exceptionally select and everybody had a good time.

The dinner was fit for a banquet of the Gods. So was our appetite.

Chas. P. Chouteau—we shall remember thy name many a day.

The last dance was the best on the programme—it was short but sweet.

E. J. Lullman and his charming sisters graced the excursion by their presence.

The ladies were pleasant, agreeable, entertaining, and last, but not least, very good-looking.

Walter H. McGarrahan was the hero of the day. He worked like a Trojan to make the affair a success.

Mr. Eddy, Master Mechanic of the Frisco line, was "one of the boys" and enjoyed himself immensely.

K. C. Donehew was there—he is a Brotherhood man from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet.

J. D. Fisher was active and ready for duty all day long. Now and then he "danced a trip" by way of a change.

J. V. Blocker and his father (who is also his brother in No. 21) were with us and we enjoyed their company.

T. J. Hayes, the able Financier of 44, and his estimable wife were aboard, and extended their hospitalities to the visitors.

Geo. Hoffman, of 49, was acknowledged to be the finest dancer on the floor. Besides being an elegant dancer, George is a very clever fellow.

How do you do, Mr. Brown? The boys, particularly Bro. Hoffman, will recognize your name. We hope to grasp you by the hand soon again.

How we would like to mention the names of all the good people we had the pleasure to meet. Space will not permit, but we shall not forget them.

One of the most entertaining couples aboard, was Bro. C. E. Amos and his accomplished lady. The time spent in their company was fully appreciated.

A Deserving Friend.

Under the above caption the Jonesboro (Ark.) Times contains the following in regard to the payment of the claim of the late Bro. Stephen Smith, of Ætna Lodge No. 163:

"The many friends who mourned the untimely death of Stephen Smith, in the terrible accident that befell him while bravely standing at his 'post of duty' as engineer on the Texas & St. Louis Railway, near Birds Point, on the 7th of March last, which is still fresh in their memories, will be correspondingly pleased to learn of the receipt of a check during the week for one thousand dollars, in favor of his wife, from Ætna Lodge No. 163 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of this town.

The death of Mr. Smith is the only one that has occurred among the members of this Lodge since its organization, and while it may be hoped that it will be the last and only one to occur soon in the terrible manner in which it did, who can tell "what a day will bring forth" and who the next to share a similar fate! Little do people who ride upon railways think of the many dangers surrounding railway employes, more particularly engineers and firemen, and we cannot praise too highly the worthy objects of an association for the protection of themselves and their families. Mr. Smith was one of the twelve charter members of Ætna Lodge, and assisted in its organization, June 3d, 1883, and from that time till his death was a consistent and

worthy member. The Lodge now has thirty-two regular members and is doing much good work in the promotion of a brotherly association among the employees of the road, besides providing an insurance for their families should any of them be so unfortunate as to meet with accident. The present officers of the lodge are: S. W. Kenward, Master; E. K. Parks, Secretary, and P. B. Scanlan, Treasurer."

There is a Reaper.

We keenly regret to chronicle the death of Miss Clemmie Burrus, sister of Bro. H. H. Burrus, of Rose City Lodge. Miss Burrus was held in the highest esteem by all who knew her.

A sympathizing friend paid the deceased the following tender tribute, which we copy from the Little Rock Gazette:

"Sunday afternoon Miss Clemmie Burrus, eldest daughter of Mr. H. C. and Mrs. S. A. Burrus, was gathered by the eternal reaper, and passed quietly to her last sleep, surrounded by her sorrowing family. She was a lovely girl, bright in intellect, amiable and affectionate in character, and was beloved by all with whom she came in contact. Since her graduation from the public schools a year or two since, her health had gradually failed, and she faded into eternity as the summer came on. The bright promise of her life is closed in the cemetery, but daisies and hearts-ease will grow therefrom and suggest the immortality to which she is heir. Kind friends had sent many floral offerings, and the pall bearers were young friends of the deceased—Misses Mamie Brashear, Annie Fisher, Hattie Holtzman, Mattie Erb, Lottie Tindall and Lizzie Farquhar. She was buried in Mount Holly cemetery. The sympathy of many friends is extended to the family in their sad loss."

A Patent Seat.

The seats to which we have before called attention in these columns as a late invention of William Weiler are giving satisfaction wherever introduced, as they are designed to prevent the injurious effects of the continual jar in running locomotives, from which so many engineers and firemen are suffering. They are suspended by a superior quality of steel springs which readily yield to one hundred pounds weight, but will sustain three hundred pounds or more. The seats are all furnished with adjustable and reversible backs; can also be furnished with extra head and foot rests for use in cabooses and cars,

and will be found to give perfect relief from all jars or concussions.

They can be furnished for from \$5.00 to \$7.00 each, according to style, finish or attachments, and will be found an invaluable aid to comfort and health.

For seats or further information apply to

WILLIAM WEILER,
Box 25, Port Morris, N. J.

We are glad to see that a Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has been organized at Fort William. The institution being a purely benevolent one is becoming very popular with firemen all through the United States and Canada. A very successful Lodge of the same Order has been in operation in Winnepeg for the past two years.—*Port Arthur Sentinel*.

VICTOR HUGO'S CREED.

My soul drinks in its future life,
Like some green forest thrice cut down,
Whose shoots defy the axmen's strife,
And skyward spread a greener crown.

While sunshine glids my aged head
And bounteous Earth supplies my food,
The lamps of God their soft light shed
And distant worlds are understood.

Say not my soul is but a clod,
Resultant of my body's powers;
She plumes her wings to fly to God,
And will not rest outside his bowers.

The Winter's snows are on my brow,
But Summer suns more brightly glow,
And violets, lilacs, roses now,
Seem sweeter than long years ago.

As I approach my earthly end,
Much plainer can I hear afar,
Immortal symphonies which blend,
To welcome me from star to star.

Though marvelous, it still is plain;
A fairy tale, yet history;
Losing Earth, a Heaven we gain;
With death win immortality.

For fifty years my willing pen,
In history, drama and romance,
With satires, sonnets, or with men,
Has flown, or danced its busy dance.

All themes I tried; and yet I know,
Ten thousand times as much unsaid
Remains in me! It must be so,
Though ages should not find me dead.

When unto dust we turn once more,
We can say, "One day's work is done."
We may not say, "Our work is o'er,"
For life will scarcely have begun.

The tomb is not an endless night,
It is a thoroughfare—a way
That closes in a soft twilight,
And opens in eternal day.

Moved by the Love of God, I find
That I must work as did Voltaire,
Who loved the world and all mankind;
But God is Love! Let none despair!

Our work on earth is just begun;
Our monuments will later rise;
To bathe their summits in the sun,
And shine in God's eternal skies!

Correspondence

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

DENVER, COL., August 11, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

"Oh, had some power, the gift to give us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

No. 77 bows in humble contrition for the heinous offence of advancing the welfare of the Order. Her companions in this crime—nearly all the Western and some of the Eastern Lodges, the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, Vice Grand Master, Superintendents, Master Mechanics, Conductors and Engineers, and all others who participated in person or by letter at the union meeting in Denver last May—should hasten at once to ask forgiveness from the "Union Secretary of the Chicago Lodges," the embodiment of originality, the scholar, the deep and profound thinker, the soul of wit, and the leading light of the Brotherhood; in short, a lightning calculator. This remarkable genius fills a long felt want, i. e., an oracle, to be consulted on *all* matters pertaining to the welfare (?) of the institution, particularly as to where union meetings should be held, if any, outside of Chicago. Of course, all those in Chicago will be under the watchful eye of the "Union Secretary of the Chicago Lodges."

For centuries past the never ceasing prayer of the entire Order, including Chicago, was that a light might arise amongst us to tell us what things we shall leave "in the hands of the coming Convention," what the delegates shall do there, what they shall say, and what they shall think. After this untiring prayer for so many years, lo! a luminous orb appears, and, turning to look, we behold the star of the Stock-Yards shining upon us and shed-

ding its rays over all the land. If there is any member who wishes to see the "true inwardness" of any great question, too deep for his pigmy mind to fathom, we would quietly advise him to procure a traveling card—a kind of free-for-all passport, to be had for the asking—repair to Chicago, and look through the magic spectacles of the "Union Secretary of the Chicago Lodges." He will then be able to read the proceedings of any union meeting, but particularly the proceedings of the one held at Denver.

To illustrate the consistency of the teaching produced by the use of those spectacles, we will take the liberty of quoting a few lines from the infallible pen of the aforesaid Secretary in the August Magazine. He says: "Why were not some of these matters submitted to the body (the Denver Convention) that alone has the authority to legislate such affairs?" Then on the next page, in the same letter, he says: "Do not leave this matter in the hands of the coming Convention." This "requires no comment" to secure the endorsement "of our members, who assert any feeling of independence as men." The consistency of such advice is easily understood, and it is to such a teacher, and to the bright and original ideas he has advanced at the union meetings in Chicago and at all the Conventions since the Denver Convention, that our Brotherhood is indebted for being in the front rank of labor organizations.

Let us all join hands around this misty intellect and bow in humble adoration to his mightiness, if for nothing more than to bring to our recollection the fond memories of our childhood when our boyish spirits were so highly elated watching the antics and listening to the small-talk of Punch and Judy. This is the noblest Punch of them all.

We have heard it said that no man should deny to another that right or privilege which he claims for himself. We would like to add to this, "and be it hereafter understood that the 'Union Secretary of the Chicago Lodges' is exempt from any such nonsense;" and, furthermore, we declare that he, the above Secretary, is fully capable of being the "independent proprietor of a peanut stand on the streets of his city, breathing the air of—of—yes, of freedom." We were going to say Chicago, but everybody knows that freedom and Chicago are one and the same thing.

We earnestly request that all members, especially delegates-elect, who desire a clear and comprehensive knowledge of our insurance, the proposed "Home," how to dictate to Conventions, how to ignore or tolerate them, shall address,

"John J. Delaney, Union Secretary of the Chicago Lodges." Never call a union meeting without obtaining his permission.

WESTERN MEMBER.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., August 4, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Being a constant reader of the Magazine and not seeing anything from Lodge No. 212, I did not know but that you might think her valves had become corroded and her machinery ceased to work. Such is not the case, however; she is booming along finely, with McCarthy at the lever, assisted by an able corps of brothers, who have the good of the Order at heart. As a new Lodge we have met with our share of disadvantages; however, stout hearts, willing hands and open pockets have done much towards keeping the ball rolling. Our heartfelt thanks are extended to Bros. Gorman and Forsythe, of Frontier City Lodge No. 92, also to Bro. Ripson, of Pine City Lodge No. 81, for their kindness in assisting the Empire to organize. May she always prove to be a bright and shining star in the B. of L. F., is the wish of

WILD CAT.

A TRIBUTE.

For Firemen's Magazine.

[To Henry D. Buhner, late engineer of No. 23 on O. & M. Line, who died March 17, 1884, loved and lamented by all who knew him.]

The trains pass daily on their run,
From dawn of to-day till set of sun;
And as they come, each one in place,
We miss one dear, familiar face.

For with the engine 23,
A stranger's face we now there see;
The one who loved his engine so,
No more of care or pain shall know.

Beloved by all, without one foe,
Kind words and smiles did he bestow;
But now his earthly race is run,
And a brighter dawn has just begun.

We could not from death's clutches save
This loved one from his cold, damp grave;
Though we may weep, 'tis all in vain;
Tears cannot bring him back again.

Take courage, wife, 'tis hard to part,
But God can soothe your aching heart;
He doeth all things for the best,
He knew your loved one needed rest.

And He who hears the widow's prayer,
Will for you and your orphans care.
His mother, too, what words can tell,
Her grief for him she loved so well.

Brothers and sisters there's a land
Where all may meet a happy band;
And there again we hope to see
The engineer of the 23.

Then let us daily strive to be,
As well prepared to die as he;
That when the call for us shall come,
We'll meet in Henry's happy home.

MRS. HENRY B. JONES.

WASHINGTON, IND.

COMO, COL., August 3, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Tim Fagan's conundrum in the August Magazine is entirely beyond the range of probability and outside the bounds of reasonable arguments. He is begging the question and endeavoring to corner me by suggesting the possibility of a crime unknown in the history of our noble Brotherhood. We have enough actual cases to deal with and call forth our best wits to adjudicate without supposing such an extreme case, which shocks the moral sensibilities and merits the unbridled condemnation of all honest men.

John J. Delaney's criticism of the Union meeting held in Denver May 15 is, to say the least, unbrotherly and unworthy a man possessing the mental endowments of Bro. Delaney. He not only criticises the proceedings, which, as a brother, he had an undisputed right to do, but he also arrogates to himself the right to judge the consciences of the members participating in the meeting; this latter is a right no mortal can claim over another, as every individual life, soul and conscience is sacred to itself, within that circle sacred to the private soul none others may tread, and yet Bro. Delaney has invaded this sacred circle by questioning the motives of men he is obligated to respect as brothers. The proceedings of the meeting were open to criticism; the method of conducting the meeting and the materials of which it was composed were also open to criticism, but the motives of the brothers participating in said meeting are not the property of Bro. Delaney or anybody else, and he has no right to assume that they were resorting to extreme measures to achieve a cheap notoriety or to draw attention to their indefatigable zeal in watching over the welfare of the institution at large. There is a good deal of truth in what Bro. Delaney has said regarding the traveling card and the Home, but there is such an undercurrent of malice and prejudice pervading the whole communication that an unbiased mind is tempted to throw it all overboard with a feeling of disappointment. For instance, in speaking of the Home, he says: "A Superintendent would be a necessity, the position would be given some one prominent in affairs of the Brotherhood, whose past services would entitle him to a reasonable compensation in this sinecure, say about \$2,500." This sentence can be construed in no other light than as an insidious thrust at one of our Grand Officers, and a covert insinuation that those prominent in advocating the establishment of the Home are actuated by selfish motives. When a man resorts to such base means as this to carry a point he

forfeits respect and merits condemnation. We are none of us but mortal and all liable to err, but in the name of charity why not act and speak brotherly? If it is necessary to criticise or point out the errors of a brother or section of the Brotherhood, why not do so in a brotherly spirit?

With charity for all and malice toward none, I remain yours in B., S. and I.,

THOS. P. O'ROURKE.

DURANGO, COL., August 11, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Thinking that the name of Pioneer Lodge No. 108 is becoming too much of a stranger to our Magazine, I will try and renew her acquaintance by writing a few lines. For nearly two years after the organization of our Lodge we were blessed with peace and prosperity. It is often said, and truly so, that we have in Colorado and along the line of Rocky Mountains the most salubrious and healthful climate in the world. Though, with all this, we are most sensibly brought to realize that death is neither limited to place nor people, for it differs not how healthy the climate or lovely the country, there is a disease known ever since the laying of the first rail or the moulding of the first car wheel—a disease that has no season but from January to January, and from which its victims never escape. It is this disease that has caused the members of Pioneer Lodge No. 108 to mourn the loss of three of our most estimable and worthy members and our Charter to wear that sad look which only black can imprint. But little more than a month apart they departed, loved and respected by all who knew them, men of honor and intellect, men of integrity, men with records and reputations, men with hearts of flesh that could feel the touch of pain, but nerves of steel that in the trying moments never flinched. No more shall we see them hauling their trains of precious lives. Bro. Arthur T. Bratt, the first to go, was killed in a snow slide while trying to back his train from the path of the destroying avalanche, and so far succeeded that not a passenger was injured, he himself only being caught, true to the last moment. Scarcely a month more passes by until Bro. J. C. McCabe, with his engine, is plunged into a wash-out. His last words were: "Jump, boys, we are gone." Next, on July 1, Bro. Mike Heatherman met his death by his engine turning over on him, through the carelessness of section men. They are gone—let us cherish their memories and live as true to our trust as they did to theirs.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Aug. 10, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I have been waiting since our Lodge was organized to see something in the Magazine from this point, but as no one has yet broken the silence I have concluded to do so myself, and say a few words for Mahoning Lodge, No. 199, and its members.

The Lodge is in excellent condition and promises to meet with continued prosperity and success. We are not increasing in members very rapidly, but those we have are of the right kind. The boys all take a lively interest in our Lodge, as is evinced by the large attendance we have at our meetings. Our worthy Secretary, Bro. J. F. Crowe, is on the rounds between Youngstown and Cleveland, with headquarters at the latter place, so we do not have the pleasure of seeing him at our meetings. At our late election Bro. Mowbry was elected Master; Bro. Maloney, Vice Master; Bro. Heinzelman, Financier, and Bro. Batelle, Past Master. The rest of the offices are filled with first-class men.

The "Home" enterprise, for disabled enginemen does not meet with much encouragement here. The members generally take the view that the scheme is impracticable.

I regret to see so many expulsions for non-payment of dues. There is not one of those men but that spends twice as much as would keep up his standing, for foolish purposes. Brothers, keep up your dues and thus keep up your honor and manhood. You cannot afford to be black-listed by the Brotherhood. Bro. Heinzelman is our delegate and will make an excellent representative.

With my best wishes for the success of the Brotherhood, I remain

Yours fraternally.

J. B. MAWBRY.

PERRY, IOWA, July 17, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Pilot Lodge No. 124 is progressing finely. Our members are all earnest workers, although many of them are so situated that they cannot participate in our meetings. Our Master, E. G. Fox, and Bros. Minton Joslyn, McGuire and Miller are on the Ottumwa branch. Bro. McNamara is day hostler here, and Bro. Draper sits supreme on the 432. Bro. Burnie is said to be on a wild goose chase, and Bro. Johnston, after a long pilgrimage, is with us again, and is firing the 222. Our financier, Bro. Gregg, is away on a leave of absence. I am sorry to say that Bro. Eckman, of 27, is on the sick list, but we hope he may soon be able to take the 638 again. PILOT.

WASECA, MINN., August 11, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Fort Ridgely Lodge No. 65 is still keeping up with the foremost with about 70 members on the rolls in good standing. The annual election of our Lodge officers came to pass about two weeks ago, and quite a number were in attendance. The matter in reference to the Home for disabled friends does not seem to meet with the approval of the majority of the members. Some of the boys, (so it is whispered), are intending to enter the bonds of matrimony 'ere long.

The August assessment is an unusually long list of deaths and disabilities, and should serve as a mark to all brothers that we should keep our dues paid and be in good standing always, as who knows but that he may be on the list the next time it comes.

Mr. H. E., of Bloomington, Ill., gives his views on the traveling cards in a straightforward manner. If we wish to be called Brotherhood men, we must be as brothers. More anon.

B. W.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., August 8, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Business calling me to Ft. Wayne, Ind., and while there I visited A. G. Porter Lodge No 141 and was cordially received by the members of the above Lodge. It has never been my good fortune to meet with a better or more large-hearted class of men than I did on that occasion. I am glad to see the order of B. of L. F. prospering throughout the country as I find it during my travels.

CHAS. L. KEPLER.

THE Firemen's Magazine, published at Terre Haute, Ind., is at hand. It is the official organ of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; and we are glad to say reflects great credit on the Order and upon its editors. No fireman, whether a member of the Order or not, should be without it. It is a sixty-four page magazine handsomely bound, and the price is reasonable at \$1.00 per year, postage free. — *Western Railroader.*

Speaking of the education of engineers, the Enquirer says: "We venture to think that too much is taught or rather crammed into the youth of the present day, and that it is taught not in the best way to develop those faculties which can alone entitle a man to be regarded as really competent and intelligent in the highest sense of the word."



J. C. BRANHAM, of 112, boasts of a fine little girl at his house—weight, 8½ pounds. ■

WM. McCARTY, of 52, is supremely happy since a little daughter has come to him.

G. E. WHITE, of 170, meets with universal sympathy at the sad death of his mother.

J. M. McMILLAN, of 156, has been promoted after several years of faithful service on the left side.

CHRIS. MATTES and O. H. Ellison, of 170, are jubilant over the late additions to their households.

As a Magazine agent, Walter Henthorne, of No. 59, is a real "rustler." Oh, for a hundred like him!

WE have been made the recipient of an excellent photograph of Bro. John Mills, of 68, for which we return thanks.

A FINE ten pound girl lately arrived at the home of Bro. William McClure, of No. 101. Mother and little one doing nicely.

R. H. BOWN, of Avon No. 38, is busy seeking a place whereon he may pitch his tent as soon as the twain shall be made one.

H. WRIGHT, a solid member of 153, says he has got something at home he wouldn't take a farm for—it is a bran new bright-eyed boy.

OUR members will be pleased to learn that large-hearted Lou Tipton is once more in active service in the ranks of the Brotherhood.

BRO. WISHARD, of 133, is the happy father of a 12 pound boy. He arrived on the night train, and is the first addition to the family.

MARTIN CUDDY and Geo. Irvin have gone into partnership at St. Cloud, Minn., for the purpose of starting a boom for the Brotherhood.

WM. H. ARCHIBALD, of Eclipse Lodge has suffered the loss of his mother. He has the sincere sympathy of all in his sad bereavement.

FRANK N. MILLER has deserted single blessedness and taken unto himself a wife. Frank and his bride have the best wishes of all 38's members.

WE congratulate Bro. McMillan, Financier of 156, upon his marriage to Miss M. H. Wardlaw, a very estimable young lady of Palestine, Texas.

J. A. McHUGH, Wm. Holley, Ed. Neff, Lawrence Lannahan and James Scanlan, of 103, have joined the benedicts. We wish them prosperity and joy.

JOHN HANNAHAN, of Chicago, smiles all over since his household has been blessed with a sweet little girl. May John's happy family never grow less.

THE latest news items from Palestine, Texas, informs us of the promotion of Tom Motter and the marriage of John Johnson, of 156. Success to both of them.

THE young son that came to Bro. Geo. Wilkes, of "Old Hundred," is doing well. George says he already wears the "B" and promises to be a shining light.

MR. A. F. PRIEST, foreman of the Canadian Pacific Engine House at Fort William, Ont., is an earnest supporter of the principles of our Brotherhood.

INSTRUCTOR STEVENS returns thanks to the members of Northern Light No. 127 and their families for the courteous manner in which he was received by them.

THE expulsion of P. K. Sullivan, of No. 61, as reported in the July Magazine, occurred through a misunderstanding. Bro. Sullivan is a member in good standing.

J. F. MATTHEWS, J. F. Mortimer and J. C. Hogg are the leaders at Denison, Texas. They keep No. 8 in excellent condition, and we have a full appreciation of their work.

BILLY BROWN, better known as "Pap," of Avon No. 38, says he can step over to the right side with confidence since that little interview with Mr. B. Good luck to Bro. "Pap."

HARRY WALTON is engaged in writing a story entitled "Philadelphia in 1884, or the Lunch Friends of the Delaware." Frank Dupell renders him valuable assistance in his work.

OUR Organizer reports that the members of Northern Light Lodge No. 127 have lost none of the vim which, for nearly two years, has made them leaders among the tried and true.

THE boys at Youngstown, O., express the opinion that James Dockins, of No. 49, is attracted to that locality by a handsome young lady. Bro. D.'s statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE matrimonial fever has reached Buffalo, and carried away Bro. James Reldy, of No. 12, who was married to Miss Tillie McConicle, July 2d. The Buffalo boys extend their best wishes.

WALTER M. NICOL is one of the leading spirits at Corsicana, Texas, the new Lodge at that place being the result of his labor. He is earnest and energetic, and will make his mark in the Brotherhood.

THE members of Buffalo Lodge No. 12 are spoken of in the highest terms of praise by our Grand Instructor. Bros. I. H. Crossman and A. L. Jacobs are specially commended for their able management of affairs.

MARRIED, on the 26th of June: Bro. Chas. P. Bailey, of Adair Lodge No. 100, to Miss Retta Hamby, one of Bowling Green, Ky's accomplished daughters. The members of Adair No. 100 offer their cordial congratulations.

H. C. COOPER, one of the old time toilers of 61, now an engineer on the Canadian Pacific, is on a trip to his old home in St. Thomas, and the boys at Fort William are anxiously awaiting his return with that box of Royal Havanas.

GEORGE YAPP says there is nothing like having a home of his own, and would advise all brothers of 38 in doubt upon this point to go and do likewise.

JAMES R. JOHNSON, of 133, has a new way of crossing the Gunnison river. The boys at Salida say that hereafter he will take the roundabout way.

EAU CLAIRE No. 68 is one of the most enterprising Lodges in our Order. They have erected a building at a cost of more than one thousand dollars, which yields them an annual rental of three hundred dollars. The Divisions of Conductors, Engineers and Brakemen rent from them.

JOHN SAVAGE, a charter member of Boston Lodge No. 57, is the proud owner of a solid gold medal, presented to him by the Massachusetts Humane Society for his heroism, in saving a passenger train full of passengers from destruction, on the Eastern Railroad at Beverly, Mass., last summer.

JOHN PARTINGTON, one of the pioneer engineers of the Canadian Pacific, says that the climate of Manitoba is too warm for him. He is therefore watching with interest the proposed line to the Arctic circle. "Old Jack" is a good one—he can talk to the boys about railroading of long ago, having commenced his career on the London & Northwestern Railway in 1849.

THE *Mason City Express* contains the following amusing item in regard to the "young hopeful" of Bro. Tucker, of No. 2: "The eighteen months old son of A. H. Tucker created quite a panic in his neighborhood by running 'wild' to the C. M. & St. P. yard Monday forenoon, to assist his father in handling the 600. He has been in the 'sweat box' ever since for leaving without orders, or a clearance."

Charles R. Whitney, of Great Southern Lodge No. 200, was killed on July 28 by his engine overturning. His body was terribly mangled and burned beyond recognition. He leaves an aged mother, a crippled father, a younger brother and a host of friends to mourn his loss. Bro. Whitney, though only a short time a member of the Order, had manifested the qualities of a true Brotherhood man. Though he had not reached his manhood, he had been the chief support of his family for several years.

NASHVILLE, TENN., July 25, 1894.

To the Readers of the Magazine:

Stop, read and aid in bringing to a grieving mother and father their son, and to sisters and brothers their brother, by name George R. Tindall, whom we have not seen for several years and not heard from in seven months. We are all greatly crushed with grief by the loss of our only single sister, loved not only by her family but by her friends as well; her name was Mary Ann Tindall. We hope to find some clue as to his whereabouts by putting this notice in the Magazine, as he worked on the railroad. The last time we heard of him he was in Peoria, Ill. Previous to this he was switching in the Chicago and Alton yards at Chicago. If one who reads this knows where he is, their kindness in letting him know of his loss and letting the family know where he is, will be greatly appreciated. You can let us know by writing to M. D. Tindall, Master of Lodge No. 159, Directions, 142 N. Market street, Nashville, Tenn.

Firemen's Department.

A PRESENTATION.

A short time ago at a meeting of Mineral King Lodge No. 129, immediately after the installation of officers, Bro. Geo. R. Tedford took the chair, and calling on Bro. James Hooper presented him on behalf of the Lodge with a beautiful solid gold ring, bearing the initials, "B. L. F." In doing so, Bro. Tedford said:

"Bro. Hooper, on behalf of Mineral King Lodge No. 129, I take great pleasure in presenting you with this small token of the esteem in which you are held by this Lodge. Your services are too many and too well known to all of us, to require any mention from me. It will, however, be a satisfaction to you to know that although they can never be repaid, still the members of No. 129 recognize them and shall ever feel grateful for the untiring zeal with which you have discharged the arduous duties of Master of this Lodge. Bro. Hooper, let me assure you on behalf of the brothers, that this little token of esteem comes from the hearts as well as from the purses of Mineral King's members, and we hope you may wear it for many years to come."

Bro. Hooper was quite taken by surprise, having had no previous intimation of the affair, but in his quiet and modest way he replied in a very suitable speech, expressing the great pleasure he felt in receiving such a token of regard and esteem of the Lodge, and assuring them that the interest he took in the Order, and especially in his own Lodge, would never diminish. And thus ended one of those meetings which every member enjoys and appreciates, and never forgets. G. R. T.

AMUSEMENTS.

GALESBURG, ILL.

On Saturday evening Progress Lodge No. 105, B. of L. F., gave a public installation and social, which was very generally attended by the members and their friends. The firemen are a fine, sturdy looking lot of fellows, full of life and brimming over with good humor. Ralph Lacy, Master, called the assembly to order, stating that the friends had gathered together for the purpose of making one of their number a gift. A committee composed of B. F. Cool, J. F. Patterson and G. A. Heath then retired to the ante-room and soon returned with an elegant marble-top center-table and a beautiful and costly hanging lamp, which had secretly been stowed away. Then the Master called for Mr. and Mrs. Herron, and said that to show the appreciation of the Lodge for their labors in its behalf and as a manifestation of esteem, he should make them the recipients of the presents named. In reply Mr. and Mrs. Herron expressed themselves as touched by such a tribute of respect and esteem. No one doubted the complete surprise to Mr. H., having noted the deep astonishment written upon every feature.

Mr. Creen was called on to make a speech. He stated that for the first time in the history of the Lodge they were gathered in social convalesce. The design especially was to bring the wives of members into relations of personal regard and friendship. Mr. Creen ended by calling upon Mr. Dougherty, who made a few stirring remarks, after which followed short speeches from other members of the Lodge. Then came the interesting ceremony of the installation of officers previously elected as follows: W. M., R. A. Lacy; V. M., J. C. Her-

ron; Secretary, Arthur Sumner; Financier, M. E. Stout; Assistant Financier, J. L. Weeks. The installation was conducted by M. P. M. Thos. Creen. In opening, Mr. Creen noted the progress and condition of the Lodge. After the installation came refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake, etc., which proved delicious. The entertainment certainly was a success in every particular. At a reasonable hour the company retired to their homes well pleased with the evening's enjoyment. It is hoped that the boys will keep up these socials. ONE PRESENT.

ANDREWS, IND.

The Andrews Express gives the following flattering report of a lawn social lately given by Robert Andrews Lodge No. 165:

"The attendance at the lawn festival given by Robert Andrews Division No. 165, B. of L. F., Tuesday evening, was immense. The grounds adjoining the residence of Firemen Pettigill were lit up with torches and locomotive headlights, and from three to five hundred persons were probably present. Nineteen gallons of ice cream were disposed of, and the supply was not equal to the demand. In addition berries and lemonade were served, and the total receipts were about \$60. A lamp, umbrella, china fruit plate and box of cigars were voted to the most popular fireman, the homeliest engineer, the handsomest young lady, and the handsomest citizen respectively. The successful contestants were A. J. Boughton, fireman; James Saur, engineer; Miss Anna Bell and D. L. Haller.

The firemen are well pleased with the great success achieved, and desire the following announcement in the Express:

HALL OF ROBERT ANDREWS LODGE, }
No. 165, B. of L. F., }

ANDREWS, IND., July 16, 1884. }

The undersigned committee on behalf of this Lodge desire to cordially return our thanks to the citizens of Andrews and the Friendly Hand Division, O. R. C., for the generous patronage bestowed upon Robert Andrews Lodge, on the occasion of its festival, Tuesday evening. Such kindness will not be forgotten.

M. E. DAVIS, }
A. J. BOUGHTON, } Committee.
A. SCHWARTZ, }

LETTERS OF THANKS.

BIRD'S POINT, MO., July 22, 1884.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIR: I wish to thank the B. of L. F. for the prompt payment of the insurance on the life of my husband, Stephen Smith, who lost his life in a railroad accident March 8, 1884.

ISABELLA SMITH.

COLUMBIA, VA., July 11, 1884.

To the Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: Please accept many thanks for the prompt remittance sent me. You will ever be gratefully remembered for your many kindnesses to the wife and daughter of one who was always devoted to his calling.

MRS. S. A. ZOOK.

GALESBURG, ILL., August 7, 1884.

To the Members of Progress Lodge No. 105, B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIR: We desire to thank you, each and all, for the elegant presents of a very handsome hanging lamp and marble-topped table received from you. As your Lodge is composed of good and noble-hearted men, they can feel assured of having our best wishes and sincere prayers for their success and prosperity.

MR. AND MRS. J. C. HERRON

MAPLE GREEN, July 28, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I have this day received from William Carmichael, Financier of Colonial Lodge No. 119, a draft for the sum of \$1,000 due me on the policy held by my deceased son, Alexander Robinson. Allow me to tender you my most sincere thanks; also to Lodge No. 119 for their many acts of kindness to my son during his sickness. Permit me to express the hope that prosperity may attend the Brotherhood, and may it long continue a blessing to the members and their families. Yours sincerely,

MARY ROBINSON.

• FREEPORT, ILL., July 16, 1884.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIR: The Magazine for this month contains resolutions passed by Union Lodge No. 138, of Freeport, on the death of William H. Fiscus. If not trespassing too much on your space, I would respectfully tender my sincere thanks to the Lodge and others for their kindness in my late sad bereavement. The Firemen's Magazine will ever be a welcome visitor to our home, as we shall continue to feel an interest in it and in the welfare of those who are engaged in the dangerous work of firing locomotives.

MRS. WILLIAM H. FISCUS.

SALIDA, COL., July 28, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of Mt. Ouray Lodge No. 140:

DEAR SIR: I received to-day a draft for \$1,000 (the amount due me on my disability claim) from Bro. W. D. Yates. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the same. I also wish to return my thanks for your kindness to me during my long confinement to the hospital. To Bro. R. Griffith I desire to return especial thanks for favors during that trying time. My advice to you is to give the Order your hearty support while you are in health, and then in your sickness it will not forget you. I am now only an honorary member, but while I live my influence shall be given to our noble Order. May the blessings of heaven be showered upon each and every member, is the wish of,

L. S. FRaine.

RESOLUTIONS.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.

At a regular meeting of Protection Lodge No. 2, Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, held at the Firemen's hall, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the members of Protection Lodge No. 2, B. of R. R. B., were the recipients of a hall for our use as a Lodge room, tendered to us by Excelsior Lodge No. 11, B. of L. F., for three months free of charge, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Lodge tender to Excelsior Lodge No. 11, B. of L. F., its sincere thanks for their kindness to us and the interest they manifest in behalf of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen.

Resolved, That the members of Protection Lodge No. 2, B. of R. R. B., shall so conduct themselves that they shall ever retain the confidence of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and that we may never give them cause to regret that they once befriended us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the minutes of the meeting of the Lodge, and a copy be sent to Excelsior Lodge No. 11, B. of L. F., also a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

ALL MEMBERS
OF
THE LODGE } Committee.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

At a regular meeting of Falls City Lodge No. 103, the members presented the Financier, Bro. McGuire, with a fine Secretary and book case, accompanied by the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, the members of Falls City Lodge No. 103 fully recognize and highly appreciate the long, faithful and highly commendable service of our esteemed and worthy brother, Thos. M. McGuire, as Financier of this Lodge.

Resolved, That we hereby present Bro. McGuire with this token, not only as a mark of our esteem and friendship, but that it shall be considered and is a slight recompense for the valuable service rendered, which we feel it our duty to offer as remuneration for, and in payment of, such services.

Resolved, That this Lodge do hereby tender Bro. McGuire our sincere and heartfelt thanks for the honest, honorable and highly satisfactory manner in which he has conducted the financial affairs of this Lodge.

Resolved, That we do hereby unite in assuring him of our entire confidence and feeling of security in his honesty and ability, not only in the past but in the future, and sincerely hope that we may always merit as much respect as we feel for him.

S. WM. PETTIBONE, }
WM. E. RAPSON, } Committee.
FRANK SMITH, }

CHAMA, NEW MEXICO.

At a special meeting of Pioneer Lodge No. 108, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with heartfelt sorrow that we announce the death of Bro. M. Heatherman, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Divine Providence, we deeply deplore the loss of Bro. Heatherman.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Heatherman, Pioneer Lodge No. 108 has lost one of her most faithful members, and that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved mother and relatives.

Resolved, That our thanks be tendered to Mrs. H. H. Good, Mrs. G. W. Lewis, Mr. C. Lee and Mr. Wm. Odell, who so kindly came to the relief of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved mother and also to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

WM. DAVIS, }
S. J. JACKS, } Committee.
H. S. SMITH, }

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge No. 16, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst by the hand of death our beloved brother, Thomas Grace, therefore be it

Resolved, That Vigo Lodge No. 16 extends to his bereaved wife and relatives in their sad hour of affliction their heartfelt sympathy for the loss of one so near and dear to them.

Resolved, That while we submit to the will of Divine Providence, we deeply deplore the loss of one who endeared himself to our members by the noble and generous traits of his character and gained for himself the esteem and respect of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to our late brother, our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and a copy of

these resolutions be sent to our deceased brother's wife, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN F. O'REILLY, }
MCE. B. GLENN, } Committee.
O. E. FOX, }

ELKHART, IND.

WHEREAS, At a union meeting held at Denver, Col., May 15, the following resolution was adopted, viz.: "Resolved. That the delegates to the coming Convention at Toronto be instructed to pass an order to refuse a card in case of the brother applying for it leaving work out of malice or from some trivial reason, and that Lodges also be instructed to expel any member leaving his situation to remove from place to place because companies are not satisfied with every little point of his work."

WHEREAS, We, the members of Prospect Lodge No. 162, while admitting that the use of traveling cards has, in a few instances, been abused, do claim that the resolution quoted above was uncalled for, and, if adopted at the annual Convention, would not prove to be conducive to the best interests of the Brotherhood; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as a Lodge, do hereby express our disapproval of the passage of the said resolution, and that our delegate to the annual Convention be and is hereby instructed to vote and work against the adoption of the aforesaid resolution, or others of like character, by the convention.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

M. MCQUEEN, }
GEO. B. WARNER, } Committee.
P. A. HAMILTON, }

MERIDIAN, MISS.

At a meeting of Great Southern Lodge No. 200, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Father, the ruler of the universe, to remove from our midst by accident, in the fullness of strength and in the prime of life, our worthy brother, Charles R. Whitney, on the evening of July 28, by the turning over of his engine;

WHEREAS, We have lost in Brother Charles R. Whitney a good supporter of our principles and a warm friend, we recognize in this untimely accident that the life of a fireman is one of constant peril, still we endeavor at all times to submit to the rulings of our Creator; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother C. R. Whitney, the Brotherhood has lost a true member, his associates a warm friend, the company a reliable employe, and his family a devoted son and brother.

Resolved, That to the family and relatives of the deceased brother, we extend our most heartfelt sympathy in this their great affliction.

Resolved, That as a mark and token of brotherly love for him as a member, we wear the badge of mourning and our Charter be draped for the period of thirty (30) days, and that these resolutions be entered on the records of the Lodge, and a copy, with the seal of the Lodge attached, be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother and the same be printed in our Magazine.

JAS. F. HUTCHISSON, }
HARRY J. STANTON, } Committee.
JOHN W. LEARY, }

BLACK LIST.

R. M. GOODWIN.

R. M. Goodwin, late Financier of Capitol Lodge No. 46, has been expelled for absconding with the funds of the Lodge, and we are authorized to publish him as a bad character.

GRAND LODGE NOTICES.

CHARTER RECLAIMED.

The Charter of Three States Lodge No. 180, Cairo, Ill., was reclaimed by the Grand Lodge August 11, on account of non-payment.

TO DELEGATES.

General Circular No. 8, with full instructions in regard to transportation, hotel arrangements, etc., has been issued for your benefit and forwarded to your respective Lodges.

TO ALL OFFICERS.

Examine your Lodge address in this issue of the Magazine, and if it is not correct as regards officers' names and addresses or time of meeting, send us notice at once, so the necessary corrections can be made. This is important, as the safe delivery of your mail depends upon it.

TO SECRETARIES.

To avoid trouble, you should report all withdrawals, expulsions and reinstatements to the Grand Lodge promptly, INVARIABLY GIVING DATE THEREOF. These reports should be made immediately after each meeting, and if you are not present you should inform yourselves of the proceedings without delay and make report thereof as required above.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
4	Ed. F. Sawyer.*	72	C. Voorhees.*
5	Edgar F. Hazen.*	72	H. H. Earl.*
5	Jno. Ryan.*	76	G. W. Sebastian.‡
5	H. Oakes.*	76	Geo. D. Weaver.*
8	Valentine Saul.†	76	M. Laughlin.*
14	B. K. Foss.*	77	Frank Wright.†
16	J. W. Noyse.*	78	J. H. Nisenanger.†
20	Jos. Eustis.*	85	H. Smith.*
21	James Buck.*	83	Honard Morris.*
21	G. Ragland.*	98	Eugene Fisher.*
22	B. A. Holmes.*	100	Pat. Malan.*
25	R. S. Pike.†	106	W. McDonald.*
30	Frank Wood.*	112	G. Storts.*
38	James M. Smith.*	123	C. J. Fulmer.*
43	Giles Cook.*	123	C. Lebold.*
45	R. Bass.*	127	Jno. Andrews.*
45	C. Peterson.*	127	Jno. F. McNab.*
46	D. H. Week.*	133	James Barber.*
47	W. C. Ackerman.*	142	Jno. H. Behen.*
47	W. C. Smith.*	146	M. N. G. Coyle.†
50	Geo. M. Chatfield.*	177	D. McPhail.*
56	Wm. Browning.*	179	Wm. Dameron.†
56	F. E. McCrea.*	181	G. W. Pinney.*
69	Archie Scott.*		

† Fraud.

‡ Defrauding Lodge.

* Non-payment of Dues.

a Contempt of Lodge.

e Immoral conduct.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lodge.	Names.	Lodge.	Names.
3	W. W. Taulman.	63	Nick Murphy.
3	Terrance Quinn.	63	Jno. Burroughs.
3	Edward Wilson.	75	Jos. Lewis.
3	Fred. Smith.	75	S. Glass.
61	Pat. K. Sullivan.	83	J. T. Trundy.
61	August Norsden.	89	L. Aligre.
61	Daniel Bornath.	111	B. Newkerk.
61	Orlando Chase.		

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., August 1, 1884.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a
statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the
month ending July 31, 1884:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Back Asses'ts	Asses'ts 43 and 44.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Asses'ts	Asses'ts 43 and 44.	Total.
1	\$6 00	\$33 00	\$39 00	66	\$13 00	\$49 00	\$62 00
2	6 00	9 00	15 00	67	9 00	58 00	67 00
3	4 00	107 00	111 00	68	7 00	54 00	61 00
4	5 00	35 00	40 00	69	7 00	34 00	41 00
5	8 00	34 00	42 00	70	35 00	38 00	73 00
6	14 00	10 00	24 00	71	2 00	53 00	55 00
7	15 00	15 00	30 00	72	6 00	62 00	68 00
8	2 00	59 00	61 00	73	40 00	40 00	80 00
9	8 00	31 00	39 00	74	8 00	41 00	49 00
10	13 00	48 00	61 00	75	22 00	112 00	134 00
11	99 00	99 00	198 00	76	78 00	78 00	156 00
12	11 00	118 00	129 00	77	20 00	87 00	107 00
13	7 00	7 00	14 00	78	2 00	81 00	83 00
14	7 00	7 00	14 00	79	8 00	30 00	38 00
15	7 00	7 00	14 00	80	8 00	30 00	38 00
16	14 00	116 00	130 00	81	58 00	58 00	116 00
17	5 00	15 00	20 00	82	20 00	20 00	40 00
18	4 00	37 00	41 00	83	1 00	65 00	66 00
19	5 00	32 00	37 00	84	90 00	90 00	180 00
20	5 00	32 00	37 00	85	16 00	22 00	38 00
21	30 00	12 00	42 00	86	3 00	57 00	60 00
22	12 00	20 00	32 00	87	7 00	27 00	34 00
23	4 00	37 00	41 00	88	2 00	89 00	91 00
24	2 00	2 00	4 00	89	42 00	42 00	84 00
25	21 00	14 00	35 00	90	7 00	7 00	14 00
26	3 00	60 00	63 00	91	5 00	19 00	24 00
27	94 00	94 00	188 00	92	22 00	22 00	44 00
28	7 00	65 00	72 00	93	46 00	46 00	92 00
29	45 00	45 00	90 00	94	1 00	70 00	71 00
30	3 00	23 00	26 00	95	31 00	62 00	93 00
31	13 00	51 00	64 00	96	7 00	40 00	47 00
32	3 00	30 00	33 00	97	2 00	33 00	35 00
33	7 00	7 00	14 00	98	2 00	32 00	34 00
34	7 00	7 00	14 00	99	12 00	55 00	67 00
35	7 00	28 00	35 00	100	28 00	28 00	56 00
36	6 00	53 00	59 00	101	53 00	53 00	106 00
37	53 00	53 00	106 00	102	104 00	104 00	208 00
38	2 00	75 00	77 00	103	11 00	47 00	58 00
39	6 00	69 00	75 00	104	1 00	12 00	13 00
40	6 00	69 00	75 00	105	53 00	53 00	106 00
41	11 00	11 00	22 00	106	26 00	26 00	52 00
42	2 00	27 00	29 00	107	10 00	32 00	42 00
43	42 00	42 00	84 00	108	19 00	42 00	61 00
44	23 00	52 00	75 00	109	24 00	24 00	48 00
45	9 00	30 00	39 00	110	9 00	36 00	45 00
46	120 00	120 00	240 00	111	10 00	39 00	49 00
47	3 00	48 00	51 00	112	27 00	27 00	54 00
48	12 00	22 00	34 00	113	21 00	21 00	42 00
49	98 00	98 00	196 00	114	37 00	37 00	74 00
50	56 00	56 00	112 00	115	44 00	44 00	88 00
51	1 00	85 00	86 00	116	17 00	17 00	34 00
52	16 00	25 00	41 00	117	23 00	23 00	46 00
53	22 00	48 00	70 00	118	44 00	44 00	88 00
54	33 00	33 00	66 00	119	25 00	25 00	50 00
55	10 00	15 00	25 00	120	40 00	40 00	80 00
56	17 00	175 00	192 00	121	5 00	40 00	45 00
57	3 00	19 00	22 00	122	55 00	55 00	110 00
58	6 00	65 00	71 00	123	2 00	20 00	22 00
59	39 00	91 00	130 00	124	28 00	28 00	56 00
60	17 00	18 00	35 00	125	123 00	123 00	246 00
61	3 00	55 00	58 00	126	46 00	46 00	92 00
62	3 00	55 00	58 00	127	48 00	48 00	96 00
63	3 00	55 00	58 00	128	48 00	48 00	96 00
64	3 00	55 00	58 00	129	48 00	48 00	96 00
65	3 00	55 00	58 00	130	48 00	48 00	96 00

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

(Continued.)

Lodge No.	Back Asses'ts	Asses'ts 43 and 44.	Total.	Lodge No.	Back Asses'ts	Asses'ts 43 and 44.	Total.
131	\$9 00	\$17 00	\$26 00	172	30 00	30 00	60 00
132	15 00	27 00	42 00	173	17 00	17 00	34 00
133	1 00	29 00	30 00	174	26 00	26 00	52 00
134	1 00	13 00	14 00	175	1 00	17 00	18 00
135	2 00	2 00	4 00	176	1 00	1 00	2 00
136	19 00	19 00	38 00	177	26 00	26 00	52 00
137	25 00	25 00	50 00	178	25 00	25 00	50 00
138	31 00	31 00	62 00	179	7 00	25 00	32 00
139	8 00	8 00	16 00	180	19 00	19 00	38 00
140	74 00	74 00	148 00	181	21 00	21 00	42 00
141	17 00	17 00	34 00	182	22 00	22 00	44 00
142	9 00	65 00	74 00	183	21 00	21 00	42 00
143	8 00	9 00	17 00	184	8 00	8 00	16 00
144	35 00	35 00	70 00	185	9 00	9 00	18 00
145	16 00	16 00	32 00	186	15 00	15 00	30 00
146	15 00	15 00	30 00	187	22 00	22 00	44 00
147	2 00	14 00	16 00	188	16 00	16 00	32 00
148	14 00	14 00	28 00	189	22 00	22 00	44 00
149	2 00	106 00	108 00	190	16 00	16 00	32 00
150	48 00	48 00	96 00	191	9 00	9 00	18 00
151	18 00	18 00	36 00	192	7 00	7 00	14 00
152	1 00	1 00	2 00	193	12 00	12 00	24 00
153	19 00	19 00	38 00	194	20 00	20 00	40 00
154	19 00	19 00	38 00	195	8 00	8 00	16 00
155	38 00	38 00	76 00	196	2 00	2 00	4 00
156	28 00	28 00	56 00	197	36 00	36 00	72 00
157	19 00	19 00	38 00	198	23 00	23 00	46 00
158	23 00	23 00	46 00	199	39 00	39 00	78 00
159	39 00	39 00	78 00	200	38 00	38 00	76 00
160	38 00	38 00	76 00	201	208 00	208 00	416 00
161	15 00	15 00	30 00	202	7 00	7 00	14 00
162	13 00	13 00	26 00	203	5 00	5 00	10 00
163	2 00	13 00	15 00	204	2 00	2 00	4 00
164	11 00	22 00	33 00	205	37 00	37 00	74 00
165	8 00	29 00	37 00	206	1 00	1 00	2 00
166	1 00	18 00	19 00	207	35 00	35 00	70 00
167	20 00	20 00	40 00	208	212 00	212 00	424 00
168	1 00	20 00	21 00	209	31 00	31 00	62 00
169	2 00	34 00	36 00	210	23 00	23 00	46 00
170	12 00	23 00	35 00	211	6 00	6 00	12 00
171	2 00	6 00	8 00	212	6 00	6 00	12 00

Balance on hand July 1 \$3,404 50

Received during month 7,224 00

Total \$10,628 50

By claims Nos. 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128,
129 and 130 8,000 00

Balance on hand Aug. 1 \$2,628 50

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CHAS. ZINKEY.

Chas. Zinkey, of Black Hills Lodge No. 66,
will please correspond with the Financier of
his Lodge and avoid trouble.

CARL ANDERSON

Carl Anderson, of No. 193, is hereby requested
to correspond with the Financier of his
Lodge.

ELMER S. GILSON.

Elmer S. Gilson, of Lodge No. 103, is hereby
requested to correspond with the Financier of
his Lodge.

W. J. LONG.

W. J. Long, of 140, is requested to correspond
with the Master of his Lodge.

A. STEWART.

A. Stewart, of Sugar Leaf Lodge No. 144, is
requested to correspond with the Financier
of his Lodge.

WM. KINNIRY.

Wm. Kinniry, of Northwestern Lodge No. 32
is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

GRAND LODGE.

OFFICERS.

- F. W. Arnold Grand Master
Terre Haute, Ind.
F. P. Sargent Vice Grand Master
Box 218 Tucson, Arizona.
E. V. Debs Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Ind.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor
Terre Haute, Ind.

TRUSTEES.

- W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

- J. J. Hannahan, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
C. J. McGee, Secretary Danville, Ill.
W. E. Burns Chicago, Ill.
A. H. Tucker Mason City, Iowa

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

- Geo. Utter, Drawer 553 St. Thomas, Ont.
Wm. Weiler Port Morris, N. J.
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Little Rock, Ark.
T. H. Vradenbough, 125 Main St.,
B. H. District Boston, Mass.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 S. Pueblo, Col.
C. H. Maul, 830 N. 40th St. Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Aurora, Ill.
Zeb Moore, 523 S. 5th St. Keokuk, Iowa
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House, Omaha, Neb.
G. W. Nesper, 196 Broadway Toledo, Ohio
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Evansville, Ind.
E. K. Cole, Box 1649 Elkhart, Ind.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK**; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 26 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 1306 Secretary
A. McAllister Treasurer
J. L. Van Orden, 72 Court House Place,
Jersey City Heights, N. J. Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND**; Providence, R. I.
Meets 2d Monday.
H. S. Lawton Master
A. F. Green, 106 John St. Secretary
A. H. Aldrich, Saylesville, R. I. Treasurer
Harris Atwood Mag. Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. Morehouse, 325 Grove St. Master
G. Aughter, 202 Newark Ave. Secretary
H. Phillips, 210 Sixth St. Treasurer
H. M. Freeland, 203 Pavonia
Ave Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. A. Huff, 49 Hanover St. Master
M. B. Alley, 18 Atlantic St. Secretary
W. O. Small, 42 Tyng St. Treasurer
A. E. Denison, 23 Merrill St. Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
M. J. McAndrews, Drawer 553 Master
R. C. Bloye, Drawer 553 Secretary
T. L. Hoyt, Drawer 553 Treasurer
G. Hagarty, Drawer 553 Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
T. Franey Master
Wm. Burke Secretary
G. Barrett Treasurer
J. Tully Mag. Agent

7. **POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
Meets 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.
J. S. Black, 497 C St., S. W. Master
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Secretary
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St., S. W. Treasurer
F. H. Childs, 501 E. St. S. W. Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER**; Denison City, Texas.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Mortimer, Box 99 Master
F. Nelson Secretary
J. C. Hogg, Box 78 Treasurer
C. C. Cook Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
Meets alternate Mondays and Tuesdays
at 7:30 P. M.
T. McCullough, C. St. L. & P. Round
House Master
C. H. Mason, 116 Vine St. Secretary
W. D. Toll, Chittenden Hotel Treasurer
J. J. Lauer, Piqua Shops Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Saunders Master
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Secretary
A. H. Buse, 81 Brayton St. Treasurer
T. P. Smith, 31 Jessie St. Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Dye, 816 Walnut St., Easton, Pa. Master
W. H. Spencer, 1108 Washington
St., Easton, Pa. Secretary
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Treasurer
C. J. Rogers Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
F. H. Coe, 4 Hickory St. Master
Wm. J. Bruman, 385 Swan St. Secretary
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Treasurer
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
P. D. Mead, 248½ Van Horn St. Master
R. Mulford, 211 Communipaw
Ave. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Treasurer
P. Quick, 135 Pacific Ave. Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
C. A. Hamilton, Brightwood, Ind. Master
J. B. Zahm, 98 S. Noble St. Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Treasurer
H. C. Randall, 181 Blake St. Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Canada.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Ryan, 577 Wellington St. Master
G. A. Kell, 38 Charron St. Secretary
E. Upton, 82 Seigneur St. Treasurer
J. A. Gratrix, 25 Favard St. Pt. St.
Charles Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO**; Terre Haute, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. V. Debs Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 617 N. 5th St. Secretary
C. Bennett, 1020 Chestnut St. Treasurer
J. Smith, 106 N. 11th St. Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST**; Vincennes, Ind.
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. A. Galloway Master
J. H. Cook Secretary
C. A. Cripps Treasurer
H. M. Hogan Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END**; Slater, Mo.
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Swann, Box 270 Master
J. Stoffels, Box 231 Secretary
J. Stoffels, Box 231 Treasurer
S. A. Allis Mag. Agent

- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Goldie, Box 8 Master
W. J. Patten, Box 8 Secretary
H. M. Johnson, Box 8 Financier
F. Hampton, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:15 P. M.
F. H. Huntington, Box 247 Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
W. Harlow Financier
G. Morse, Box 400 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. J. Edy, Kilmmswick, Mo. Master
J. V. Blocker, 1822 Menard St. Secretary
L. Ladenberger, 1822 Menard St. Financier
W. M. Cushing Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Master
L. L. Johnson, Box 370 Secretary
G. C. Pittenger, Box 370 Financier
A. E. Bennett, Box 370 Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
D. Eaton Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
N. L. Cooper Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 P. M.
J. E. Powell Master
J. Emery Secretary
J. R. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
J. E. Powell Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
E. Ferry, Box 266 Secretary
T. W. Smith, L. Box 683 Financier
E. Ferry, Box 269 Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. McDormit Master
J. W. Spencer Secretary
C. H. Williams, jr., Box 954 Financier
H. Tinkham Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
L. C. Chase, 275 1st Ave. Master
W. R. Graves, 399 2d St West Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
W. T. McGouigal Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
S. D. Wadsworth, Box 325 Secretary
S. Hartman Financier
S. Hartman Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
C. M. Doucett, Box 167 Secretary
J. Shuster, Box 167 Financier
P. A. Loveland, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. G. Haines, Box 406 Master
G. W. Hackett, Box 406 Secretary
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Financier
C. A. Clough, Box 406 Mag. Agent
- 31. R. K. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
C. W. Benedict, 1528 Main St. Master
G. W. Moore Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 705 S. Sixth St. Financier
E. S. Clark, 1324 Commercial St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
J. McMahon, Box 230 Master
T. E. McMahon, Box 230 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
J. Kee Master
J. Roche, Box 292 Secretary
D. Cheshler Financier
T. Briggs Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Keith Master
R. Primrose, Box 1146 Secretary
W. L. Smith, Box 1312 Financier
G. B. Slipp Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. C. Schermerhorn, Box 428 Master
G. W. Balnter, Box 498 Secretary
G. W. Balnter, Box 498 Financier
W. A. Gascoigne, Box 498 Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. D. Wright, 145 S. 4th St. Master
J. E. Crusey, 137 N. 8th St. Secretary
W. H. Willoughby, 29 N. 3d St. Financier
G. H. Thomas, 128 S. 4th St. Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. H. Murphy Master
C. H. Randall Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Johnson, Box 176 Master
W. E. Brooker, Box 318 Secretary
G. Nursey, Box 318 Financier
C. Barker, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Lidders Master
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Secretary
G. J. M. Colburn, Box 113 Financier
C. H. Church, Box 816 Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 714½ West Washing-
ton St. Master
J. Angersbach, W. Graham St. Secretary
W. Cavenaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Financier
W. Cavenaugh, 902 N. Lee St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays and 2d and 4th
Fridays of each month.
J. Taylor, Box 233 Master
H. K. Stratton, L. Box 85 Secretary
A. C. Wirtz, Box 60 Financier
J. B. Karns, Box 60 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 2
P. M.
A. Morgan, 102 W. Dayton St. Master
J. Cashen Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, 807 W. Dayton St. Financier
C. Morgan, 1012 W. Dayton St. Mag. Agent

- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. M. Boyer Master
E. Hickman, Atlantic House Secretary
J. Hyndman Financier
N. Caruthers, 2130 S. 6th St. Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets every alternate Tuesday.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
C. E. Long, Box 354 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 280 Financier
C. Timblin, Box 116 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
W. O. Shelley, 1010 Water St. Master
E. Chamberlain, 1112 Water St. Secretary
T. Howell, Cor. North and Cross
Sts. Financier
S. Knight, 206 Cross St. Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Dorsey, 1202 S. 12th St. Master
M. Shea, 812 S. 15th St. Secretary
M. Hogan, Globe Hotel Financier
J. Dorsey, 1202 S. 12th St. Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 2d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 4th
Monday at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Gift, 263 Maxwell Ave. Master
J. J. Kelly, 241 S. Morgan St. Secretary
E. J. McQuirk, 1587 Wabash
Ave. Financier
W. E. Burns, 64 Judd St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
H. C. Eaton Master
W. Baugh Secretary
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Financier
G. Gates, 423 Race St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
W. W. Donaldson, Box 672 Master
C. Handy, Box 560 Secretary
F. R. Young, Box 560 Financier
F. Davis, Box 560 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 8881 Dearborn St. Master
T. P. Adams, 4704 Wabash Ave. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dear-
born St. Financier
J. E. Davis, 163 E. Harrison St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. Ball Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 45 Financier
J. A. Dryden, Box 69 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 10 A. M.
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Master
W. H. Green, L. Box 626 Secretary
E. H. Laing, L. Box 626 Financier
John Hendrichs, L. Box 626 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
R. S. Mears Master
J. W. Brown Secretary
J. G. McNeill, Box 1210 Financier
G. W. Curry Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets every Saturday at 2 P. M.
W. P. Carlisle Master
J. W. Davison, Box 36 Secretary
G. A. Burnham, Box 23 Financier
N. G. Chamblin Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays Master
A. E. Slusser, L. & N. Shops Secretary
W. Thomas, 62 Jones Ave. Secretary
A. M. Nance, L. & N. Shops Financier
T. Fox, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
E. G. Stewart Master
W. E. O'Connor, Box 6 Secretary
J. B. Hamilton, Box 316 Financier
Wm. Beagles Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
W. P. Wood, 329 Sumner St., East
Boston, Mass. Master
J. F. McCarty, 24 East St., East
Cambridge, Mass. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 25 Lincoln St.,
Bunker Hill District, Boston,
Mass. Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St.,
Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
B. H. Estabrook, Box 69 Master
G. B. Stratton Secretary
B. H. Estabrook Financier
J. P. Clark Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets every Monday night.
J. A. Hill, Lock Box 45 Master
J. E. Mulligan Secretary
H. S. Hulinman, 276 Glenarm St.,
Denver, Col. Financier
R. J. Howard, Box 721 Pueblo,
Col. Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 9:30 A. M.
G. Colmer, 1812 W. 8th St. Master
J. A. Minges, 1829 W. 2d St. Secretary
J. Shephard, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shephard, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
F. W. Dyer, 503 Westminster St. Master
F. Maher, 193 Penn Ave. Secretary
J. M. Sheldre, 505 Robert St. Financier
B. Bradley, 705 Reavey St. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
W. H. Brokenshire Master
S. G. Cobb Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets 1st, 3d and 4th Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
Homer Davis, Box 772 Master
Wm. Burns, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
F. Krauel, Box 772 Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
J. L. Sheely Master
H. S. Humiston Secretary
L. B. Cutting, Box 127, St. James,
Minn. Financier
A. Goodrich Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
P. G. Lindell, Box 332 Master
W. C. Bauman Secretary
E. G. Wilcox Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
R. Milline, G. T. Ry Master
Wm. J. Logue, G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
J. Casey, G. T. Ry Mag. Agent

- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. P. Boulton, 554 Queen St. W. Master
T. Bracken, 529 King St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt, 73 Huron St. Financier
J. Fawcett, 27 Soho St. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Master
A. M. Kingsbury, Altoona, Wis. Secretary
H. E. Edgell, Altoona, Wis. Financier
J. S. McCauley, Altoona, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets alternate Thursday evenings.
T. Shields Master
W. H. Parsley Secretary
S. Rothwell Financier
F. G. Lawrence Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Master
W. C. Harris, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364 Financier
T. Cordell, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Master
D. V. Rorick, Box 672 Secretary
P. Stillwell, Box 666 Financier
C. C. Bunker, Box 672 Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. C. Knowles, Benson St. Master
J. Colton, 424 Mickie St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickie St. Financier
J. Brayerton, 439 Mickie St. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. Loynd, 73 Green St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
T. Loynd, 73 Green St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
E. A. Shipley Master
W. Piercey, 1823 18th St. Secretary
N. F. Clough, 1812 Holly St. Financier
E. A. Shipley, Cor. 9th and Mulberry Sts. Mag. Agent
G. N. Herron, Box 18, Armstrong, Kansas Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M.
G. Knowles, 3722 Wallace St. Master
S. Drinkhouse, 1925 Pemberton street Secretary
F. Dupell, 582 N. 35th St. Financier
W. H. Guthrie, 749 N. 37th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7 P. M.
J. Myler, L. Box 330 Master
J. Robinson, L. Box 330 Secretary
G. Miller, L. Box 330 Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
E. A. Sibley, No. 3 4th St. Master
L. D. Brown, 760 Arapahoe St. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, 379 11th St. Financier
J. F. Bristol, 612 Lawrence St. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
B. D. Rucker, Box 1100 Master
J. Costin, Box 1100 Secretary
W. H. Buzzell, Box 1100 Financier
J. H. Nisewanger, L. Box 994 Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Boodhouse, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
H. Adams Master
W. E. S. Gibson Secretary
F. Shield, Box 19 Financier
F. Cuykendall Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
C. F. Earle, Box 478 Master
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
G. Goding, Box 252 Mag. Agent
W. H. Dunphy, Box 436 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Brown, Box 705 Master
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Secretary
W. J. Bain, Box 462 Financier
C. B. Willard, Box 37 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.**
Meets 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 3 P. M.
J. D. Sharrah, 1901 3d St. S. Master
C. D. Stevens, 603 Plymouth Ave. Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
W. E. Richmond, 820 13th St. N. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M.
N. A. Reynolds, L. Box 406 Master
I. M. Dean, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
R. L. Craig Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.**
Meets 1st Monday and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Master
B. Stapleton Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
W. McNeill, Box 1256 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO; Fargo, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Fridays at 7 P. M.
A. Bassett, L. Box 1786 Master
C. Jennings, L. Box 870 Secretary
P. J. Cook, L. Box 1692 Financier
J. Kellum Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Roth Master
J. Costin Secretary
S. S. Brooks Financier
H. W. Smith Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.**
C. B. Hart Master
M. A. Noble Secretary
T. F. Croke Financier
M. A. Noble Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. M. Sights, Box 144 Master
J. F. Kelleher Secretary
L. E. Bemis, Box 122 Financier
P. C. Krauss Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
W. E. Capell Master
G. Battelger Secretary
O. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
G. Battelger Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO; National City, Cal.**
R. Wiley Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
R. V. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Financier
C. K. Stewart, Box 317, San Diego Mag. Agent

- 91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
J. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Master
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th st. . . Secretary
W. G. Bradshaw, 2951 16th st. . . Financier
A. Detrich, S. P. R. R. Shops . . . Mag. Agent
- 92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
M. Cronin, 16 W. 10th St. . . . Master
G. McCatherine, 224 W. 6th St. . . Secretary
S. C. Forsyth, 166 West Utica St. Financier
M. Slattery, 172 W. 7th St. . . Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. Ayers, K. & St. L. Shops . . . Master
E. J. Concannon, 1007 Park St. . . Secretary
J. H. Carter, 620 S. Main St. . . Financier
R. Gurley . . . Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7 P. M.
M. H. Adams, Box 218 . . . Master
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 . . . Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 . . . Financier
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 . . . Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M.; and last Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
F. W. Clough, 157 N. Halstead St. . . Master
F. Warn, 659 W. Monroe St. . . Secretary
L. P. Smith, 292 Fulton St. . . Financier
W. E. Loco, Barrington, Ill. . . Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. Leibtag, Box 665 . . . Master
D. W. Davidson, Box 665 . . . Secretary
J. Quinn, Box 665 . . . Financier
W. M. King, Box 665 . . . Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets the 1st, 10th and 20th at 7 P. M.
F. Shephardson, Box 72 . . . Master
J. Hanselman . . . Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 1294 . . . Financier
W. J. Grant . . . Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets every Tuesday.
R. W. Shields . . . Master
E. B. Mandeville . . . Secretary
D. M. Hill . . . Financier
W. J. Hoy . . . Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
C. W. Beach, 30 Cleveland St. . . Master
D. C. Frost, 2 Concord Ave. . . Secretary
G. Bowden, 30 Allen St. . . Financier
G. Bowden, 30 Allen St. . . Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
J. B. Carter . . . Master
J. H. Fenwick . . . Secretary
J. H. Fenwick . . . Financier
W. H. Hummell . . . Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
H. K. Burket, L. Box 44 . . . Master
D. Freel, Box 332 . . . Secretary
J. F. Bryan, Box 332 . . . Financier
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 . . . Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
B. F. Broski, Graefe House, Des Moines, Iowa . . . Master
M. Bixler, C. B. & Q. Round House, Des Moines, Iowa . . . Secretary
F. S. Payne, 620 E. Maple St. . . Financier
C. M. Krull, 611 E. Locust St. . . Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
F. Smith, 8th and Lexington Sts. . . Master
R. C. Stader . . . Secretary
T. McGuire, 835 Dumeaneil St. . . Financier
J. P. Farrer, 827 Churchill St. . . Mag. Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCK;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets 1st Saturday and 3d Monday.
J. Connelly, L. Box 13 . . . Master
J. D. Smith . . . Secretary
O. M. Crane, Box 52 . . . Financier
Phil. Smith . . . Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. H. Lacy, 236 E. Berrian St. . . Master
A. J. Sumner . . . Secretary
M. E. Stout, 1014 S. Broad St. . . Financier
J. T. Quinlivan . . . Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:15 P. M.
L. W. Barker, 1001 Lake St. . . Master
J. F. Hickey, 744 Sixteenth St. . . Secretary
Robert Lange, 1001 Lake St. . . Financier
R. Lange, 1001 Lake St. . . Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness . . . Master
J. H. Cronin . . . Secretary
C. H. Ness . . . Financier
M. Glynn, 34 Falkerth St., Dayton, O . . . Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
S. J. Jacks, Box 27 . . . Master
J. F. Frazier, L. Box 12 . . . Secretary
H. S. Smith, L. Box 12 . . . Financier
J. W. Shea . . . Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. . . Master
J. D. Fisher, 3d and Krauss, S. St. Louis, Mo . . . Secretary
J. Hackett, 1434 S. Bidway . . . Financier
J. W. McGill, 501 S. 14th St. . . Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Stewart . . . Master
G. Horn . . . Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 236 . . . Financier
J. E. Brown . . . Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. C. Mac . . . Master
Wm. Merkle . . . Secretary
R. Dopell, Box 565 . . . Financier
J. Dolan . . . Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
S. R. Wild . . . Master
R. W. Lindley . . . Secretary
J. C. Branham . . . Financier
W. C. Vawter . . . Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
O. R. Goodale . . . Master
M. Russell . . . Secretary
G. L. Oram, Box 2 . . . Financier
J. Davis . . . Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
J. V. Ellis, Box 229 . . . Master
A. Heenan, Box 85 . . . Secretary
R. N. Wend, Box 354 . . . Financier
A. Heenan, Box 85 . . . Mag. Agent

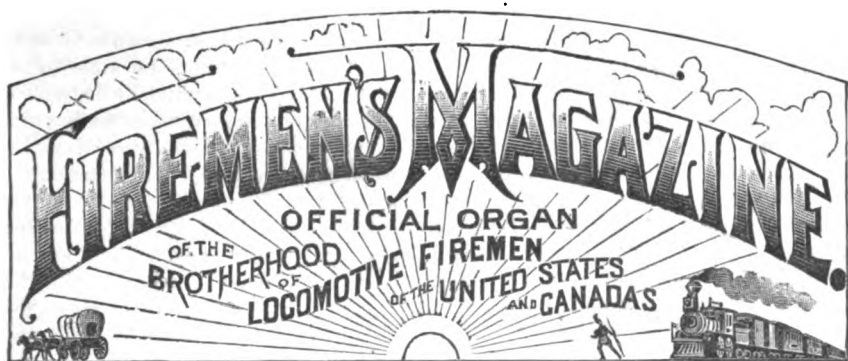
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
R. A. Harris, Post Office St., between 36th and 37th Sts. Master
J. Killeen, Post Office St., between 36th and 37th Sts. Secretary
J. Tarpey, Cor. 35th and Winnie Sts. Financier
J. Tarpey, Cor. 38d and M $\frac{1}{2}$ St. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. H. Dawson Master
M. J. Gleason Financier
F. F. Misaard Secretary
G. H. Dawson Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Cox, 1 Maitland Terrace . . . Master
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. . . . Secretary
S. P. Stringer, 333 Grey St. Financier
R. Lister, 272 Colborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets first two Wednesdays at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays at 3 P. M.
J. Kelly, Richmond St. Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond St. Secretary
J. Damant, Richmond St. Financier
W. H. Perkins, Richmond St. Mag. Agent
S. A. Allis Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
Frank Gosselin, Hadlow Cove, South Quebec Master
J. T. Dewan, Hadlow Cove, South Quebec Secretary
Wm. Carmichael, I. C. Ry Sta. Financier
W. E. Turner, I. C. Ry Sta. Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. C. Martin, 303 Gifford St. Master
W. B. McMullen, 18 Quince St. Secretary
J. M. Herman, 179 Gifford St. Financier
S. W. Watkins, 139 W. Fayette St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
W. M. Brewer Master
F. E. Hammer Secretary
G. R. Quick, L. Box 83 Financier
O. C. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. T. Blodgett Master
W. A. Ennison, Box 284 Secretary
D. A. Sherman Financier
H. W. Henson Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stevenson, U. F. Shops Master
F. Crawford, Box 806 Secretary
T. D. Kinney, 17th and Clark St. Financier
G. Fair, U. F. Shops Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.**
E. G. Fox Master
Wm. Rait, Box 356 Secretary
E. L. Gregg Financier
E. G. Fox Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
S. T. Barnhill, Box 907 Master
J. Callahan Secretary
M. Kelleher Financier
J. T. Dutcher Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. McWharter Master
E. Sterling Secretary
E. Sterling Financier
C. Gilleece Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets 1st Wednesday and 3d Sunday.
J. Wellington, 133 McWilliam St. . . Master
T. S. Gill, 204 Logan St. Secretary
J. G. Jonah, 29 Relita St. Financier
H. Lynes, 38 Common St. Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. Eckels, Box 77 Master
W. Clark, Box 55 Secretary
J. M. Clark, Box 55 Financier
C. E. Davis, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
G. R. Tedford, Box 110 Master
R. Letcher Secretary
P. G. Crippen, Box 365 Financier
T. Maracoris, Box 517 Mag. Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets 1st Friday and 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Buckley, 189 Huron St. Master
G. LaRoy, 285 Jefferson St. Secretary
J. S. Rourke, Box 142, Two Rivers, Wis. Financier
J. Buckley, 152 Huron St. Mag. Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
T. McPhail Master
F. H. Perkins, Box 507 Secretary
F. Cosgrove Financier
G. Shilling Mag. Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. Houkall, Box 186 Master
G. A. Tallman, Box 115 Secretary
J. J. Canfield, Box 90 Financier
J. McDonald Mag. Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Washington Ty.**
Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and the 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
G. R. Blackwell Master
G. Gilpen Secretary
A. O. Wishard Financier
H. Abbott Mag. Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets 1st Sunday and 3d Monday.
J. F. Simmons Master
E. W. Gibson Secretary
H. E. Cowan Financier
W. J. Rumsey Mag. Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. S. Wheeler, Box 292 Master
C. McArthur, Box 220 Secretary
M. F. Williams, Box 220 Financier
J. S. Wheeler, Box 220 Mag. Agent
J. Boyers, Box 220 Mag. Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Port Hope, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
L. McIntosh, Box 273 Master
J. McMahon, Box 273 Secretary
T. A. Pratt, Box 273 Financier
T. G. Dayman, Box 273 Mag. Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays.
L. C. Allen Master
C. E. Dibble Secretary
W. T. Brown Financier
Frank Cooper Mag. Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, IH.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
E. Hamilton Master
W. G. Powell, Box 1844 Secretary
H. Stow, Box 1287 Financier
John H. Guhin Mag. Agent

- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. F. Wright Master
F. A. McBride Secretary
E. Goble Financier
N. B. Whyers Mag. Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Col.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Montgomery, Box 85 Master
R. Gough, L. Box 549 Secretary
J. F. Clem, L. Box 599 Financier
A. F. Duey, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 141. A. G. POKTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. S. Reid, 178 West Berry St. Master
A. J. Kohler, 461 S. Calhoun St. Secretary
W. R. Fredericks, 415 Lafayette St. Financier
W. G. Lyons, 286 Calhoun St. Mag. Agent
- 142. C. E. WHIPPLE; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Sundays at 1 P. M. and every 2d Wednesday at 7 P. M.
J. Wood, 59 Wilts St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Master
W. F. Deeg, 182 Jarvis St. Secretary
G. W. Nesper, 186 Broadway Financier
F. Bittman, 307 Erie St. Mag. Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
S. G. Lyons, 1723 Goss St. Master
G. H. Voageley, 1780 Taylor St. Secretary
J. H. Allen, 827 Campbell St. Financier
G. H. Voageley, 1780 Taylor St. Mag. Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick**
Meets 1st Friday at 8 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
Wm. Bastin, Box 459 Master
F. Matherson, Box 448 Secretary
R. C. Chamberlain, Box 448 Financier
J. Morton, Box 448 Mag. Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. Smith, Box 429 Master
W. F. McQueeney, Box 429 Secretary
C. Gallagher, Box 429 Financier
H. N. Norton, Box 429 Mag. Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
G. DeYoung, 186 Washington St. Master
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washington St. Secretary
A. O. Woodworth, 320 Washington St. Financier
W. Creighton, (178) Cor. McKinnie and Travis Sts. Mag. Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. Stanton Master
L. McAuliff Secretary
T. Kelly Financier
J. J. Culpepper Mag. Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets every Friday at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. McCool Master
S. H. Sharp Secretary
R. A. Burson, Box 228 Financier
S. H. Sharp Mag. Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
A. E. Freeman, 278 W. 128th St. Master
G. B. Lippencott, 526 W. 61st St. Secretary
M. Call, 70 W. 92d St. Financier
J. H. White, 280 E. 10th St. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Master
J. Loftus Secretary
L. L. Hood, L. Box 217 Financier
A. Ellstrom Mag. Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. Foster, 72½ Elgin St. Master
S. Roberts, 26 Locomotive Ave. Secretary
J. McCall, 17 Crooks St. Financier
H. Hall, 93 Murray St. E. Mag. Agent
J. Reid, 143 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 152. DUNLAP; Wells, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
J. T. Ryel Master
R. G. McCoy Secretary
R. M. Haseltine, Box 128 Financier
D. Dunlap, Fulda, Minn. Mag. Agent
- 153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
G. K. Bates, Box 310 Master
W. Fuchs Secretary
L. E. Lester Financier
C. Willauer Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Ottawa, Kan.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
F. Platt Master
E. Wall Secretary
A. Hill, Box 463 Financier
Wm. Frisby Mag. Agent
- 155. TEXAS BELLE; Greenville, Texas.**
Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 P. M.
W. L. Nance, L. Box 74 Master
E. H. Sims Secretary
L. Ryan Financier
J. W. Price, L. Box 74 Mag. Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
T. Motter, Box 256 Master
R. P. Wardlaw, Box 256 Secretary
J. M. McMillan, Box 256 Financier
W. J. Dunnivant Mag. Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. H. Walr Master
J. L. Black, Box 972 Secretary
G. W. Smith Financier
A. L. Seperling Mag. Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. Teahan, 370 Lafayette St., East Master
A. Edmiston, 404 Congress St., East Secretary
Thos. Barrett, 411 Larned St. Financier
J. Hamlin, 430 Mullet St. Mag. Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
M. D. Tindall, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Master
G. E. Sullinger, L. & N. Shops, E. Nashville, Tenn. Secretary
W. Bateman, 44 N. 2d St., E. Nashville, Tenn. Financier
G. R. Ruffin Mag. Agent
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
W. S. Kerlin, 713 Locust St. Master
W. J. Torrance, 413 William St. Secretary
J. K. McCutcheon, 311 Olive St. Financier
C. C. Brewer, 616 Locust St. Mag. Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
J. W. Galvan, 518 S. Main St. Master
J. McGregor, 518 Cedar St. Secretary
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Financier
F. L. Burtch, 613 S. Main St. Mag. Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
G. L. Long Master
W. A. Stephenson, Box 331 Secretary
P. A. Hamilton Financier
J. D. Bristol Mag. Agent

- 163. ETNA; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Friday at 7 P. M.
S. W. Kenward, L. Box 15 Master
E. K. Park, L. Box 15 Secretary
P. B. Scanlan, L. Box 15 Financier
E. K. Park, L. Box 15 Mag. Agent
- 164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
W. A. Holcomb Master
E. A. Laughrau Secretary
J. N. Brandenburg Financier
T. Fralick Mag. Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. M. Fisher, Box 150 Master
T. Cunningham, Box 228 Secretary
M. E. Davis Financier
G. Edwards Mag. Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
F. Holland, Box 871 Master
D. H. Fenton, Box 325 Secretary
C. E. Wyman, Box 499 Financier
G. H. Marston, Box 484 Mag. Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
T. C. Boag, L. Box 41 Master
E. C. Joslin, Box 134 Secretary
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Financier
G. M. Thompson, Box 134 Mag. Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. Stirnemann, Box 90 Master
W. Hawley, Box 90 Secretary
E. W. Rang, Box 90 Financier
J. Conway, Box 90 Mag. Agent
- 169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets every Tuesday evening.
A. Sly Master
O. A. Farnham, Box 1707 Secretary
A. H. Spencer Financier
D. Lawler Mag. Agent
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, Dakota.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
J. F. Bliss Master
S. F. Malone Secretary
W. H. Parkhouse Financier
J. A. Reed, Box 454 Mag. Agent
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.
P. Peterson Master
T. Fitzgerald, 237 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Secretary
F. Forrest, 224 Campbell Road, Richmond, Halifax Financier
P. O. Toole, 60 Russell St., Halifax, Nova Scotia Mag. Agent
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. Bourke, 672 Wellington St. Master
J. G. Armstrong, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa Secretary
J. S. Ferguson, Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa Financier
J. Smith, 672 Wellington St. Mag. Agent
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets every Sunday evening.
W. H. Farnsworth Master
P. A. Neely Secretary
A. C. Seely Financier
T. J. Welsh Mag. Agent
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
H. J. Roberts, 428 Boas St. Master
H. O. Matter, 1525 Ridge Ave. Secretary
H. A. McNeal, 1208 Ridge Ave. Financier
L. Fridy, 430 Boas St. Mag. Agent
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 2 P. M.
E. L. Floyd, Box 662 Master
H. R. Brown, Box C Secretary
H. R. Brown, Box C Financier
J. Adkins, Box 790 Mag. Agent
- 176. MAIN LINE; Chilton, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. F. Ely, Box 244 Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
John Hart, Box 427 Financier
E. F. Ely, Box 244 Mag. Agent
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets every Thursday at 7 P. M.
J. L. Raleigh Master
J. Foster Secretary
Wm. Kane Financier
W. H. Green Mag. Agent
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. S. Sanford, Box 1081 Master
W. J. Horne, Box 1081 Secretary
P. T. Tibbs, Box 1081 Financier
D. Love, Box 1081 Mag. Agent
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Master
H. Thornburg, Box 338 Secretary
W. T. Shryock Financier
W. A. Doolittle, Box 169 Mag. Agent
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
C. Houghtaling Master
D. Crofton Secretary
J. Grundy Financier
S. M. Jaecel Mag. Agent
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. Gregg Master
D. J. Nicoll Secretary
Thos. Williams Financier
J. H. Allan, Sargeen P. O. Mag. Agent
- 182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
T. F. Judge, 18 Hickory St. Master
A. H. Gifford, 322 W. 18th St. Secretary
E. J. Oliver, 83 W. 17th St. Financier
M. H. Canfield, Cor. 16th and French Sts. Mag. Agent
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets alternate Tuesdays at 1:30 P. M.
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio Master
J. B. Hayes, Box 22 Secretary
G. W. Moses, Box 73 Financier
R. G. Shepard, 477 St. Clair St., Cleveland, O. Mag. Agent
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. B. Lewis, Box 353 Master
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Secretary
Bert Myers, Box 353 Financier
G. A. Greeland, Box 55 Mag. Agent
- 185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
C. W. Bull Master
C. W. Bull Secretary
H. H. Skiles, Dayton Hotel, Dayton, Ohio Financier
J. McGraw Mag. Agent
- 186. CHAMBERLIN; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. Kerins, 416 31st St. Master
P. H. Lynch, 4026 Butterfield St. Secretary
F. Hartney, 2906 Dearborn St. Financier
M. Jordan, 3149 Hanover St. Mag. Agent

- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. Callahan Master
H. Thomas Secretary
D. Daugherty, Box 62 Financier
H. Lyons Mag. Agent
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9:30 A. M. and
2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
T. P. Murphy, 88 Artesian Ave Master
J. Devine, 880 Hubbard St Secretary
H. Price, 1019 A Fulton St Financier
C. F. Billmeyer, 161 Artesian
Ave Mag. Agent
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M.
G. W. Watson, Box 100, Green Bay,
Wis. Master
R. Parks Secretary
G. A. Hanrahan Financier
G. W. Watson, Box 100, Green
Bay, Wis. Mag. Agent
- 190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, Dakota.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
G. C. Ferguson, Box 75, Sanborn,
Iowa Master
G. H. Kings, Box 406 Secretary
H. O. Conkey, Box 228, Sanborn, Ia. Financier
W. McAvinney, Sanborn, Ia. Mag. Agent
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. T. Field, L. Box 16 Master
J. Foley, L. Box 16 Secretary
H. H. Dupuis, L. Box 16 Financier
C. Fitzpatrick, L. Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 192. MT. TACOMA; New Tacoma, Washington Ty.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. B. Reed, L. Box 190 Master
C. W. Tullis Secretary
J. M. Hughes Financier
J. B. Reed Mag. Agent
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. W. Hall, Box 287 Master
R. J. Gels, Albina, Oregon Secretary
W. N. Collister, Box 287 Financier
H. W. Hall, Box 287 Mag. Agent
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
R. D. B. Stoddart, Box 122 Master
E. L. Hollister, L. Box 34 Secretary
L. D. Cranston, L. Box 34 Financier
M. T. Fisher Mag. Agent
- 195. RE-ECHO; Shoshone, Idaho.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Mitchell Master
G. B. Leach Secretary
W. J. Glennan Financier
J. F. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Col.**
Meets every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
E. H. Noble, care D. & R. G. Shops. Master
W. H. Joyner Secretary
J. Stamm, care D. & R. G. Shops. Financier
T. P. O'Rourke, Como, Col Mag. Agent
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savannah, Ill.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
H. J. Kimbel Master
S. S. Griffiths Secretary
J. T. Anderson, 987 Center St.,
Racine, Wis. Financier
W. B. Gilman, Box 16 Mag. Agent
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
F. D. Johnston, Box 124 Master
T. H. Sheppard, Box 184 Secretary
L. R. Sherman Financier
F. P. Mitchell Mag. Agent
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
J. B. Mawby Master
W. F. Alexander Secretary
D. Heinzelman Financier
C. Batelle Mag. Agent
- 200. GREAT SOUTHERN; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets every Sunday at 9:30 P. M.
C. C. Griffin Master
Wm. Campbell Secretary
J. F. Hutchinson, Box 223 Financier
W. Campbell Mag. Agent
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays and 2d and 4th
Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
W. B. Chilton Master
B. H. Lashley Secretary
J. W. Turney Financier
J. D. Bledsoe Mag. Agent
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M. and 1st
and 3d Mondays at 6:30 P. M.
W. C. Danenburgh Master
G. W. McClure Secretary
C. M. Gorman Financier
J. G. Burkline Mag. Agent
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets every Friday at 7 P. M.
F. L. Elston, Box 322 Master
H. Bradford Secretary
M. Smith Financier
J. H. Reneman, Box 351 Mag. Agent
- 204. MONTEZUMA; Albuquerque, New Mexico.**
Meets every Sunday at 7 P. M.
C. E. Cramer Master
J. C. Sharp Secretary
J. C. Sharp Financier
C. E. Cramer Mag. Agent
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
E. Jolly, 87 Hancock St Master
J. E. Thomas, 170 Jefferson St. Secretary
N. A. Seelinger, 146 Jefferson St. Financier
E. Dale, 222 Lake St Mag. Agent
- 206. BLACK DIAMOND; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
T. J. Farrow Master
G. M. Jones Secretary
O. E. Work Financier
J. Cherry Mag. Agent
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
S. H. Quackenbush, Box 1019 Master
Wm. F. Phillips, Box 974 Secretary
G. J. Holman Financier
A. Heckmann, Box 80 Mag. Agent
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
M. Feign, Susquehanna Depot Master
J. P. McDonald, Box 621 Secretary
J. C. Barnes, Susquehanna Depot. Financier
E. Pettis Mag. Agent
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. McGourty Master
J. McCarty Secretary
W. R. Combs Financier
A. Hartibus Mag. Agent

- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
Thomas Carroll Master
W. Goggins Secretary
J. T. Polmateer, Box 497 Financier
G. Zelser Mag. Agent
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Bennett, 945 Butler St. Master
H. L. Breisch, 29 Philadelphia St. Secretary
Charles Long Financier
H. L. Breisch, 29 Philadelphia St. Mag. Agent
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Monday and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
T. McCarthy, 67 Coffeen St. Master
T. H. Lynch, 84 Stone St. Secretary
E. Mahan, 73 Coffeen St. Financier
J. Bahler, Box 386, Rome N. Y. Mag. Agent
- 213. WEST SHORE; Frankfort, N. Y.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Melroy Master
K. G. Gifford Secretary
D. J. Sisk Financier
C. S. McNally Mag. Agent
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
M. J. Fahey, 195 Greenmount Ave. Master
F. B. Hall, 119 E. Townsend St. Secretary
J. W. D. Bowen, 97 N. Bond St. Financier
C. S. Bowen, 261 N. Carolina St. Mag. Agent
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 12 M.
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y. Master
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Secretary
F. P. Brookaby, 59 Washington St., Greenbush, N. Y. Financier
C. H. Crehan, 63 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y. Mag. Agent
- 216. W. A. FOSTER; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. E. Taylor, Box 1286 Master
H. C. Cleveland Secretary
W. H. Swinerton, Box 1127 Financier
A. L. Twombly Mag. Agent
- 217. DERRICK; Oil City Pa.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
W. E. Boynton, Ashtabula, O. Master
J. Jefferson, Box 520 Secretary
F. Sleeper, Box 94 Financier
R. B. Patterson Mag. Agent
- 218. TWO RIVERS; Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. M. Maloney, 79 Taggart St., Allegheny, Pa. Master
Wm. Welsh, 44 Bedford St. Secretary
A. T. Richey, 319 Carson St., S. Side Financier
J. M. Maloney, 79 Taggart St., Allegheny, Pa. Mag. Agent
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets every Monday at 7 P. M.
R. Beeson, 136 Bidwell St. Master
H. B. Shaffer, 144 Bidwell St. Secretary
D. W. Triem, 144 Bidwell St. Financier
R. Palmer, 145 Sedgewick St. Mag. Agent
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. Buck Master
C. F. Kline Secretary
C. C. Bowen Financier
J. E. Bowen Mag. Agent
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
J. McMillan, Box 73 Master
H. J. Carruthers, L. Box 87 Secretary
S. Allward, Box 69 Financier
A. G. Muirhead Mag. Agent
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 2 P. M. and 3d Friday at 8 P. M.
C. C. Olney Master
A. J. Fairburn Secretary
C. W. Gardner Financier
A. N. Allis Mag. Agent
- 223. ASHLAND; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets every Sunday at 4 P. M.
G. F. Little, C. & O. Shops Master
M. H. Bledsoe, L. Box 185, Huntington, W. Va. Secretary
F. L. Burns, Huntington, W. Va. Financier
G. M. Horton, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Mag. Agent
- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
F. Marvin Master
A. Vogel, Box 367 Secretary
G. P. Irvin, Box 718 Financier
G. Sencerbox Mag. Agent
- 225. SUP'RIOR; Fort William, Ontario.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
H. Reiring Master
G. Sutherland, Box 282, Port Arthur, Ont. Secretary
T. Drummond Financier
H. Cochrane Mag. Agent
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
J. S. Smith Master
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Secretary
W. M. Nicol, L. Box 230 Financier
A. H. Henson, L. Box 100 Mag. Agent
- 227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.**
Meets every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Wentz, Jr., 12 Virgil St. Master
F. Parsons Secretary
J. W. Millett Financier
F. English Mag. Agent
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.
E. Goodman, 1430 Sanderson Ave. Master
W. H. McDonnell, Market St. Secretary
J. O. Bayley, Marion St. Financier
W. Hubbard, 1409 Dixon Ave. Mag. Agent
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.
A. W. Thompson, 133 Lansing St. Master
F. E. Beach, 262 Bleeker St. Secretary
R. E. Jacobs, 104 Broad St. Financier
W. C. Stillman, 7 Charles St. Mag. Agent
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Sullivan, 387 Central Ave. Master
J. Gill, 94 Lumber St. Secretary
G. M. Jeffers, 38 Ontario St. Financier
F. M. Bishop, 51 Columbia St. Mag. Agent
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Del.**
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
H. O. Smith, 1005 Clement St., Philadelphia, Pa. Master
J. B. Cash, 511 E. 6th St. Secretary
J. H. Maguire, 624 Lombard St. Financier
E. P. Sawdon, 816 Walnut St. Mag. Agent
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
S. G. Read Master
F. Townsend Secretary
W. N. Holt Financier
A. E. Briggs Mag. Agent
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
A. Z. Matthews Master
J. Grattan Secretary
R. H. Coggan Financier
E. B. Price Mag. Agent



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NO. 10.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

St. Louis Republican.

A pretty girl, scarce numbering twenty summers, in a dainty room, surrounded by all her own dainty belongings, is the scene on which our curtain rises.

The small, jeweled fingers hold a card on which is penciled these words: "Introducing my friend, Jack Desmond." Below is the writer's own name—Frank Minton—this in the engraver's best form; but the latter name is written elsewhere as well, on no less a spot than Sydney Cole's heart, for she is Frank Minton's betrothed wife.

How often she had heard him speak of his friend who now awaited her coming in her father's drawing-room!

"A royal fellow among men, but utterly impregnable among women—currying danger always; always escaping himself."

This so often had been the burden of her lover's strain, and now she was ready to see and judge for herself.

What wonder that her heart beat a little faster, or that, snatching up a fragrant bunch of roses from her toilet, she fastened them at her waist, making the only spot of color on the white cashmere gown, and giving the one finishing touch needed to make her look as though she had stepped out of a picture-frame?

Evidently some such thought as this crossed the man's mind, who started to his feet as the radiant vision met his view.

"Yes, he is dangerous," was Sydney's inward comment, as she glanced up into the handsome, bearded face, and recog-

nized the power which might be in those laughing brown eyes, should their laughter turn to earnest tenderness.

Danger? Yes; but not to her. Wrapped in Frank's love, surely she was invincible. Suppose—suppose she try the experiment of making him feel?

Had the thought really given itself definite shape? She hardly recognized it; yet with her hand clasped one moment in a strong, warm grasp, her ear catching a few murmured words of courteous pleasure at the meeting, she felt as does the war-horse, sniffing the scent of battle from afar, and eager for the fray.

"Do you know," her visitor said as he rose to take his leave, at the end of an hour, as marked by the clock—scarce half that time, Sydney would have said had she been asked—"do you know I no longer wonder at Minton's anxiety to turn Benedict? Will you pardon me when I add that a little curiosity prompted my desire to see you to-day, and to learn how strong must be the temptation to forego bachelorhood?"

"We must tempt you to follow Frank's example," she answered with a blush.

"Had he not set it, I should have been more tempted," was the reply.

Five minutes later she was alone. Mr. Desmond was to be a guest in the city a fortnight; during that time she should see him often. Already she anticipated it with pleasure. That night she wrote her betrothed:

"I have seen your friend; he presented your card to-day. I wonder did you paint

me to him in the glowing colors you have so often painted his portrait to me, and if he, as I, laughing at your enthusiasm, found the reality brighter than the picture? I fear not. I fear in me he must have been disappointed; but in him I am not only not so, but I no longer wonder at your strange love for him. But one thing is wanting; his heart is sleeping. All women are to him alike. Do you know I feel tempted to make him single me out? I feel tempted to rouse the sleeping lion from his lair. Shall I try, Frank? It would be an interesting experiment."

Three days later she wrote again:

"You were quite right, dear, in your delineations of your friend's character. Do you know I fancied that I had made upon him a slightly favorable impression, sufficient for him to return and have it deepened—at least, sufficient for me to have the opportunity to test the interesting experiment of which I last wrote you? But evidently his latent distrust of the sex has awakened. I have not seen him since his first call; which could not, I am sure, have exceeded twenty minutes in length. All my hopes of causing you to suffer from the pangs of the green-eyed monster have fled. He refused to be charmed—charm I never so wisely."

They were light words, lightly written, but, none the less, Sidney felt a deep disappointment that she would not acknowledge to herself even as she wrote them. It left no outward trace, however, as a few minutes later she stood before her mirror, dressed for Mrs. Crosby's german, which she was engaged to lead with Guy Rallings, the best dancer in all her set.

She need not fear to-night that she would not hear sweet nothings whispered in her ear. Guy Rallings had been one of her adorers since he had doffed his roundabouts, and never failed to show himself openly disconsolate that a hero from another city should have borne off the coveted prize. But even this balm to her wounded vanity was not to be forthcoming to-night.

Before leaving the house, a note was brought her, in which Mr. Rallings' great-

est regrets for a sudden sprain to his ankle arose from the fact that he must be deprived of a pleasure which he had so long been eagerly anticipating, in feeling himself for one night, at least, the envy of all the men in the room, etc., to the end of the chapter.

But, entering Mrs. Crosby's dressing-room, her vexation vanished as her hostess, rapturously greeting her, having followed her hurriedly up the stairs, met her with the announcement that, having heard of Mr. Rallings' accident, she had supplied a substitute—one she was quite sure would do equally well, and would possess the charm of novelty—a friend of her husband, Mr. Jack Desmond.

Then she retreated to her guests, leaving Sydney to follow, not noticing the quick, crimson stain on the lovely cheek which had flaunted itself at her words.

"I might have spared him," thought the girl. "Now, to do so, only one thing will be wanting, and that is my power."

And, taking a last glance in the mirror at the charming vision it reflected, at the face men called beautiful, at the exquisite figure whose every curve was delineated by the Parisian toilet donned to-night in all its first freshness, it was small wonder that, at the improbability of the latter, an incredulous smile touched the red lips.

It still rested there when Mr. Desmond relieved her father of his charge and drew her arm within his own.

"We have not had much practice together, Miss Cole," he said, as he led her to the further end of the room; "but I rather think no one will be the wiser save ourselves."

"I should imagine you danced well," she replied indifferently, "and I can easily give you the figures, Mr. Rallings and I had decided upon, or I should be happy to receive instruction in any new ones at your hands."

"You have not asked me why I have not been to see you," he said a little later, as they kept time to a charming waltz.

His arm was about her slender waist; her little hand rested on his sleeve; his eyes for a moment met hers, but their

laughter had gone, and in its stead was a new-born tenderness.

She strove to answer lightly, but the words refused to come.

"I dared not come," he whispered.

A little later she could have laughed at the singular influence the simple utterance had possessed over her. Was not this man acting a part, and did she not know it? It was she who must hold sway, not he; but even as she thus decided, she felt that she was toying with a flame which might scorch all who approach it, and yet burn on calmly and undimmed.

"I have a message for you from Frank," she said, when he bade her good night.

"Will you come to-morrow to hear it?"

He bowed assent. She had put his coming in such a form that refusal was impossible. The next day he was in her presence. It was but a forerunner of the many days to follow. But they no longer spoke or hinted of danger to either. They talked of themselves, the past, the present. On the future they rarely touched, and then but with the passing lightness of a bird's wing.

Three weeks had passed and Mr. Desmond spoke of leaving them. On the evening of the day fixed for his departure, he came to bid Sydney good-by.

"You have made me break the first promise I've ever broken, Miss Cole," he said to her. "I had promised Frank to be best man at his wedding; but I telegraphed yesterday to have passage taken for me in the steamer which sails for Europe a fortnight from to-day."

"You are going to Europe?" she said. "For how long?"

"Until I have conquered myself," he answered. He sprang to his feet and said lightly: "Good-by, Miss Sydney. God bless you and dear old Frank in your new life."

She, too, stood up and strove to make reply. Tears were not common visitors to the deep blue eyes; but now—now that she would fain drive them back—they came welling up from some secret fountain, falling so thick and fast she could not wipe them away as they fell nor

check the sobs which racked the slender frame.

Instinctively he opened his arms and drew her to his heart. She felt it madly beat as in hoarse tones, but in fond, endearing accents he murmured her name. Suddenly she wrenched herself away. The tears were checked. She stood pale and trembling before him, but with the fixed light of resolve in her beautiful eyes.

"I heard that no woman had ever touched your heart," she said. "I determined to try—you see the result. For you is scored another victory—for me defeat. I wish my humiliation to be complete, therefore I make unnecessary confession. Now good-by; but do not add the blessing; I do not deserve that—ah, no!"

"You tried to touch my heart?" he answered. "For once, Sydney, let me speak the truth. The first hour I saw you it passed into your keeping. Honor, loyalty to my absent friend, have led me to play my poor part at disguise; but you have wrung my pitifully-kept secret. Sydney, is it our fault that we have thus learned love's lesson. My darling, my love, what is all the world if it debars us from each other?"

"It is not of the world we have to think," she said. "It is Frank. Shall he be made the sacrifice upon our altar? No, no, Jack! Let us be true to him, and so true to ourselves. We will utter no sophistries. The way is clear. Life will never be quite dark, dear, now that I know that you, too, have loved and lost. But Frank shall not be the one to suffer from a girl's wanton experiment. This I swear."

On the girl's pale face as she spoke was something of the expression which the ancient martyrs might have worn.

"Go!" she added. "I am not very strong. Leave me my faith in myself, and in that in you that wooed and won me. Should you stay you would not be the man to whom I gave my heart, but another, base and ignoble, from whom I would withdraw it. Hush! Do not speak

a single word! Leave me my dream!" she entreated.

A shudder shook his frame; he stooped from his great height and let his lips for a moment touch her uplifted brow.

The next moment she was alone—alone henceforth, through the long, weary time to come—alone even as, three months later, on the eve preceding her wedding she sat by her lover's side and listened while he told her of the morrow, and of the bright future of which it was to be the threshold.

"Too bad Jack disappointed me," he added, presently. "Do you know, I fancied you and he did not quite hit it together? You wrote me something about an interesting experiment, but you forgot to tell me the result."

"It is not worth the telling," she answered with a little laugh, which sounded strangely to the man's keen ear, as though it held in it the ring of unshed tears. "Or—perhaps I was worsted in the fray. Will you promise to heal my broken heart, Frank dear?"

He thought she jested, as he bent and hushed the red lips to silence with his kisses; but she knew that the jest was sorry earnest, and that in its answer lay the happiness of the life she had so nearly wrecked, the experiment the future alone might solve.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE RUNNING—THE VALVE MOTION.

Angus Sinclair, in *American Machinist*.

In the engineering practice of the world before the locomotive and marine engines came into use, there was no need for devices to make engines rotate in more than one direction. When the need for a reversible engine first arose, it was met by very crude appliances. Locomotives were kept at work, earning money for their owners, which were reversed by the man in charge stopping the engine, and by means of a wrench changing the position of the eccentric by hand. A decided improvement on the wrench was the movable eccentric, which was held in forward or back gear by stops, the operation of reversing being done by a treadle

or other attachment located near the engineer's position. A serious objection to this form of reversing gear was, that the abrasion of work enlarged the slot ends and wore out the stops, leading to inaccuracy and frequent breakage. A somewhat better form of reversing motion was a fixed eccentric, with the means at the end of the eccentric rod for engaging with the top or bottom of a rocker shaft, which operated the valve stem. This was the form of reversing motion used on the early Baldwin engines. Numerous other appliances, more or less defective, were experimented with before the double fixed eccentrics were introduced. Till the link was applied to valve motion the double eccentrics—an American invention—were the most important improvement that had been made on the locomotive valve motion since the incipency of the engine. The V hook, in connection with the double eccentrics, made a fair reversing motion in comparison to anything that had preceded it. The objection to the hook was that, when the necessity arose for reversing the engine while in motion, much difficulty was experienced in getting the hook to catch the pin. As a simple, prompt and certain reversing motion, the link was readily acknowledged to be far superior to anything that had previously been tried.

There is no doubt but the link was first applied to a steam engine by William T. James, of New York, a most ingenious mechanic, who also invented the double eccentrics. James experimented a great deal about the period from 1830 to 1840 with steam carriages for common roads, and it was in this connection that he invented the link. His work having proved a commercial failure, the improvements on the valve motion were not recognized at the time, although the probability is that Long, who started the Norris Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, and brought out the double eccentrics upon locomotives built there, was indebted to James for the idea of a separate eccentric for each direction of engine movement.

The credit of inventing the ordinary shifting link is due to William Howe, of Newcastle, England. This inventor was a pattern-maker in the works of Robert Stephenson & Co., and he invented the link in practically its present form in 1842. The idea of Howe was to get out an improved reversing motion, and he made a pencil sketch of the link to explain his views to his employers. The superintendent of the works was favorably disposed to the invention, and ordered Howe to make a pattern of the motion, which was done, and this was submitted to Stephenson, who approved of the link, and directed that one should be tried on a locomotive. Although Stephenson gave Howe the means of applying his invention, he does not seem to have perceived its actual value, for the link was not patented, and Stephenson never failed to patent any device which he thought worth protecting.

The link motion was applied to a locomotive constructed for the Midland Railway Company, and proved a success from the day it was put on. Seeing how satisfactorily the invention worked, Robert Stephenson paid Howe twenty guineas (one hundred and five dollars) for the device, and adopted the link as the valve gear for his locomotives. This is how the shifting link comes to be called the "Stephenson link," and the credit for this invention was not extravagantly paid for.

The capability which the link possesses of varying the steam admission and release did not appear to be understood by the inventor, nor was the mechanical world aware for some time after the link was brought into use that it could be employed to adjust the inequality of steam distribution, due to the angularity of the connecting rod.

As usually constructed for American locomotives the link is a slotted block curved to the arc of a circle, with a radius about equal to the distance between the center of the driving axle and the center of the rocker pin. Fitted to slide in the link slot is the block which encircles the rocker pin. The eccentric

rods are pinned to the back of the link, the forward eccentric rod connecting with the top and the back up eccentric rod connecting with the bottom of the link. Bolted to the side, and near the middle of the link is the saddle, which holds the stud to which the hanger is attached, this, in its turn, connecting with the lifting arm, which is operated by the reversing rod that enables the engineer to place the link in any desired position.

Regarded in its simplest form the action of the link in full gear is the same upon the valve movement as a single eccentric. When the motion is working, with the eccentric rod pin in line with the rocker pin, it will be perceived that the movement cannot differ much from what it would be were the eccentric rod attached to the rocker. Here the forward eccentric appears as controlling the movement of the valve. Putting the link in back motion brings the end of the backing eccentric rod opposite the rocker pin, the effect being that the back up eccentric then operates the valve. When the link block is shifted toward the center of the link, the horizontal travel of the rocker pin is decreased; consequently, the travel of the valve is reduced, for with ordinary engines the travel of the valve in full gear equals the throw of the eccentrics, the top and bottom rocker arm being of the same length. The motion transmitted from the eccentrics and their means of connection with the link make the latter swing as if it were pivoted on a center, which had a horizontal movement equal to the lap and lead of the valve. The extremities of the link, or rather the points opposite the eccentric rods, swing a distance equal to the full throw of the eccentric. The variation of valve travel that can be effected by the link is from that of the eccentric throw in full gear down to a distance in mid gear which agrees with the extent of lap and lead. The method of obtaining these various degrees of travel is by moving the link so that the block which encircles the rocker pin shall approach the middle of the link.

When an engine is run with the lever in the center notch, the supply of steam is admitted by the lead opening alone. In full gear the eccentric, whose rod end is in line with the rocker pin, exerts almost exclusive control over the valve movement; but, as the link block gets hooked towards the center, it comes to some extent under the influence of both eccentrics.

It will be evident now that the valve must occupy practically the same position for forward or back gear, as each of the eccentric rods reach the same distance forward. Putting the motion in back gear would bring the back up eccentric rod pin to the position now occupied by the pin belonging to the forward eccentric rod.

A LAKESIDE MUSING.

Why George Died While Passing the Loftiest Point in Life's Pathway.

Chicago Tribune.

"Do you love me truly, Harold?"

Lurline Neversink was even more beautiful than usual as she stood in the soft, mellow light that streamed from the chandelier overhead, and, looking down fondly upon her, George W. Simpson felt that to wreck forever the happiness of her young life, to plunge her soul into the turbid depths of despair and hold it there by the heels, were a crime than which none would be more black. He knew that this girl, whose weird, passionate nature made her heart a lute for every passing joy or grief to play upon, had given to him the one best love of a woman's life—her first. It was something to be tenderly proud of, this love—something not to be worn lightly on the sleeve where all might see it, but tucked carefully away in the woodshed of a man's soul, secure alike from carping criticism or cruel jest. And yet as George W. Simpson gazed tenderly into the dark, lustrous eyes that were aglow with hopeful expectancy, he felt that the maelstrom of passionate adoration into which Lurline Neversink had allowed herself to be drawn would one day cast her young heart bleeding and torn upon the jagged rocks of refusal. It was a ter-

rible, maddening thought, and it came with awful force to George as he stood in that palatial mansion, his feet sinking into the velvet carpet until he was in danger of becoming cock-ankled, and heard the words with which this chapter opens.

Bending tenderly over the girl, George kisses her in a chaste, New Haven, Conn., manner, but does not trust himself to answer in words the fateful question she has asked. And then they pass into the music-room, which is separated from the hall by a portiere of navy blue velvet. The windows of the room are shaded by curtains of the same rich color, and the walls between them are covered with paintings. Statues of Mozart, Beethoven and Guido filled niches, while over the low mantel hung a full length portrait of Maud S. No word was spoken until Lurline had seated herself at the piano, and then it was simply a request that he hand her a certain piece of music. As he stooped forward to comply the outlines of his face were brought into strong relief against the ruddy background of his left ear, and Lurline gazed at him intently. His was such a countenance as one sees in old Italian portraits, in some Vandykes, showing power strangely blended with passion. His mouth, beautiful as a woman's, with its smile generous and rare as a split cod-fish, was tightly compressed and as bloodless as marble. His eyebrows, dark, straight, and finely penciled, met over his dark gray eyes, and in the latter there was a fixed, resolute expression that boded no good to a square meal if he should happen to meet one.

At last the music was found and Lurline began to sing. Carried away by the inspiration of the moment, she sang on and on until at last she paused from sheer exhaustion. And then, seeing that George was not at her side, she turned to the fauteuil at her left. There he lay—dead in all the proud grandeur of his glorious manhood, when on his forehead fell the "golden dawning of a grander day." He had died at the moment when he was passing the stone that marks the loftiest point on life's highway—died where man-

hood's morning almost touches it, and while the shadows were falling toward the west. The mellow light from the chandelier stole into the hushed chamber of death and wandered over his stately form that lay powerless and stricken, over his noble, handsome face, telling, even in death, of the deathless love he bore her.

He had forgotten to plug up his ears.

NAMING OCEAN STEAMERS.

How to Know the Line to Which a Steamer Belongs.

New York Tribune.

The custom of naming steamships has many curious features. Some companies select the names of cities, others American States, and others begin the name with a certain letter or syllable. Vessels have been re-named to conform to a rule. It is seldom, however, that a lost vessel is succeeded by the same name, the case of the Royal Nederland line, which lost the steamship Edam by a collision with another vessel at sea, and built another Edam to take her place, being an exception.

The Guion line names its vessels after the States and Territories of the Northwest; as the Wisconsin, Nevada, Arizona, Alaska and Oregon. The White Star line selects names for its vessels ending in "tic;" as the Baltic, Adriatic, Germanic, Celtic and Britannic. The Cunard line chooses names ending in "ia;" as the Gallia, Servia, Pannonia, Bothnia and Scythia. The National line began naming its vessels after American States, but afterward adopted the names of countries. The present Holland was formerly the Louisiana; the Canada the Pennsylvania, and the Greece the Virginia. The Inman line names its vessels after cities; as the City of Chicago, City of Berlin and City of Richmond. The State line adheres to the names of American States for its vessels; as the State of Pennsylvania, State of Nebraska, and State of Florida.

The New York and Bordeaux line names its vessels after well-known wine chateaus, and the wines furnished on board are bottled at the chateau after which the ship is named. The two ves-

sels now running are the Chateau Leoville and Chateau Lafite. The Hamburg-American line has a large fleet of vessels, three of which—the Lessing, Gellert and Wieland—were bought from the Eagle line, and bear the name of German poets. The North German Lloyd has a vast fleet of steamers. Some of them are named after rivers; a few, like the Gen. Werder, after prominent persons; others after old estates and leading cities. The Bremen and Hull vessels are named after birds.

Of the American lines, the Alexandres' Mexican and Havana steamers are named after cities, as the City of Pueblo, City of Alexandria, City of Washington, and the City of Merida. The Savannah line selects Indian names. The United States and Brazil line selects names ending with "ance," as Finance, Advance, and Reliance.

Of the outside British lines the Glen line names its steamers beginning with "Glen;" the Japan line, ending with "shire;" the Beeline, beginning with "Ben;" the Hall line, ending with "Hall;" the Calcutta line, after the stars; the Colonial line, ending with "Castle;" the Clan line, after the clans; the Red Cross line, ending with "ene;" the Baltimore line, ending with "more;" and the Strath line beginning with "Strath."

FOUND AT LAST.

What the Railroads Have Been Looking For and Something About It.

Lowell Citizen.

The great want of a car coupler, automatic in action, that may be applied to freight as well as to passenger cars, seems to be in a fair way of being filled by the invention of Mr. Thomas F. Byron, president of the Byron Car Coupler company. During the past year 86 men have been killed in Massachusetts alone while coupling cars, and any invention which will put an end to this human slaughter should at once commend itself to public attention. Hitherto the majority of automatic car couplers have been constructed upon false principles. The self-acting link and pin arrangement has never given satisfaction. When two cars are uncoupled

the link must necessarily remain in one, and this being so, two cars may come together, each having a link projecting or no link at all, thus obliging a man to go between the cars and take out a link or supply one. Of course this method saves no labor and scarcely diminishes the risk to human life. The same objection applies to the use of a bar of iron as a coupler. An attendant must see that there is but one bar between two cars, as the connection can be made only when there is but one piece, whether it be a bar or link. The varying heights of cars also render a man's service indispensable in both of the methods quoted, and in this view it is easy to explain the remark made by Judge Russell, Chairman of the Massachusetts railroad commission, that the railroads have not yet found any self-acting coupler that was really practicable, though they stood ready to adopt one when they did.

So far, the Miller coupler has been found the best, though that is open to serious objections, the chief of which is that it cannot be applied to the freight cars and locomotives as well as to passenger cars. In this, and in many other respects, Mr. Byron's coupler has a great advantage. It is so constructed that only the engineer and a switchman are needed to make up a train, it being coupled as soon as the cars come in contact with each other. The coupler can be used on cars of every description, no matter what variations there may be in the heights of the tongues, and can be uncoupled from the side, top or platform of the car. A number of old railroad men who have examined Mr. Byron's coupler, say it is the best they have ever seen. Supt. Crockett, of the Boston and Lowell road, says it is clear at a glance that it will turn any curve, and couple or uncouple on any curve ever made. This the Miller coupler, and even the link and pin freight coupler, will not do. Mr. Gifford, master mechanic of the Boston and Lowell, says it is far superior to the one that took the prize at the Chicago exposition last summer, and in this opinion he is supported by Mr. Hall, master mechanic for the road at Nashua. The latter gentleman says it looks as if it

were the coupler that the railroads have been searching for so long. Another gentleman, Mr. Richardson, of the Boston and Maine road, guarantees that if the coupler fulfills the promise of the model, he will get up a national railroad convention within thirty days with a view of putting it into general use.

The Boston and Lowell car shop is now making the Byron couple for use upon that road, and if, as there seems little reason to doubt, it carries out the expectations based upon it, it will be a matter of very short time to insure its general adaptation on all lines of railroad in this country. Certainly if the new coupler will put an end to the almost daily slaughter of railroad employes, it cannot be too soon brought into use. Mr. Byron is to be congratulated upon the success that has so far attended his invention, and it is to be hoped that he will receive the reward that so humane and ingenious a contrivance should bring to him. The Miller coupler, which can be applied to passenger cars only, is at the present day valued at many millions of dollars, and as the Byron coupler exceeds in usefulness the Miller coupler, inasmuch as it can be applied to every description of car and locomotive, the pecuniary inference is naturally plain.

It looks as if Mr. Byron had a good thing.

PAGANINI, THE GENIUS.

Youths' Companion.

A young man who has imbibed the notion that he is a genius is apt to lose his balance. The flattery of friends makes him so vain that he imagines that he, at least, may attain without labor. He ignores mental discipline, because it involves hard study. He trusts to his genius to push him up, and sinks.

Scores of young men go to pieces at the beginning of the voyage, when they might have entered port with every sail drawing had they taken their departure from Carlyle's definition of genius: A capacity for infinite pains-taking.

All Europe hailed Paganini as a genius. During forty years he reigned the mon-

arch of the violin, with no rival near his throne.

If any one was ever born a violinist, he was. As soon as he could hold the violin he began to play it. The worshippers in the churches of Genoa often looked towards the choir to see a child playing on a violin almost as large as himself.

His genius was phenomenal. It gave him capacity, and urged him to develop it by intense application. His precocity astonished those from whom he sought instruction; but they were amazed at the zeal and rapidity with which he worked at their lessons. He soon exhausted their ability to instruct, and so passed on from one great teacher to another.

He went to Rolla, the great musician of Parma. The master was ill in bed, and Paganini waited in the ante-room. Some sheets of difficult music were lying on the table, alongside of a violin. The boy looked at the music, and began playing it.

"Who is the great master playing in my ante-room?" asked Rolla, raising himself to listen.

"A mere boy! impossible!" he exclaimed on being told that the player was a mere lad, who wished to become a pupil.

When Paganini appeared before the invalid's bed, the master said, "I can teach you nothing."

The boy had practiced ten or twelve hours a day. He would try passages over and over again in different ways, with such perseverance that at nightfall he was exhausted by fatigue. He composed as well as practiced, writing music so difficult that he could not play it until he had mastered it by incessant practice.

Let the reader note the working of the boy's genius. It prompted him to compose a hard task to be mastered by himself. It kept him up to his work day after day, until he had mastered the task. The boy had a capacity for infinite painstaking.

The boy's genius made him thorough. Faraday used to begin his investigation of a phenomenon by learning all that other scientists had written about it. With similar thoroughness young Paganini acquired the knowledge of what

other violinists had done or left undone.

He would have knowledge as well as art, so that he might not fail through ignorance or plagiarism. He worked hard to produce new effects and combinations. He sighed for a new world, because he had explored the old. His explorations gave him his point of departure. He sailed from it and discovered a world in which he had no master, no equal, and no follower.

His art was born with him, but he developed it by study and practice. When he died, men said he had carried his secret with him to the grave. It may be so; but the intelligent reader of his life discerns that Paganini's ability to master details accounts in part for his success.

ONE-ARMED MEN.

How a Station Agent Prevented a Disastrous Collision.

"A one-armed man for emergencies every time," exclaimed an old railroad official in the heat of an argument on the prevention of collisions and other accidents. "I never knew one to fail in time of danger. The loss of an arm seems to increase their wits, and I can name several instances of their display of nerve and invention when other men were of no use. Do you remember Ross Marchman? No? Well, I'll tell you the kind of fellow he was, when he worked under me on the Piedmont Air-Line road.

"There is, not far from the South Carolina line, a small town called Sewanee. It is several hours' ride from Atlanta, Georgia, and contains about 500 people. The telegraph operator at the depot is station agent, express agent, ticket agent, truckman and porter. In fact he runs the whole business, and his is a responsible position. He often works all day and all night, and it is a strain to keep up with the work in the busy season. Ross Marchman was telegraph operator and-so-forth at Sewanee. He was about twenty-two years old, and had lost his right arm. How in the world he ever managed to perform his multiplicity of duties is a mystery, but he was never

found wanting in any of the qualifications necessary to a successful accomplishment of every task. We all had confidence in Marchman. One night in November, 1882, he was sitting half asleep over his key, worn out with fatigue, when he was aroused by hearing himself called by the train-dispatcher. He answered and the following order came over the wires: 'Side-track No. 12, north-bound, Sewanee, 1 A. M. Hold for extra No. 3, south-bound, 1-04 A. M.' There was nothing unusual in the order. Marchman 'O K'd' it and made the necessary preparations for flagging down No. 12, which, being a through-freight, did not stop at way-stations unless signalled to do so.

"The night was dark and stormy, and the wind blew in gusts, driving the rain into every crack and crevice. The track from the north past the station had a heavy down-grade, and it was the custom for engineers to blow a long blast on the whistle, when their trains crossed the summit, some half a mile away. No. 12 was on time, and when Marchman heard the blast he took his lantern and went out on the track. The headlight rose over the summit like a full moon climbing the hills, and flashed down the rails. The rain came down in torrents, the wind whistled past the corners of the station with an ominous sound, the train came thundering on. Marchman raised his lantern and swung it across the track, but before the signal could be given a fitful gust of wind put out the light. The train was not two hundred yards off and had not slackened its speed. There was no time to get another lamp. It was a moment of horror to the poor operator. No. 3, with its freight of passengers, was coming just beyond the town—the two trains would meet—collision—destruction—death—all passed before his mind like a flash of lightning. He felt the quivering of the ties beneath his feet as he stood in the full glare of the light now fearfully close. Suddenly his hand sought his pocket; there was a flash, a sharp report of a pistol, and a bullet went crashing through the head-

light. The lamp was extinguished, and as the engine passed him, Marchman threw his pistol into the cab window.

"Well, the train was stopped, and the conductor coming forward to see what was wrong, reached Marchman just in time to receive his orders, when the latter, overcome with the terrible strain, fell to the ground. The train was run into a siding, and No. 3 dashed by at the rate of about forty miles an hour. Not a passenger dreamed of what had happened.

"Of course," continued the official, "we remembered Marchman in a substantial way. That one arm, though, was the making of him."

NAPOLEON.

Mme. De Remusat.

"I was educated," he said, "at a military school. Every one said of me, 'That child will never be good for anything but geometry.' I had chosen a little corner of the school grounds where I would sit and dream at my ease, for I have always liked reverie.

When my companions tried to usurp possession of this corner, I defended it with all my might. I already knew by instinct that my will was to override that of others, and that what pleased me was to belong to me. I was not liked at school. It takes time to make one's self liked; and even when I had nothing to do, I always felt vaguely that I had no time to lose. I entered the service, and soon grew tired of garrison work. I began to read novels, and they interested me deeply. I even tried to write some. I often let myself dream, in order that I might afterwards measure my dreams by the compass of my reason. I threw myself into an ideal world, and I endeavored to find out in what precise points it differed from the actual world in which I lived. I have always liked analysis, and if I were to be seriously in love, I should analyze my love bit by bit. I conquered, rather than studied history. I did not care to retain and did not retain anything that could not give me a new idea; I disdained all that was useless, but took possession of certain results which pleased me."

'SQUIRE LUFKINS.

The Oldest Locomotive Engineer in the United States.

Denver Tribune.

The oldest railroad locomotive engineer in the United States is Lawson Lufkins, generally called "'Squire" Lufkins, of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad. He is tall and thin.

"Mine has been a very simple life," said the 'Squire, "and when I look back over the thirty-seven years I ran a passenger engine, it makes me wonder that so few things stand out. It's all a dead level now. I began engineering when I was just 20 years old, which was pretty young, and you see I needn't bet tottering on the edge of the grave to be the oldest engineer. When I began I hadn't served an apprenticeship as a fireman, but I was a well-trained machinist. Locomotives were my delight to study, and when I got one to run myself my ambition was realized. I just settled down to my life work then and there. At first I was bothered by people wondering at such a boy engineer, but I attended strictly to my work, and soon I knew I was all right and safe, and the officers came to the same opinion before long. I loved my work, and I never let my mind run off the track. My engine and my duty were more to me than anything else I could think about. When an engineer's mind goes off on side trips his train is apt to make a violent attempt to follow."

"Didn't you feel the effects of the work and responsibility on your nerves?"

"I can't say I did. I've read of doctors saying that no man can stand the physical and mental strain of running an engine more than twenty-five years. I don't believe this is so. If it is, I am a great exception. I am just as capable to-day as I ever was in my life, and I think I could go on and complete my second twenty-five years. Of course, the engine shook me up, and there was noise and exposure all the time, but I got used to these things. They got to be as matter of fact as eating. As to the sense of responsibility, I felt it, of course, but it sustained me, instead of breaking me down. Why, it is the soul

of engineering, this thought that one is taking care of the lives of others. If I didn't have it, I wouldn't run an engine. It would be like running a church without any God. And I would not work on any railroad if the safety of the passengers was not the very first thought in every department, from President down."

"Did your train ever meet with an accident?"

"Nothing bad. I've had little mishaps, but I never received a censure from my superiors or my own self. One time a man was hurt on my train and I heard he afterward died. He was on a platform, where he had no right to be, when a cow ran into my engine. She got caught in the wheels, and two coaches were derailed. The passenger was thrown off and badly hurt. I think there was a suit against the company and the company won it. That's the only accident I can remember. It was this freedom from trouble for so many years that led me to resign my position about two years ago. Thinks I, I am getting rather old in years. I'll have to quit anyhow before a great while. If I quit after some misfortune, people will blame me, and the company, too, for keeping me at work. I am just as good an engineer as ever, and I'll end my service on my own motion. So I sent in my resignation and the company gave me a satisfactory place as detective between Broad and Callowhill depot and Belmont."

"Have you kept any record of your mileage?"

"Yes, a sort of record, but it would take months to make up any figures from it. It was a sort of account book that I carried in my pocket. I would enter my boarding house expenses, my mileage and other things all together. But I was an engineer thirty-seven years, and ran all the time between Philadelphia and Pottsville. This is a distance of ninety-three miles, but the run actually made is 100 miles, for there is a lot of side running. For five years at the start, I had a freight engine, and all the rest of the time a passenger engine. For the last fourteen years I doubled the run most of the time. Now,

you can make a calculation from these figures and facts. You say 1,890,000 miles? That seems a great deal, but I suppose it will do. I think an average of 150 miles a day for 350 days in the year for thirty-six years would be a moderate statement. That drops a whole year for safety's sake. But I do not take much pains to study out such sums in arithmetic. If I were a Frenchman I suppose I'd know how many times my travels would have carried me around the world and all such things. I only know they carried me so often between Philadelphia and Pottsville that I know every tie in the track and almost when each was placed there."

"No doubt you witnessed many changes and improvements?"

"Yes; but they came like a boy grows, and it wouldn't be easy to tell when any one occurred. When I began there were no cabs on the engines, and we had to dress warm for outdoor work. Sometimes it wasn't easy to hang on, but the time made in those days was nothing to that now made. At sixty miles an hour, which is an ordinary rate, it wouldn't do to be without a cab in cold weather. The wind would cut the eyes out. I remember when the cab engines were first introduced here. It was on the Pennsylvania road, which then belonged to the State. The engineers all raised a great row at the change, and there came near being a strike. They said the houses were death traps, and if an accident happened there would be no way to escape. They soon changed their minds, and if the houses were taken off now there would be a riot sure enough. But I've heard that some of the English locomotives have no cabs."

NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST. HELENA.

New York Sun.

The first place the average visitor asks for is Longwood, built for Napoleon, and in which he spent five years and finally died. The road to Longwood, which lies several miles from James Town, passes through some very pretty valleys where all the available ground is used for farming purposes, and within sight of The Briars, a very pretty country

house, in which Napoleon was lodged while Longwood was preparing for him. The latter place is handier to the town, and Napoleon greatly objected to the transfer; but Longwood is nearer the center of the island, and it was considered advisable to make attempt at rescue or escape as difficult as possible by keeping him far from the coast.

The house is sunk in a valley, and is a long, low structure, very much resembling a two-story American summer hotel. Scarcely anything remains in the shape of relics; but the tomb near the house and lying under weeping willows, is guarded by a French sergeant and two soldiers. The ground was purchased by the French. Under the sarcophagus which is about three feet high and protected by an iron railing, the body of the great emperor rested twenty-five years, and until it was taken to its final magnificent tomb in the Invalides.

A very near relative of the writer, who was present when the coffin was taken up and opened before the Prince de Joinville, said that the embalming had been done so well that though the skin had turned parchment hued the outline of the features remained perfect. It was under a tricolor of satin made by some woman on the island that the body was borne to the ship, and each of these ladies were presented by the prince with a gold bracelet, in the name of the French nation. The same person who witnessed the exhumation became acquainted with Napoleon during the six years of his captivity, and declared that he could never meet the ex-emperor's eyes for more than a second. His glance remained till the last so piercing that it seemed to reach into the very soul of the person on whom it was bent.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

St. Nicholas.

It was the 25th of November, 1783—a brilliant day, that an excited crowd surged and shouted about Mr. Day's tavern in Murray street, near the road to Greenwich. Cunningham, the cruel and vindictive British provost-marshal, stood at

the foot of the flag-pole, from which floated the stars and stripes, the flag of the new republic. "Come, you rebel cur," he said to Day, "I give you two minutes to haul down that rag—I'll have no such striped clout as that flying in the faces of His Majesty's forces!"

"There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly. Cunningham turned to his guard.

"Arrest that man," he ordered. "And as for this thing here, I'll haul it down myself," and seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag. The crowd broke out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. But, in the midst of the tumult, the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, armed with her trusty broom.

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came down thwack! thwack! upon his powdered wig. Old men still lived, not twenty years ago, who were boys in that excited crowd, and remembered how the powder flew from the stiff white wig, and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost-marshal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom.

Sir Guy Carleton, K. C. B., commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's forces in the colonies, stood at the foot of the flag-staff on the northern bastion of Fort George. Before him filed the departing troops of his king, evacuating the pleasant little city they had occupied for over seven years. The waves of the bay sparkled in the sunlight, while the whale-boats, barges, gigs and launches sped over the water, bearing troops and refugees to the transports, or to the temporary camp on Staten Island. The last act of the evacuation was almost completed; and, as to the strains of appropriate music the commander-in-chief and his staff passed down to the boats, the red cross of St. George, England's royal flag, came fluttering down from its high staff on the north bastion, and the last of the rear-guard wheeled toward the slip. But Cunningham, the provost-marshal,

still angered by the thought of his discomfiture at Day's tavern, declared roundly that no rebel flag should go up that staff in sight of King George's men. "Come, lively now, you bluejackets," he shouted, turning to some of the sailors from the fleet. "Unreeve the halyards, quick; slush down the pole; knock off the stepping cleats! Then let them run their rag up if they can." His orders were quickly obeyed and the marshal left the now liberated city. In a few moments colonel Jackson, halting before the flag-staff, ordered up the stars and stripes.

"The halyards are cut, colonel," reported the color-sergeant, "the cleats are gone, and the pole is slushed."

"A mean trick, indeed," exclaimed the indignant colonel. "A gold jacobus to him who will climb the staff and reeve the halyards for the stars and stripes!"

"I want no money for the job," said a young sailor lad as he tried it manfully once, twice, thrice, and each time came slipping down covered with slush and shame. "I'll fix 'em yet," he said. "If ye'll but saw me some cleats, I'll run that flag to the top in spite of all the Tories from 'Sopus to Sandy Hook!"

Ready hands came to his assistance.

Then, tying the halyards around his waist, and filling his jacket pockets with cleats and nails, he worked his way up the flag-pole, nailing and climbing as he went. And now he reaches the top, now the halyards are rove, and as the beautiful flag goes fluttering up the staff a mighty cheer is heard, and a round of thirteen guns salutes the stars and stripes and the brave sailor boy who did the gallant deed.

THE GREAT ASTOR LIBRARY.

Chicago Journal.

The three generations of Astors are each represented in the great Astor library in this city. The first founded the library and erected a noble building for it; the second duplicated the gift in books and another similar structure alongside, and the present generation has added more books and another great building, so that now the library and

aggregated structures are well worth the journey of Dom Pedro, of Brazil, to this country, as he declared while here, for the main purpose of seeing this collection of books.

The Astor library is no place for entertainment, having no light reading—except in rare books—and being a reference library only, leaving the other field to the circulating libraries of the country; but in it are all the obtainable books of reference in every branch of learning, besides the rarest volumes of lore to be found in the world. It was my privilege to be shown through its corridors one day this week, and I must say that I think more of the Astors and my native country from what my eyes were permitted to see. Among its treasures are volumes costing over \$1,500 apiece, the first Homer, the first Shakespeare, valuable ancient manuscripts, etc. Every lover of books and student should see this rich spot on our soil, which, like the soil, is free to all who choose to reap its benefits.

A STORY OF JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

Washington Letter.

I heard a fact or two about Judah P. Benjamin's early life, the other day, which were new to me. His father was a small, dark skinned Spanish Jew, who kept a little fruit shop on Market street, Charleston, S. C. Benjamin's early life was spent in that shop. He was educated by the Hebrew Orphan society of Charleston, graduating under their care at Charleston college. He was a grass orphan by that time. His mother, disagreeing with his father, had left her home and gone to Beaufort, where she opened a general country store. Forty years ago she was conducting it successfully.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin were devoted adherents to the grand old religion of their fathers, and Judah P. Benjamin was educated in it. He has always retained his respect for his race, although he married a Gentile, and has never been identified with the Jewish church. You remember his fine reply

in the senate, when he was taunted in a hot debate with being a Jew. "The senator," he said, rising gracefully and speaking in his usual silvery way, "will please remember that when his half-civilized ancestors were hunting the wild boar in the forests of Silesia, mine were the princes of the earth." The senate was electrified, and the carping senator was silenced.

DYNAMITE AND NITRO-GLYCERINE.

Chicago Tribune.

According to a manufacturer of dynamite, "you might throw a box of it from the top of the public buildings to the street with no more effect than if you threw down a box of apples. You can burn it, also, with perfect impunity." To prove this the manufacturer took a piece of the brown explosive from a shelf, and lighting it with a match, held it in his hand while it burned slowly with a dull, yellowish flame. "In fact," he continued, "dynamite is much safer to transport than gun-powder. Many a time I have run over a car-load of it at the works. There is no risk in carrying it about in a satchel. It is a fact not generally known that a car of dynamite was once smashed in a railway collision and no harm was done. How is it made to do its destructive work? Well, it is safe only so long as it is kept separated from the materials used to fire it."

The transportation of nitro-glycerine, unlike dynamite, is dangerous. It can be conveniently stored in earthen jars, with a layer of water on top. For transportation it is usually put into strong tin cans holding about forty or fifty pounds, and when possible frozen.

KATE SHELLEY'S HEROISM.

New York Herald.

The medal of honor awarded by the Iowa Legislature to Miss Kate Shelley as an act of recognition of bravery displayed by her in saving a passenger train from certain destruction, on the Chicago and Northwestern, three years ago, was formally presented at Ogden, Iowa, July 4th.

The event brought together the largest crowd ever assembled in the little village.

The Northwestern Railroad ran a special train from Boone, the home of the young heroine, which bore her and her immediate relatives, as well as a large party of invited guests, to the scene of the presentation. Mr. Welker Givin, Governor Sherman's private secretary, did the honors of the occasion, the Governor not being able to attend. At the request of Miss Shelley, Professor J. F. Currow, of Angus, responded for her. After the ceremonies Miss Shelley held a reception at the park, where a large number of people called and paid their respects.

The incident from which the event of the day had its origin occurred three years ago on July 6. Miss Shelley was then a girl of 15 years. Her father had been a section hand on the Northwestern R. R., but lost his life. The girl and her mother, with two other children, lived in a hut near the railway track, upon the side hill, near Boone, overlooking the valley of Moingona Creek. On the night mentioned a terrible rain storm swept through the country, and the usually quiet stream became a raging torrent. The waters undermined and swept out the trestle work of the railroad bridge, but the ties and rails still held their place. The Omaha express was due from the west in a short time.

The girl knew that the engineer would be deceived by the fact that at a distance the rails were apparently intact. Something must be done to get warning to the next station west, which was the small town of Moingona.

She could not cross the stream, for the waters were impassable, and therefore resolved to brave the fury of the storm and risk her life on the treacherous railway bridge. Her mother protested, but she was determined, and lighting a lantern she went forth. Carefully she felt her way upon the toppling structure. With the aid of her lantern, she walked, or crept or crawled, as best she could. Her mother watched her from the window of the house, expecting every moment to see the light drop into the surging stream, but fortune smiled on the little girl and she gained the opposite

bank, where the footing was safe. She then sped with great rapidity to the station, which she reached just ahead of the train, and a great catastrophe was avoided.

This is the story of the event made memorable by the presentation of the first medal ever given in the name of the State. The medal is a fine work of art costing \$150.

An effort was made to induce Miss Shelley to permit its presentation in the presence of the legislature last winter, but this she firmly refused, desiring to avoid, as much as possible a public demonstration. The State has also voted her a sum of money, commercial travelers' associations have remembered her by gifts, and the orders of conductors and engineers have also presented her with substantial tokens of their appreciation. All these attentions, however, have not turned her head. What she desires more than anything else, she remarked recently, is an education. Miss Shelley, who, as her name implies, is of Irish parentage, did what few persons of either sex or any age would have had the courage to do, and fully merits all that can be done for her.

WHAT SIEMENS DID.

Popular Science Monthly.

In a paper giving an account of the British association of 1882, of which Dr. Siemens was president, Prof. Emil Du Bois-Reymond referred, with some expressions of admiration, to the many ways in which the name of Siemens is identified with the most important of the recent advances in technical science. What Krupp is among the German industries in warlike arts, he said, the collective name of Siemens is in the arts of peace. Siemens telegraph wires gird the earth, and the Siemens cable-steamer Faraday is continually engaged in laying new ones. By the Siemens method has been solved the problem, by the side of which that of finding a needle in a haystack is one of childish simplicity, of fishing out in the stormy ocean, from a depth comparable to that of the vale of Chamouni, the ends of a broken cable.

Electrical resistance is measured by the Siemens mercury unit. "Siemens" is written on water-meters, and Russian and German revenue officers are assisted by Siemens apparatus in levying their assessments. The Siemens processes for gilding and silvering, and the Siemens anastatic printing mark stages in the development of those branches of industry. Siemens differential regulators control the action of the steam engines that forge English arms at Woolwich, and that of the Chronographs on which the transit of the stars is marked at Greenwich. The Siemens cast-steel works and glass-houses, with their regenerative furnaces, are admired by all artisans. The Siemens electric light shines in assembly-rooms and public places, and the Siemens gas-light competes with it; while the Siemens electroculture in green-houses bids defiance to our long winter nights. The Siemens electric railway is destined to rule in cities and tunnels. The Siemens electric crucible, melting three pounds of platinum in twenty minutes, was a wonder of the Park exposition, which might well have been called an exposition of Siemens apparatus and productions, so prominent were they there.

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

Spirit of the Farm.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associations, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the dis-

turbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires by night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish the demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. Believe it possible that, with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STATESMAN.

Youths' Companion.

South Carolina sent to Congress three young men, Lowndes, Calhoun and Cheves, to sustain the war of 1812. Their talents were so conspicuous that men spoke of them as "The Galaxy." William Lowndes ranked the first among the three, and was the leader of the House of Representatives from 1812 to 1822. Yet to the inconsiderate observer he seemed to possess scarcely any of the attributes of leadership. His tall, stooping and frail frame, his feeble, husky voice, his awkward gestures, and his gentle, unpretending nature appeared to unfit him to lead a body of men divided by the excitement of the war with Great Britain.

His leadership was, however, undisputed. It arose from his unselfishness, his information and mental grasp, his fairness in debate and his courtesy towards opponents. No matter how "burning" might be the question before the House, he, though earnest in the expression of his views, never uttered a word to offend an opponent. It was his custom to state the arguments of the opposition so strongly and clearly that men called him "the fairest debater in Congress." On one

occasion, Mr. Lowndes put an opponent's argument in such a clear and strong light, that John Randolph exclaimed, "Lowndes, you will never be able to answer yourself!"

He worked hard to acquire the varied information necessary to fit a conscientious legislator to discharge intelligently the duty of legislating for a people of diversified industries.

Once, while Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, he presented a report which narrated the history of our trade with the East Indies. One of the members from Massachusetts, Mr. Silsbee, who had been engaged in that trade for many years, said in his place, "The gentleman from South Carolina has given me important information and shed new light upon a subject with which I thought myself familiar, as an old East India merchant."

Two young members of the House were once discussing the extent of Mr. Lowndes' information. One of them said that he could suggest a subject about which Mr. Lowndes would know nothing. A wager was made,—betting was popular in those days,—and the two gentlemen went directly to Mr. Lowndes.

"Can you tell us, sir, the process of manufacturing a pin?" asked the gentleman who had proposed the test. To the surprise of both, the gifted South Carolinian at once gave in detail the whole process, from the drawing of the wire to the fixing of the pins on paper.

But the keystone of Mr. Lowndes' influence in Congress was the conviction of its members that he never was moved by a selfish purpose. Even in the heat of debate men felt that Lowndes was speaking not for the triumph of victory, but because he believed the views he advocated were such as would benefit the whole country. He aimed to convince the judgment by persuasive speech. When he had succeeded, and the majority were radiant with the glow of victory, he was conspicuous for his gentle humility.

In 1822, the Legislature of South Carolina unanimously nominated Mr. Lowndes as a candidate for the Presidency. He

made no response to this nomination. A friend wrote him a letter, chiding him for his reticent attitude towards such a high compliment.

In Mr. Lowndes' reply he stated that he had not taken and would never take a step to attract the public eye to himself. Then he uttered a sentiment which no one doubted to be the expression of one who aspired to merit rather than aimed to gain the honors of high office:

"The Presidency of the United States is not an office to be either solicited or declined."

When he died, at the early age of forty-two, even his political adversaries mourned the loss of a personal friend. One of the most active of them said, "The best hopes of the country looked to William Lowndes for their fulfillment."

We have recalled this modest, retiring, unambitious statesman that our readers may muse over the achievements of one who was no orator, yet whose persuasive power and pure life made him a leader among men.

HATING PEOPLE.

Catholic Herald.

Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts toward anyone. What if that man has cheated you or that woman played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need or that one having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?" All who treat you wrong now will be more sorry for it than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief can be. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying in the world, some hasty greetings and abrupt farewells, and life will be over, and the injurer and injured will be laid away, and ere long forgotten. It is not worth while to hate each other.

ACROSS THE WHEAT.

The wheat was flowing ankle-deep
 Across the field from side to side,
 And, dipping in the emerald waves,
 The swallows flew in circles wide.

The sun, a moment flaring red,
 Shot level rays athwart the world,
 Then quenched his fire behind the hills,
 With rosy vapors o'er him curled.

A sweet insinuating calm—
 A calm just one remove from sleep
 Such as a tranquil watcher feels;
 Seeing mild stars at midnight sweep

Through splendid purple deeps, and swing
 Their old ripe clusters down the West
 To where, on undiscovered hills,
 The gods have gathered them to rest—

A calm like that hung over all
 The dusky groves, and filtered through
 The thorny hedges, touched the wheat
 Till every blade was bright with dew.

Was it a dream? We call things dreams
 When we must needs do so, or own
 Belief in old exploded myths.
 Whose very smoke has long since flown.

Was it a dream? Mine own eyes saw,
 And Ceres came across the wheat,
 That, like bright water dimpled round
 The golden sandals of her feet?

—[Maurice Thompson.

BULL RUN'S FIELD.

**The Fascination of the Scene—Where Stonewall
 Jackson Sat His Horse.**

Joaquin Miller.

We got a good dinner at Manassas, and hiring a team and driver we set out for the battle-field of Bull Run, four miles distant, over the same road which Beauregard traveled to meet McDowell on July 21, 1861.

The trouble now is not what to say but what not to say in a single letter. Briefly, then, the south was massing for battle on this point. You can to this day see miles of earthworks here. Fort Beauregard is still an imposing piece of fortification, earthwork, with beech trees, pear trees, willows, and in fact all kinds of wild as well as tame woods climbing over. It is too heavy to level down and restore again to the dominion of the plow. But nearly all the other lines and earth forts have quietly surrendered to the husbandman, and, mounting there to-day, the tall corn stands in regiments flashing its green, bent sabres in the sun.

This first battle of Bull Run stands first in the alphabet of great American battles. Greater battles have been fought here-

abouts; a greater battle, indeed, on this same ground. But the first has fastened itself on us. There is a savage fascination about it which we who lived on that day can not escape. And yet it was not yesterday. I saw lounging against a lamp-post here at Manassas, not an hour ago, a handsome young southerner pulling at his mustache. I approached and asked him of the battle. He had been born since it was fought! So you see it was not fought yesterday, this battle of Bull Run, when the cannon shook the earth even to the shores of Oregon. And do you know the north played the air of "Dixie" in this first battle? It is so. The south had not yet learned it, but played "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Let us look in upon this battle-field as we look upon the face of one whom we knew well nearly a quarter of a century ago. By a wide, well-kept country road, through corn fields and clumps of oak, chestnut, walnut, hickory and half a dozen other kinds of scrub trees, some of them badly shot to pieces, we were driven toward the muddy, sluggish, crooked and ugly little stream of Bull Run. In this drive of four miles we met one man on horseback; we passed one man on a horse and a barefoot negro boy on foot, driving a little flock of sheep. Overhead I saw a single raven; not a bird, not a squirrel, on either hand; but the crickets and grasshoppers in the corn fields and clumps of wood on either side of us chirped and sang incessantly.

At the end of four miles we turned through a gate to the right into a field; cows were scattered here and there around the crescent of the hill; on the crest of the hill stood a long frame farm-house; back of this house a little brown stone monument to the dead soldiers; in front of it, in the door-yard, a graveyard. The house which formerly stood here had been torn to splinters during the battle. The lady buried in the grave in the door-yard was killed here. She was the mother of the kind old gentleman who inherits this place. This battle-field was his mother's farm. It is now his, and he shows you over it. He was teaching

school down at Alexandria at the time his mother was killed here; a school teacher for forty years. He and his sister live in this old gray house together; no one but these two old deaf people for many a mile about. The peach trees are breaking down under loads of fruit in the heart of the battle-field, a little way down the slope of the hill below the grave in the door-yard. Long strings of fat turkeys tread on tangled grass through the orchard, chasing the grasshoppers. Below this orchard, half a mile away and curved around in a muddy crescent, but hidden by a young growth of trees, creeps Bull Run. On the morning of the battle in the broad corn fields on the other side and away out yonder miles away over the foot hills the Federal bayonets gleamed by tens of thousands. They were marching for Beauregard's rear, or rather for the Midland line, by which he had come up from the south. He had come out from Manassas, four miles away, to stop this movement, as all the world knows. The north was not to be stopped. Hence the battle. But this is trenching on history, and we must draw a line. You can see where the south retreated to where stood Jackson, "like a stone wall."

Back of this house, where the old schoolmaster lives with his oldest sister, about a hundred yards, and almost at the top of the gently sloping hill, on the outer edge of the tall, rank corn, and against a young growth of pines, is the place where Jackson got down to pray. And here it was he sat his horse, was wounded, held his men in stubborn line that day, while storm of battle beat against them, and so won his singular name. On the front of this sloping hill that lies here between this house and the place where Jackson sat his horse during the battle, the dead lay thickest when the fight was done. The corn is rank and tall. But I do not see as some pretend to when looking over the field of Waterloo, that the blood of brave men has put any particular mark of vitality upon it. The truth is, if some one did

not point out to you all this, you would know nothing whatever of the battle of Bull Run. Nature covers up all such scars; time heals the wounds on the breast of our common mother, as well as on our own. Wander about here for a week, as I have done, and, save for the one little brownstone monument here, the old earth-works at Manassas and some scarred old trees, you would not know there had ever been any battle here. I have picked up one bullet and one button from a soldier's coat; that is all. But on the earthworks near Manassas, under a peach tree, while picking up peaches, I found an Indian arrow-head. Think of it, and follow these two facts: What other battles, what other races had fought for the fields of Virginia ages and ages before?

Not many people come to visit this battlefield. I have seen a thousand at Waterloo for a single visitor here.

The great trench where the dead were buried on this sloping hill immediately under where Stonewall Jackson sat on his horse during the battle, is still a trench. This is a sore that refuses to heal. It has become a little drain or rivulet. The bones of the dead were mostly taken away at the close of the war, and this opened the trench anew. This portion of the battlefield is a pasture now. A little line of trees has grown along the banks of this trench. Under these rank young trees a good many sleek spotted cattle stood yesterday, chewing their cuds and lazily switching flies. You never hear a sound of any kind around here at all, no coming and going, as at Waterloo and other great battlefields of Europe. The trees are turning a little red in the blush of early autumn. There is a hazy gray atmosphere over all here, which makes the stillness seem more still; a weary ghost of the smoke of war. In the corners of the old Virginia worm fences the wild berry grows rank and red, as if dripping with blood. The very earth is red, as if the bosom of mother earth bleeds perpetually for her brave dead who fell in the battle here.

OLD MAN BURR.

Noah's Sunday Times.

Here is a description of Aaron Burr in his old age: "We remember well that dry, bent, browned-faced old man, polite as Chesterfield himself, that used to sit at an ancient baize table in the half-light of the dust-covered room there; not often with work to do, indeed, he generally seemed meditating. We can now understand it all, though he seemed a strange personage then. What thoughts must have burned and whirled through that old man's brain—he, who came within a vote or two of seating himself as the successor of Washington. Even to our boyish judgment then, he was invested with the dignity of a historic scheme. He had all the air of a gentleman of the old school, was respectful, self-possessed, and bland, but never familiar. He had seen a hundred men, morally as unscrupulous as himself, more lucky, for some reason or other, than himself. He was down, he was old. He awaited his fate with Spartan calmness, knowing that not a tear would fall when he was put under the sod."

THE DOCTOR AND THE LAWYER.

Steubenville Herald.

A smart young sprig of a lawyer had a grave old doctor on the witness stand in a case of assault and battery, and he questioned him unmercifully.

"Ah, doctor," inquired the lawyer, "did I understand you to say the cut in the man's head was dangerous?"

"Yes, sir," replied the doctor.

"Well, doctor, doesn't it sometimes happen that even a less cut than this one is dangerous?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, doctor, is it not true that even a scratch is dangerous?"

"Yes, sir, and I have known of cases resulting fatally when not even a scratch was visible. Only recently a man died under such circumstances."

"Ah, indeed," quickly put in the attorney in a pleased and satisfied way, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury the facts?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"You say there was not a scratch on him?"

"Not one that I could find."

"And he died?"

"Yes."

"Now, doctor, just tell the jury how it was."

"Well, you see, he had the colic and he was dead before I could get him untangled."

The young attorney called another witness.

WOMEN ARE HONEST.

Although hundreds of women hold positions of financial trust in the country we have yet to hear of one of them being guilty of embezzlement or defalcation, says the *Albany Journal*. The evidence clearly sustains the positions of those who believe that women are qualified, morally, physically and intellectually, for the handling of money in stores or in banks. Gen. Spinner, who first introduced women into the United States Treasury as clerks and accountants, left on record a striking testimonial to the efficiency and integrity of one of the sex, and no one ever had a better opportunity to study the question than he, who at one time had 1,000 women under his direction, engaged chiefly in handling money. He testifies that they count more accurately and rapidly than men, that their ability to detect counterfeits proved to be superior in almost every test, that they were without an exception honest, and were invariably more careful and painstaking in their work. Complaints of inaccuracy and carelessness on the part of men were made frequently during Gen. Spinner's administration of the United States Treasury, but such complaints against lady clerks were few. The shrewdest and quickest detectors of counterfeit currency were women, and in case of dispute as to the genuineness of money Gen. Spinner invariably took the judgment of a Miss Grandin, who was for a long time employed in his bureau. In speaking of her ability in this particular one day

Gen. Spinner said: "If I were a believer in clairvoyancy I should say that she possessed that power; but I am not, so I call it instinct." Although there are several thousand women employed by the Government as clerks, accountants, post-mistresses and in other capacities, not one has ever proved unfaithful to her trust. Many have been discharged for incapacity and for other reasons, but never one for dishonesty. These points are worth the consideration of merchants and bankers, particularly now when there seems to be an epidemic of embezzlement.

THE POLAR HARE.

J. R. Coryell.

Far away to the north of us stretches a land white with snow during most of the year, where bleak winds in unobstructed fury sweep over deserted wastes; where night hangs like a sombre cloud for months unbroken, and where the crystal mountains called icebergs are born. There is the home of the polar hare. There, where man aimlessly wanders in a vain search for food or shelter, this dainty creature thrives.

Strangely enough, however, it sometimes happens that men are overtaken by starvation in the midst of numbers of polar hares. This is because the little creature has a peculiarity which makes it difficult for the inexperienced hunter to shoot it.

When approached it seems to have no fear at all, but sits up, apparently waiting for the coming hunter. Just, however, as the probably hungry man begins to finger the trigger of his gun and to eat in anticipation the savory stew, the hare turns about and bounds actively away to a safe distance, and once more rising on its haunches, sits with a provoking air of seeming unconsciousness until the hunter is again nearly within gun-shot, when it once more jumps away.

Notwithstanding, however, the apparent impossibility of approaching near enough to the hare to shoot it, there is in reality a very simple way to accomplish it. The plan is practiced by the natives,

who no doubt have learned it after many a hungry failure. It consists in walking in a circle around the animal, gradually narrowing the circle until within the proper distance. Simple as this plan is, it is so effective that, with care, the hunter may get within fifty yards of the hare, which seems completely bewildered by his circular course.

Perhaps the sad story of the heroic suffering and final loss of Captain De Long and his brave comrades might never have had to be told, had it not been for their probable ignorance of a matter of no more importance than this of how to shoot a polar hare. When they left their ship, the "Jeannette," they took with them only rifles, thinking, no doubt, that they would fall in with only such large game as bears, reindeer, and wolves.

As a matter of fact, such large animals were very scarce, while ptarmigan, a species of grouse, were plentiful, and would have supplied food in abundance to the whole brave band had there been shotguns with which to shoot them. As it was, the rifles brought down but few of the birds, and thus, in the midst of comparative plenty, the brave fellows starved.

SOLDIERING IN ANNAM.

The St. James' Gazette gives an interesting description of the army at the disposal of the King of Annam. It is reckoned officially at 200,000 men. Of these 40,000 garrison the capital, and half that number is assigned to Hanoi and the surrounding fortresses—Nam Dinh, Ninh Binh, and other places in Tonquin. The rest are ordinarily disguised in civilian attire, and are not to be distinguished from harmless agriculturists. When a man is dressed in the customary vestments of a Madras coast coolie—a handkerchief and a bit of string—it is difficult at the first blush to determine his profession. In Annam, however, the matter is rendered comparatively simple. The law is, from every three men one recruit. Except, however, in cases of extraordinary public necessity this rule is not acted up to; one man from every seven or eight is much nearer the average. The

selection of the recruits is left entirely to the local authorities, and the village Mandarins make a good thing out of the annual levies.

In default of squad drill the Annamese recruits are put through a variety of unpleasant experiences designed to test their courage. Physical courage and endurance are supposed to be the primary requisites of a soldier, and, after that, the knowledge of how to load and let off a gun. It is pleasantly assumed by the military officers that the men chosen for the army are the worst of the population. The Mandarins are supposed to keep their districts quiet by drafting all their *mauvais subjects* into the annual levy. There is, accordingly, the less compunction in putting them through the prescribed tests. The first of these is to assault the raw recruit violently with a saber. The saber is a wooden one, certainly; but the drill sergeant hits hard, and knows from personal experience where it hurts most. Operations commence with blows on the back and end with blows on the head. The recruit who stands battering about the head for the matter of five minutes without uttering a groan or flinching, even involuntarily, is hailed as a finished soldier and excused further "drill." To shrink, or even to moan when beaten on the head with the wooden saber is considered pardonable, and the victim is noted down as an "ordinary" soldier, instead of an "able-bodied" one.

But the recruit who cries out when he is hit on the body or confesses by a wriggle that the exercises is painful is reported for punishment and then put through a new course of instruction. The punishment usually consists in a certain number of blows from a bamboo on the upper part of the thighs, so that, except for the dignity of the thing, there is a close resemblance between punishment and military discipline. The military Mandarins defend the system on the ground that it is very ancient, and that it is unique in the military exercises of the world—the latter assertion being incontrovertible. Energetic officers of the

army frequently invent fantastic tests of a similar character in addition to the regulation exercises. A story at Hue is related of a *beau sabreur* of the Tay-sou Rebellion, who had a ditch dug and filled the bottom with swords and spikes stuck into the ground point upward. He then called upon his men to engage in drill. They were to fling themselves into the ditch. The most stoical of the "able-bodied" shrunk from this novel addition to the manual of exercises. Only one man was found to do it. He went in with a rush, and the swords and spikes collapsed before him. They had been kept in position by the most slender of threads.

A TRAIN EPISODE.

Railroad Reporter.

When the conductor of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy night train was taking up tickets he came to a farmer-looking man in the smoking car, where there were several stock men from Kansas.

"Conductor, I haven't a cent to my name," said the farmer, "but I've got a certificate of deposit from the First National Bank at Monmouth, where I am going. Will you cash it for me?"

"No, sir, of course I won't."

"But, gracious, what am I going to do?"

"You're going to pay your fare or get off at the first stop."

"Don't you suppose I can find somebody that'll cash my certificate?"

"Of course you can't. People don't go about cashing checks for strangers."

The stockmen looked at each other and winked, and those that were near enough together to talk to each other said: "It's astonishing what awful gall these confidence men have to try to work a conductor with that old game."

One young man from Kansas said to his seatmate: "Why, anybody might know that fellow's no farmer. D'ye s'pose a farmer would be traveling around Chicago with nothing but a bank certificate on 'im?"

"Of course he wouldn't," replied the seatmate. "I knowed the feller was a

confidence man as soon as I seen him. I've saw him before. He won't catch nobody in this car."

"I never saw him before," said the young man from Kansas, "but it strikes me a farmer'd have rougher looking hands than his."

"Yes, an' you kin see by his eye he's no good. I'd spot that feller anywhere, even if I'd never seen him before. There's somethin' about an honest man that a feller kin pick out at first sight."

After awhile the farmer went through the train to find some one who knew him. Pretty soon he came back from the next car with a man, and was about the happiest looking farmer one is apt to meet. He had found a Monmouth man who knew him as the wealthy owner of a large farm north of Monmouth, and who gladly paid his fare.

In a few minutes the young man from Kansas left the car, and a little later his seatmate, who could tell an honest man by his eye, raised a tremendous din, telling the conductor he had been robbed.

The young man from Kansas could not be found on the train.

LINCOLN'S PERCEPTION.

Youths' Companions.

President Lincoln was not a scholar, but he was a student of human nature, and he knew men. A good illustration of the President's sagacity in dealing with men is given in the following anecdote, published in "Blue and Gray:"

Jack Williams was a brave sergeant of a regiment which, undrilled and undisciplined, had joined the Army of the Potomac, just as the terrible campaign of 1864 began.

Before the army reached Petersburg, Jack commanded his company, the captain and lieutenants having been killed. His gallantry was so conspicuous that he was recommended for a captaincy in the regular army.

Ordered before an examining board at Washington, Jack presented himself, dressed in a soiled, torn uniform, with bronzed face and uncut beard.

The trim, dapper officers composing the

board had never been under fire nor roughed it in the field, but, they were posted in tactics and in the theory of war.

Though shocked at Jack's unsoldierly appearance, they asked him all sorts of questions about engineering, mathematics, ordnance and campaigns. Not a single question could Jack answer.

"What is an échelon?" asked one of the board.

"Don't know," answered Jack.

"What is an abatis?"

"Never saw one."

"A redan?"

"You fellows have got me again," replied Jack.

"Well, what is a hollow square, sir?"

"Never heard of one before guess they don't have them down at the front, do they?"

"What would you do, sir, if you were in command of a company, and cavalry should charge on you?" asked a lisping fellow, in white kids.

"Do, you fool!" thundered Jack; "I would give them Hail Columbia, that's what I'd do!"

This ended the examination, and the report of questions and answers, with the adverse judgment of the board, were sent to President Lincoln.

His private secretary read the report to him, and when he came to the only answer that Jack had given, the President said,—

"Stop! read that over again."

"That's just the sort of men our army want!" said the President, taking the report and dipping his pen in the ink-stand. On the back of the paper, he wrote in a clear hand:

"Give this man a captain's commission.
A. LINCOLN."

RICH MEN OF ENGLAND.

How They Manage to Spend Their Millions.

If rich people in England should see fit to bring down their domestic expenditure to that usual among families of similar means here, they would very soon be able not merely to recoup themselves for the losses of several bad harvests, but to save vast sums of money. In our large eastern

cities, family men with anything under \$25,000 a year spend more freely than Englishmen with the same income; but as regards those with incomes over that amount, it is quite another matter. When Macaulay, before proceeding to India, consulted Sidney Smith's experienced brother, the famous "Bobus," as to expenses at Calcutta, he was told that he could not be comfortable under £3,000 a year, and he could not possibly get through £5,000. This is in a measure true of the United States. It might be safely asserted that in the whole of this country there are not five persons, if as many, who spend on their establishments \$100,000. A careful estimate, made a year or two ago by persons eminently qualified to make it, brought such expenditure up to \$95,000. It included a town house, a yacht, a villa at Newport, and a country seat.

What runs away with incomes of from \$50,000 to \$250,000 in England is the keeping up of country-seats, hounds, hospitality, and game preserves. At Drumlanrig Castle, one of its owner's ten residences, there are eighty miles of grass drive kept in order; at Gridge, more than forty. Add to these acres of garden and glass and the expenses of park-keepers and game-keepers, and it is easy to see where the money goes. If there is a hunting establishment on a liberal scale, at least \$20,000 a year must be added.

Again, while the hospitality of an average well-to-do American favorably compares with that of an Englishman of similar means, that of the broad-acred Englishman is immensely superior to that of the American millionaire. The latter gives some dinner parties, and, perhaps, an annual ball, and keeps a dozen servants; the Englishman, on the other hand, beside constantly entertaining in town, often sits down to dinner for weeks at a time with twenty guests, staying, with their servants, in his country house, and feeds from fifty to sixty every day in his servants' hall with as much beef and beer as they please to consume. More than this he at times entertains whole schools and parishes, besides giving away hun-

dreds of pounds in the shape of beef and blankets at Christmas. He subscribes, too, to every public charity in the county; sometimes in two or three counties.

Merely to take an example, there is Lord Derby, with ten men servants in his house and about forty more domestics feeding daily at his board. Supposing tomorrow he and his wife should agree to struggle along on \$100,000 a year, he could save at least \$800,000 a year; while were the Dukes of Westminster, Devonshire and Bedford to do likewise their savings would be still greater. Supposing Lord Derby to save at this rate for thirty years, what an archi-millionaire he would become.

Twenty years ago there died a queer old bachelor, Lord Digby, who owned Raleigh's ill-fated home of Sherborne Castle. He was a most liberal landlord, but did not care to spend more than \$35,000 a year, and let his money go on rolling up, investing it all in the 3 per cents. His income was not a fourth of Lord Derby's, but he left in the funds \$4,500,000. As a rule a Peer leaves comparatively little behind him; \$1,000,000 would be regarded an unusually large sum for a man with \$400,000 a year to have, and there is but one case on record—that of Lord Dysart, an eccentric recluse—of a Peer leaving over \$4,500,000 personally.

On very large properties the surplus income is chiefly extended in very costly improvements. Thus the Duke of Devonshire has built Eastbourne and much of Buxton. The Duke of Buccleuch has expended thousands at Granton, and both have put vast sums into enterprises connected with Rarrow-in-Furness. About \$10,000,000 of Lord Bute's has gone into docks at Cardiff. The late Lord Westminster built and rebuilt probably not less than 1,000 houses in London, and Northumberland and Sutherlandshire reflect on all sides the generous expenditure of the Dukes of their name; while beautiful churches, commodious schools and handsome homesteads soon inform the traveler in Wiltshire and Bradfordshire that he is on the broad domain of the Earl of Pembroke or the Duke of

Bedford. Had the vast sums thus spent been annually put into stocks, or bonds and mortgages, the present holders of the lands might have been richer men, but the country would have been in many respects the loser, and it would be a widely different looking region from what it is to-day.

HARNESSING THE SUN.

The news comes that a society has been formed in Paris for the utilization of solar heat. The French patentees, who have organized with a large capital, profess to have solved the problem which has perplexed men since Archimedes, with his burning-glasses, fired the Roman fleet before Syracuse. Among scientific investigators, Sir John Herschel is said to be the first in this century who turned his attention to solar heat as available for the purposes of man; and he contrived an apparatus for cooking by the sun's rays. Several Frenchmen continued the experiment, and solar pumps and hot-air machines were patented in France. In 1860, Professor Tyndall, while experimenting on lunar radiations, constructed a machine of great delicacy—a cone-like reflector, with a highly sensitive test in the center, on which all the rays striking the interior of the cone were reflected. Some ten years later, M. Mouchot adapted the idea to a sun machine, and exhibited it to the French Academy of Sciences in 1877; and twenty thousand francs were granted by the Minister of Public Instruction to enable him to perfect his invention.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, as we are informed by an intelligent mining engineer, an ingenious sun machine was invented in the City of Mexico by Dr. Caldwell, an American dentist from Philadelphia. His apparatus consisted of plates of zinc, having a fluted or corrugated surface, exposed to the sun, which concentrated its rays, and the force thus collected was applied in various ways. Dr. Caldwell endeavored to introduce his apparatus at the haciendas in the patio to stimulate the beneficiation of the ores.

The venerable Ericsson has been en-

gaged for years in experiments upon his solar engine, which has become his "pet hobby." It consists of an enormous concentrating glass, four feet wide and fifteen feet long, composed of many pieces. Above this glass, at the point where the reflected rays of the sun converge, is suspended a small copper boiler four feet long and a foot in diameter. A pipe conveys steam from the boiler to a small upright engine employed in pumping water. As yet Captain Ericsson has given no figures as to the amount of work which a solar machine of such dimensions, occupying a space of fifteen feet square, will perform; but he has no doubt that it is a perfectly practical and valuable motor.

The machine of the French inventor consists of a huge reflector not unlike an inverted umbrella, the interior of which is lined with a high reflecting agent. In the center of this, and occupying the position of the umbrella stick, is the standard boiler, made of a material highly conductive of heat. This boiler receives the rays from the whole reflector, and thus collects sufficient heat to generate steam. In addition to motors, the Paris company proposes to supply domestic sun machines which boil water, prepare tea and coffee, and cook eggs and other food. The company does not profess to be able to do much in climates such as the north of France or England, but in the south of Europe, in Algeria, India and America it is held that the invention will be of great value. Sun force, say these enthusiastic Frenchmen, is far less variable than wind or water power. For the purposes of irrigation, agricultural machines and mills, and for the rectification of alcohol, the distillation of water for drinking, and many other uses requiring a low and cheap power, the promoters of the society maintain that their invention is valuable. All that is required is to get the machine, and keep it, like a large sunflower, always turned towards the sun.

TEMPERANCE puts wood on the fire, flour in the barrel, money in the purse contentment in the house, clothes on the back, vigor in the body.—[Dr. Franklin.

THE GENTLEMAN.

Harper's Magazine.

To find a satisfactory definition of gentleman is as difficult as to discover the philosopher's stone, and yet if we may not say just what a gentleman is we can certainly say what he is not. We may affirm indisputably that a man, however rich, and of however fine a title in countries where rank is acknowledged, if he behave selfishly, coarsely and indecently, is not a gentleman. "From which, young gentlemen, it follows," as the good professor used to say at college, as he emerged from a hopeless labyrinth of postulates and preliminaries an hour long, that the guests who abused the courtesy of their hosts, upon the transcontinental trip to drive the golden spike, may have been persons of social eminence, but were in no honorable sense gentlemen.

It is undoubtedly a difficult word to manage. But gentlemanly conduct and ungentlemanly conduct are expressions which are perfectly intelligible, and that fact shows that there is a distinct standard in every intelligent mind by which behavior is measured. To say that a man was born a gentleman means not at all that he is courteous, refined and intelligent, but only that he was born of a family whose circumstances at some time had been easy and agreeable, and which belonged to a traditionally "good society." But such a man may be false and mean, and ignorant and coarse. Is he a gentleman because he was born such? On the other hand, the child of long generations of ignorant and laborious boors may be humane, honorable and modest, but with total ignorance of the usages of good society. He may be as upright as Washington, as unselfish as Sidney, as brave as Bayard, as modest as Falkland. But he may also outrage all the little social proprieties. Is he a gentleman because he is honest and modest and humane? In describing Lovelace, should we not say that he was a gentleman? Should we naturally say so of Burns? But again, is it not a joke to describe George IV. as a gentleman, while it would be impossible to deny the name to Major Dobbin?

CHARLES F. DOWD.

The Man who Originated the Idea of Standard Time.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Among the names of those who have attained preeminence as original thinkers and originators of useful inventions must be included that of Professor Charles F. Dowd, A. M., of Saratoga Springs. To the unwearied efforts of Professor Dowd the American people are indebted for the great change which has recently come over the railroad traveler's dream. To him alone are the railways indebted for the universal adoption of the standard time. Long ago, as far back as 1860, when time, so far as the railways of the continent were concerned, may be said to have been in a state of chaos, Professor Dowd conceived the idea of formulating a table of standard time. While holding the position of Associate Principal of the Connecticut State Normal School, he presented the subject in his regular course of lectures, and in 1869 he laid the result of his calculations before a convention of trunk lines in the city of New York. While the railway magnates of that time were willing to listen to his theories, and even to acknowledge their usefulness and importance, they were content to let him work them out in his own way and at his own expense. Returning to his home he set to work with renewed energy, and adopting the Washington meridian for the national standard, worked out the local differences for about 8,000 stations along the lines of about 500 railways. Dividing the country into sections of fifteen degrees of longitude each, he published in 1870 a full explanation of his system. He then attended conventions of railroad managers in various parts of the country, and discovered that differences exceeding an hour were regarded as impracticable. Continuing his investigations he found that Washington and the fifteenth meridians were located too far west to suit the wants of the east and central sections. He therefore, in the Spring of 1882, changed the system from Washington to Greenwich longitude, thus moving all the hour sections two degrees

east. The system so altered provided for four grand divisions of the country, each being one hour apart from the other, and carrying its own uniform standard of time. Over fifteen years had Professor Dowd struggled bravely, and most of the time alone, to secure the adoption of a system which he knew was to prove of incalculable value to the people at large. During that long period he published his "Time Adjuster," and indexes for time-tables, and wrote constantly for the press. Through the later co-operation of Dr. Barnard, Professor Cleveland Abbe, and Chancellor Fleming, and the practical efforts of William F. Allen, Professor Dowd had lived while yet a man in the prime of life to see his great idea an accomplished fact. He has done his part; now let the companies which have adopted, and the public who have benefited by his ideas do theirs. Professor Dowd certainly deserves a testimonial of the appreciation of the public for the great service he has rendered.

A DESERTED CITY.

Chicago Herald.

It is not often that an American town is doomed to decimation, but Virginia City, Nevada, affords one instance, at least. Eight years ago, Virginia City and Gold Hill, adjoining each other and practically one town, had 35,000 population. It was the largest community between Denver and San Francisco. There were merchants doing business with a million capital. There were private houses that cost \$100,000 to build and furnish. There were stamp mills and mining structures that cost \$500,000. There were three daily newspapers, and a hotel that cost \$300,000. It was a teeming, busy and money-making population, and among the people were a score or more men worth from \$300,000 to \$30,000,000. Mackey and Fair both lived there. There were three banks, a gas company, a water company, a splendid theater and a costly court house.

Eight years have passed and the town is a wreck. The 35,000 people have dwindled to 5,000. The banks have retired from business. The merchants have

closed up and left; the hotel is abandoned; the gas company is bankrupt, and scores of costly residences have either been taken to pieces and moved away or given over to the bats. Real estate cannot be given away for taxes. Nothing can be sold that will cost its worth to move away. The rich men have all gone. Those who remain are the miners, their superintendents, and the saloon men and gamblers. The latter are usually the first to come to a mining town and the last to leave.

The cause of this decadence, which has swallowed up millions of capital and wrecked the worldly ambition of thousands of persons, is the failure of the Comstock mines to turn out additional wealth.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

San Francisco News Letter.

After all, the main question is, will it pay? We think there can be no doubt that it will. At most, the dead weight the company must carry is the interest at 6 per cent on the \$25,000,000 first mortgage bonds. That makes \$1,500,000 a year. This sort of dead weight on the Northern Pacific will soon sum up \$4,000,000 a year. The Canadian Company will have \$2,500,000 a year the advantage of the Northern Pacific on this item. But they will have still other and greater advantages. The charter forever exempts their road, stock, depots, stations and land for building purposes from taxation. This is equal to a gift of \$600,000 to \$800,000 a year on a property estimated to be worth \$111,000,000, and which is constantly enlarging. The charter also gives them a monopoly in binding the Government not to allow any competing line to be constructed south of this one for twenty years. In the matter of prospective traffic no transcontinental railroad stands on an equal footing. The Canadian Pacific penetrates what is said to be, and what will very probably prove to be, the best wheat region on this continent of so vast an area. It stretches from Winnipeg westward to the Rocky mountains, 1100 miles, and has a width, with-

out crossing the divide between Hudson's Bay and the lakes, of 300 miles. No part of our Western States will settle up and develop more rapidly than this region as it is connected by rail with shipping on the Pacific and at Montreal. When the late Earl of Beaconsfield, in a speech to his old Buckingham constituents, alluded somewhat vaguely to this northern wheat land as a future rival of the wheat fields of the United States for the English market, he was laughed at in this country; and it was said that his future Canadian wheat field was nothing better than a land of frost and ice. But more recent discovery and practical tests on a liberal scale in Manitoba explain that he was right, and that more wheat to the acre and surer crops are produced there, and even as far north as Athabaska and great Bear Lakes, that can be relied on in Illinois and Minnesota. Already the Manitobians are picking a quarrel with the Dominion Government because it refuses them an outlet for their produce by rail to some port on Hudson's Bay. Sooner or later it will secure the outlet, and the Canadian Pacific will be rich enough to give it to them. We of California should entertain no jealousy of that great railway to the north. As surely as the Northern Pacific will create a great city on Puget Sound, so surely will the Canadian highway create another on the Straits of Georgia. These cities, with the volume of produce in grain, coal, timber and lumber they will pour into the Pacific trade, must benefit San Francisco just as the populous cities and countries in Europe benefit each other. They will trade with us for our fruits, wines, canned goods, woolen blankets, blood stock, giving us in exchange their lumber, coal, gold from their as yet undeveloped but certainly rich and extensive mines, and probably better and cheaper bacon, hams and salt pork than we now get from the Eastern States.

If some one should ask you for a good definition of honesty would you be able to say, as the countryman said, "I don't know what the word means, sir?"

THREE MYSTERIOUS LETTERS.

Exchange.

An English traveler, reaching New York, put up at a fashionable hotel, and looking down the list of arrivals found the name of Osheil written in a large, sprawling hand, with the capital letters F. R. S. after it. The grave-looking, middle-aged gentleman was struck by the letters, as everyone else had been, but to him they were not the mysterious things which had proved so puzzling to the other native guests. He smiled as if gratified, and—

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "F. R. S. Who would have thought it?"

He called up the clerk and asked him to explain.

"I don't know what they mean, sir. He lives down south, and is awful eccentric in his eating. He lives a'most entirely on oysters; he's always a-talkin' about 'em; seems kinder gone mad on oysters. There he goes now, sir."

The visitor looked eagerly in the direction pointed out, and saw a tall, fine-looking, well-dressed man. He ran up to him, and grasping his hand, performed that vigorous pump-handle movement which we English regard as a cordial demonstration.

Beaming with pleasure the Englishman cried, "Delighted to meet you, sir—delighted! A most unexpected pleasure—really! Never expected to meet one of us on this side of the Atlantic. Are you an old member? My memory is so defective."

"Member of what?" asked the surprised Osheil.

"Oh! don't be modest, my dear sir. I know you are a Fellow."

"Who are you calling fellow?" asked the American, angrily and haughtily.

"You mistake my meaning, sir. I meant a Fellow of the Royal Society—the Royal Society in London, sir."

"London! Never was there in all my life. I'm from down south in the oyster trade."

"Then, what on earth does 'F. R. S.' mean attached to your name?"

"Mean! Well, stranger, I don't care

if I do tell you. Ye see I like oysters, I do, and F. R. S. means adzactly nothing more nor less than Fried, Roasted and Stewed."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Texas Siftings.

"Which is the best, to owe, or to have something owing to you?" asked Col. Lagerbeer of Gus DeSmith, one day.

"Why, to have something owing to you, of course," answered Gus, who is one of the brightest society youths in Austin.

"I don't agree with you," said Lagerbeer.

"Well, why not?"

"Because, if you have something owing to you, you may never get it. But, if you owe something, when you are able to pay it, you have value received, anyhow; and if you never pay—why, then you are sure to make a handsome profit."

TOM CORWIN'S ORATORY.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

General Ward says that on one occasion a Frenchman who had stopped over in Lebanon was very desirous to hear Mr. Corwin speak, as he had heard so much about his humor. Corwin had to address a meeting at the court house after this Mexican conflict was over, when the aggressive element had been victorious and he was in a sense disgraced. As he walked into the court house Durbin Ward said to the Frenchman: "You will not hear any humor to-day. His face looks stern and serious." "But," says General Ward, "Corwin's speech that day was one of the most wonderful things I ever heard in my life. The sadness, the anguish, the gentleness, the depth of it, still stirs my heart. He felt that his position had been moral and just, but that he was overthrown, broken, and his advice had injured his party. Among the figures of speech he used was one from a Persian fable, that every man had an angel looking over his destiny, leaning on his shoulder, and when he did any bad act during the day wrote a record of it, and if he repented before night, dropped a tear on the book, which blotted out the record.

Corwin said something to the following effect: "Would that I could be the good angel of my country, and when I read this record of our misdeeds in Mexico might I be able to drop the tear," and here he stopped, his voice having become so deep and pathetic that tears came to his own eyes, and it was unnecessary to finish the sentence, for everybody saw what it would be and the whole room was filled with sobs and tears. Why," says General Ward, "we know nothing at all in the present day about stump speaking as such men as Corwin practised it. He could strike every emotion in the scale because he felt every emotion. Inimitable in wit, imitation and acting, his voice not very strong but very pathetic, his countenance extraordinary in its facility, and reality being all through the man and kindness sitting in the midst of his strength, he was powerful.

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

Frances E. Willard, in the Independent, tells the following story of Lincoln:

In one of my temperance pilgrimages through Illinois, I met a gentleman who was the companion of a dreary ride which Lincoln made in a light wagon, going the rounds of a circuit court where he had clients to look after. The weather was rainy, the road "heavy" with mud of the southern Illinois pattern, never to be imagined as to its blackness and profundity by him who has not seen it, and assuredly needing no description to jostle the memory of him who has. Lincoln enlivened the way with anecdote and recital, for few, indeed, were the incidents that relieved the tedium of the trip.

At last, in wallowing through the slough of the most improved Western manufacture, they came upon a poor shark of a hog, who had succumbed to gravitation and was literally fast in the mud. The lawyers commented on the poor creature's pitiful condition and drove on. About a half a mile was laboriously gone over, when Lincoln suddenly exclaimed:

"I don't know how you feel about it, but I've got to go back and pull that pig out of the slough."

His comrade laughed, thinking it merely a joke; what was his surprise when Lincoln dismounted, left him to his reflections, and, picking his way as his long walking implements permitted, he grappled with the drowning swine, dragged him out of the ditch, left him on its edge to recover his strength, slowly measured off the distance back to his buggy, and the two men drove on as if nothing had happened.

The grand and brotherly nature which could not consent to see the lowest of animals suffer without coming to its rescue, at great personal discomfort, was nurtured by years of self-abnegation for the great struggle when he should be strong enough to "put a shoulder to the wheel," that should lift the chariot of state out of the mire and set a subject race on its feet.

FAVORED A HIGHER FINE.

Bill Nye.

Will Taylor, the son of the present American Consul at Marseilles, was a good deal like other boys, while at school in his old home, at Hudson, Wis. One day he called his father into the library and said:

"Pa, I don't like to tell you, but the teacher and I have had trouble."

"What's the matter now?"

"Well, I cut one of the desks a little with my knife, and the teacher says I've got to pay a dollar or take a lickin'."

"Well, why don't you take the licking and say nothing more about it? I can stand considerable physical pain, so long as it visits our family in that form. Of course, it is not pleasant to be flogged, but you have broken a rule of the school, and I guess you'll have to stand it. I presume that the teacher will in wrath remember mercy, and avoid disabling you so that you can't get your coat on any more."

"But, pa, I feel mighty bad about it already, and if you would pay my fine I'd never do it again. I know a good deal more about it now and I will never do it again. A dollar ain't much to you, pa, but it's a heap to a boy that hasn't got a cent. If I could make a dollar as easy as you can, pa, I'd never let my little boy

get flogged that way just to save a dollar. If I had a little feller that got licked bekus I didn't put up fer him, I'd hate the sight of money always. I'd feel as ef every dollar I had in my pocket had been taken out of my little kid's back."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a dollar to save you from punishment this time, but if anything of this kind ever occurs again I'll hold you while the teacher licks you, and then I'll get the teacher to hold you while I lick you. That's the way I feel about that. If you want to go around whittling up our educational institutions you can do so; but you will have to purchase them afterwards yourself. I don't propose to buy any more damaged school furniture. You probably grasp my meaning, do you not? I send you to school to acquire an education, not to acquire liabilities so that you can come around and make an assessment on me. I feel a great interest in you, Willie, but I do not feel as though it should be an assessable interest. I want to go on, of course, and improve the property, but when I pay my dues on it I want to know that it goes toward development work. I don't want my assessments to go toward the purchase of a school-desk with American hieroglyphics carved on it.

"I hope you will bear this in your mind, my son, and beware. It will be greatly to your interest to beware. If I were in your place I would put in a large portion of my time in the beware business."

The boy took the dollar and went thoughtfully away to school, and no more was ever said about the matter until Mr. Taylor learned casually several months later that the Spartan youth had received the wallop and filed away the dollar for future reference. The boy was afterward heard to say that he favored a much heavier fine in cases of that kind. One whipping was sufficient, he said, but he favored a fine of \$5. It ought to be severe enough to make it an object.

It is the man who has nothing to be discouraged about who is most discouraged.

TABLE GOSSIP.

St. Louis folks chat in church.

A lie has no legs, and can not stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

No manners are so fine as the most awkward manifestations of good will toward men.

A little learning is not a dangerous thing to one who does not mistake it for a great deal.—White.

If you ever promise at all take care, at least, that it be to nobody that may suffer by trusting you.

One sparkling girl in a deserted conservatory is worth half a dozen prudish old maids in a crowded ball room.

It is pretty difficult to recover from a fault committed. Old Fuller once said, "Where the horse falls down there some hair will be found.

He who imagines that he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken.

It is a singular fact that all the so-called English beauties and all the American girls who are considered beauties in London have high cheek bones and very pointed chins.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of greed or gain,
By the pride subdued and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill we daily meet.

It is well enough to be rich, but to parade your riches is contemptible. A man may be proud of his horse, but it is not necessary to ride on a ridge pole, says the proverb.

Qualities of a too superior order render a man less adapted to society. One does not go to market with a big lump of gold; one goes with silver or small change.—Chamfort.

There are two ways of getting through this world. One way is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.

In this world of ours there are people who would make just as much stir, and do just as much good, and benefit society

just as much—and we don't know but more—were they killed and stuffed.

We can say of some men what the Scotchman said of his horse: "He is an honest beast, as I told you. He threatened to come down with me some day and nearly break my neck, and he has kept his word."

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I could know what God and man is.

—Tennyson.

It would be better for you if you could be contented with what you have instead of making yourself miserable by wishing for what you have not. If you look up all day a chip will sometimes fall into your eye.

Many a man who has been a negligent husband decorates his dead wife's grave with flowers. But why not take the bouquet home beforehand? A woman don't always want to wait till she's dead before she's appreciated.

We do not hold to the doctrine that the government should take care of the rich, and let the rich take care of the poor, but we believe in that reciprocity of interest which provides for the wants of all by recognizing the rights of all.

Necessity is, usually, the spur that sets the sluggish energies in motion. Poverty, therefore, is oftener a blessing to a young man than prosperity, for while the one tends to stimulate his powers, the other inclines them to languor and disuse.

If thou art worn, and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget—
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

—Longfellow.

A standing joke in the marriage service is the part where the bridegroom says: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Sometimes he afterwards finds bread and board for his wife, and after he dies she gets a third of his estate. The endowment is a fraud from the start.

REGULARITY OF HABIT.

One of the most difficult of all the minor habits to acquire is that of regularity. It ranks with that order. "A place for everything and everything in its place" is not more important than "a time for everything and everything on time." The natural inclination of most persons is to defer until the last possible moment, or to put off till another time where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it. We know persons who have a multitude of duties, and who perform a vast deal of work daily, who set apart certain hours for given duties, and are there at the moment and attend rigidly to what is on hand. This done and other engagements are met, each in order, and a vast deal accomplished, not by strained exertion but by regularity.

A CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

Chicago Herald.

"I have been running a train for thirty years," said a gray-haired conductor on the Wabash. "I started in on the New York Central, have been on the Lake Shore, Pennsylvania and three C.'s, and here I am on the Wabash."

"Did you know old Vanderbilt?"

"Did I know him? Well. He used to keep a pretty close watch of everything, I tell you, and there wasn't much going on along the road that he didn't know about. One time I got myself into a box. At Albany they brought a corpse onto my train, and nobody had bought a ticket for it, according to rules. At first I refused to carry it, but the station agent said it belonged to some of the railroad folks, and the charges would be paid to me in New York. When we got to New York nobody called for the corpse. I was in a hurry to go home, but I waited around for my fare, as I knew I'd be held responsible for it. Nobody came, and nobody at the depot knew anything about it. This vexed me a good deal, and so I made up my mind something had to be done. So I sent word over to the medical college there was a 'stiff' at the Central Depot for sale. A doctor came right

over, and I sold him the body for just enough to pay the charge, entered the fact on my report, and went home. Next morning I heard the body was that of a relative of old Vanderbilt himself. And I had gone and sold it to a medical college! Well, I went straight to the old man's office to get my discharge. I knew my time had come. But, would you believe it, I wasn't bounced. The old man took it very cool."

"What did he say?"

"He said he had got the body back all right, and had inquired into all the circumstances. Then he raised my wages a hundred dollars a year."

ORIGIN OF A POPULAR PHRASE.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is generally supposed that the term "dark horse" is of American origin. But Thackeray used it in his "Adventures of Phillip" before it became current in this country, and in exactly the same sense as we employ it. "Well, bless my soul," Phillip is made to say, referring to some mysterious candidate for the House of Commons, "he can't mean me. Who is the dark horse in his stable."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Detroit Free Press.

He was a bank teller. He had been sent off on a vacation, his books overhauled, and he had been found \$9,000 short. This fact stared him in the face as he sat in the midst of the board of directors.

"Now, then," said the president, "I presume you acknowledge the embezzlement?"

"I do."

"And how did you use the money?"

"In speculating."

"In what?"

"Well, I was a bull in X. Y. Z. railroad stocks, but there was too much against me. I didn't have a fair show to make anything."

"Why—how?"

"Well, while I was using \$9,000 of the bank's money to bull the stocks, the cashier was putting up \$20,000 to bear them, and so I lost all!"

THE LONGEST BRIDGES IN THE WORLD.

Engineering News.

A late number of the *Moniteur Industriel* gives the following as a list of the twenty-six largest bridges in the world:

	Lineal feet.
Montreal Bridge over the St. Lawrence	8,791
Brooklyn, over the East River	5,989
Rapperswyl, Lake Zurich	5,333
Volga, over the Sysran, Russia	4,947
Moerdyck, Holland	4,927
Dnieper, near Jekaterinoslaw, Russia	4,213
Kiew, over the Dnieper	3,607
Barrage-bridge, delta of the Nile	3,353
Kronprinz Rudolph, over the Danube at Vienna	3,296
Dnieper, near Kremenchoug, Russia	3,250
Bommel, over the Meuse, Holland	3,060
Two bridges of Rotterdam, over Meuse	2,833
Mississippi Bridge (?)	2,588
St. Louis, over the Mississippi	2,574
Saint Esprit, over the Rhone, France	2,460
Kiulinbourg, over the Rhine, Holland	2,347
Cincinnati, over the Ohio	2,233
Chaumont Viaduct, valley of the Sulz, France	2,000
Menai, England	1,956
Cubzac, over the Dordogne	1,817
Varsovie, over the Vistula	1,693
Iron-bridge at Bordeaux, over the Garonne	1,667
Stone-bridge, at Bordeaux, over the Garonne	1,623
Beaulcaire, over the Rhone	1,460
Tours, over the Loire	1,457
Alexandre, at St. Petersburg	1,350

Of the above, the sixth on the list has just been opened; the Rapperswyl bridge is merely a pile structure and is only thirteen feet wide; the Sysran bridge over the Volga, carries the Orenburg railway, and was only finished in 1880; it has thirteen spans, and is raised 131 feet above the level of the river; it cost 13,000,000 francs (\$2,700,000).

The Moerdyck bridge carries the Antvers and Rotterdam railways over the Meuse, which is about 8,800 feet wide at this point, and has been reduced by dykes; it has fourteen spans of 328 feet each. It was commenced in 1868 and finished in 1871; it cost about 12,000,000 francs (\$2,400,000).

The above list is given as printed, but the compiler in the *Moniteur* has in his table wholly ignored many of our long American bridges. A complete list of the length of modern iron bridges is not just

now accessible, but among the omissions may be noted:

	Lineal feet.
The Baltimore and Ohio bridge, at Havre de Grace (being built)	6,000
Wooden bridge at Columbia, Pa	5,386
Louisville Railroad bridge, over the Ohio	5,218
Cincinnati Southern R. R., over the Ohio	3,950
Havre de Grace bridge, over Susquehanna	3,371
Dauphin bridge, over Susquehanna	3,590
Monongahela bridge, near Homestead	5,500
Plattsmouth bridge, over Missouri	3,000
Quincy bridge, over Mississippi	2,847
Omaha bridge, over Missouri	2,750
Keokuk, Iowa, over Mississippi	2,008
La Crosse bridge, over Mississippi	1,672
Booneville bridge, over Missouri	1,651

To the above many other long bridges could doubtless be added, were the data at hand. The longest bridge in the world was the late Tay bridge, which was 10,320 feet in length, and the Forth bridge now under construction is to be about 9,200 feet long. Although it does not strictly belong to the class in question, the New York elevated railroad is really a continuous iron truss bridge, and the aggregate length is thirty miles.

MASTERED HIM.

Boston Gazette.

Physical strength was formerly a necessary requisite in the man who "kept school." He was not called "the teacher;" he was "the master," and if he did not make that title good, there were many schools that he could not teach. In these days we demand something besides muscle in a teacher, but occasionally it happens that muscle is needed among big boys even now, and the gymnasium and boat-race training of a college graduate comes in play alongside the more intellectual work of education. A recent case is reported of a college boy who proved himself "master" of the situation though it must be said that circumstances helped him considerably at the finish.

The town of Sharon, Mass., had a winter school where for several years the big boys had their own way, thrashing and turning out of doors the teachers, until the committee engaged John Sykes, an under-sized graduate of Harvard, but over-sized in muscle and energy far beyond what his appearance indicated.

He opened school with a conciliatory address, asking the co-operation of the pupils, but ending with a firm expression of his intentions and expectations. Very soon after which Bill Gates, a "six-footer," commenced the usual rebellion and tried to trip up Sykes, who instantly collared, floored and put his foot on the rebel, and kept it there, until Bill promised to abide by the rules of the school in general, and to submit to the application of the big flat ruler of the teacher in particular.

But when the latter went for this instrument of authority, Bill went for a window, out of which he had got his head and shoulders, when down came the sash on his back, and held him fast. The teacher appreciated the advantage the situation conferred, and applied so vigorous a castigation that it went to the very roots of the resistance. After that order reigned in that particular school'us while J. S. was in charge.

WHO INVENTED THE ENGINE TRUCK?

American Machinist.

In a recent lecture on engineering triumphs, an eminent English engineer gives American locomotive builders credit for having adopted the four-wheeled truck, or bogie, as they call it, but insists that it was an English invention. This is a claim which has been repeated so often without contradiction that Englishmen now believe that their countrymen were the inventors of what is a distinctive feature of American locomotives. There is no more foundation for Englishmen claiming the invention of the engine truck than there is for Frenchmen claiming to be the inventors of the locomotive engine.

A locomotive engine that worked successfully was made by Cugnot, in France, as early as 1769, but it is doubtful if its construction influenced in any way the inventions of Trevithick or Hedley, and Frenchmen do not attempt to take special credit for Cugnot's engine, because the invention was not followed out to a commercial success by their countrymen.

Although it is probable that bogie trucks were used under coal cars about Newcas-

tle, in England, before locomotives were made a successful tractive power, there is no trace of evidence that they were resorted to as a means of shortening the wheel base of a locomotive till John B. Jervis designed a locomotive in this country, about 1832, with the front end carried on a four-wheeled truck. And there is no reason to believe that the engineer who designed this improvement was aware that bogie trucks were used under old English coal cars. It is certain that English locomotive designers did not discover the advantages of the engine truck till it was forced upon their attention by its remarkable success on American railroads.

So late as 1845 heavy fast passenger engines were built for the Great Western Railway of England which had two pairs of leading wheels, a large pair of drivers, and a single pair of trailing wheels, all fastened on a rigid base. The long rigid-wheel base was found a great drawback to the working of the engines. Had English engineers been familiar with the separate leading truck at that time, there is no doubt but what it would have been adopted on the Great Western locomotives. English engineers deserve great credit for numerous improvements, which served to render locomotives and railroads commercially successful, but they should be satisfied with what belongs to them and not lay wholesale claims to other men's inventions.

ORIGIN OF THE PEARL.

A pearl merchant was asked whether a pearl is a disease of the oyster, as a well-worn moral metaphor says. "Not exactly," he replied, "or at least it is now believed, though there is no certainty about it, that a small grain of sand gets into the oyster, which renders it uneasy until it has encysted it and covered it with a smooth deposit—that is the pearl. Frequently it takes this formation into its flesh, and the pearl is found in mashing and rubbing the oyster between the fingers. Yes, there have been efforts to make oysters produce pearls. Little white beads have been put into the shell

of the living oyster, and grains of sand, but I have never seen a pearl that was produced in that way, nor have I met anybody who possessed one. Efforts have been made to cultivate the pearl oyster, but to form valuable pearls the oyster must grow to a large size—some 10 or 15 inches by 4 or 5—and for this at least eight or ten feet of water are needed. Accurate breeding at such depth is almost impossible, and if tolerably successful, would hardly pay for the apparatus used. It is indeed said that pearls are artificially cultivated in Ceylon, but I doubt it. It has been a pet antiquarian theory of mine that the 'Isle of Aval,' in the Persian gulf, famous for its pearls, was the source of that mythical 'Isle of Avalon,' or western paradise.

MOZART'S SUPERSTITION.

Cincinnati Inquirer.

Mozart, the wonderful, who produced so much in so short a time, was taken with a queer presentment in the last months of his young life. A stranger called on him, requesting him to write a grand requiem, not wishing it for a month. He paid Mozart 100 guineas and left. Mozart began his work, and shortly afterward the horror seized him that this stranger had bribed him to write his own requiem. He did not quite finish it before the stranger called, thinking in this way to set his delusion at rest, and that the stranger would countermand the order.

The stranger called according to appointment. Mozart told him the requiem was unfinished, and that it would take more time. "Very well," said the stranger, "if it requires more work you should have more money," and paid another 100 guineas. Mozart sent his servant to follow the stranger to find out who he was, but the servant soon lost him in the crowd. Mozart was not sure his delusion was correct, and went feverishly and furiously to work to finish the requiem. He finished it in a few days before the second month was out, but when the stranger called poor Mozart was dead.

DICKENS, THE TEACHER.

The Current.

All grimy old London Town was brightened, softened, yet mellowed and made altogether lovely, by the humidly golden atmosphere which Turner painted so well, and reveled in so madly. This atmosphere, in its tangible presence, is London's one beautiful garment, and when it is folded about her, she is transformed from a gigantic, hard-handed, money-changing wench to a queen.

Our American custom of Sunday morning late rising, loitering, and our eleven o'clock service, brought me to the main entrance of Westminster Abbey after every sitting in that part of the structure was occupied. I was directed to "poets' corner," where temporary benches had been placed for the accommodation of the unusual number of worshippers. The toned light, the exquisite music which flooded and echoed and lovingly lingered among the lofty arches, the dignified, impressive Church of England service, Canon Farrar's perfectly-chosen, eloquent words, all so conspired to enthrall me, at this, my first Church service in England, that the last "Amen" had echoed and echoed again and died away before I realized that I was surrounded by the tombs of men who shall never cease to live. Bending to replace a paper which had fallen from my prayer book, I saw underneath my feet a plain, dark gray slab, upon which was inscribed in simple gilt letters:

CHARLES DICKENS,

BORN FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH, 1812.

DIED JUNE THE NINTH, 1870.

Just a horizontal slab. That is all. But of all the mighty dead resting in that proud old Abbey, none other could so well dispense with lofty stone and clever sculptor.

Charles Dickens will live in the heart of peasant and king alike, throughout the circling zones of our earth, so long as those crystalizations of truth and love once preached upon a mount, which He has made vitally human and suited to each day's common living, are read and received.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit."

Ah, pathetic Tom Pinch! I see you, poor indeed in spirit, but rich in all that likens life to the divine. Who would not be like you?

"Blessed are they that mourn."

Sweet, true Florence Dombey, and loyal Little Dorritt! We see why you were comforted.

"Blessed are the meek."

Gentle Esther Summerson, mindful of all but yourself; how blessed this earth when such as you inherit it.

"Blessed are the merciful."

Rough Joe Gargery, counting as nothing your own "inconvenience," how tenderly merciful you were! Surely such as you can claim the promised mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

Little Nell; to see God is reserved for such as are like you!

"Blessed are the peacemakers."

True, loving, simple Mr. Dick! You made peace between two divided hearts, when those of stronger heads were powerless. Truly, the most helpless amongst us may be called the "Children of God."

"Blessed are the——"

"Please leave the Abbey," said the majestic old Warden, in a sonorous voice quite in Mr. Whopsel's style, and I went out into the shadowy sunshine of that London summer day, for the first time conscious of what Charles Dickens had been to my childhood, youth, and maturity, and to the childhood, youth and maturity of millions of men and women. Then it was I knew what an American meant when he said: "Charles Dickens is the Apostle Paul of the nineteenth century."

LAUGHTER.

Laugh merrily while life is here,
For death cuts short all laughter;
Laugh all thy life, and let the tear
Come if it will hereafter.

More laughter in the world would bring
The "touch of nature" nearer,
Goodwill would flourish 'neath its wing,
And man to man be dearer.

No time like now; the future lies
A darkened road before us.
So let thy laughs outweigh thy sighs,
And merry be thy chorus.

We know that man is prone to tears,
And born an heir to sorrow,
But what's the use of doubts and fears
Of what may be the morrow?

The evil of to day we read
Sufficient is for keeping,
So laugh away, let naught impede,
And give a truce to weeping.

—Hal Berte.



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OCTOBER, 1884.

TRAMPS AND TRAMPING.

About ten years ago the "tramp," as a recognized element of society, made his appearance in the United States. He was the outgrowth of circumstances which he did not create and which he was powerless to modify or control. The tramp was the legitimate product of the panic which began in 1873, a panic which swept over the country like a tornado. To understand its terrible effects, it is only required to say that from 1872 to 1878, both inclusive, seven years, there were 51,264 failures, involving a loss of \$1,321,964,132, an average of 7,323 failures a year, and an average annual loss of \$187,423,476. These failures and losses touched every interest and every industry in the land. It was a period of indescribable gloom. Consternation and dismay were everywhere enthroned. The wheels of industry stood still, silence reigned in factory, shop and forge. Work and wages went down together. The sheriff's hammer beat funeral marches everywhere. Then came

idleness, poverty, crime and the tramp. From out of the gloom, from all directions came the cry for bread, and thousands of men started out to find work. To remain at home was to starve, to go away in search of work involved consequences often worse than death. Men said goodbye to wife and children to return no more. They were called "tramps." Here is an inviting field for graphic pens. Fact takes on all the glamour of fiction. The truth unadorned by fancy and free from the embellishment of imagination, rivals the creations of Victor Hugo, or any other genius whose weird conceptions of man's misfortunes have ever startled society. We have read, since the time of which we write, of floods, of earthquakes and of cyclones. Here and there cities and towns and districts have fallen victims to fearful scourges, but none of them, nor all of them combined, compare with the direful consequences produced by the panic of 1873, which inaugurated the *tramp curse* in this country, a calamity the effects of which are still too apparent and which all good people deplore.

What we have written is simply preliminary, to make way for the declaration that while tramps and tramping were unavoidable in the past, and are still unavoidable to a certain extent, there are those among the number who have no righteous excuse for their wanderings.

We have all sympathy for the man who is compelled to leave home and friends in search of employment, and we would cheerfully exert our influence in his behalf as often as the opportunity arises, but for the restless, roving, unsettled man, who places himself in the ranks of the tramp because he is too lazy to work and goes from place to place, ostensibly in the search of work, but whose real mission is

to live without work, we have only feelings of inexpressible contempt.

The cry of "hard times" is music to his ear, for under that plea he assumes the distressed look of an actual sufferer and enlists the substantial sympathy of his hard-working fellow-men.

When the pall of business and financial depression settles upon our land, when the fires in the shops, mills and factories go out, and men are driven out into the world in search of employment, they are entitled to our sympathy and our protection and it is no part of our mission to decry their misfortune. But while espousing the cause of such men we make positive discrimination against the class above referred to, who are out of work the year around as a matter of choice and who take advantage of business depressions to urge upon honest men their pretended claims for charitable consideration.

To us it is a source of profound regret to know that our noble Brotherhood is afflicted with these impostors, for they serve to weaken our faith in honest poverty, lest our aid be given to encourage idleness and profligacy instead of alleviating unavoidable distress. A moment's reflection will give these views commanding importance in every Lodge of our continental Brotherhood. Our pride and our glory centers in the fact that Locomotive Firemen are gentlemen; by which we mean men of integrity, true to duty and every obligation of the Order, peers of the best, self-reliant, high in purpose and ambition—men who, in seeking their own welfare, are striving for the good of all. This being true, we cannot tolerate impostors, nor will we make the Lodges of our Order their hiding places. On the contrary, we will expose their nefarious

schemes, denounce their corrupting practices and scourge them from our ranks. Our two hundred and forty Lodges, dotting all the hills and valleys from ocean to ocean, are to be known of all men as the citadels of honor and of all things of good report, where congregate men to devise ways and means to advance the general welfare of the Brotherhood and make it the admiration of the world.

THE LODGE AND THE READING ROOM.

The often repeated affirmation that "a good book is a good companion and friend," is too self-evident to require at our hands special effort in the way of argument to impress its importance upon the readers of the Magazine. Friendship and companionship are factors in the lives of men of incalculable value. Without friendship and companionship life would be an intolerable burden. We make little account of misanthropes, those who prefer isolation to fellowship and look with distrust upon their fellow-men, nor do we esteem it a desirable trait of character which leads its possessor to find happiness only in the rush and whirl of social excitement. We regard it eminently wise and prudent for men to so adjust themselves to circumstances that life shall be a continuous advancement in the right direction, that friends and companions shall, to the extent practicable, be chosen with reference to moral and intellectual improvement. We are aware that these personal relations cannot always be had, but, when the companionship of books is considered, difficulties at once disappear. The good book can be had, and, fortunately, at a price within the reach of the great mass of society. A man may have what in common parlance is known as a "good" friend and com-

panion, that is to say, an amiable, peaceful and harmless friend, but such friends are of little service to those who are anxious to improve themselves intellectually and prepare themselves for the largest possible usefulness in the world. A good book, however, is absolutely beyond the reach of unfavorable criticism. A man who has leisure and devotes it to reading good books, must of necessity realize intellectual growth and expansion. His mind is invigorated and its grasp enlarged. His thoughts take a wider and a higher range. He communes with the great minds of the past and the present. He has higher ambitions and aims in life. He exults in new sources of enjoyment and takes, by virtue of his intellectual advancement, a higher position among his fellow-men. If it were required, we could indefinitely enlarge upon the subject. But what we have said is designed as introductory to the proposition we desire to make to the members of our Brotherhood. There are now 240 Lodges of our Order, and our membership has grown until more than 12,000 names are on our rolls. It occurs to us that every Lodge room may be made a reading room. Books, good books, may now be had for a comparatively small amount. Periodicals, pamphlets, the current literature of the day is also within reach, and if prudent selections are made valuable collections of books and pamphlets may be had for small contributions of money, and thus a new and important attraction may be secured for all the Lodge rooms of our Order. Libraries grow when once a nucleus is formed, and they grow sometimes to magnificent proportions. In every department of art and science, books are published of the greatest value, and in every department of mechanics the same is true. It occurs to us that the

Lodge rooms of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen could be made immeasurably attractive by the addition of books for the use of the members of the Order when their leisure permits them to engage in reading. Take a Lodge of, say, one hundred members. Suppose they were to contribute 50 cents each. The fund thus secured would amount to \$50. To see the amount of valuable literature that could be secured for that sum by a prudent purchaser, would astonish the Lodge, and this literature would be at the service of all the members. We are satisfied that it would create sources of great pleasure and great improvement to the members. The calculation holds good for all Lodges. The idea is intellectual improvement, a greater breadth of ideas, and a more perfect identification of the Brotherhood with the mind forces now in operation and which are shaping the affairs of life. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is to-day, all things considered, one of the most important on the continent, and there is, therefore, an increasing and an imperative demand for the largest possible development of the mind forces of the Order. Books, reading, study will contribute largely to that end, and the suggestions we have made we hope will receive consideration by the members of the Order.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

What is a successful life? A few moments' thought will convince us that the question is by no means an easy one to answer. We say this, that, or the other man is successful, but what do we mean by it? One man has houses and lands, has a large bank account, drives fast horses and has many apparent friends, such a man is accounted successful. Yet all of these things that minister to his pleasure have been acquired by unre-

mitting labor, by hard, avaricious dealings with his fellow-men, by trampling upon the hearts and affections of thousands; in the face of these facts is the man a successful one?

The question will be answered differently, according to the views of life of the one answering it. Some think wealth is the only measure of success no matter how attained. Such people have tuned their psalm of life very low. Such people will read the grand tragedies of Shakespeare and remember only this line, "Put money in thy purse." The horizon of their lives is bounded with dollars and the chink of silver is more melodious to them than the symphonies of Mozart.

The man who becomes wealthy is in a measure successful, but only so far as the acquirement sharpens his intellect, broadens his powers, and develops him into a self-reliant, powerful member of society for its good. Selfish wealth is never good. One may be a millionaire, but if with it comes greed, avarice, oppression of others, the success is small indeed. Scattered along the path of life we find examples of men whose success brought them fame and glory and proved an unqualified blessing to all mankind. Baron von Humboldt, born to nobility and riches, left behind him the pleasures of wealth and the luxury of ease and climbed the distant Andes in search of facts for his immortal work, "Cosmos." The winter's storm and the summer's fervid heat could not stay this grand man in his enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge. He did not spend his life in acquiring wealth, he lived but to commune with nature and wrest from her the secrets of physical life. Was not this man successful? This is what another great genius said of Humboldt: "I have seen a picture of the old man sitting upon a mountain side, above him the eternal snow, below the smiling valley of the tropics, filled with vine and palm; his chin upon his breast, his eyes deep, thoughtful and calm, his forehead majestic—grander than the mountain upon which he sat—crowned with the snow of his whitened hair, he looked the intellectual autocrat of this world."

Agassiz was at one time importuned to go upon the lecture platform and make money out of his vast knowledge as a naturalist. His reply will be ever memorable: "I have no time to make money." Such a man would be hooted at on Wall street by the men who speculate in the earnings of others and imagine themselves the great business men of this age. Yet whose success is greatest, that of Louis Agassiz standing among his pupils upon the sea shore of Penakese teaching them the secrets of nature, or that of Jay Gould heaping together millions wrung from the failure of thousands of his fellows? One rests secure in a pure fame, the other is hated and feared by his neighbors and at the last will have been simply notorious.

There is one criterion by which success can be fairly measured, that is the estimate placed upon us by our fellows. If a man is hated, is feared and shunned, if he is looked upon as small, avaricious, greedy, he is not a successful man though he be worth millions. On the other hand, if a man's praises are upon the lips of all, if his reputation is that of an honest, sincere, and sympathetic gentleman, his success is assured, although he has not a dollar of his own.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

When rightly considered, the interests of employer and employed are identical. In the first place both make their living out of the same business or undertaking. The railway company furnishes the track, road bed, engine, cars, machine shops, etc., the employes furnish the labor by which this system or business is operated. All are interested in the profits. The employee gets his wages from this source and the employer, or the railway company, gets the balance.

In fact any business is a partnership to a certain extent. The employer puts in the capital, the employe furnishes the labor. Out of the result of this combination both are paid. From this reasoning it necessarily follows that any harm done to capital injures labor, and any harm done to labor injures capital.

As society is now constituted, capital is

largely in the hands of one class and labor in the hands of another. In some instances these classes may disagree, or the one may attempt to coerce the other to certain obnoxious measures, but in either case injury results to both.

Take a strike for an instance. Capital and labor cannot agree upon the amount of wages to be paid for certain work. Capital offers so much, labor wants more. Production ceases. Whose loss is this? It is the loss of both capital and labor. Capital loses its profits, interest on its investment, and the useless deterioration of its machinery. Labor loses its wages. Nay, more than all this, the whole world loses because there is less wealth produced.

One of the great objects of our organization is to prevent unnecessary clashes between employer and employed. One of our fundamental doctrines is that labor and capital are brothers. With hand in hand they march along the highway of progress, and it is wrong and suicidal to put them at enmity. Demagogues, who expect to ride into political power on the waves of disturbance, are continually attempting to make a breach between labor and capital. These men are not the friends of those who toil. Their motives are entirely selfish. They should be ignored.

With our intricate system of civilization it is next to impossible to prevent some differences to creep in between labor and capital; if, however, these differences are honest, they should be adjusted peaceably and honorably. Both sides ought to give and take. Capital should extend its hand to labor and labor should grasp it in a friendly manner. There should be no insulting demand on one side nor insulting difference on the other. This truth should be bound upon the foreheads of all men. Capital depends upon labor, labor depends upon capital.

Very few people stop to think about the real relations of employer and employed. Many have the conception that employers ought to pay as little as possible for labor, and labor perform as little as possible for its wages. This is all wrong. The suc-

cessful outcome of the business engaged in, is the interest of all.

Some have gone so far as to say that there is a natural, a necessary conflict between labor and capital. These are very shallow thinkers, or else very great demagogues. Argument is of no use against these people, either they cannot or will not see the falsity of their statement.

To see the proper relation between labor and capital and to teach that relation is one of our objects. The fact that this is our object has given us much of our influence as a Brotherhood and added much to the respect in which we are held in railway circles. We desire our employers to fully understand that we are organized for no purpose harmful to their interests, but on the contrary we seek to make the relations between us and them pleasant, profitable and mutually beneficial in all respects.

Railway officials should second our efforts and show to their employers that their welfare and that of the men who labor for them are identical. A harsh, unsympathetic employer obtains only half-hearted service. An employer with a heart gets good service with respect thrown in. If differences arise, as they often will, both sides should be above all other things manly. No cringing on the one side, nor arrogance on the other. In the first place the difference should be real or cease to exist; in the next place both sides ought to be willing to compromise. An employer should bear in mind that to make arbitrary rules or to cut down wages without cause is as much of a "strike" as one indulged in by laborers who "strike" for higher wages. To "strike" is simply to demand something that is not given willingly. When, as an organization, we say to our members "do not strike," we say at the same time to our employers, "treat us fairly." If the difference is great let us confer about the matter, let us both understand the situation fully. All are men and should be treated as such. If this feeling is carried out faithfully no great disturbances need arise. Wisdom is our best counsel always and to compromise is wisdom.

Again, we repeat, capital and labor should not antagonize each other. There is no natural conflict between them. Together they make a noble combination, capable of subduing the world to the full use of man. All the enginery, all the cities, all the great highways, all the inventions of this century have their life and progress as the result of combined capital and labor. From the tiny toy manufactured for the baby to the Corliss engine that drives a thousand wheels, all things result from the combined effort of labor and capital. Why then should these brothers quarrel? False friends and bitter foes may cause differences, but they should be forever united.

One of the great drawbacks to a complete understanding of the true relations between capital and labor, springs from ignorance. Men will not or cannot think. They are led astray by the designing or the equally ignorant. It is our duty, as an organization, to educate our members to a correct understanding of their relations to their employers. This duty we are striving to perform. This ignorance of the proper relations between capital and labor is not confined to the ranks of the employed. Some of our employers are woefully ignorant on the subject. They have learned to look only at immediate results and have failed to see the situation from a high point of view. An employer who has many men under him and who has great results to obtain should be a man of great grasp of mind. Not a little, narrow fellow who sees in every demand for higher wages an attempt to coerce capital, but a broad-gauged man who tries to remedy the evil that makes the wages too low. The little fellow, as soon as a laborer approaches him with a demand for higher pay, cries "socialist," "communist," "revolutionist," and wants the military called out to suppress these dangerous laboring men. The man of brains, the man who understands the relation of employer and employed, listens with respect to the demand and affords relief if he can or a reason why if he cannot.

We are in the midst of great financial

and commercial disturbances, and we know not what a day may bring forth, but we desire it to be known that we deprecate violent differences between employer and employed; that we encourage honorable settlement in all cases, and if our employers will meet us half way they will always find us ready to agree to anything that is fair and honorable. We believe in capital *and* labor, not in capital *against* labor.

THE CANADA PACIFIC.

It is no part of our purpose at this writing to discuss the railroad system of the Dominion of Canada. Indeed, we have not the necessary data even if we had the time or the inclination to enter upon such a task.

The Dominion of Canada possesses a vast area, and, as compared with the United States, is sparsely populated, and as a consequence, her railroad mileage is correspondingly limited, the latest official figures at our command placing it at 7,894 miles. Those who take an interest in such subjects, will readily see why it is that Canada has, in comparison to territory, less population than the United States, by consulting the map. The southernmost point of the Dominion is in about latitude 42 degrees north, and as a consequence climatic influences must forever operate in opposition to density of population, except in a comparatively narrow belt, extending across the continent. Notwithstanding these things, the Canadians have not been neglectful of exigencies, but have prudently responded to the demands of population and business in the construction of artificial highways of transportation.

To those who make railroad building a study, the problem now in course of solution in Canada, that of building a railroad from Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, to Port Moody, on the Pacific, a distance of 2,800 miles, cannot fail to awaken a profound interest. This line, when completed, will be the longest of continuous railroad on the American continent, or in the world.

In connection with the growth of the

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in Canada, the road of which we write comes into commanding prominence. In far-away Winnipeg, the wide-awake Firemen established their Northern Light Lodge. This Lodge, true to its name flashed its rays with vivific power along the line, and Ottawa promptly responded. Next comes Fort William, and following the bright example, the "boys" of North Bay rally under the Brotherhood banner, and when the great road, of which we have made mention, stands complete, a triumph of enterprise in keeping with the spirit of the age, it is not too much to expect that our lodge fires will blaze at every important station between its terminating points. We contemplate such a finale with real satisfaction and send greetings to our comrades along the line of the Canada Pacific.

THE MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

The patrons of the Firemen's Magazine will receive the October number during the month of September, and as early as the day fixed for the annual Convention, to be held at Toronto.

A few words explanatory of the prematureness of the October issue are in order and cheerfully given.

Hitherto the first number of the Magazine, issued immediately subsequent to the adjournment of the annual Convention of the Brotherhood, has contained nothing of consequence, relating to the proceedings of the Convention, and, as a result, the great body of the membership have been required to wait for the appearance of the November number for a full account of the work of their representatives. This was unavoidable, because the time between adjournment and the publication of the Magazine was too short to prepare the matter for the printer.

By issuing the October number early we shall be prepared to present to the readers of the Magazine a full report of the proceedings of the Convention in the following issue, and in proper form.

When it is remembered that there will be in council in Toronto over *two hundred* delegates, the conclusion will be readily

formed that the meeting will transcend in importance any previous Convention held by the Brotherhood. When it is understood that more than *two hundred* delegates are representing *twelve thousand* members the gravity of their deliberations can scarcely be exaggerated. To do their work quickly and well will require a combination of qualities of rare excellence. To know what is wanted, and to devise the best methods for meeting the exigencies, is a high test of capacity. Hitherto the delegates have been equal to the emergency, and we are confident, that as the Brotherhood has grown in numbers and in resources, it will be found to have increased in business ability and intellectual power to an extent that will enable the delegates not only to maintain but to still further demonstrate the utility of the Brotherhood and advance it to grander renown.

Taking into full consideration the importance of the Toronto Convention we have thought it advisable to so shape affairs that the first number of the Magazine, issued after the adjournment of the Toronto meeting, shall contain a full account of its proceedings, which we think will add indefinitely to the interests of its contents.

ONE DAY'S FISHING.

One morning, when spring was in her teens—

A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens,
Miss Bessie and I went fishing—

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—vice versa.

I with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for luncheon recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the saine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning, and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,
The bag was as flat as a flounder,
And Bessie had nearly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-eighty-pounder.

Special Correspondence

Industry.

Editors Magazine:

In some of my former articles I have written on Benevolence and Sobriety, and I now propose to say something about the third word of our motto:—Industry. I am thinking that this is a deep subject, so let us view it carefully and in various directions, so that we may more fully comprehend its importance as a motto for our fraternity.

Industry as defined in the dictionaries, means constant diligence or strict attention to business, and is the exact opposite of indolence or idleness and that disposition to "take things easy" which seems to be the animating principle of a large number of human beings of all ages and complexions as well as sexes. Ever since the fall of our common ancestor, Adam, and the formulation of the just sentence for his sins, "that in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread," man has been subject to work, and its inevitable result, weariness and exhaustion, and not only are men affected in that way but boys are also subject to it, and instances are known where persons were "born tired" and never recovered. As long, therefore, as we are under this sentence, we will have to work, and hence our motto, Industry, derives its importance.

Mr. Moody in one of his sermons says that "such a thing as a *lazy Christian* does not exist, or is an impossibility," and I think that with equal truth we may claim that lazy firemen do not exist. There may be exceptions to the rule, but a truly lazy man, after a few months' experience in firing a locomotive, becomes convinced that he has made a mistake in selecting his vocation and quits it in disgust. In most other avocations there are times when things are not calling for urgent, immediate attention, and the employees engaged in them can, and do, take it easy. Take the agriculturalist, for instance, he has adopted the quotation, "More rain, more rest to himself, and during the rains, the snows, and the sharp blasts of our severe winters, he can lie back and "take his ease." The machinist, working his eight or ten hour shift, complacently watches the machine in his care, taking his own time to finish the job, expecting to be able to finish it to-morrow, if he does not get it done to-day. The "building trades" do not as rule "work on time," or if they do, they have made all proper

allowances for contingencies in the way of changes of weather.

Compare this with the work of the fireman. He leaves his starting point, often with a poor engine, badly equipped and with a poor quality of fuel, and it is expected of him that he shall furnish steam enough to make time, or abide the consequences—a character for inefficiency if he don't, or perhaps, even, an investigation from headquarters. Are the excuses, that it was too hot, or too cold, that it rained or that it snowed, that it blew a gale or froze the thermometer, of any avail to the luckless wight who has failed to make steam to make time? Oh, no; he has his time card, and no matter what the disadvantages are under which he works, he is expected to do his work—and do it well, too—within the schedule time laid down. In most instances, in other trades, you can "take time by the forelock," and do some work "ahead of time," but a fireman has not even that chance—he must do his firing within a certain arbitrary short time, hence a short term of firing will generally be found sufficient to disgust a lazy man.

Another thought in this connection is that no one likes to work in any capacity where his services are not appreciated. As a general thing the public press and the public itself, do not accord "praise where praise belongs." Notice the accounts of any specially fast runs made over any of our roads. You will be informed that Conductor Blank was in charge of the train, and that Engineer Blank pulled the throttle, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the fellow, who, with a flushed face, a sweated body and an aching back, has had the scoop swinging back and forth in a vain endeavor to keep the maw of the fiery monster full of fuel, is lost sight of amid the dust and cinders which surround him, and gets no credit for his endurance or skill. Let me ask: Where would the Conductor and Engineer have got to if the fireman had not been at his post of duty, and furnished the requisite pressure? echo answers, *where, indeed!* That our services are appreciated more and more every year by our employers is shown by the long list of railroads that are ready to honor the credentials issued by our Brotherhood to the members of the Grand Lodge and the delegates elected to represent the subordinate lodges at the Convention in Toronto. This list which grows larger every year, may be taken as an unfailing index of the increasing favor with which our Order is regarded by railroads, some roads being now on that list that a few years ago were against the very existence of our fraternity. Let us

hope that this state of affairs may continue, and that we may, by the practice of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, be able to convince the yet remaining minority of Railroad Managers who seem to hesitate in bestowing a tardy recognition on our Order that we are not banded together to do them harm, but that our aims are such as to commend themselves to every candid mind, and that the practice of our principles will serve to give them a more capable and more efficient body of workmen.

There may be several kinds of industry, some of which are not to be very highly commended; for instance, some men may be very diligent in gathering up scandals or stale tales, and spreading them out among others on the road or in the round-house, while others may select the corner grocery or saloon as the place at which to devote most of their time, but this kind of industry is certainly misapplied. In opposition to this is the true industry—a strict attention to your own business in all its details, and this, no matter whether the eyes of the “boss” are upon you or not. Whenever we do any work let us do it to the best of our ability and knowledge, with an eye to the greatest economy in the use of everything furnished us. Too often do we hear expressions like this, “The company is rich,” “They can stand it,” to justify an unnecessary waste, but this very waste going on through many different channels unchecked may make all the difference between a paying and a bankrupt railroad. How often do we notice a big difference in the use of coal by different firemen on the same locomotive, because not enough attention is given to the matter by some, yet even a quarter of a ton difference a day, on hundreds of locomotives, for the three hundred odd working days in a year, would make a handsome sum. Let us see: A quarter of a ton of coal is worth, say, 75 cents; multiplied by, say, 500 locomotives on the road it amounts to \$375 per day, or about \$112,500 per year. No one will doubt that so much coal may be saved by a well directed industry, and yet how vast is the aggregate amount wasted for the want of it!

The same principle of industry will animate us to keep our locomotives clean and neat, not by putting on a false outside show, but by keeping every part, even the remotest corners, which are only visible to our own eyes, in presentable condition, being in that respect like the servant girl “who knew she was converted, because she had become honest and swept the dirt out instead of hiding it under the mat and in the corner as she formerly did.”

As it is the almost universal custom among Master Mechanics to promote their firemen as soon as business will permit, or they are qualified, it also is part of a well directed industry not only to do faithfully the work devolving upon us, but by a careful study of our locomotives, assisted by good books treating on them, to qualify ourselves for promotion, and be fully prepared to discharge its duties when it comes. It is true that there are many good runners who are not as well acquainted with the various parts of the locomotive and their relations to each other, as others who do not give as good satisfaction to their respective companies, nevertheless in this age of rapid progress in all mechanical inventions it should be every one's ambition to be abreast of the advance, if not in the front rank, and with the assistance of our predecessors, who have given us their experience, either by word of mouth, or through the press, we can take up the march of improvement where they left it, and carry it on to still greater perfection. But some may ask, What improvement is still needed? In answer, let me ask them to see what wonderful progress has been made in the way of traveling within fifty years. In 1834 there were hardly any railroads in our land, and the few that did exist, what poor, insignificant concerns they would be called if they could be placed along side of the double track, steel rail structures of the present time. Mark the change accomplished within this comparatively short time, and then dare to say what will be done in the next fifty years. Many men have worked with ill-paid industry in the past to accomplish this, and much industry will yet be needed to fully develop the resources of this grand country, which has become our heritage.

There is another way yet in which we can practice industry, and that is by diligently improving every opportunity that we have of attending our Lodge meetings, not letting trifling excuses, such as the heat or the cold, the sunshine or the storm, a disposition to sleep or a convenient headache or pain in the bowels, or even our distance from place of meeting, form a valid excuse for non-attendance at its regular sessions. In addition to a regular attendance at its meetings, another way to practice industry is to take hold of the work to be done, to carry out the ritual of our Order and its Constitution and By-Laws. I notice a disposition to shirk (a plain but true word) duty, by refusing to serve on committees or in some subordinate capacity, but the true way to show our devotion to principle would be to work at anything, and in

any way, in which the Lodge or its officers would have us, remembering that in our Order we are all on an equality, and while we are just as good as any other member, they are just as good as we are, and we have no right at all, by shirking, to throw work and responsibility on others that we are not willing to bear ourselves. Remember that nothing can be accomplished on the road without work, neither can a Lodge prosper without workers. Choose ye, therefore, which you will be, a worker or a drone in our busy hive, and remember also that if a drone, you have no right whatever to shout for industry.

X. L. C. R.

A RAILROAD BRAKEMAN.

Dust-grimmed features, weather-beaten,
Hands that show the scars of toil;
Do you envy him his station,
Patient tiller of the soil?
In the storm or in the sunshine
He must mount the speeding train,
Ride outside at post of duty,
Heeding not the drenching rain.

In the pleasant summer weather,
Standing on the car-top high,
He can view the changing landscape
As he rushes swiftly by.
While he notes the beauteous picture
Which the lovely landscape makes,
Suddenly across his dreaming
Comes the quick shrill cry for brakes!

But when winter's icy fingers
Cover earth with snowy shroud,
And the north wind, like a madman,
Pushes on with shriekings loud;
Then behold the gallant brakeman
Spring to heed the engine's call.
Running o'er the icy car-tops—
God protect him if he fall!

Do not scorn to greet him kindly,
He will give you smile for smile.
Though he's nothing but a brakeman
Do not deem him surely vile.
Speak to him in kindly language
Though his clothes are coarse and plain,
In his fearless bosom beats a
Heart that feels both joy and pain.

He may have a widowed mother,
He may be her only joy; —
Mayhap in her home she's praying
For the safety of her boy.
How he loves that dear old mother,
Tolling for her day by day,
Always bringing her some present
Every time he draws his pay.

Daily facing death and danger,
One misstep or slip of hand
Sends the poor, unlucky brakeman
To the dreaded unknown land.
When we scan our evening paper,
Note what it's filled columns say,
One brief line attracts our notice—
"One more brakeman killed to-day."

In her little, lonely cottage,
Waiting in the waning light,
Sits the luckless brakeman's mother—
She expects her boy to-night.
Some one brings the fatal message;
"God have mercy!" hear her pray,
As she reads the fearful story:
"Killed while coupling cars to-day!"

Woman's Department

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

INGRATITUDE.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

There is nothing on earth can give so keen a sting as ungratefulness and there is scarcely a person who has not sometime during his life been the victim of thankless people. Many a generous, sympathetic soul has become cold and harsh because its efforts to do good have been received with careless indifference. A great deal of the misanthropy in the world may be traced to this cause. Theoretically a righteous action brings its own reward, and we should do good from a sense of duty, but the every day man is not possessed of this heroism. He is willing to make sacrifices in order to assist his fellow men, but asks in return some token of appreciation. It is almost incomprehensible with how much insensibility many persons receive favors. The worst features about this is that it checks the warm impulses of the heart and causes people to grow selfish and cynical. "Why should I put myself to inconvenience in order to serve other folks when I get no thanks for it?" the man will exclaim, who has been made the victim of thanklessness, and when the next opportunity comes to do a good action he will pass it by. And one who has been several times disappointed will lose faith in the very existence of such an emotion as gratitude. If ungrateful people only deprived themselves of future favors there would be nothing to regret, but they often cause charitable persons to withhold kindness from those who are really worthy and would thoroughly appreciate it.

I recall two instances of the last week we spent upon the lake. A little child caught its foot in the elevator, and by the prompt action of the boy in stopping the elevator she was saved from what might have been a serious injury. Her mother thanked the boy over and over again and whenever she went up with a party of friends would always take occasion to mention in his presence the obligations she felt toward him. A few days later the father came and hearing of the circumstances thanked the boy warmly and gave him ten dollars. About the same time two little children were bathing in the lake, got beyond their depth and would have drowned in a moment. A man saw the danger, sprang in, rescued both, and

they were taken home. The parents of one never made the slightest effort to ascertain the name of the brave rescuer; the father of the other called and thanked him. He was a poor man with eight children, he ruined his only suit of clothes and spoiled a silver watch, but, although he saved two precious lives, he received no reward whatever. This illustrates the difference in the nature of people. Gratitude is perhaps an inherent quality, like truthfulness, generosity, courage and the like, but in the case of the man who saved the children it was not simply gratitude the parents owed, but an actual debt which could only be discharged with money.

We cannot be entirely independent even if we wish. There is scarcely a day that we are not under obligations to somebody and, no matter how trifling the favor, it always ought to be acknowledged. A smile, a word of thanks, a simple sentence of appreciation are often sufficient. We are too apt to accept attentions from servants as our supreme right and neglect the slight acknowledgment which is all the reward they would expect. We frequently receive from persons whose station in life is somewhat lower than our own, marks of respect which, with careless indifference, we look upon as entirely due to our exalted position, while in reality it is we who ought to favor them because we happen to be so much more fortunately situated. We always find that those persons who are best beloved and who have the warmest and most faithful friends are those who are not alone thoughtful for the comfort of others, but deeply thankful for all the attentions they receive. The generous mind requires so little in return for the benefits it delights to bestow, but it withers like a flower if deprived of the dew and sunshine of grateful appreciation.

Strange and incomprehensible as it may seem, nowhere is ingratitude so marked as in that sweetest of all places, the family circle. Brothers and sisters are habitually exacting of one another, and yet very careless about returning any thanks for favors. The boys and girls are pretty evenly balanced in this respect, but in most large families there will be found one, generally a sister, who gives much more than she receives. She is never appreciated until she is gone, either into a little home of her own, where she will carry the same sacrificing spirit, or to that other home where the blessed receive their reward. The wife does not always appreciate the husband. His steady, patient labor for the support of the family; his many acts of self-denial that those

around his own fireside may be indulged; his love, his devotion, his fostering care, all are too often accepted as a matter of course, and he receives no word of a gratitude which would be so acceptable to his weary spirit. And the wife, so fond, so faithful, so untiring in the performance of every womanly duty, must she receive no recompense except that which comes from the consciousness of doing right? It is not enough. She craves, O, husband, the loving, grateful words which only your lips can speak. Let her not wait in vain till the time is past. Tell her of your tender appreciation and the whole world will hold no reward so dearly prized. But beyond all these there yet remains that keenest of all ingratitude, the ungratefulness of children toward parents. It is the most common, the most inexcusable, the most bitter to experience. The life of every good parent is one of self sacrifice, and especially is this true of a mother. To describe her acts of devotion would be to count the stars in the sky, they are as numerous, as bright, as beautiful. Yet she considers them as nothing, she never even recalls them, if her children are affectionate, thoughtful and appreciative. How can children be made to realize this? Must they wait till they see repeated in their children the mistakes and omissions of their own youth? It may then be too late to call back that beloved though neglected mother and pour out the gratitude of a heart that is just awakened. Children, dear, thoughtless, children, tell mother every night that you appreciate all she has done during the day, and read her delight in the happy flush upon her cheek, the love light that shines from her eyes, nor think your obligation ends here. True gratitude will find expression in a thousand little acts of kind assistance, in the service of the willing feet, the helpful hands, the quick sympathy; and as her young life was spent in caring for you, in an equal measure belongs to her the best efforts of your youth and strength, for is not the good gardener who carefully nurtures the tender tree entitled to the fairest and sweetest fruits?

POLITENESS.

When we read a dissertation on etiquette there always arises within us a spirit of inquiry whether the writer of the article really practices all these fine rules which he lays down for other people. Somehow in all kinds of literature we can never entirely separate the work from the writer. A new book being sent me a few days ago I found among its pages a delightful article on Good Manners, by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, who has written extensively for the *Congregationalist*, Harper's

Bazar, The Wide Awake, etc., and has published several books. I read the chapter with much pleasure, for, knowing the writer personally, I could testify that she carries into her daily life all of these rules which she so delicately suggests for the guidance of others. My first thought was that the readers of the Woman's Department should share the benefits of Mrs. Bolton's ideas in regard to certain forms of propriety. I shall be obliged to condense but all will appreciate the following hints in regard to

CONVERSATION.

Dean Swift said, "Good manners is the art of making people easy with whom we converse." There is no better test as to whether people are gentlemen or ladies than to hear them talk. The first all-important rule of conversation is: *Never speak ill of others.* If you can say nothing good, keep silent. Some people feel obliged to "speak their mind on all occasions," and nothing could be more foolish. Criticism is a weapon that should be used very carefully. D. L. Moody truly says, "It doesn't take brains or heart to find fault."

Never monopolize the conversation. The person who does this is invariably selfish. No person can be agreeable in company who is not a good listener. One must show interest in what another is saying. Be careful not to weary people with your hobbies. Do not talk too much. Those who talk much are apt to repeat themselves, become tiresome and waste the time of themselves and others.

Avoid controversy in conversation. We waste hours in skirmishing over unimportant matters. Do not contradict. Do not be over-positive or arrogant in asserting, as this spoils one's power. Keep the friendship of those who differ from you on various subjects. A well-bred man cannot be direspectful to the views of his opponents.

Never make a display of knowledge. As a rule, those who know most are most modest. While one should never make a display of the wide reading which is essential to being a good talker, neither should he let himself down in conversation to accommodate himself to others. This is often the case between men and women. Each talks foolishness or nonsense because each supposes it is what the other most likes. This is a mistake. A woman can usually appreciate the brightest things a man can say and if, by chance, she does not understand she will think him a companion fit for the gods. I have never yet seen a man who did not enjoy the brightest, best-educated woman in the room.

Never use slang or meaningless phrases.

Slang phrases show what persons have been our associates. Vulgarity, profanity and slang are all branches of the same tree.

Never interrupt, rarely give advice, seldom ask questions. The giving of advice will often make enemies for you. One person can rarely judge for another. Do not speak of your good family or aristocratic birth. If you are well-born your manners will show it. There will be no need to tell it. Do not pry into the affairs of your acquaintances. Such curiosity is vulgar. Do not talk of your servants, your bodily pains or your troubles. The world has enough sorrows of its own. If you get no sunlight out of life, do not cause others to sit in the shadow.

WHILE at Chautauqua, last month, I delighted to drop into the School of Cookery and watch the skillful manner in which the Professor prepared the many appetizing dishes. One day I said, "Mrs. Ewing, tell me some pretty thing to describe for my cooking department in the Magazine next month." "Well," she replied, smiling, "I will tell you a dainty way to cook an egg, but I have no name for it. Separate the yolk from the white and beat the white until it is stiff. Then pile it up gently on a buttered pan, make a little hole in the centre and slip the yolk into it. Set it in the oven till delicately browned, lift it gently on a hot dish, salt, pepper and lay a lump of butter on it, serve immediately and see if it is not delicious." With the canning and pickling and jelly-making that have absorbed my time since returning home I have not tried this recipe but hope some of the ladies will do so and report the result.

Eggs are a very nutritious and palatable article of food, although it is said if eaten too continuously they will make one bilious. Every housekeeper knows how convenient they are to "piece out" a meal when the larder is low and there is not time to go to market. They should always be cooked very quickly and served very hot. The nicest fried eggs in the world are those that are dropped in the skillet just after the ham is taken out, fried quickly and sent to the table smoking hot, with the edges slightly browned. Authorities differ in regard to the manner of boiling eggs. Some say they should be put into cold water and when it comes to a boil the eggs will be perfectly cooked. Others advise to pour a quart of boiling water over a dozen eggs, cover, set on the back of the stove and in eight minutes the eggs will be thoroughly done. The common method is to drop them into boiling water and continue boiling

for three or four minutes. In this matter, as in most others, every housekeeper is a law unto herself. Poached eggs should be served in individual dishes with a lump of butter and a sprig of parsley. They are also very tempting laid upon slices of nicely browned and buttered toast. It is claimed they are much richer if dropped into boiling milk instead of boiling water. Some people are very fond of scrambled eggs but they remind one of the story told by a gentleman of asking at a small hotel if they could bring him some fried eggs. The waiter returned from the kitchen saying they had none fresh enough to fry but they could bring him some scrambled. There is no one way of cooking in which so many eggs are spoiled as in trying to make an

OMELET.

The chief element of success in this dish consists in the *stirring*. From several recipes we select the following from "Cooking and Castle-Building." Break into a bowl five eggs and beat them with a spoon lightly until you can dip up a spoonful. Pour this into an omelet-pan in which a tablespoonful of butter is hot but not brown. Rinse the egg from the bowl with three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream and pour over the omelet. Sprinkle over this some salt, pepper and minced parsley. Place it where it will cook moderately fast. Take a silver fork and lift gently at various places wherever it is beginning to stick to the pan and let the uncooked egg run into its place. Repeat this delicate lifting until every portion is cooked and the bottom is slightly browned. Then fold the omelet in the shape of a turnover and carefully slip it upon a hot plate. A little practice will make perfect and the omelet will be found most light and delicious.

BROOKFIELD, Mo., Sept. 3, 1884.

To Woman's Department:

I have read with a great deal of interest the Firemen's Magazine, and have often thought a great many times of writing some of my experiences as a housekeeper, to the "Woman's Department." I have just been reading in the September number the article from "Wife of a Railroad Man," Perry, Iowa, and I have no doubt that her way of washing the "over-suit" is good. I have another way which I have been thinking of sending, in the hope it will benefit some one. Here it is: I have a pounding barrel, and I place my washboard across it, take a pail of water and dip all the soiled clothes in it (taking those least soiled first) then lay them on the board, soap them and drop them in the barrel. When you get to the calicoes

and "over-suit" put them in a pail by themselves, rolled tightly; let them soak while you do the rest. After all are pounded and boiled (I do not rub them) put the over clothes in the barrel and pour the boiling water from which the clothes have just been taken over them, pound them thoroughly and wring, (by the way I think every woman ought to have a wringer) if any spots remain put them in the suds water and lay the soiled place on the board—put some soap on and take a piece of coarse cloth and rub on it as though you were washing the cloth and the spots will all come out. I will say about the "overalls" I do not dip them in the water, because when wet you cannot see the place most soiled, so I dip the soap in water for them and soap them well. In pounding the other clothes you should not have too much water on them. I do not think I ever did a dozen washings in my life until I became the wife of a fireman, and it was very hard for me to wash, and especially those formidable "over-clothes," but, with my husband's help (he got the barrel, made the pounder and taught me how to use them) washing does not seem at all hard to me—and if my plan is any help to any one else I shall be very glad that I braved the danger of the waste basket. With many good wishes for the prosperity and success of the Magazine I am very sincerely, yours

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

P. S. It is said that a woman cannot write a letter without a "postscript" and I think we may as well have the game as the name, I forgot to say that my husband belongs to Phoenix Lodge No. 23.

For Woman's Department:

TO A FLOWER.

Sweet flower, thy life is bright and fair,
Thy perfume floats on the balmy air,
And inhaling thy fragrance I think with a sigh
That like all things beautiful thou must die.
Can any one tell what thou mayest do
When thy beautiful petals are wet with dew—
Whether thou'lt grace some fair young head,
In the evening time when day is fled;
Or blooming unheeded thou'lt be left to die
'Neath the scorching sun of a summer sky,
And scatter thy delicate petals 'round
To wither at last and sink in the ground.

Other flowers will bloom to scent the air.
They will blossom like thee and just as fair;
Like thee they'll bloom, then fade and die,
And others will fill their place by and by.
So it is with life. I care not how fair
Are the morning hours, there will be a share
Of sorrow and pain, and hopes laid by
Perhaps with many a weary sigh.
Other hopes and aims will come to view;
There is work for all willing hands to do,
And the joys and sorrows known in the past,
As sweet, sad memories will always last.
—Sibyl.

Correspondence

Lodge Correspondents must be brief and to the point, refraining from apologies for writing.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number and expire with the year.

Changes of Address of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the book.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent to whom they subscribed.

Matter for Publication should be written on one side of the paper only, in a clear, legible hand, and all letters relating to the Magazine should be enclosed in a separate envelope and directed to

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

PARSONS, KAN., Sept. 3d, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

I am happy to say that Great Western Lodge No. 24 is still marching forward to the music of the Brotherhood. J. E. Pavell now presides over us with marked ability and keeps the Lodge running on schedule time.

Our membership is made up of good, staunch men who believe in Brotherhood principles and are not "backward about coming forward" when the Lodge requires their services.

J. R. Tierney represents our Lodge at the Toronto Convention, and the delegates will find him a representative man in every respect. We have full confidence in his ability and integrity and know he will do justice to his Lodge and the Order at large.

The Convention will be an important one, and we hope its deliberations will be pleasant and harmonious, and that the greatest good may be done for the greatest possible number. GAUGE LIGHT.

CORSICANA, TEX., Sept. 3, 1884.

Editors Magazine:

Thinking that all Lodges should be represented in the Magazine's column of "Correspondence," I submit this feeble effort to you for your criticism, hoping you will not be too severe upon a new beginner. Magnolia No. 226 was organized on the 20th of last July, with twelve charter members, and we now have a membership of seventeen, with four or five applicants in waiting. We are under many obligations to Bros. Nicol, Smith and

Culbreath, of No. 8, for their labors in our behalf, especially Bro. Nicol, through whose energy and zeal for the welfare of the Order we chiefly owe our existence. Bro. J. S. Smith is our Master, and he keeps the "boys" stirring about, impressing upon their minds the great importance of prompt attendance, and especially to be ever punctual at the time designated, the latter of which some seem to think, by their actions, not extremely necessary, so long as they put in an appearance some time during the meeting. Bro. Walter M. Nicol is our Financier and Secretary, and of him we are all exceedingly proud, for the general sentiment is that he is the right man in the right place. Right now, while speaking of the Secretary, I might say that some one made the expression that "the Secretary was supposed to do our writing, and that he should send in correspondence from the Lodge." Now, I think that was spoken without thought, for we all know very well that Bro. Nicol has no small burden on his shoulders, and we should try and lessen and not add to that burden.

Last, but not least in size and importance, comes our Magazine Agent, Bro. Henson. He is working hard, and, boys, here again, we should lend our assistance.

We all look forward anxiously for the Magazine, as I may say we one and all are deeply interested in the articles from various Lodges, and especially the animated discussions from the able pens of such writers as Tim Fagan, T. P. O'Rourke, X. L. C. R., and many others.

It seems to be the general opinion in our locality that the Union meeting held in Denver, in which the resolution offered by Mr. Burt, of Salt Lake City, was adopted, over-reached itself to a great extent. While admitting that the traveling card is abused to a certain degree, they all seem to think that other and different means could have been decided upon that would have been acceptable to the Order in general. Now, for myself, I think if said Mr. Burt were occupied in firing a wood-burning engine and mashed nearly all the fingers he had, and had exhausted all powers of borrowing others, and after a certain time he saw no way of alleviating matters and would then quit the service of said company, would he call it leaving work out of malice or from some trivial reason? I am glad to see that No. 162 has expressed their opinion upon this subject and hope to hear from others, and think delegates should be well instructed upon that resolution, and all others of a similar character.

Hoping you will give this poor attempt space in the Magazine, I remain, yours fraternally,
HAY BURNER.



We are pleased to learn that Bros. Carey, Long and Shiner, of 213 are doing well on the right hand side.

No. 123 CAN boast of seventeen of her members having stepped over to the right side during the past year.

THE worthy Past Master of Standard Lodge No. 158 has been presented by his wife with a beautiful daughter.

E. C. REYNOLDS of 165 was married August 31st to Miss L. Thomson, a charming young lady of Palestine, Tex.

DAN FANE, of 237, has a candidate for Brotherhood honors who only requires age to render him eligible to membership.

W. GOODRICH, one of the solid members of 153, has been married to one of Ft. Scott's faithful daughters. Success to them.

F. JOHNSON, of 158, has played his cards well, and he and his little Maggie are happy together. The boys of 158 wish them health and joy.

IN the death of his beloved wife, Bro. Ed Ferry, of Connecting Link Lodge No. 25, has the heartfelt sympathy of his fellow-members.

CARDS are out announcing the marriage of Clarence W. Greene to Miss Alice Annie Irish, at South Burlington Vt., Sept. 4th. May joy be with them.

F. H. AMICK, honorary member of No. 31, has met with many kindnesses at the hands of members in the Northwest, and is duly appreciative.

THE members of Delaware Lodge No. 231 return their sincere thanks to Potomac No. 7 and Enterprise No. 75 for valuable information and assistance received at their hands.

FRED BEAUMONT, JR., of New Year Lodge recently took up a couple of travelling cards from a fellow who had stolen them. It did not take Fred long to discover and expose the fraud.

ADOPTED Daughter Lodge No. 3 thankfully acknowledges the receipt of an elegantly worked book-mark from their esteemed friend, Miss Ada Carpenter.

MANY of the brothers who attended the last Convention, at Denver, will remember "Robbie," the bright little son of Bro. and Mrs. Barry. They will join us in sympathizing with the father and mother in the death of their dear child.

WE have been honored with a call from U. C. Osterhout, Esq., Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen. Mr. Osterhout has just completed a successful trip in the interest of the Order, and is returning to headquarters at Oneonta, N. Y., to prepare for their First Annual Convention, which is to be held there, beginning October 20. Mr. Osterhout is a bright, active and energetic young man, and does honor to his position. He is earnest in his purpose and has a laudable ambition to place the Brotherhood of Brakemen in the front rank of labor organizations. We are more than pleased with Mr. Osterhout, and wish him all success in his noble enterprise.



LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Corsicana Courier.

The firemen on the Houston & Texas Central, running into Corsicana, have organized in this city a lodge of the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen," to be known as Magnolia Lodge No. 226. Its motto is "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." The objects of the order are to make sober and reliable engineers and firemen, and provide for the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased members. For this purpose it has an insurance system connected with it that pays the heirs of deceased members \$1000, or to the member himself in case of total disability.

The above information, with a copy of their constitution and by-laws, was furnished us by the Lodge, through W. M. Nicol, for which they have our thanks, and our endorsement of their worthy order.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Aug. 20, 1884.

To the Delegates to the Denver Convention:

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS—I desire to acknowledge the receipt of, and thank you for, through the columns of the Magazine, the \$500 received of Bro. Shelley, donated to me at the Denver Convention for the loss of my right arm, Nov. 22d, 1881; and especially to Bros. S. M. Stevens and H. H. Burrus for the devoted interest they have taken in obtaining it for me.

Also I thank most gratefully Bro. E. W. Mills and the engineers and firemen at Little Rock for presenting me with \$100 to purchase an artificial arm, and the many kindnesses they have shown me since I have been crippled. Hoping I may always be able to remain a worthy member of the B. of L. F., I am yours fraternally.

THOS. A. HOWELLS.

SOUTH EASTON, PA., Aug. 20th, 1884.

To the Officers and Members of Excelsior Lodge No. 11, B. of L. F.:

I desire to extend my sincere thanks to the members of Excelsior Lodge No. 11 for the kindness shown to my husband in his sickness and death. I also gladly acknowledge receipt of draft for \$1000, handed me by your worthy Financier, J. W. Sinclair, as payment in full on the policy held by my late husband, Frazer M. Watson. I will always remember your noble Order for the great kindness shown to me in my affliction. Hoping the Brotherhood will always prosper and be a blessing to widows and orphans as it has been to me and mine. I remain sincerely,

ROSA E. WATSON.

RESOLUTIONS.

CLINTON, IOWA.

At a regular meeting of Clinton Lodge No. 34, held July 6, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we return our thanks to Bro. E. R. Davis for a box of fine cigars as a kind of "set 'em up" on his marriage to Mrs. B. J. McNamara, one of our most estimable young ladies, and that we appreciate the high esteem in which our Lodge is held by the donor.

Resolved, That we welcome Mrs. E. R. Davis

as the wife of one of our most worthy members and that we will always endeavor to merit her approval and esteem.

W. L. SMITH,
L. M. CLARK, } Committee.
S. W. RIGGS,

THE DALLES, OREGON.

At a regular meeting of Mount Hood Lodge, No. 167, held August 18th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The wife of our worthy Vice Master, Mrs. Geo. A. Ferguson, has presented this Lodge with a handsome cushion for our altar and

WHEREAS, Bro. Wm. Ogg has presented this Lodge with two elegant ink stands, therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard these presents as a high token of esteem and it is our earnest wish that Mrs. Ferguson and Bro. Ogg may live long to cherish these feelings of love and respect for our Order.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to each of the donors and that they be recorded in our minutes and be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

ED. E. JOSLIN,
FRANK WALL, } Committee.
M. CONROY,

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

At a special meeting of Empire Lodge, No. 212, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove, by death, our beloved and worthy Bro. Joseph Bahler, therefore be it

Resolved, That by the death of Bro. Bahler we have lost a true brother and one who was in every way worthy of our regard and esteem.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the stricken family, and that we commend the bereaved relatives to Him for consolations who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be extended to our Foreman and Engine Dispatcher, B. F. Batchelder, for his kindly efforts in getting the brothers in Rome to attend the funeral of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a space of thirty days, that these resolutions be recorded in our minutes and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. WILSON,
F. J. REESE, } Committee.
J. MCVEE,

DETROIT, MICH.

At a regular meeting of Standard Lodge No. 158, held July 13, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our worthy brother, Byron Jones, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Jones our Lodge has lost a true and faithful member and his wife a kind and loving husband.

Resolved, That we extend to the sorrowing widow and children of our late brother our heartfelt sympathy in this the hour of their affliction, and may they look for consolation to Him who hath promised to care for the widow and provide for the fatherless.

"A light from the household is gone,

A voice we loved is stilled;

A place is vacant at home

Which never can be filled."

Resolved, That copies of the above resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication, also to Mrs. Jones, and that they be spread on the minutes of this meeting.

W. HAMLIN,
A. ROSSITER, } Committee.
T. BARRETT,

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

At a regular meeting of Sioux Lodge, No. 64, held August 10th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the following persons, for assisting in making our first annual ball a success, viz.: To Mrs. Swandollar, Mrs. Canfield, Mrs. Brehmer, Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Goodrich, for pictures and assisting to decorate the hall; to Mrs. J. L. Sheeley and Mrs. S. Weir, for assisting to decorate the hall and for the presentation of two handsome mottoes in frame, which now adorn the walls of our Lodge room; to Mr. H. C. Anderson, Div. M. M. of the C. St. P. and M. O. R. R., and to Mr. S. W. Hall, Foreman, for headlights and engine bell and for making arrangements for all firemen to attend; to Mr. R. Drought, for red and white lanterns, and to Mr. J. L. Jordan and Mr. Wm. Stevens, Floor Managers, for the excellent manner in which they performed their part.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the above named, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

GEO. M. MARTIN,
H. S. HUMISTON, } Committee.
WM. R. WYBE,
H. N. BREHMER,
A. GOODRICH,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

At a special meeting of Challenge Lodge, No. 66, B. of L. F., held Sunday, August 17th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst, after a lingering illness, fortified by Christian resignation to His divine will, our much loved and respected Bro. Patrick Flannery, and although not a member of this Lodge, his long residence among us and his kindly advice at all times so gratuitously given, endeared him to all.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Flannery the B. of L. F. has lost a worthy and honored member and his family a dutiful and devoted son and brother.

Resolved, That a letter of condolence, expressive of our heartfelt sympathy be forwarded to the mother of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to the members of Division 189 B. of L. E., who so heartily assisted us in performing the last sad duties to our deceased brother, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Magazine for publication.

WM. LAGUS,
JOHN CASEY, } Committee.
FRED. LINK,

EAGLE ROCK, IDAHO.

At a special meeting of Clark-Kimball Lodge, No. 118, held July 22d, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe to take from our midst our worthy Bro. John A. Griffith, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow with submission to His high command, it is with deep regret that we have to part with him whom to know was to love and respect.

Resolved, That we extend the strong arm of brotherly love to his wife and child and assure them that while we cannot mourn as a widow or an orphan, yet we have lost a brother whom every one was glad to meet and shake the hand that was always ready to aid and assist the poor and needy, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for the space of thirty days as a token of respect to our brother, and that a copy of these reso-

MARCH 1884

VOL. 8.

NO. 3.



FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.



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TERRE HAUTE, IND.

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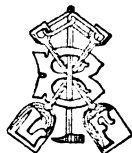
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